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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

JANUARY, 1922

NO. 1

2230686



MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER
President General United Daughters of the Confederacy

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Mrs. Walter B. Shaw, of Chattanooga, Tenn. (215 Cherry St.), wishes to get the war record of her grandfather, James E. Paul, who served in Company C, Capt. J. A. McKamy, of Walker's Battalion, Thomas's Legion, North Carolina Volunteers. Surviving comrades will kindly write to her.

Miss Mary W. Moore, of Kenova, W. Va., makes inquiry for information on the record of her grandfather, George W. Smothers, in the Confederate army. He was of Virginia and served with Mahone's Brigade. It is hoped that some surviving comrades can give the Company and regiment with which he served and something of his record.

John C. Gray, of Chicago, Ill. (4534 Forestville Ave.), who served with Company H, of the 32nd Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, wants to locate a Confederate veteran whom he met at Gettysburg, during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of that battle, 1913, and to whom he presented his G. A. R. badge. Johnny, speak up!

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1922.

No. 1.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

HEROES.

The old heroic days are gone,
Their grandeur rust; their shrines a dream.
But Hector and Leonidas—
Through dusks of time, how bright they gleam!

Ours is the glory they have known,
The pride that lifts a star-crowned head.
And ours, who fell as they have fallen
Are one with such immortal dead.
Still ring their deeds adown the years!
Still glows the dust where they have bled.
—Julia Powell.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES.

The month of January is noted as the natal month of three great Confederates, two of them revered for their military achievements, the other for what he accomplished in science. And not alone in the South or the whole country are the names of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Matthew Fontaine Maury honored and revered, for the world honors their transcendent genius, and the observance of these days that gave them to the world keeps their lives as examples to the generations coming after.

In the great work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are many things undertaken in tribute to the leaders and soldiers of the Confederate armies. Especially appropriate to mention here is some of the new work recently inaugurated to honor General Lee, which will be a part of their efforts beginning in 1922 and which is doubtless the greatest undertaking of the organization so far. This is to make up a fund of \$100,000 to be used for enlarging and making fireproof the Lee Memorial Chapel at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. The growth of the university has brought the need of a larger chapel, and the many valuable pictures and other treasured mementoes of General Lee's association with the university demand a fireproof building. In this chapel is the wonderful recumbent statue of General Lee, and the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy will insure its preservation through the ages to come.

Another beautiful tribute to General Lee would be the res-

toration of the mansion at Arlington as it was in those days when it was the home of his happy family. A movement has been started in this direction, and when the permission of the government has been secured the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be ready to take charge of the work and carry it through to that successful completion which ever marks the efforts of that patriotic organization.

THE OLDEST VETERANS, C. S. A.

Virginia evidently leads in having the very oldest veterans of the Confederate Army, of which there are a good number, judging by the following list taken from the *News Leader* of Richmond, Va., of date December 6, 1921: "There is one veteran of the Confederacy on the pension rolls of Virginia who is 103 years old, another 101, while a third has celebrated his 100 birthday anniversaries, according to a list prepared by Pension Clerk Johnson, in the office of the State auditor.

"The Nestor of those drawing pensions from the State for services during the Confederacy is Henry Hoover, of Keokee, Lee County, who has turned the round old age of 103.

"Next, from a standpoint of longevity, stands Samuel Morris, of Profit, Albemarle County, aged 101.

"The perfect centenarian, however, by which is meant one who is exactly 100 years of age, is Alexander Ingram, of Ferrum, Franklin County, but he is being pushed closely, by Charles Drummond, of Barbour's Creek, who is 98.

"Thomas Umbarger, of Ceres, and J. B. Rolfe of Boydton, are each 97, while Abram Sink, of Sydnorsville, William Munsey, of Jonesville, Peter J. Hite, of Wilkie, and W. A. Murray, of Boones Mill, each is listed as 96 years old.

"Hamilton Marshall, of the Meadows of Dan, in Carroll, and Andrew Cole, of Cole, Washington County, each is 95 years of age.

"There are eight veterans listed as 94 years of age, as follows: G. W. White, of Mount Sidney, Hobson Hodges, of Rocky Mount, Joseph Skeen, of Glen Lyn, Dr. George E. Plaster, of Blumont, John Crawford, of Somerset, Manly Triplett, of Overall, D. E. Brewer, of Toms Creek, and Henry Gibson, of Big Stone Gap."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE SPIRIT AND ABILITY.

The feet at Beauvoir, which tremble now as they go out over the water on the fine new pier, are those under which the ground trembled at Malvern Hill and supported the grief of Appomattox. It is a moving picture, if one has imagination to give it a setting of memory. The old commune with the sea and delight in its infinite variety. Day by day the old men walk the pier, back and forth. One can see their bent forms against the bending sky. None has greater respect and loving consideration for them than one whose name is coupled with every generosity shown them. They never have a want but that he claims the privilege of helping to satisfy it. He contributed enough to pay half the cost of the pier, and gold never paid for sweeter pleasure. The writer has never met the donor, but has heard the latter's brother say that the three brothers had decided that a part of all they made should go to some good purpose. Some people have the talent for making money—and it is a talent—but few have the heart-genius to give it wisely and generously. Probably the gift of the pier and the many things which the gentle old warriors at Beauvoir have received the offer of ten thousand dollars toward building a hospital; the offer to lend money to carry the expenses of the home until "incoming" time; the delightful outing given to Magnolia's Boy Scouts when they come to the coast; the spending of a large sum of money in building a beautiful home on the coast near Beauvoir in response to the call to all men with means to spend it now so as to give work to men who need it and to stimulate business—probably these are outward manifestations of the Lampton spirit which said that something of their prosperity must go back in good. We envy no man save the ability to carry out noble resolutions, and we are sure that this envy will never belittle the unspoken admiration we silently entertain for W. M. Lampton, of Magnolia and Beauvoir, Miss.—*Biloxi Herald*.

This is a deserved tribute to one of the big-hearted men of the South, who seems to regard his fortune as a trust and to be shared with the less fortunate of his fellow men. The veterans of the Beauvoir Confederate Home are made happier by this thought and care, and his own life is brightened by the happiness he has given to them. Are there not others of our prosperous people who will add something of brightness to the lives which are closing within the confines of these Confederate Homes in every State of the South? Far better to use your money while you can see the good it can accomplish than to risk its being put to a good use after you are gone. It would be interesting to know how many of our Confederate Homes have benefited in this way. Mr. Lampton also subscribes for twenty-five copies of the *VETERAN* for the Home.

THE CUNNINGHAM MONUMENT.—Some recent contributions to the Cunningham Memorial come from Mrs. J. Clay Walker, Austin, Texas, \$5.00; Alex Allison, Memphis, Tenn., \$5.00; P. H. Boisseau, Danville, Va., \$5.00; J. E. Lavery, Howard Prater, E. P. Bujac, T. C. Horne, Carlsbad, New Mexico, \$1.00 each; Egbert Jones Camp U. C. V., Huntsville, Ala., \$2.50.

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, PRESIDENT
GENERAL U. D. C.

Mrs. Leonora Rogers Schuyler has the distinction of being the first President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, residing outside of the Southern States, but she is of Southern birth and ancestry. She was born in Ocala, Fla., the daughter of Col. St. George Rogers and Josephine Baynard, of South Carolina. Her father had a distinguished career, first in command of the troops which successfully ended the last Seminole War and later as colonel of the Second Florida Regiment, C. S. A. Having been severely wounded, he then served in the Confederate Congress, and after the war he practiced law in Florida.

As a child Mrs. Schuyler lived in Savannah, Ga., returning later to Ocala. After her marriage to Rev. Dr. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, she lived for several years in England and France, and since returning to America her home has been in New York. There she became a member of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., later organizing the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, and from this action soon resulted the formation of a Division in that State. Her first important work for the U. D. C. was the establishment at Columbia University of a prize for the best essay on "The South's Part in the War between the States," following which she secured from that university a scholarship open to the descendants of Confederate veterans. It is interesting to note that this was the beginning of the educational work of the U. D. C., a work which has to-day developed into one of the most important branches of its activities.

Through Mrs. Schuyler's efforts the only portrait extant of Mrs. Jefferson Davis was secured for the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va. She was also largely instrumental in placing in Christ Church, Biloxi, Miss.—often called the Westminster Abbey of the Confederacy—a beautiful altar and reredos as a memorial to Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes, the daughter of President Davis. She aided in raising the funds for the Arlington Monument, collecting in six weeks \$2,500 for that purpose; and lately she made possible the publication of the book on "The Women of the South in War Times," compiled by Matthew Page Andrews. Her interest in the U. D. C., has been continuous; since 1903 she has never failed to attend the annual convention, and she has been prominent in many fields of endeavor, having served as a member of many committees and taken an active part in their deliberations.

But Mrs. Schuyler's work has not been confined to the U. D. C. She was one of the founders of the New York Auxiliary of the Southern Industrial Educational Association—an organization which has raised large sums for education in the South—and she has been until the present time its secretary. As regent of Manhattan Chapter, D. A. R., vice president of the Washington Headquarters Association, vice president of the Hospital Musical Association, one of the Board of Managers of the Peabody Home, and member of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, she has occupied a prominent position in New York; and her devoted care for the interests of the New York Camp of Confederate veterans has been untiring. A clear and forceful speaker, her voice has been raised in behalf of every worthy cause which has appealed to her for assistance; while her tact and charming personality have made her a host of friends.

REUNION DATE.—The Reunion will be held in Richmond Va., June 20-22, 1922.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MARIANNA, FLA.

That there is still a Dixie was emphasized in real Southern style at the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Marianna, Fla., on November 2—the same Dixie that an eloquent Southern editor and orator described as “Love’s shadowland, peopled with the unfettered spirits of the noble and great, redolent of memories that do not die because they cluster about things immortal.” Preparations of a State-wide scope forecast this occasion as a memorable one in Florida, as it commemorates one of the three battles fought on Florida soil in the War between the States, and which ranks in fierceness and self-sacrifice with the battle which saved the State capital itself.

Immediately after her election as president of the Florida Division U. D. C., Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, of Pensacola, made the erection of this monument one of the activities of her term of office, and with the enthusiastic cooperation of the William Henry Milton Chapter, of Marianna, and the U. D. C. State Committee, with Mrs. John H. Carter as chairman, interest was aroused in every Chapter of the State, and their efforts secured an appropriation of \$5,000 by the State legislature to aid in the erection of the monument.

In the unveiling ceremonies State dignitaries participated, the dedicatory address being made by Governor Hardee, Mrs. Tracy presenting the monument to the city, with acceptance by the mayor. Misses Mary Bruce Milton and Floie Crigler, two of Marianna’s lovely little maidens, drew the cords which unveiled the handsome shaft of Georgia granite, standing thirty-six feet high. Miss Milton is a granddaughter of Maj. William Henry Milton, for whom the

Chapter is named, and a great-granddaughter of Governor John Milton, war Governor of Florida, 1861-65. Miss Crigler is a granddaughter of J. O. Russ, who fought in the battle of Marianna, and a grandniece of Gen. William Miller, C. S. A., whose military science and unconquerable bravery saved the State capital by winning the battle of Natural Bridge.

The unveiling ceremonies were preceded by a grand parade, composed of militia from the National Guard, Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, the Children’s Chapter, and loyal citizens generally, with Hon. J. D. Smith as Grand Marshal of the day. One of the interesting occurrences of the parade was the salute fired by the National Home Guards as the Episcopal Church was reached, the point where the culminating fierceness of the battle took place, and where so many of the old men and boys met their death, some of them being burned in the church, which was set on fire by the Northern troops.

The Battle of Marianna, fought on September 27, 1864, stands out conspicuously as one where a home guard of old men and boys, numbering less than a hundred, met the enemy of nearly a thousand, comprised of a cavalry corps from Maine and a negro regiment from Louisiana, and sacrificed their lives—radiant hearts of youth and weary ones of age—side by side, to bullet and sword and flame, to save home and honor. Well does this inscription, chiseled in the enduring granite, perpetuate their bravery: “The heroism of those who died for home and honor is the priceless heritage of a loyal people.”

Marianna Day is observed by all the U. D. C. Chapters of Florida.

MISSOURIANS KILLED IN MISSISSIPPI.

W. A. Everman writes from Greenville, Miss.:

“A few days ago I got to thinking about my old Confederate Missouri brigades and batteries and the deaths of members both by disease and in battles in the State of Mississippi. All at once it occurred to me that our losses were probably greater in this State than of troops from any other State. Then I decided to write to the Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis for data. I got from there a list of officers who were killed and died in Mississippi, which is as follows:

“*Major Generals.*—Henry Little, John S. Bowen.

“*Brigadier Generals.*—Martin Green.

“*Colonels.*—Lucius L. Rich, Martin Burke, F. L. Hubble, James A. Pritchard, Eugene Irwin, Pembroke Sentiney, William Wade.

“*Majors.*—Archibald Macfarlane, Charles L. Edmondson.

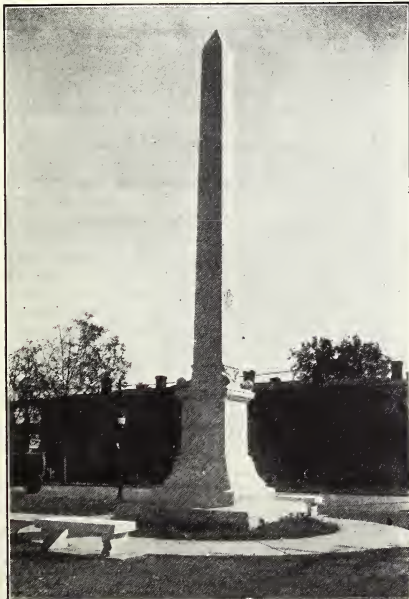
“*Captains.*—W. C. P. Carrington.

“*Lieutenants.*—Samuel Farrington, Thomas T. Tunstall, Samuel Howarth.

“All of these were killed or died from wounds except General Bowen, who died at Raymond after the surrender at Vicksburg. In all there were sixteen commissioned officers. I am absolutely sure there were others killed, but I cannot recall their names. Just think what a fearful loss from two little brigades with five batteries!

“I have written Captain Boyce, who furnished the list of deaths as above, to try to aid me in counting the deaths among the private soldiers, but I fear I have begun the work too late. Had I started twenty years ago, I might have had better success.

“Please ask in the next number of the *VETERAN* that all survivors of the Missouri commands or their descendants to send me a list of their comrades or kinfolk who died or were killed in Mississippi. My purpose is, if I can approximate the number, to put up a memorial here in Greenville to their memory.”



THE MONUMENT AT MARIANNA.

AT PERRYVILLE.

[Written by Thomas B. Ford in commemoration of the battle of Perryville, Ky., fought October 8, 1862. The recent anniversary of the battle was celebrated with a joint reunion of veterans of both sides on that battle field.]

Comrades, let us lift the veil
Once more from that stormy day
When we in the morning pale
Heard the warning bugles play;
When the startling reveille
Echoed far o'er vale and hill,
And awakening you and me
Death to face at Perryville;

When the dim October skies
Wanly smiled upon the fight,
Till we watched the sad moon rise
O'er the slain, when fell the night;
And the mourning heavens wept,
And the winds blew drear and chill,
O'er the blue and gray who slept
Their last sleep at Perryville.

O, it was a stormy fray,
Rife with steel and lead and flame,
From the early morning gray
Till the twilight shadows came;
For our foes were truly brave—
Fellows whom we owe no ill—
Who such proof of courage gave
On the field at Perryville.

Comrades, it is truly meet
We recall that time once more,
When we braved the leaden sleet
And the cannon's fearful roar;
While the drum and screaming file
Filled our hearts with strength and will,
As we offered each a life,
On that day at Perryville.

All our flags are folded now,
Swords once bright, now thick with rust,
Laurels faded on the brow,
Wreaths of glory in the dust;
But the few who yet remain,
From the broken columns still,
Often we recall again
That dread day at Perryville.

Comrades, when the last tattoo
Calls the tired band to rest,
And the scattered gray and blue
Their last pillows will have pressed—
Surely never braver throng,
Soldiers' graves will ever fill,
Than the veterans who belong
To the roll at Perryville.

—Thomas B. Ford.

preceding lines will recall vividly to the surviving veterans that memorable struggle, in which so many Kentuckians were engaged.—*Exchange*.]

CAPTAIN SPILLER.

BY T. B. LARIMORE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Capt. C. C. Spiller was my captain when I wore the Confederate gray in the sanguinary sixties. He was a man of deeds, not of words; but I remember some of the things I heard him say sixty years ago. He took me to Confederate headquarters at Chattanooga, in 1863 I think it was, and said: "This boy has been, to my certain knowledge, where a crow could not have escaped."

At the beginning of the war he was captain of a steamboat, his home being six miles below Bridgeport, Ala., near the right bank of the Tennessee River.

Commissioned by the Confederacy to raise a company of cavalry, he sent officers and a competent horse trader into Sequatchie Valley to enlist men to recruit his company and to buy horses to mount his men, the nucleus of his company consisting of officers and men subject to his command as river or steamboat captain.

That was early in sixty-one, but even then the spirit of war filled the valley as waters fill the sea. An infantry company had been formed in Dunlap, the county seat of Sequatchie County, and I was its hopeful, happy color bearer. That company had not been mustered into service, however; and, fearing the war would be over before I got there, I hastened away to Chattanooga and joined Captain Spiller's company.

As one of Spiller's scouts I made my military record—a record of which I have never been disposed to boast or be ashamed. This gave me a rare opportunity to know the man of whom I write. It is not meet that I should laud him over-much; but, suffice it to say, he was no ordinary man.

He was brave, but cautious and prudent, and always took the best possible care of his men. It was not possible, however, for him to keep them constantly out of danger, as every sensible soldier knows; but when it was necessary for him to send one or more of his men into a perilous place from which escape seemed almost impossible, he did it with fatherly reluctance and regret.

I remember well a time when the salvation and safety of his command depended on his knowing whether the enemy occupied a certain place which, though little more than a mile distant, could not be seen from where we were. The desired, the essential information could not be obtained except by his drawing the enemy's fire or at least endeavoring to do so. That made it necessary for him to send one or more of his soldiers into such peril that to select one for that service seemed like sentencing him to be shot. He was unwilling to do that; hence he called for volunteers to thus run the risk of giving their lives to save the rest. Two boys volunteered to go. They went. They drew the fire of the enemy. Minie balls filled the air around them with music such as only soldiers can understand.

Having fulfilled their mission, they beat a hasty retreat, rejoined their command, all were saved and were safe for the time; and our brave captain was perfectly satisfied. Bill Whittle was one of those two boys, and the other would be glad to hear from him and delighted to meet him again. He would likewise be delighted to meet or hear from any other member or members of Captain Spiller's Confederate company.

[The battle of Perryville has never occupied the conspicuous position in history which it so richly deserves. General Bragg, in his official report, in speaking of it says it was the hottest and fiercest fight with which he was ever connected, considering the length of time employed in the contest. The

I visited Captain Spiller's old home and his grave near by a few weeks ago. He and his wife lived and died childless, and their graves, side by side, are still unmarked—not even a stone, a slab, or a board to tell whose dust is sleeping there. So shall it be, it may be, with the dust of you and of me. "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

It is doubtful whether any man in the Confederate army did more for the Confederate cause during the first year of the war than Captain Spiller.

When Zollicoffer was killed and his army defeated at Fish-ing Creek, Logan's Crossroads, Ky., January 19, 1862, Cap-tain Spiller had the steamer, the Noble Ellis, at the proper place to save the wreck by transporting men and munitions across the Cumberland from Beech Grove, Zollicoffer's last camp, to Mill Springs, on the left bank of the river, where our retreat ended and our march to Shiloh began. Thus he saved all that was saved of Zollicoffer's army. Let us never forget that.

Our Captain detailed Bill Whittle and me to go as members of General Carroll's escort, under a flag of truce, after the body of our fallen chieftain, and Bill carried the flag—a flag that was finally destroyed in a disastrous fire.

Captain Spiller's company picketed the right flank of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston's army at and previous to the battle of Shiloh and furnished him with his first information of the approach of Federal gunboats at Pittsburg Landing preparatory to that terrible Sunday slaughter. I know that, for I wrote the dispatch and remember well how those two gun-boats and three transports looked as they silently slipped up the river.

I went with Captain Spiller into the war, was with him in the war, and with him as friend with friend after his return from the war. I knew him as citizen, as soldier, as friend; and I know neither his name nor his record should be consigned to oblivion.

THE BATTLE ABBEY OF THE SOUTH.

REPORT OF GEN. JULIAN S. CARR, AT REUNION (U. C. V.), AT CHATTANOOGA, OCTOBER, 1921.

As president of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Institute, it is my pleasure and privilege to announce to you and our comrades assembled in convention at Chattanooga, Tenn., the completion in all respects of the Confederate Memorial Institute, commonly known as the "Battle Abbey," located at Richmond, Va.

Whilst there have been many delays in this great work since it was first projected twenty-five years ago by our generous and patriotic comrade, the late Charles Broadway Rouss, of Winchester, Va., a gallant private of the Army of Northern Virginia, yet these causes of delay have been unavoidable, and the reasons for them have been fully set forth in a sketch entitled "The Origin and Erection of the Confederate Memorial Institute," prepared by Hon. George L. Christian, vice president, and for nearly twenty years, the treasurer and a trustee of the Confederate Memorial Institute Corporation. This pamphlet, which I refer to and desire shall be read as a part of this report, is a complete history of the origin and erection of this noble memorial, and can be obtained from the custodian of the Institute at Richmond, Va., at the small cost of twenty-five cents per copy. I suggest that all who are interested in the history of this building and of its contents will be fully repaid by a perusal of this pamphlet.

This memorial building was finally completed and opened to the public on October 5, 1921. The ceremonies incident to

this opening were simple, but appropriate in all respects. These ceremonies took place in the hall of the annex, in which hang at least one hundred and fifty portraits of noted Confederate soldiers and civilians, and consisted of introductory remarks made by the Hon. John Lamb, superintendent, followed by addresses made by Rev. H. M. Wharton, a native of Virginia, but now a resident of Baltimore, Md., and a member of your Board of Trustees, and your president. Two rooms of the memorial building had been previously thrown open to the public; one of these rooms containing the Hoffbaur paintings and the other what are known as the Payne paintings. These rooms were opened to the public May 3, 1921, when a very fine and appropriate address was delivered by Hon. H. Snowden Marshall, formerly of Baltimore, but now a member of the New York bar, and a son of the late Col. Charles Marshall of General Lee's staff.

During the short period since the first opening of the building to the public, it may be safely asserted that between six and seven thousand people have visited these grounds and buildings, and the universal verdict of each and all of these, as far as we have heard, is that this memorial is beautiful in all respects and a lasting and fitting tribute to the Confederate cause and its gallant and glorious defenders. Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, a daughter of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," has within the last few years visited most if not all of the principal cities of this country and Europe. She has quite recently published a book entitled "Rambles in Old College Towns," and she says that of all the cities she has visited only two have the real charm to make them attractive—namely: Paris, France, and Richmond, Va. This is a Northern lady, and it may be, therefore, safely asserted that her admiration was not engendered by feelings of local or patriotic sentiments. Richmond is the Mecca of the South, and whilst it has produced many noted men and women and has in it numerous historic and noted places, yet I think it can be said that our Confederate Memorial Institute, known as the "Battle Abbey," and the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, located in the White House of the Confederacy, are universally deemed the most charming and in all respects the most noted and attractive places in Richmond. The "Battle Abbey," as stated in Judge Christian's pamphlet, is located on the principal and most popular drive in the city and in the very center of its growth and progress. It consists of six and one-third acres of ground, beautifully laid out and adorned with trees, plants, and shrubbery, and has in it "a court of honor" designed to have statues of the distinguished soldiers and sailors of the several Southern States. These statues, to quote from Judge Christian's pamphlet, will be "in sight of beautiful Monument Avenue, on which has already been erected monuments to President Davis, Generals Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and J. E. B. Stuart, and in easy reach of the monuments to the private soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, Generals A. P. Hill, Wickham, and William Smith; those of Joseph Bryan, Dr. Hunter McGuire, and the Howitzer monument, and the splendid group with Washington at their head, surrounded by Henry, Jefferson, Marshall, Nelson, and Lewis, the heroes and statesmen of the Revolution; and another statue of Stonewall Jackson, contributed by Englishmen in testimony of their admiration for his genius, character, and achievements. All of these monuments adorn the streets and parks of the late capital of the Confederacy, and it is our earnest desire that statues of the heroes and statesmen of the States of the Confederacy shall also adorn the park in which is located our finest and best memorial, situated in the city which was the capital and citadel of our storm-cradled and beloved Confederacy." In Judge Chris-

tian's pamphlet he also makes this appeal, in which I most cordially unite.' He says: "Our appeal is then to each and every one of the States comprising the Confederacy, that they will appropriate at least the sum of \$10,000 to secure statues of their most distinguished sons, and to create an endowment fund for this memorial, and in doing this render lasting, although tardy, justice to the men and women of the South who did and dared so much in defense of the cause which President Davis defines to be the 'rights of our sires won in the War of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom and independence bequeathed by them to us, their and our children forever'; and of whose deeds a distinguished son of Massachusetts has already written: 'Such splendid character and achievements were not all in vain, for although the Confederacy fell as an actual, physical power, it still lives eternally in its just cause, the cause of constitutional liberty.'"

It is not improper to add that the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has recently met in Richmond, and, of course, the members were invited to visit this memorial, and each and every one of them was perfectly charmed with the building and its contents.

I also wish to add that the members of the Executive Committee residing in Richmond—namely, Hon. George L. Christian, John Lamb, and Mr. Alvin H. Smith—and the members of the Board of Lady Managers, all of whom reside in Richmond, have, without exception, been most earnest and efficient in carrying on and completing the work of this memorial, and all of these have contributed their time and labors without any compensation or hope of reward except that which comes to those engaged in real labors of love.

Judge John Barton Payne has been most generous in contributing to the adornment and furnishing of the room in which the paintings given by him to the State of Virginia are located, and two members of the Board of Lady Managers, whose names are withheld at their request, have also, at their own expense, furnished the beautiful benches which adorn the room in which are the Hoffbauer paintings. Lee Camp has contributed the furnishings and the artistic arrangement on the walls of the annex of his splendid collection of portraits of some of the heroes and statesmen of the Confederacy. I think it can be asserted, without any fear of contradiction, that this contribution from Lee Camp will make the room in which these portraits are hung the most attractive of all places, not only to Confederate sympathizers and their descendants, but one that is unique in all respects, and probably the only portrait gallery of Confederates in the world. I cannot exaggerate the debt of gratitude we owe to Lee Camp for its contributions to this memorial building.

The report of the treasurer will show the expenditures incurred in building and furnishing the annex and the present financial condition of the Association.

THE SOUTHERN PROTEUS.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

PART II.

A few minutes past six o'clock in the afternoon a tall black-haired man entered the lobby of the Newell House in Washington and sauntered up to the desk. "Is there any mail for me, Dick?" he asked genially of the clerk.

"No, sir, Mr. Rogers. There is not a thing for you tonight. Are you looking out for any mail just now?"

Rogers looked at the clerk understandingly. The words "are you looking out?" though spoken in an indifferent tone, meant to him: "Be careful, you are being watched." He

realized that it would mean sure death to himself and maybe to another for him to be caught at that time, as he had in an inner pocket a map of the defenses of the Army of the Potomac, together with a statement of the strength of that force, and a copy of the President's dispatch to McClellan advising certain movements of his forces and those of General Banks, all of which Rogers had just received from Porter, who owned the other endangered neck. Porter was in the confidence of the government, and these papers were in his handwriting. It was intended that Rogers should give them to Omahundry, who in turn would give them to an agent who had come from Richmond for them and would carry them direct to General Lee.

"Take the chair at your back, Mr. Rogers," invited the clerk cordially.

Rogers turned and looked at the chair indicated by the clerk and also gave a searching look at an unknown man who sat near, apparently engrossed in his paper. This man was the only person in the lobby whom Rogers did not know, and he of course instantly inferred that he was the person watching him. After noting this, he turned coolly to the clerk. "I don't think I care to sit down at present, thank you," he said. "When can I have supper?"

"Whenever you like. The dining room is open now."

Rogers strolled into the dining room and took a seat at a remote table near the kitchen entrance. Presently a waiter came and bent over him with a bill of fare.

"Who is the man watching me to-night?" he asked in a low tone, glancing meantime at the bill of fare as though giving his order.

"A new man from the West," answered the waiter in the same tone. "Ormonde is his name. They are watching the hotel like hawks. We haven't had a chance to warn you."

"I expect it will be a pretty tight squeeze. I wish to God that Omahundry was here. Isn't there any way I can slip out, McCarty?"

"None at all. They have the place completely sealed in by secret service men and guards. They are at every possible exit. There is one over there now looking at us. I will be back in a moment."

Rogers felt very uncomfortable over what McCarty had told him. It was the duty of his associates to have learned that he was suspected and give him warning. But some cog had slipped in the intricate system, and he had walked into a deadly trap unaware of his danger.

"This Ormonde must be a shrewd fellow to lay such a trap for me and then prevent any one from warning me," he reflected.

He glanced casually around the room and noticed the secret service man to whom McCarty had referred. "I have nothing to fear from him," he surmised shrewdly. "He's too busy posing to do anything. Ormonde is the brain I must outwit."

In about ten minutes McCarty brought Rogers his supper. He wiped each dish deliberately with a long towel before setting it down upon the snowy linen.

"There is something very mysterious going on out there in the lobby," he confided in a low tone. "After you came in here a gentleman wearing the uniform of a Yankee colonel entered the lobby and, going over to Ormonde, engaged in an earnest conversation with him. We couldn't hear anything they said, but from the way in which they shook hands and certain covert signs they made to each other we at once divined that he was not a colonel at all, but was himself a member of the secret service and probably superior in rank to Ormonde."

"If they know so much about me," muttered Rogers, "they must have Porter in their clutches too."

"Here they come now," said McCarty hurriedly.

Rogers observed Ormonde and the colonel closely as they entered the room and took their seats. They commanded a good view from where they sat of the entire room, and especially of the table at which Rogers was sitting.

As McCarty came by again on his way to the kitchen he stopped and took the bread plate from Rogers's table. "Don't try to leave the dining room. It will merely precipitate your arrest. We have word from Porter. He is safe and suspected. He is unable to find Omahundry and fears that he has been arrested. If we can only get rid of those papers you have before they arrest you, everything will be all right."

Rack his brain as he might, Rogers could think of no way by which he might rid himself of the papers without detection by some of the eager eyes that he felt to be watching his every move. Any attempt he might make to transfer them would only implicate the faithful McCarty and be the cause of his death.

"No," thought Rogers grimly, "there's been a fatal slip somewhere, and I am in for a mess of it. Omahundry must have been misled somehow. I wish he were here to help me. He might think of some way out." His hand fondled a dagger under his coat. "Anyway, I'll try to give that Ormonde what's coming to him before I cash in."

He ate along in leisurely silence, hoping against hope that something would turn up to relieve the awful strain upon him. One by one the guests finished their suppers and left the dining room until at length Rogers, the colonel, and the two secret service men were the sole occupants of the room.

"It'll have to happen soon," thought Rogers grimly.

McCarty came over and replenished his glass with water. "They are ready now," he informed Rogers. "Their men are in the kitchen. They allow no one to come in from the lobby. We'll try to take you away from them after they leave the hotel. They've got too many soldiers for us to try it here."

"I'm not going to leave the hotel alive," declared Rogers.

"They are coming," whispered McCarty with a nervous glance toward the door of the kitchen.

Two men stood in the doorway facing Rogers. Each of them carried a revolver. As they advanced toward him, Rogers leaped to his feet and reached hastily for his dirk, determined to fight it out to a finish. It afforded him more chance than a court-martial, anyway.

Before he could draw the weapon, however, his arms were seized from behind and pinned to his back by Ormonde, who had rushed up from behind unobserved when he had leaped to his feet to face the men in the door.

"Put the handcuffs on him," curtly commanded Ormonde.

This was done, and Ormonde then led Rogers to the colonel, who had remained seated during the scuffle, an unperturbed spectator of the entire scene.

"What shall we do with him now, sir?" Ormonde asked deferentially of the colonel.

"You are sure that no one has left the hotel to pass the word to his confederates on the outside to try to take him from us when we leave?" asked the colonel.

"Of course, sir," replied Ormonde haughtily, "I took particular care of that from the first. I have handled such situations before."

"I can see from your shrewd way of handling this case that you have had experience," complimented the colonel. "But we must now get this man out of here without exciting any comment."

"What do you suggest?" asked Ormonde.

The colonel thought gravely a few minutes. "I have it," he explained. "I am in uniform. We will pretend that I recognized the man as a deserter from my regiment and put him under arrest. I will then lead him out through the lobby and put him in a cab I have waiting outside and drive him over to headquarters. This will excite no notice or comment on the streets. In the meantime you will continue to guard all the exits and see that no one leaves the hotel in time to gather a gang and intercept me."

Ormonde was plainly put out at this proposal. "He is my captive, sir. I planned the entire affair from start to finish, and, with all due respect to you, I think I should be the one to take him to headquarters and get the credit for it."

The colonel smiled conciliatingly. "You needn't be afraid of my taking any of the credit from you, Ormonde," he replied. "I will be the first to acknowledge that you deserve all of the credit for this important capture. The Chief already has his eye on you, and any promotion that may come to any one from this little coup you will be sure to receive. You can depend on that. But under the circumstances I think it will be the most feasible thing for me to take him to the Chief as I suggested. You can come a few minutes later. That will be practically the same as if you brought him yourself, and it will eliminate all risk."



MRS. E. L. CARNEY, OCALA, FLA.

Matron of Honor, Florida Division U. C. V. and Chaperon on Sponsorship Staff of the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V. Mrs. Carney is a daughter of Dr. A. J. Wilson, of Virginia and Kentucky, a Brigade Surgeon during the War between the States.

"I am inclined to think that you are right about that, sir," admitted Ormonde, whose opposition vanished on the assurance that he would receive his full share of the credit for the capture. "Anyway, you are in charge, and there is nothing for me to do but to acquiesce. I will meet you, then, at the Chief's office."

"Very well," said the colonel as he led Rogers away. They passed through the lobby and out into the street. A soldier assisted them into their cab, and they drove leisurely up the street. When about six blocks from the hotel the colonel leaned over and unlocked the handcuffs on Rogers's wrists.

"Thank God, this job is finished!" he said fervently. "I had to sweat blood and lie in seven different dialects to save your neck this time."

As the colonel spoke Rogers started in violent surprise. Then a big, satisfied grin spread over his face. "Well, I'll be doggoned, Omahundry!" he exclaimed affectionately.

HOW THE CONFEDERACY ARMED ITS SOLDIERS.

[How the Southern Confederacy developed a great industry in the manufacture of firearms and munitions while handicapped by the demands of active warfare is brought out in this article from the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, published while the World War was raging. The wonderful accomplishment of establishing a government, organizing, and equipping an army with weapons of its own manufacture—all this on practically nothing—has never been equalled to this day. It was the spirit of self-determination that put it through—and that was the spirit which fought the World War.]

Deprived of 90 per cent of her iron ore, 80 per cent of her iron and steel manufacturing plants, and 50 per cent of her coal resources, France, besides keeping her own army of millions fully equipped, has, nevertheless, sent 600,000 rifles, 300,000,000 cartridges, hundreds of field pieces, and millions of projectiles to Russia, and contributed in general to her allies nearly 25 per cent of the total amount of munitions used. Such an achievement of industrial organization has never been duplicated. The industrial organization of the Great War has never been duplicated. Yet the Southern Confederacy, which was never "deprived" of its iron and steel industries because it had never had any, without twentieth century industrial organization, shut off from the commerce of the world by a hostile blockade, armed itself largely by its own labor for a four-years' struggle with what was in 1864 and 1865 the greatest military power in the world.

"We began in April, 1861," wrote Gen. Josiah Gorgas, chief of ordnance of the Confederate army, in a monograph to President Jefferson Davis, "without arsenal or laboratory, or powder mill of any capacity, and with no foundry or rolling mill except in Richmond; and before the close of 1863, or within a little over two years we supplied them. During the harassments of the war, while holding our own in the field defiantly and successfully against a powerful enemy, crippled by a depreciated currency; throttled by a blockade that deprived us of nearly all the means of getting material or workmen; obliged to send every able-bodied man to the field; unable to use slave labor, with which we were abundantly supplied, except in the most unskilled departments of production; hampered by want of transportation of even the commonest supplies of food; with no stock on hand even of such articles as copper, leather, iron, which we must have to build up our establishments—against all these obstacles, in spite of all these deficiencies, we persevered at home as deter-

minedly as our troops did in the field against a more tangible opposition; and in that short period created almost literally out of the ground foundries and rolling mills at Selma, Richmond, Atlanta, and Macon; smelting works at Petersburg; chemical works at Charlotte, N. C.; a powder mill far superior to any in the United States and unsurpassed by any across the ocean; and a chain of arsenals, armories, and laboratories equal in their capacity and improved appointments to the best of those in the United States, and stretching link by link from Virginia to Alabama."

In spite of the proof-supported charge that Gen. John Floyd of Virginia had utilized his position as war secretary in Buchanan's cabinet to secure the removal of arms and ammunition to the Southern arsenals against the day of rebellion, the outbreak of hostilities found the South woefully unprepared. There were six arsenals within the limits of the seceding States, not counting Harper's Ferry, Va., destroyed by the regular army soldiers before evacuation, namely—a State arsenal at Richmond and government institutions at Fayetteville, N. C., Charleston, Augusta, Ga., Mount Vernon, Ala., and Baton Rouge, La. None of these was a manufacturing plant. They were storehouses, that was all, and despite Floyd's services to his unborn government not any too heavily stocked. Altogether, according to Jefferson Davis's "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," these half a dozen contained just 15,000 rifles and 120,000 muskets, the latter mostly of out-of-date pattern.

Confronted by this situation, the new government began with an impressive innocence, by attempting to supply deficiencies by purchase in the North. Capt. Raphael Semmes, of Alabama, afterwards to command the famous commerce raider of that name, went into the United States with a commission to buy all that the munition makers could supply. There was no trouble about signing the contracts. According to President Davis, Semmes "would have been quite successful if it had not been for the intervention of civil authorities preventing delivery." Major Huse, of Alabama, at the same time went to England, but found the supply of arms on hand low and the difficulties of blockade running great. His contributions to the Southern cause, while considerable, did not equal what was accomplished through home production.

"The appalling contemplation of the inauguration of a great war," wrote President Davis, "without powder or a navy to secure its importation from abroad, was soon relieved by the extraordinary efforts of the ordnance department and the directing skill of Gen. G. W. Rains." This Gen. George Washington Rains, a North Carolinian, who had been professor of chemistry at West Point, left a prosperous engineering business in New York in 1861 to enter the service of his native State. He was almost at once put in charge of the proposed powder factory at Augusta, Ga. That meant he had to build the factory, and he did. Meanwhile, he set parties at work exploring the caves of the Tennessee and Virginia mountains for saltpeter. Others too weak to fight searched old cellars and old tobacco barns for niter, and still others started immense niter beds in Columbia and Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Augusta, and Mobile. By 1862 a saltpeter refinery was running at Nashville. All the material obtained in this way was sent to Augusta, where, under Gen. Rains's direction, the powder mill became the most famous example of Southern industrial efficiency.

Meanwhile the weapon industry had suddenly leaped into life. The Southerners were a "gun-toting" race, so that there were enough firearms for the first round of the struggle at Bull Run. But the time of need was coming, and preparation

was made in advance. When the Union soldiers evacuated Harper's Ferry, leaving the flames still burning, civilians, under the lead of Chief Armorer Armistead Ball, rushed into the ruins and saved a large part of the machinery. The rest of the Southern arsenals had hardly a machine above the complexity of the foot lathe. But before the end of 1861, the Harper's Ferry machines, set up in Richmond and in Fayetteville, were turning out thousands of rifles, rifle-muskets, rifles with sword bayonets, and firearms of every description.

Steam was put in at the Charleston arsenal. The Mount Vernon institution was moved to Selma, nearer the district where the hardest cast iron in America was being turned into gun bores. Ancient field pieces of 1812 were replaced by new cannon from the Tredegar iron works in Richmond. By January, 1862, 1,500 seacoast pieces of various caliber fronted the ocean between the mouth of the Potomac and the Rio Grande. The South had no skilled laborers to speak of, but a handful of men like Ball, who followed the "cause," worked themselves half to death—Ball did die of overwork—training the hundreds who were willing.

Lead at the rate of nearly 80,000 pounds a month came in from the mines near Wytheville, Va., to be smelted in the new government plant at Petersburg. Battle fields were combed for gunstocks, bores, and bullets, with excellent results. Buildings were erected for a general government armory at Macon, Ga., and machinery, run in through the blockade from Bermuda, was actually installed before the collapse came. The Confederacy fell not so much because it had not been able to make arms, as because all the places where the arms were made fell before the Union armies.

A MARYLAND PRINCESS.

BY MISS BLANCHE TAYLOR, WESTMINSTER, MD.

Every man loves adventure, every woman romance, every child a fairy tale. My story is a combination of the three—an adventure, a romance, a fairy tale. It begins with a very bad boy, named Jerome Bonaparte, who lived in France, and whose brother was then First Consul.

Presented in the Dumas style, Jerome was a spoiled, noisy, troublesome boy whose escapades are told in the delicate paraphrases to which the French language lends itself so blandly that a foreigner might imagine the chief end for which it was created was to color and soften ugly facts with its delicately tinted epithets. Endowed with an agreeable, elegant, and admirable appearance, full of impetuosity, Jerome, at fifteen, was the spoiled brother of the First Consul, whose paternal watchfulness was defeated more than once by the inconsiderate acts of this ardent and decided nature.

The "ardent and decided nature" exhibited itself in the ways by which prodigal sons have distinguished themselves from time immemorial, an unlimited faculty for spending money, getting into debt and disgrace, varied in Jerome's case by an occasional duel, the folly of which was only to be equaled by its ferocity.

As a result Jerome was sent to join the French fleet, ready at that time to sail under Admiral Gatteaume. Jerome was on board the Indivisible. For sometime the fleet sailed up and down the Mediterranean without doing anything particular, except allowing some of their vessels to be captured. Finally, however, Jerome saw his first battle and was rewarded by being sent home on board the prize Swiftsure, an English vessel captured and brought home in pomp; and on his arrival he received commendation and the commission of an aspirant of the first class.

Once again his "ardent and decided" nature got him in

trouble, and he went to sea again. This time it was an expedition to St. Domingo. Allowed to go back to Paris with dispatches, he got into all the mischief possible during the month he remained at Paris. Napoleon sent him to sea again at the end of a month, but Jerome contrived to remain at Nantes for some time, and when he did embark a storm drove him back to port. The difficulty of getting Jerome afloat was like that of launching the Great Eastern.

At length he sailed, and arrived at Martinique, where he became the torment of his admiral's life. He was recalled to France, and when eventually he did sail, he had scarcely left the shore when he seriously insulted an English man-of-war out of pure insolence and heedlessness. Alarmed, Jerome returned to Martinique, where his admiral, at his wits' end and anxious to be quit of him at any rate, yet fearful of his being made a prisoner, gave him permission to go to America. Jerome asked nothing better, and to America he came.

The point at which Jerome landed in the "Etats Unis" was Norfolk, in Virginia, and he was accompanied by three companions whom he called "his suite." It is needless to say that Jerome had hardly set foot in the American territory than he began to give himself the privileges, manners, and airs of a prince, tempered only by the incognito which he at first assumed. As to his opinions and his conduct, he set them resolutely above all remonstrances and censure from any quarter whatever.

He repaired to Washington and told the French consul that he must find the means to convey him and suite to France immediately. The poor French consul, Pichon by name, with a vivid prevision of all the difficulties about to encompass him, made a great effort to get Jerome off before his presence became known.

But Cupid and fate together, by aid of British ships, contrived to keep him in America.

"Les Etats Unis" were enchanted to find that such a celebrity had come to visit them, and hastened to offer the homage that was dear to Jerome's heart. When it was discovered that he was in Baltimore, all Baltimore was in a state of excitement; all the pomps and vanities that money and enthusiasm could procure were lavished on Jerome, and he enjoyed his position. He was, for the first time in his life, his own master, and he was in no haste to return to France. He gave himself up to all the gayeties of the season. His only necessity being money, but as all Baltimore only asked for the honor of giving him unlimited credit, it may be conceived "how happily the days of Thalaba went by."

Among the belles of Baltimore a certain Miss Patterson reigned supreme. She was extremely beautiful, as all contemporary testimony declared; she was agreeable, witty, clever, and ambitious; in short "Miss Betsy Patterson," as the biographers call her, was fully aware of her own charms, and determined to draw a good result from them. She loved admiration, and she desired to obtain a position of distinction. Her character was not unlike Jerome's in her love for all the vanities of life; but she was beyond measure his superior in energy, sense, and spirit. To go to Paris, to have apartments in a palace, to set French fashions, and enjoy the delights of unlimited milliners' bills was a prospect well calculated to dazzle a young girl. Miss Betsy was "beautiful exceedingly"—her worst enemies never accused her of being otherwise—but with all her vanity, "she was a woman of the strictest principle." Her father was a rich merchant, well known and well respected; all her family belonged to that quasi-American aristocracy, "the upper ten thousand," though it had not then received that compendious name. Now, Jerome at Baltimore was in the zenith of vulgar success; all the distinction that

Confederate Veteran.

Baltimore could offer was given to him; he was young, lively, tolerably good looking, and well endowed with the quality for which the Puritan divine once innocently prayed as a crowning grace, "a good conceit of himself." If Miss Betsy had any female susceptibility she might be excused if she fell in love with the hero of so much homage from those who made up the whole of her world.

Miss Patterson met Jerome at a ball in Baltimore. Tradition is that she went with the purpose of meeting him (and marrying him), and that, since her father did not want her to go, she climbed out of a window and went anyway. During the course of the dancing a chain of pearls she wore got accidentally caught in Jerome's uniform, and the facts are that Jerome fell violently in love with Miss Betsy and proposed marriage. She accepted the offer, which made her the envy of all the women in Baltimore. Her father objected at first, whereupon Miss Patterson declared she would marry Jerome anyway, so he finally consented.

Jerome, paying a visit to President Jefferson, where he charmed all the guests, as well as his host, made known to Pichon on leaving, his intentions to marry Miss Patterson on November 7. Pichon, driven to despair, wrote to Mr. Patterson and the consul in Baltimore, telling them how impossible it was for Miss Patterson to become the bride of Jerome. Papa Patterson was dignified; he broke off the match, and sent his daughter away from home. Jerome tried to forget by going on a tour, while Pichon arranged for his return to France. But one morning Pichon received a brief official announcement that Jerome had been married to Miss Patterson on the previous evening.

What a true romance—even the elopement. Anyway, they were married; they were man and wife by all that was sacred and indissoluble, Bishop Carroll, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, having sealed the bond as fast as the Church and the paternal benediction could make them. Miss Patterson was now Madame Bonaparte, and as such she entered into all the gayeties of the season.

Life would no doubt have continued to be happy had not the news reached America on the 18th of May that Napoleon had been created Emperor. Madame Jerome was possibly a princess. But Jerome did not think of this. From the moment he heard of his brother's elevation he grew restless and wished to go to France. Reasons very numerous indeed held him in America. He awaited his brother's approval of his marriage. Napoleon would not grant it. The marriage was declared null, and all French ships were ordered not to bring Madame Bonaparte to France. The French ports were closed to her, and orders were given to arrest her should she attempt to land in France. A pension of sixty thousand francs were offered to "Miss Patterson" on condition that she never assume the name of Bonaparte or molest Jerome.

Jerome was perfectly willing to this arrangement, since he had had his whim pretty well out in regard to Miss Patterson; but when he found that he would not be allowed to leave America without his wife, he, at last, with the consent of his father-in-law, took passage on an American ship bound for Portugal and embarked with his wife and secretary. He landed at Lisbon, where, Madame Bonaparte being refused a passport by consul, he left her and went on to Paris under pretence of getting pardon. When in Paris he threw himself at his brother's feet, admitting his wrong and asking pardon. Napoleon forced him to sign papers declaring his marriage null, and as a reward, Jerome was made king of Westphalia and later married the Princess Caroline, of Wurtemberg. But Jerome was through life a fool and a poltroon. Later, when

again sent to sea, he showed his inability either to command or obey. He was the torment of his admiral, as he had been of Consul Pichon.

France was not all the world, and, though they had deprived Madame Jerome of all the advantages she had hoped for in connection with the Bonaparte family, they neither reduced her to obscurity nor tarnished her name. Europe recognized in Madame Jerome the victim of arbitrary power.

Miss Patterson went to Holland from Portugal, but was not allowed to land (as Napoleon controlled Holland), then she went to England and remained for some time before coming home. She and her husband met once in Italy after several years. Jerome was with his wife and called her attention to Miss Patterson. The latter merely looked through them both without any sign of recognition.

In England she was received with much kindness and sympathy, and in England her son was born, whom she baptized Jerome Bonaparte. Soon afterwards she returned to America, and Madame Jerome was equal to the situation. She accepted the handsome pension allotted to her by the Emperor and the beautiful estate which was also given her.

This estate is called Montrose and is situated near Asbestos, in Carroll County, Maryland. The estate, which formerly covered several thousand, but which has shrunk to six hundred acres of ground, has good roads from one extremity to the other. On this estate is a beautiful old homestead, just the style of 1804. This house in itself was almost a palace; there are thirty-eight rooms, each of which reveals some new interest or curiosity to the modern day visitor; and if one climbs to the top, one will find the tower which overlooks the estate just like a tower where a lost princess, alone and waiting, would love to go. The house is surrounded by land covered by wonderful old pines and hemlocks, the garden even today full of all the old-fashioned flowers. The hedges surround the walks, the most famous of which is called the Josephine walk, are beautiful. The fountain, the rustic benches, the tree seats all have the spirit of romance, yet sadness, about them. Even the little church has an air of a forsaken shrine. The estate is owned by a Mrs. Kilback, who spends her summers there, but in winter, when closed up, it looks more like a prison than a palace, though the land is kept in a state of cultivation by a farmer who has a house on the estate. We can easily roam among the grounds and almost see "Miss Betsy" as she moved around in her stately way; for here it was that she came to stay when she returned from England. Here she brought her son to manhood; it is said that she even educated him herself. Having never recognized the sentence of her divorce as valid, who knows but that she spent hours in the tower watching for the face of the one she loved, or walked those beautiful hedgerow paths longing, yea yearning, for him to come to fold her close in his arms and tell her he had come to stay. But, unlike the princess of a fairy tale, her prince did not come; she lived on alone. In 1819 she visited Europe and was recognized and affectionately received by all the Bonapartes; but France was not her home, and she returned to her estate. A descendant of this marriage, Charles Joseph Bonaparte, was Secretary of the Navy under President Roosevelt, and later was Attorney General.

Finally, whether lonesomeness or the call of her native city was too great, Madame Bonaparte went to Baltimore to spend her last days in a quiet boarding house. She died April 4, 1879, at the age of ninety-four, and her body was laid to rest in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, where she had purchased a triangular lot just big enough for one.

HISTORY AS IT SHOULD BE WRITTEN.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

History is man's wisest and best teacher. He learns from experience, his own and that of others. History is the record of man's experience on earth, of the ongoings of human life. It tells of a people's ideals and principles of action, their inspiring purposes, and the efforts to realize them. It is the story of men and achievements, of institutions and industries, of arts and arms, of governments and laws, of science and invention, of settled order and of revolutions. In a word, it records the social, political, economic, and moral and religious activities of a people, their growth and development or their decline and failure.

From the history of the past we can judge what things are possible and desirable; we can measure progress and forecast the future. It has been well said that history is philosophy teaching by example, and again that the history of the world is the judgment of the world—that is, the history of the motive and outcome of men's acts justifies or condemns them at the bar of conscience and of God. And thus a people's history may become an inspiration to larger life and nobler deeds or a warning against evils that assail or dangers that threaten.

It behooves every people, every organized society to see that the record as taught in the schools and as it goes out to the world be true both in fact and in spirit. The facts should be correctly reported, the principles and motives of the actors fairly stated, the conditions of time and place and circumstance clearly set forth that coming generations may rightly estimate any great movement and those who have carried it on, and so learn the lesson it is fitted to teach.

Now, no people nor section ever stood in greater need than the South of a true, faithful, impartial history of the place it has filled and the work it has done in the formation and the growth of this republic. There should be an intelligent and sympathetic record of the principles, the policies, and the achievements of the South and her statesmen and soldiers in the great crises of the country's history from the original settlement of the land, through the struggles and sacrifices of the pioneer days, through the conflict for independence and the establishment of a new form of government for a continent, through the sharp clash of varied interests in Congress, through the fearful war between the sections and the nightmare of Reconstruction, even down to the present day, all this, and withal an unprejudiced account of her social and domestic life.

It is unfortunate for the South that the histories taught in our schools and current with the public have been mostly by Northern men, generally New Englanders, who have loudly proclaimed the glory of the Puritan while ignoring or belittling the achievements of the Cavalier and the Covenant in the founding and development of our great republic. These writers, generally men of brilliant intellect and culture, but entirely ignorant of or prejudiced against the South and her institutions, her principles, and her real character, have too often with deliberate malice suppressed or distorted the facts that would have been to our credit. Their great object seems to be to glorify New England and the Puritans as entitled to the credit for all that is good in our government and civilization and suggesting or asserting that other sections, especially the South, have been obstructionists to the progress of our country in liberty, culture, and morality. Too often the South has been represented as semibarbarous by writers who profess to be fair and unprejudiced.

And it is not merely in the formal histories that this injustice is patent, but in the speeches and writings of public

and literary men and women there is exaggerated praise for New England character and achievements, with frequent open or covert sneers at the narrowness and backwardness of the Southern people, whose faults are magnified, while the shortcomings of New England are ignored or explained away. As examples, Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill are justly praised, but Cowpens and King's Mountain are scarcely mentioned. The Boston Massacre, with its eight slaughtered patriots, and the Boston Tea Party, with its disguised patriots, are magnified as the beginning of the Revolution, and no notice is taken of similar "tea parties" in Baltimore and Charleston nor of the battle of Alamance, with its scores of killed and wounded patriots; while the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is discredited or denied. The piety of the Pilgrims is contrasted with the lack of it in the first Virginia colonists, while scant mention is made of the *slave trade in which the New Englanders engaged*. In the war with Great Britain in 1812-15 the exploits of Yankee sailors are justly and properly praised, but little reference is made to the *reasonable Hartford Convention*. In the nullification controversy of 1830-32 Daniel Webster's speeches are lauded as the triumphant vindication of the supremacy of the Federal government, while these writers ignore the *threats of secession by New England in 1803, 1812, and 1845*. They denounce South Carolina for her course in that controversy, and never mention the fact that the personal liberty bills of the Northern States were really nullification of the Constitution. They are bitter against Hayne and Calhoun, advocates of State sovereignty, and ignore the fact that Mr. Webster, a really very great man, *conceded their view*. Our war with Mexico in 1846-47 is held up as an unjust and outrageous invasion of a weak sister country by the "slave power" to extend the area of slavery.

But when it comes to the War between the States—1861-65—these writers and speakers become most unfair and unjust to the South. The ministers of the gospel characterize it as a "wicked and and causeless rebellion" and proclaim Mr. Lincoln as the model Christian of the ages. In most Northern writings there are misstatements as to the causes of the war and misrepresentations of the purpose of the Southern people in withdrawing from the Union and falsehoods innumerable in their statements as to the treatment of the slaves, and false accounts are given of the conduct of the war, magnifying Northern successes and also Southern reverses, charging cruelties to Southern leaders and armies and ignoring the looting, burning, and devastation of the South by order of Northern commanders.

Now, if the real nature of the conflict between the States, the real causes of the war, are to be rightly understood and the South vindicated, we need an impartial history of the whole country from its original settlement, giving due account of the Southern ideals of government and of her efforts to embody them in the Constitution, and also a true estimate of Southern character and an unprejudiced account of Southern life and institutions. It is to perpetuate the memory of the struggles and sacrifices of a heroic race contending for liberty and right that every Confederate organization should labor. It is to that end that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is published, that it may gather from the actors in the conflict materials for such a history.

Surely there are in the South, which has never lacked for writers of literary skill, some who understand the South, who are "to the manner born," who can write such a history, especially for the schools, which shall teach our children the truth as to our past.

Twenty-five years ago I presented some resolutions in the

Tennessee State Association and in the general association of the United Confederate Veterans looking to the preparation of such a history. The Association authorized me to find the man for the work. At the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, one of my closest friends, I wrote to his son, Woodrow Wilson, then President of Princeton University, and this is his reply in part, dated February, 1898: "The subject of your letter has been on my mind for a year or two. I have long desired to prepare an impartial school history of the United States, especially for the use of Southern schools. * * * I know how dissatisfied the Southern schools are with histories written with a decided Northern bias, and principally by New England men, and I do not wonder at their dissatisfaction in many cases. * * * If, in the opinion of others as well as your own, I am at all likely to succeed, I feel sure that it is nothing less than a public duty to attempt the service. I shall begin the work within a month or two."

Mr. Wilson started on the work, but it grew upon him until it became the splendid five-volume "History of the American People," which is for schools only a book of reference. I wrote to several other men whose work in Southern history I had read with great pleasure and profit; but they seemed to feel that the Southern people were themselves indifferent on the subject and would not respond with their patronage. So I let the matter drop, and amid the pressure of a city pastorate I was unable to give further effort to it.

Now, let me say as a matter of personal opinion that there are two Southern writers who are especially fitted for the work. Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., has made a most extensive and the best-arranged collection of facts as to the course of the South in our great war, which is entitled "Truths of History"; and Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, Md., has published what I consider the fairest school history of the United States that I have seen. I would suggest that it be enlarged somewhat and give more distinctive credit to the Scotch-Irish, or Covenanters, along with the Cavalier and the Puritan, in the making of our country.

In future numbers of the VETERAN I may have something more to say on the various subjects suggested in this article.

ON HAZARDOUS DUTY.

BY ROBERT SMITH, COVINGTON, TENN.

Twenty-four hours after that murderously bloody horror at Franklin on November 30, 1864, my regiment, the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., was camped on the extreme left of Hood's army on the Cumberland, perhaps two miles below Nashville. After a few days of very strenuous service in front of Thomas's Federals, occupying Nashville, there was a call one morning at dress parade for twenty volunteers for extra hazardous work. W. L. Peeler, R. J. Cotten, R. A. Rose, and I, of Company I, from Tipton County, stepped out, and the rest of the twenty came from the other companies of the regiment.

Dress parade was dismissed, and we were marched to regimental headquarters by the adjutant; and there Sam Odell, of Company L, from Lauderdale County, was made captain of the detachment. We were ordered back to camp to get our bridles and sidearms, meaning pistols—we carried no sabers in those days—then to cross the Cumberland and mount ourselves as opportunity permitted, go up between Nashville and Bowling Green, and do all the damage we could to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and to cut the wires to interrupt communication between Nashville and the North as much as possible.

We crossed the river and struck out, going north. Our first

adventure was of a most satisfactory nature to the half-fed Confederates. We came upon a farmer some distance out from the river slaughtering his fattened hogs. In a short time the farmer's wife, with some help, had a twenty-gallon kettle boiling, loaded with hog giblets, and several large ovens baking corn bread, which, with the addition of coffee in abundance, made a feast, in the judgment of Confederates, fit for a king.

The second day out we were all fairly mounted, making good progress north, shunning towns entirely and the high-ways as much as we could. On the second night R. J. Cotten was taken with a vicious toothache. Next morning, in passing houses, we inquired for pullikens to extract Cotten's tooth and were directed to a blacksmith shop just off the pike, with a lane leading to it. I was directed by Captain Odell to go with Cotten to the shop, while he stayed with his men at the mouth of the lane on the pike. Just as Cotten and I rode up to the front of the shop, some six or eight men rode from the rear. At a glance there was mutual recognition, as both parties wore the ragged Confederate gray and with mutual exclamations of "Hello, boys! What are you doing up here?" I answered for our side, explaining things just as they were. The spokesman of the other side said: "I am Capt. Ellis Harper, of Harper's Company of Independent Scouts, and I am very anxious to see your captain." Having explained Cotten's toothache, I told him that as soon as the tooth could be extracted we would go back to Captain Odell and his company.

Just to show the crudeness of things in those days of horror, I will tell about the extracting of that tooth. The blacksmith had no pullikens—that is what we then called them—but thought he could get it out. Taking a spike about six inches long, he flattened one end of it carefully and then placed Cotten on a bench, I standing at Cotten's back and holding his head. The blacksmith placed the flattened end of the spike against the tooth near the gum, and with one quick tap of the hammer our fellow the tooth. With a few grunts and some expletives Cotten expressed his great relief.

I led Captain Harper back to Odell and the scouts. All of us soon realized how wonderfully fortunate this meeting with Captain Harper was for us. I doubt if we could have escaped capture for a week without him. His intimate knowledge, both of the country and sentiment of the people was our salvation, for he remained with us all the more than three weeks we were north of Nashville.

After quite a talk Captain Odell wisely placed himself and command almost entirely in the charge of Captain Harper, who marched us across the border into Kentucky and distributed us in some half dozen neighboring houses near the railroad.

Our damage to the railroad was immaterial, as train after train loaded with troops rushed to Nashville, while the pikes seemed full of cavalry marching south, all for the destruction of Hood's army. Perhaps every member of the detachment had his personal adventures or contact with the enemy, but I shall tell only of mine.

Every morning Captain Odell sent two men up the pike as lookout scouts. On this occasion Bob Rose and I were sent. I remember it was a very cold day, and we rode up the pike seven or eight miles. After a short while, satisfied that Odell and his men would remain indoors for the day on account of the cold, Rose and I concluded to return to our warm quarters. In coming down the pike we decided to stop and warm at the first house we came to, which we did. An elderly lady, sitting by a most comfortable fire, kindly invited us to be

seated and earnestly said: "You boys get out of here as soon as you are warm, for Federal cavalry are nearly always passing along the pike, and they have no sort of use for guerrillas. They would kill you on sight." I assured the good woman that we were not guerrillas, but regular soldiers belonging to General Chalmers' division of Forrest's command, and that our division was less than two miles distant, and that we were scouting. We had been sitting there half an hour or more, thoroughly warmed, and Rose suggested that we had better move on. Just then we heard "hello" from the front. Rose and I stepped to the door, and there at the front gate, not more than a hundred feet away, were four Federal cavalymen. Knowing they were half frozen and calling to mind a statement I had heard General Forrest make more than once, "Take the enemy by surprise, and you have them more than half whipped," I yelled out, "Here they are; come on boys," and "Halt, halt, halt," to the four cavalymen, as they had whirled their horses back in the pike by this time and were moving rapidly up the road. In a few seconds I was mounted, but Rose was not so fortunate; as he placed his foot on the stirrup the saddle turned under the horse's belly, and he was hollering: "Don't leave me." I turned in the pike, and a most startling sight was before me. Less than a hundred yards away was the head of a cavalry column which extended back up the pike as far as I could see and which could not have been less than a regiment. I emptied my army Colts 41 at them, and they returned the compliment with a volley from their high-powered carbines, whose missiles sang like a swarm of bees over and around my head, clipping a piece out of my dilapidated hat. By this time Rose had righted his saddle and mounted, and he hollered "All right!" I whirled my horse, and for about two hundred yards we raced down the pike till we came to a skirt of timber, into which we darted and, holding our course for our snug retreat, some two miles distant in the hills, safely reached it.

As those days passed we became impatiently anxious to rejoin the general command, as we were playing a continual game of hide and seek day after day with the Federals. Rumors in abundance reached us, first that Hood had captured Nashville, which we did not believe, and then that Thomas had defeated Hood, capturing half of his army. So Odell and Harper couldn't determine what to do; but after a general council of war one night Odell issued orders for us all to meet next morning and that we would make one more raid and then march south.

Next morning, according to orders, we were in line early for our next march northward. W. L. Peeler and I as scouts moved about three hundred yards in front. We had marched several miles and were just passing the brow of a slight elevation in the pike when we noticed a mounted man in a blue overcoat slowly approaching us. As he was alone, we backed up in the timber which skirted the pike. When he had approached close enough for us to observe his features, we both exclaimed: "That is Colonel Newsome." He was lieutenant colonel of Col. Tyree Bell's regiment. I think he was the most astonished man that I ever saw, as we two in Yankee overcoats rode out in front of him, calling his rank and name. When we explained everything to him he was so relieved from his intense anxiety over his precarious situation that tears actually trickled down his cheeks. As we rode back to the company our third man created no excitement until Colonel Newsome rode up to Odell, who, on recognizing him, yelled out: "My God! It is Colonel Newsome." Then a small-sized riot broke out as the boys all crowded to the front. Colonel Newsome told us he was captured at Columbia on Hood's retreat, confined in the penitentiary at Nashville for more than two

weeks, and then started north. On the way he cultivated one of the guards, who, for the consideration of one twenty-dollar gold piece, gave him his blue overcoat and cap and, as the train slowed up at Bowling Green station, gently ushered him off the car; and he had safely made his way south until he ran on Peeler and me.

Odell then transferred his command to the Colonel, who said: "Boys, as to joining the general command, that is utterly impossible, for Hood by this time is either captured with his army or is in Georgia; as for us, we will strike out for West Tennessee." On New Year's Day, 1865, the twenty, without the loss of a man, crossed to the south side of the Cumberland.

Without dwelling on the many hairbreadth escapes from death or capture as we marched through Middle and West Tennessee, we all safely arrived at our homes, and there I found that my brother, Peyton J. Smith, half dead with chronic diarrhea, had arrived two days previously; and he told me that our regiment had been furloughed at Corinth for twenty days.

A HISTORIC HORN.

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

To while away the tedium of prison days our boys resorted to many ways of "killing time" and forgetting (?) the miseries of prison life. This story of a horn may recall the experiences of others who were prisoners of war. One such evidence of their skill came under my notice recently.

While on a visit to Morganton, N. C., last summer I saw a hunter's horn, a work of art, carved by a Confederate prisoner in 1865. It is ornately carved, the large end being encircled by a grape vine with clusters of grapes and leaves and a braid pattern underneath, while the small end has an oak branch with leaves and acorns. Forming a circle on the horn is carved: "Idle hours of a prisoner of war, Fort Pulaski, Ga., 1865." In the center of this circle is carved a rabbit and on the other side of the horn is a dove holding an olive branch in its mouth.

It was the work of N. G. Bradford, of Caldwell County, N. C., while a prisoner at Fort Pulaski, Ga., in 1865. The only tools used in making this work of art were a penknife and a needle, a piece of cedar charcoal being used to polish it. After the war Mr. Rufus Patterson, of Caldwell County, N. C., acquired it and later gave it to his friend, Dr. John Calhoun McDowell, of Morganton, N. C., and this historic relic of prison days is now in possession of his daughter, Miss Margaret Erwin McDowell, of Morganton, N. C.

This family of McDowells is one of the historic families of North Carolina, descendants of "Hunting John" McDowell, of the "Pleasant Gardens," who came to America about 1730 from the North of Ireland (a Scotchman), settling about 1736-37 in Burke (now McDowell) County, N. C., whose son, Maj. Joseph McDowell, of the "Pleasant Gardens," was a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, taking a glorious part in the victory over Ferguson at King's Mountain in October, 1780.

The McDowells were not conspicuous alone in the War of the Revolution, their descendants, many of them, being gallant officers and soldiers of the Confederate army. The three sons of James McDowell, son of Maj. Joseph McDowell, of "Pleasant Gardens," gave a good account of themselves in the sixties; James A., the eldest, being colonel of the 60th North Carolina, his brother, William Wallace McDowell, being major of the regiment. William W. McDowell went first in 1861 as captain of the Buncombe Rifles, of Asheville, N. C.,

participating in the battle of Big Bethel Church, Va., June 10, 1861, the first battle of the war. He later joined the 60th North Carolina and with it participated in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, January 1, 2, and 3, 1863. Dr. John C. McDowell, being a very large man, was unfitted for active field service, but he gave a good account of himself as a member of the home guard, participating in several severe engagements. Wherever duty called, the McDowell were always to be found in the front rank.

SECESSION.

ADDRESS BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C., AT THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

Madam President, Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, Friends: We are in Missouri, the synonym for demonstrated fact. On this historical evening there will be no excursions into the realms of fancy where annually we keep tryst with memory.

I promise to tell you nothing which you do not already know or which I cannot prove. My allusions will have the cobwebs, if not the bouquet, which in unregenerate days accrued to rare vintages in the cellars of the connoisseur. This reference to departed spirits is a little touch of realism designed to anchor us more securely in the arid present when the mint is relegated to the lamb sauce and the julep joins the raven in the nevermore.

First, I would congratulate our hostesses upon the name of their great metropolis, St. Louis. What nobler inspiration could you have than the king and crusader who was the highest symbol of service to God and man? A descendant of St. Louis, taken prisoner by the Spanish foe, viewed at Pavia the wreck of his army, and exclaimed: "All is lost save honor." Fifty-six years ago on this continent a gray-clad host laid down their arms with that same solitary consolation. Weary, hungry, sinking under the weight of laurels gathered on many a field of glory, the soldiers of the Bonnie Blue Flag bade farewell to the plumed troop, the neighing steed, and spirit-stirring drum. Their leader, one of the greatest captains of any age, had sheathed forever the lion-hilted sword, stainless as Arthur's Excalibur.

In happier days Robert E. Lee, of the United States Engineers, was stationed in your city to compel the Mississippi to keep its channel. He did this work skillfully and well. Mirrored in your river two other faces appear with his, the first a year younger, like him a graduate of West Point, and a brilliant officer of the Mexican War. But he was more than a soldier. Caleb Cushing called him eloquent among the most eloquent, wise among the wisest in council, brave among the bravest upon the battle field—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, statesman, orator, secretary of war, senator, and President of the Confederate States of America.

That other face reflected in the water came from a lowly Kentucky cabin, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America. He was a man ruled by the supreme vision of an undivided country. To achieve that end during four bitter years he subordinated every power of mind and body. The price in blood and anguish did not daunt him. The Constitution did not hamper him. By the use of implied powers never before claimed and of war powers never before invoked, victorious armies made good his declaration that the Union could not be dissolved. Drawn by the invisible threads of fate, these three lives became strangely interwoven in a tremendous crisis, and no effacing touch of time or tide shall obliterate their traces.

Their fortunes centered around what is now the dearest issue in all American politics, secession. It is so dead that this generation marvels that it was ever alive; wherefore let us consider how a thing whose decrease is so frankly acknowledged ever came into existence and arrayed in hostile camps friends, relatives, and commonwealths.

The autopsy begins far back when the thirteen colonies united in a perpetual union to achieve their independence from Great Britain, because, as Benjamin Franklin said, if they did not hang together they would certainly hang separately. Their object attained, the structural defects in the perpetual union became so apparent that a group of patriots called a convention of all the States, and the Federal Constitution was framed. It was no small feat to clothe Congress, the judiciary, and the President with power enough to please the Federalists and yet leave to the States rights enough to placate Patrick Henry. Eleven States ratified by narrow majorities with many misgivings. New York and Virginia were so dubious that they accompanied their ratification with the declaration that the rights granted by the Constitution being derived from the people might be resumed by them whenever they were perverted to their injury or oppression. North Carolina and Rhode Island said in effect that they were "from Missouri" and would have to be shown the advantage of the new compact. For one year these two States remained as the surviving partners of the perpetual union which had proved so temporary, and then, being convinced that amendments would be adopted, they also ratified and completed the more perfect union, which did not claim to be perpetual. Ten amendments were promptly added. Let me quote the two concerning secession:

"Article IX. The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the States.

"Article X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

The first authoritative interpretation of the Constitution was by William Rawle, of Philadelphia, and was entitled, "A View of the Constitution." It was universally accepted, and from 1825 to 1840 was the textbook on constitutional law at the Military Academy at West Point. Let me quote a few paragraphs from Rawle, and remember these exact words were studied by Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sydney Johnston, Beauregard, Dabney H. Maury, and many others. This is the exact language of William Rawle: "It depends upon the State itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which all political systems are founded, which is that the people have in all cases the right to determine how they shall be governed." "The States may then wholly withdraw from the Union." "This right [of secession] must be considered an ingredient in the original composition of the general government, and the doctrine heretofore presented in regard to the indefeasible nature of personal allegiance is so far qualified in respect to allegiance to the United States." You may note that secession is unequivocally taught, and paramount allegiance is accorded to the State.

Confirming these facts, in "The Constitutional Ethics of Secession" Charles Francis Adams declares: "Much has been written and said, and still more declaimed, as to the peculiar and exceptional allegiance due in case of attempted secession to the national government on the part of the graduates of the Military Academy at West Point. It is, however, a notice-

able fact that anterior to 1840 the doctrine of secession seems to have been inculcated at West Point as an admitted principle of constitutional law." Such was the attitude of the government and such the general opinion. Let us turn now to the States.

The Louisiana Purchase was made in 1803. It produced the first threat of secession, and the threat came from Massachusetts.

Ever since last November I have been so glad that Senator Lodge was not a contemporary of Thomas Jefferson. He would have kept us out of the Louisiana Purchase just as he kept us out of the League of Nations; for if that innocent Article X seemed bristling with wars and rumors of wars to the senatorial imagination, what would he have thought of the Indians infesting the Western plains, with their notorious carelessness in the use of firearms and their reprehensible habit of collecting human scalps?

Happily we secured the Louisiana Purchase in spite of the opposition of the good Bay State, and it seems to me poetic justice that from the soil of the Louisiana Purchase should come the chieftain of our armies in the land of Lafayette, your general, John Pershing, "the happy warrior that every man in arms would wish to be,

"Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright."

There was a coterie of statesmen in New England whose letters illumine this first phase of secession. Pickering, Tracy, Quincy, Fisher, Ames wrote freely to one another, and here are some of the sentiments they expressed. Writing to George Cabot in 1804, describing his disapproval of Jefferson's administration, Pickering adds: "The principles of our revolution point to the remedy—a separation. That it can be accomplished without spilling one drop of blood I have little doubt. . . . I do not believe in the possibility of a long-continued union. A Northern confederacy, uniting congenial characters, would present a fairer prospect of public happiness, while the Southern States, having a similarity of habits, might be left to manage their own affairs in their own way."

Pickering was a colonel in the Revolution, Postmaster General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State in the cabinet of Washington, and was an ardent Federalist and secessionist.

In 1811 a bill was introduced in Congress for the admission of Louisiana to statehood, and here are some of the remarks of Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, during the debate: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of this Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations; and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must."

Louisiana was admitted, and the discontent deepened during the War of 1812. That war, which christened our Star-Spangled Banner in the battle smoke of Fort McHenry and made it as sacred and inviolate as the Union Jack, was so unpopular in New England that all its States met in convention at Hartford, discussed a separate peace with Great Britain, the formation of a Northern Confederacy, and asserted the right of secession. An honorable peace with Great Britain put an end to the convention, and the Federalist party went down into oblivion, unwept, unhonored, and unused. For well-nigh thirty years there is scarcely a mention of secession, and then our great sister republic of Texas asked to be admitted to the Union. What might be termed the antiwelcome movement was led by ex-President John Quincy

Adams, and the Massachusetts Legislature passed a resolution declaring that "the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States into a dissolution of the Union."

That was the final gesture of secession from New England. Like the others, the words were not reinforced by deeds. You will observe that the facts which I have related seem entirely unknown to the Northern writers of American history. You have doubtless contrasted the emphasis they place upon the nullification of the tariff law by South Carolina in 1832 and their friendly reticence concerning the similar nullification of the Embargo Act by Massachusetts in 1809. These embarrassing indiscretions in the land of the Pilgrims have been so consistently ignored that the casual reader would never suspect that New England was the original home of secession and a Northern Confederacy the dream of its foremost patriots.

With this highly respectable ancestry secession reappears in 1860, not a debutante by any means, but a well-recognized and admitted principle. Only seven States withdrew from the Union and organized a Southern Confederacy at Montgomery. The general opinion was that they acted within their rights and should be allowed to depart in peace. We have no reason to suppose that other States would have followed had no new issue arisen. But the call for troops by President Lincoln raised a vital question. There were many in the South who opposed secession, but there were none who favored coercion; and because war was coercion, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas aligned themselves with their Southern sisters. Secession secured these valued allies because the Constitution was at stake. Men might quibble if they chose concerning the reserved rights, but there were none who could find a warrant for the invasion of a sovereign State in the compact which created the more perfect Union. Alas! the sword is mightier than the pen as an interpreter of constitutions. Its logic, though not convincing, is irresistible. By its arbitrament what Josiah Quincy had urbanely described as the right of all and the duty of some was officially designated as insurrection and rebellion. But the day is dawning when impartial eyes shall see the truth, and the subjugation of the South by more numerous sections will rank as one of the most flagrant violations of a solemn compact recorded in the annals of nations; and our dead, who died in vain, shall be numbered in the immortal army of the martyrs of liberty, defenders of the sacred rights bequeathed them by the founders of this republic.

The American Revolution succeeded, and the statue of George Washington stands in Trafalgar Square. Had it failed, your English history would devote a few pages to the rebellion of the American colonies and the execution of the leaders for treason. The Confederacy failed, but think not that it shall be forgotten as a tale that is told. Every battleship that sweeps the seas is a reminder of the first fight of the iron clads at Hampton Roads; the campaigns of Stonewall Jackson are the delight of military strategists; and I fancy that whenever duty conquers ambition in the human heart the shadow of Robert E. Lee falls in benediction upon the victor. The South awaits the incomparable hero who shall plead her cause in the forum of the future and win the verdict. She awaits him as the sword waited for the hand of Siegfried, as the maiden waited in enchanted slumber for the prince, as the world ever waits for its most royal souls. The swan may not bring him nor the birds carol his mission, but borne upon the wind blowing from ocean to ocean will sound the faint and distant bugle which proclaims his coming and declares the champion will appear to battle in her defense.

THE GEORGIA BRIGADE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

After the battle of Sharpsburg General Lee rested his army a short time in the Valley and then took Longstreet's corps across the Blue Ridge Mountains to cooperate with Stuart's Cavalry, who were at all times in touch with the enemy. Jackson was left in the Valley with his corps to guard against any move the enemy might make from that direction, as it was not yet quite clear what plan of campaign the enemy would adopt. When it became known that McClellan had been removed and Burnside had been put in his place, and it was seen that it was his intention to inaugurate a winter campaign by moving direct on Richmond by way of Fredericksburg, orders came to move across the mountains in support of Longstreet and Stuart.

That General Lee chose to divide his army at a distance so great between the different units and with a great mountain range intervening seems bad generalship; but he knew what his plans were and was ready to meet Burnside in any attempt he should make. To make the situation appear worse for us our army was farther from Richmond than that of the enemy, and by good generalship Burnside could cut our communication with our base. But he appeared to be in no great haste in his new offensive, and Jackson crossed the mountains, marching leisurely to unite with Longstreet, who had now moved south and occupied a range of hills overlooking the town of Fredericksburg and fortified them. The enemy had had time to seize these heights and did it with one advance division; but Burnside withdrew them to the north side before Longstreet came. Here he lost his opportunity. If he had taken possession of this position with his whole army, it seems to me that General Lee would have been in a very critical situation. But perhaps he wanted Burnside to do this very thing. If he had done so, he would have had a very dangerous and resourceful enemy on his flank and rear, while his objective was still far away.

But I must return to our trip across the mountains and tell of incidents in connection therewith. Jackson's corps consisted of three divisions, Johnson's (the old Stonewall Division), Hill's, and ours, now commanded by Gen. Jubal A. Early. Hill's Division was in advance of ours and had orders to stop after a long march at the foot of the mountains and go into camp, as it was too great a distance to undertake the crossing until the next day. Our division was to go into camp when our advance brigade should come to General Hill's camps. But sometime that day our general got possession of that which maketh the heart of men glad and causeth him to forget the weariness of his neighbor; so when we reached General Hill's encampments he pushed on, declaring he would show General Hill how to march. The sun was now just dipping down to rest and we were very tired, but our general pushed on. The long spiral lines of our brigade as we moved up the mountain looked like an immense serpent making its way to the gap, as it was called. Above us we could see those regiments which were ahead, apparently marching in an opposite direction, and below us we could see those behind toiling along. It was dark when we reached the summit of the mountain, and we were in no condition to begin the descent; but there was no place to make camp and rest where the precipitous mountain on one side of the road rose hundreds of feet in height, and on the other was an immense chasm. There was nothing now to do but proceed, tired as we were, on our way, which proved to be more trying on our strength than the ascent. Some of our men, rather than undertake to go farther that night, found some place

where they could spread a blanket and sleep; these did not return to us for many days. The rest of us pushed on, but there was nothing to be seen in the darkness but rocks, rocks everywhere. Finally, just before day, we came to a place which nature seemed to have selected to pile the surplus rocks left over in building these great mountains. Completely exhausted and unable to proceed, we fell down on the grass and rested a short while as well as we could in such a place.

All kinds of talk about the condition of our general could be heard among the men for some time. How true these were I have no means of knowing; but after this, even to the end of his career as commander of our division and corps, he never regained the respect due one occupying so important a position. Why General Lee, a man so opposed to such vicious habits, continued him in command I could never understand, unless it was on account of his wonderful personality. Among all the men I have ever seen in a long life I have never known another of such commanding presence. His eagle eyes and shrill, piping voice, together with his general appearance, demanded obedience and compliance on the part of his officers and men even when they held him in contempt. But no truer man ever drew a sword in defense of his country or ever was more ready to sacrifice himself in its cause.

This narrative would be incomplete if I did not mention the heroic conduct of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commander of the cavalry, and his men. He was a man born to lead, and his conduct inspired every man under him with the same daring spirit. In winter the weather was never too severe to hinder his activities, and in summer the heat was never too great to check his operations. The nights were never too dark, but rather seemed to favor his movements. No force brought against him was equal to his stratagem and courage. His resourcefulness served him in every emergency. His confidence in his men was only equal to theirs in him. His love for his country and its cause was dearer to him than his life, which he gave up freely in its defense. His regard for his commander in chief was like that of an obedient and loving son to a father. While the infantry was held in camp snow-bound, he and his men were watching the enemy's outposts or operating within their lines. Without him General Lee could never have maneuvered his infantry so successfully, for he screened his movements from the eyes of the enemy and kept him informed of their every movement. If he accomplished so much with a force so small, we naturally ask ourselves what he would have done with an army equal to the task assigned him. While Longstreet and Jackson were leisurely moving their infantry from the Valley to take position at Fredericksburg, Stuart and his men were fighting daily battles with the enemy, and nothing they did escaped his observation, for he was always on their flank and rear.

From the foot of the mountain the next morning we left our inhospitable stopping place and proceeded eastward through Madison County. As we marched through this peaceful section, removed from the scene of war, no sound of strife fell on our ears, and I felt like I could remain here the rest of my life, and indeed until now my mind often reverts to it as a type of that rest to which all of us old Confederates are hastening from the confusion incident to our existence here. On the right and left were smiling fields and woodlands, beautiful country homes, and grazing herds of sheep and cattle.

But we were to enjoy this only temporarily, for we were approaching the place where we were to join our comrades again in the deadly strife.

When we reached Longstreet we passed to the south of his

position and made our camp ten or twelve miles to the right, near Port Royal, a small village on the Rappahannock River below Fredericksburg, where we remained several days before we were called on to participate in the great battle of Fredericksburg.

We were now under command of Col. E. N. Atkinson, of the 26th Georgia, and our ranks were once more recruited by those who had been sick or wounded until we had three thousand or more men ready for duty. I was on guard the night of December 11, and before morning the boom of Burnside's cannon in the direction of Fredericksburg could be heard. Burnside, with a splendid army and numerous artillery, had decided to cross the river, drive the Confederates off of the heights overlooking Fredericksburg, and go on to Richmond direct from the north. If McClellan at Sharpsburg had failed in the open country to defeat a handful of worn-out Confederates, Burnside could have no hope of success against General Lee, now with an army at least twice as large and in strong position. The town was held by Confederate pickets for some time against all efforts to drive them out; but General Lee ordered them to retire, as he wanted the enemy to come across. They then put in their pontoon without hindrance. Before the Confederates were withdrawn, Burnside placed his artillery on the heights on the north side and at short range opened a fearful bombardment of the town, at the time full of defenseless women and children. The city was set on fire, and the inhabitants hastily snatched up a few bundles and made their way out into the freezing night to seek shelter from the merciless shelling wherever they might. No punishment by his government, not even censure, was ever imposed on Burnside for this inhuman barbarity. The kind-hearted Lincoln, secure in Washington, took no notice of it, considering it only a slight incident of the war too small to receive attention. But Burnside paid dearly for this in the engagement that followed.

When day broke on the morning of the twelfth I was on guard near Colonel Atkinson's tent when a courier arrived with dispatches. When he handed them to the Colonel the staff officers asked him what was the news. He replied that forty thousand Yankees had crossed over up to the time he had left and the town was in flames. Orders were issued immediately to march, and we were soon on the road to the scene of hostilities.

From above Fredericksburg to Hamilton's crossing, a distance of some six miles, there extends a range of hills, some parts of them, open but near Hamilton's crossing they were covered with timber. At the foot of the range of hills was a railroad track, and between the railroad and the river, some three quarters of a mile, the country was open and comparatively level. A road, bordered on each side by cedars, extended from the city about halfway from the railroad to the river. Another road branched off from this and crossed the railroad at Hamilton's Crossing. Along this elevated ridge was the Confederate position. Burnside put in a pontoon bridge opposite Hamilton's Crossing and brought over a large part of his army at that place. Longstreet held the left of the line at Fredericksburg, and Jackson held the right as far as Hamilton's Crossing. Beyond his right was Stuart with his cavalry and horse artillery.

We bivouacked in a grove near Hamilton's Crossing about dark the evening of the 12th, and the next morning early we were marched across the railroad and deployed in line extending, I suppose, three-fourths of a mile long, as a reserve. In front of us was Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, next to the enemy now getting ready out in the open field to make their grand assault on our lines concealed in the woods. But our men,

in forming this front line, made a great mistake which came near being fatal. Between two brigades was a marshy piece of ground supposed to be too boggy for the enemy to advance through, and it was left undefended. The battle opened with great fury, and the enemy poured through this gap, killing one of our prominent generals and routed the brigades on the right and left by attacking them on the flank and in the rear. It was now our time to advance and drive them back. How well we did this reflects no honor on our brigade or the colonel who was supposed to be in command. When the order was given to advance, if given at all, some of the regiments moved forward while others did not seem to hear it or understand what was required of them, and the whole thing was so badly mismanaged that some of our regimental commanders came near fighting a duel over it afterwards. One of them resigned and went back to Georgia. I suppose he was a fine political speaker and writer, but he was not the man to command a regiment in battle. It was said subsequently that our orders were to drive the enemy out of the woods to the line of the railroad and there stop; but if there was an order of any kind issued, we never heard it, and everybody went forward just as he pleased.

When we reached the railroad and saw that Federal battery out there in the open, surrounded by white horses, every man under the leadership of Captain Lawton, brother of Gen. A. R. Lawton, rushed forward to take it, without any support on the right or left. This we did, but the gallant Captain and the beautiful bay horse he was riding both fell dead at the very mouths of the enemy's guns. We did not have a minute to rejoice over our victory, for the enemy's second grand advance, with a line that overlapped ours and threatened to envelope us, took place at this very time, and our men had to choose between a surrender or retreat under fire of the battery they had just taken, or flee for their lives back to the protection of the woods. Some were killed, others were wounded and captured, including Colonel Atkinson. Fifty-four splendid dappled artillery horses lay dead on the knoll where this battery stood and many of the enemy. Stuart's horse artillery, under the gallant Pelham, did wonders that day and aided us no little, for we were on the extreme right of the infantry and next to the cavalry.

When we got back to the woods we were completely demoralized and without the semblance of organization. Presently General Early came riding about among us in the midst of bursting shells and whizzing grapeshot. The old fellow was furious and hailed every man he saw, asking if he belonged to that "blankety-blankety Georgia brigade."

I have always considered this the most disgraceful affair we ever took part in during our service in the war, but the blame should rest on our commander rather than on us. All this was known at our War Department, and a man was sent to us who had the capacity to lead, the noble John B. Gordon. The very day he came to us he rode around in the camp among the men to see how they fared. When he came to the headquarters of a certain colonel he found a log, hewn to a sharp edge, fastened at both ends to trees so as to stand about four feet above the ground, on which the colonel was in the habit of placing his men in punishment for slight offenses. The general called him out of his tent and asked him what it was for. He replied that it was his "horse." The General told him he did not know his regiment was a cavalry regiment and ordered him to take it down. The ground was covered with a heavy coat of snow, and the weather was intensely cold; but we had been required by the colonel commanding to stand on camp guard all night, although we were poorly clothed. This our general put a stop to and by these acts of

humane consideration won immediately our regard, which he enjoyed to the last.

If the advance of our brigade had been made under good leadership and supported on the right and left, there is no doubt that we would have destroyed the entire left wing of Burnside's army. The regiments of our right had beaten the enemy back to the public road and were very near the river, where his pontoon bridge was located. If this had fallen into our hands, the entire left wing of Burnside's army would have been cut off from any means of escape. The advance of their reserves at the proper moment alone saved them from being driven into the river or destroyed.

That night the brigade was reorganized, and before day we moved forward to occupy the front line. As we advanced through the woods, the men in the field, standing at the guns from which we had driven them the day before, I saw the top of our regimental (31st) standard in the gray dawn and fired a shell at it. Their aim was pretty accurate, but it passed between me and the color bearer, killing several men and lifting me and a comrade in the rear rank behind me clear out of the line and laying us both out ten feet in the rear, without doing either of us the slightest injury. We were enveloped in the smoke, and my comrades thought I was killed, but I grabbed up my gun and ran back to my place in the ranks again, while my little friend scampered off, and I never saw him any more that day. The distance from the battery was so little that the sound of the gun and the explosion of the shell in our ranks were almost simultaneous.

I now felt relieved, for I had had a dream the night before that frightened me, and I went to my duty with a heavy heart, thinking I would be killed. I was told that the shell killed several men in a line of Confederates lying on their faces just back of us, but I had no time to investigate and cannot vouch for the truth of this.

The weather was cold, and many of the wounded died during the night for lack of attention. The enemy carried away all of their dead and wounded inside of their line under cover of the darkness of the night, but those left between the lines were very numerous. A Confederate battery in the woods was almost destroyed by a shell from the Yankee battery mentioned above. A shell from it struck a case of ammunition and exploded it, killing nearly all the men and horses belonging to it. As we passed the place the men were lying around scorched and blackened so that they looked like negroes, the hair on their heads being crisped and singed.

The day was spent in skirmishing, in which there was little damage inflicted on either side. The enemy's line remained behind the protecting banks of the public road mentioned, while we rested quietly in excellent breastworks in the woods overlooking the open field, awaiting any movement on their part. Official reports say that Burnside gave orders to renew the fighting the next day, but his division commanders refused to act, and he withdrew his army on the night of the 14th and took up his pontoons. It was well they took that view of it; for if they had fought again, we were in position to inflict on them a worse defeat than that which they had already sustained. To our left, where they charged Longstreet in mass formation, they were slaughtered by the thousands. A Confederate soldier, my brother, told me he saw a deep well filled with the dead bodies of their soldiers, thrown into it to save the trouble of burying them.

The Federal army had received a bloody defeat and had accomplished nothing under their new commander. Lincoln now began to look around for some one else to take his place and found one in the person of General Hooker, "Fighting Joe," as he was called, who was even a greater failure than

Burnside. Whoever travels on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad from Richmond to Washington will see at Hamilton's Crossing a great stone pyramid, standing on the north side of the railroad track and only a few feet away. It is constructed of blocks of stone and will last to the end of time unless it is pulled down by man. It marks the point where our regiment (the 31st Georgia) crossed the road in the big drive of that memorable day, December 13, 1862.

COL. C. D. DREUX.

COMPILED BY JUST. M. LAMARE.

This gallant soldier, the first Confederate officer killed in the War between the States, was a descendant of one of the original French settlers in the colony of Louisiana.

His great-grandfather, Mathurin de Dreux, founder of the Dreux family of New Orleans, accompanied Bienville in his expedition to this country, and he was among the eight witnesses to the governor's landing at Bayou St. John in 1718, and, with Bienville, was one of the founders of New Orleans. Being a great friend of the governor, he obtained from him a concession of land in the rear of the city, which he named Gentilly, by which it is known at the present day. Mathurin Dreux was the son of Louis de Dreux-Breze, of Angers, France. He married in New Orleans in 1733 Claudine Francoise Hugo and had seven children.

The Dreux family descends from the fifth son of Louis VI, king of France, Robert de France, made Count de Dreux in 1132.

Colonel Dreux's great-grandmother was a Miss Hugo, of St. Malo, France, presumably an ancestral relative of the great French writer, Victor Hugo.

His grandfather was Guy Dreux. He married Miss Toutant Beaugard, a grand aunt of General Beaugard, by whom he had two children. His second wife was Miss Felicite Trudeau, who bore him five children, one of whom, Guy Dreux, was in the battle of New Orleans; another, Didier Dreux, married Miss Marie Josephine Nathalie Livaudais, a daughter of Jacques Francois Enoult de Livaudais and Marie Celeste Mandeville de Marigny. By this union there was a large family, the fifth child, Charles Didier Dreux, being the subject of this sketch.

Through marriage the Dreuxs became connected with many of the best families in Louisiana—the Frazende, Deschappelles, Le Breton, d'Estrehan, Villere, Lacoste, Dugue, Villars, Bernoudy, Soniat (or Sunhac), Bermudez, Jumonville, Arnoult, and Charbonnet.

Charley Dreux, as he was familiarly called by his friends and acquaintances, was born in New Orleans, May 11, 1832. Shortly after his birth his parents moved to Paris, France, and, remaining several years, he received his primary education in that city. When they returned to the United States, young Dreux was sent to Amherst College, Massachusetts, and then became a cadet of the Western Military Institute, at Blue Lick Springs, in Kentucky, and subsequently of the Frankfort Military Institute in that State. Carrying off all the honors in these institutions, he was employed as a tutor in the latter for a short period, and then entered the Transylvania Law University, of Kentucky, where he graduated in 1852, at the age of nineteen.

Having displayed a taste for politics and the possession of remarkable oratorical capacity, he was invited to accompany the Kentucky delegation to the great Whig convention held at Niagara in August, 1852, that nominated Gen. Winfield Scott for the Presidency of the United States. On that

occasion he delivered an address in advocacy of the General's candidacy which attracted the attention of the entire country.

Endowed with varied talents of a very high order, young Dreux exhibited the same capacity at the bar that he had so strikingly displayed in the political field and the camp of military instruction.

Having passed a brilliant examination before the Supreme Court of Louisiana, he was admitted to practice and shortly afterwards was elected district attorney. At the close of his term of office as a prosecuting lawyer he was sent to the State Legislature, where he discharged his representative duties, as he had those of his prior position, to the entire satisfaction of his constituency.

Before the war he had organized the Orleans Cadets, which was a company of volunteers composed of young men belonging to the best families of New Orleans, who elected him as their captain. When hostilities began between the North and the South, this was the first volunteer organization in the city that offered its services to the Confederacy, and after participating in the capture of the military post at Baton Rouge from the Federal troops stationed there, they were sent to Pensacola, where General Bragg assigned Captain Dreux to the important post at Grand Bayou. The efficient manner in which he discharged the responsible duties of the position gained him great credit.

A few weeks afterwards his company constituted one of six volunteer companies that were formed into a battalion, of which Captain Dreux, as the senior officer, became the commander, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. This promotion was subsequently confirmed by the votes of the members of this new command.

The battalion was known as Dreux's Battalion and comprised the following companies: Orleans Cadets, Company A, Capt. C. D. Dreux; Crescent Rifles, Company A, Capt. S. W. Fisk; Louisiana Guards, Company A, Capt. Samuel M. Todd; Louisiana Guards, Company C, Capt. Francis Rawle; Grivot Guards (of Terrebonne), Capt. N. H. Rightor; and the Shreveport Grays, Capt. J. H. Beard.

Immediately after its organization was completed the battalion was ordered to Yorktown, Va., where the fine military bearing of Lieutenant Colonel Dreux at once attracted the attention of General Magruder, who placed him in command of a brigade of twenty-five hundred men, destined to attack one of the flanks of an advanced position of the enemy in front of Newport News, where they were throwing up intrenchments, while the General at the head of another body of troops would simultaneously attack the other. A dark and stormy night had been selected for the expedition. The entire Confederate force had reached the point unnoticed from where they were to make the double assault, and everything that far had promised success, when the discharge of a gun accidentally dropped by one of the guides, aroused the Federal camp and frustrated General Magruder's plan, compelling him to withdraw, as he did not consider his force sufficiently large to justify an attack when the enemy was prepared to receive him.

Shortly after this General Magruder, having learned that small bodies of Federal troops were committing nightly depredations on the farmers living in that section, determined to stop such proceedings; and for that purpose he directed Colonel Dreux to call for one hundred volunteers from the companies of his battalion, to which were added twenty cavalymen and a mountain howitzer. The Colonel took command and, marching during the night, reached his destination at an early hour in the morning, forming his men so as to take the marauders by surprise and destroy or capture

the whole party. About daylight they were seen advancing, and as they approached, apparently unconscious of the trap that was set for them, one of the Confederate soldiers discharged his firearm, which brought a volley from the Federal Zouaves in return, followed by a charge, in which one or two of their officers, who had snatched rifles from their men and rushed in front of them, took deliberate aim at Colonel Dreux and, sending a Minie ball through his body, killed him almost instantly. He fell into the arms of Private Columbus H. Allen, of Company A, Crescent Rifles, and his last words were: "Boys, steady!"

Thus fell, at the commencement of the fearful struggle between the two sections, one of the bravest and most gallant soldiers that had espoused the cause and linked his future with the fortunes of the Confederacy. Young, enthusiastic, chivalrous, and determined, his military ardor carried him in the early dawn of manhood to his grave, leaving an infant nationality to deplore his irreparable loss; seeking in vain for one who, like him, could command such universal esteem and respect, for one upon whom a nation's hopes could repose with confidence that his sword would never be tarnished by treachery or cowardice; upon whom his comrades in arms could always rely with assurance in his unflinching courage, his extraordinary ability, and his devout determination to succeed or perish in the attempt.

The companies composing Dreux's battalion, which had enlisted for one year, were mustered out at Young's Mill, near Yorktown, at the expiration of their enlistments, April 15, 1862. The men afterwards organized Fenner's Battery, at Jackson, Miss., some reenlisting in other commands, and served throughout the war.

Colonel Dreux's body was recovered by his men and sent under military escort to New Orleans, where he was buried with the most imposing ceremonies, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, all the civil officers of the State, the military on duty in and around the city, the municipal officers, the fire companies, and all other organizations participating. Beautiful funeral orations were also delivered by Lieut. Col. Adolphus Olivier and the Hon. Randall Hunt, highly eulogizing the many virtues of the deceased.

In the funeral pageant the Confederate army was represented by Major General Twiggs and staff; the navy, by Commodore Rousseau and officers; the Polish Brigade, by Colonel Sulakowski and officers.

Colonel Dreux was married in 1859 to Miss Amanda Haynes, of Clinton, La. A daughter was born who, after her parents' death, was adopted by the State Legislature, but she died at an early age.

Capt. Guy Dreux, who commanded the cavalry that served as body guard for the commander of the army of Tennessee and died since the war, was an older brother of Colonel Dreux. A younger brother, Edgar, was killed at the battle of Franklin while leading a charge, having in his hand the flag, which he had seized from the dead color bearer. Still another brother, Jules G. Dreux, was captain of the Jefferson Guards and served throughout the war.

Several years ago, by special permission, the remains of Colonel Dreux were exhumed and now rest in the tomb of the Association of the Army of Tennessee in Metairie Cemetery.

Among the many Creoles who attained prominence, Charles Didier Dreux rose to the highest position. It is now proposed to erect a monument in commemoration of his honorable life. May this laudable proposal meet with quick success.

[The cornerstone of this monument was laid in November, and the monument itself will be unveiled April 11, 1922—Ed.]

THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY.

[The following article, signed "R. D. S." appeared in the *Baltimore Sun*, some years ago as one of a series of articles on the citizen soldiers of the South. The Chatham Artillery of Savannah, Ga., is the oldest of these organizations and is probably the oldest of American militia companies, being now one hundred and thirty-five years old; and its record holds high place in the annals of Dixie fighting men.]

"The men of the South are born soldiers," wrote an English army officer who had seen the gray-clad followers of Lee and Jackson on the march, in camp, and under the pall of the battle smoke.

Fired by the deeds of Washington, Greene, Morgan, Smallwood, and a host of lesser lights in the Revolution, the South has kept the spark of martial ardor aglow by organizations of citizen soldiery which for age and honor have no superiors in any section of the Union. Ready at all times to fan the spark into flame at the call of duty, these commands of the National Guard have proved to be as useful in time of war as they are ornamental in the piping days of peace. Their story is the story of the nation; their glory the glory of the people.

One of the oldest, if not the oldest, militia organizations in continuous service in the United States is the Chatham Artillery, of Savannah, Ga. This famous battery is to the South what the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston is to New England, but the whole country, regardless of geographical or political division, may well be proud of its glorious record.

The close of the Revolutionary War found the new-born nation in a precarious condition. Far-seeing men of the States saw that eternal vigilance was to be the price of their liberty. England had cried "Hold! Enough!" only for a breathing spell, and a chance to gather strength for another effort to regain the prize she had lost. To the southward was the Spaniard, watching with envious eyes the infant nation, while the French in the West and the Indian almost everywhere presented just causes for apprehension. These were the times and conditions that gave birth to the Chatham Artillery.

The father of the battery was Capt. Edwin Lloyd, a one-armed veteran of the Revolutionary War. On May 1, 1786, at a meeting of residents of Savannah called by Captain Lloyd, the Chatham Artillery was formed, and Lloyd was chosen its first captain. Many of its original members had served in the Continental Army. Such a crisis as that through which the States had just passed always separates the human wheat from the chaff, and only patriots of the highest type could have enrolled under the following pledge:

"We do hereby pledge our honor, of which our signature is witness, that we will, to the best of our ability and understanding, devote ourselves to the advancement of the corps, to which we have voluntarily attached ourselves, by all honorable means, and ardently coöperate in the increase of its strength, respectability, and discipline, and that we will foster and maintain sentiments of respect and affection toward each other as soldiers and citizens, and, united as a band of brothers, devote ourselves, when the occasion requires it, to the service of our country."

And nearly a century and a quarter of peace and war has seen the pledge of the Chatham Artillery unbroken and its luster undimmed, even by the bitterness of defeat.

Just six days after its organization the command was called upon for its first public duty, and this is a striking illustration of the confidence inspired by the high standing of its membership. A band of runaway negroes and renegades, professing to

be soldiers of the king of England, had established a camp in Effingham County, from which they made forays, defying the authorities and plundering the inhabitants. With other Georgia and South Carolina militia, the Chathams attacked the camp and literally wiped it off the map, killing and capturing the bandits.

The next public appearance of the battery was June '20, of the same year, when the corps was called upon to pay funeral honors to the great soldier of the Revolution who was next to Washington in the love of the South—Gen. Nathaniel Greene. What member of the company, however, would have thought then that one hundred and fifteen years later the battery was to act as escort to the body of General Greene when it was transferred from his long-neglected grave to the monument erected in his honor.

On the Fourth of July, 1786, the battery fired its first salute to the United States of America. Thirteen guns were fired—one for each State—and it is recorded that each report was accompanied by a toast. The practice of saluting in honor of the nation's birthday is continued, but for obvious reasons the number of toasts has not kept pace with the growth of the Union.

Four years after the formation of the Battery Captain Lloyd was succeeded by Capt. Thomas Elfe, who was in command when General Washington visited Savannah in 1791. During his stay in the city General Washington was constantly attended by the Chatham Artillery, and so impressed was he with the drill and discipline of the battery that upon his departure he presented to the corps two of the brass guns surrendered by Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. These historic cannon are still the cherished possession of the battery. When the Confederate troops evacuated Savannah, near the close of the War between the States, the two guns were buried beneath the old armory of the battery to prevent them falling into the hands of the Federal soldiers. Several years after the war they were tenderly disinterred by the veterans of the corps and again used to salute distinguished visitors.

The third commander of the Chathams was Capt. Josiah Tatttnall, father of Commodore Tatttnall, of the United States and Confederate navies.

When the disturbances caused by the Creek Indians in Southern Georgia broke out in 1794, the battery was commanded by its fourth captain, James Robinson. The Chathams were among the first of the State troops to offer their services to the Governor. The offer was accepted, and the command distinguished itself in the successful campaign which followed. Captain Robinson was succeeded by Benjamin Wall, and he, in turn, by Richard Montgomery Sites.

The outbreak of the war of 1812 found the battery under the command of its seventh captain, Robert McKay. Volunteering for the war, the Chatham Artillery was mustered into the service of the United States. A detachment garrisoned Fort Jackson, on the Savannah River, and the remainder of the command assisted in the construction of earthworks for the protection of the city. The battery was mustered out of the Government service in January, 1815.

William T. Williams, the eighth captain, was succeeded in 1824 by Peter Blois, who was in command when General Lafayette visited the city the following year. In the reception to the French marquis, the Chathams played a prominent part.

The next commander was a Northern man, Capt. Charles M. King, of New Jersey, who had gone South and made

himself a power in the commercial and civil life of the city. He held the rank six years, and was succeeded by Capt. Charles Stephens, an old officer of the regular army, who had served under Gen. Andrew Jackson. He was in command when the war with Mexico began, and, as usual, the Chathams were among the first to offer their services to the government. Their services were not required, however, and the war closed without them smelling powder, much to their chagrin. Fifteen years later they were to get their fill of fighting.

John B. Gallie, the twelfth captain (killed while commanding Fort McAllister, during the Federal bombardment), was succeeded by John E. Ward, distinguished lawyer, statesman, and diplomat. July 20, 1858, Capt. Joseph S. Claghorn assumed the command of the organization and was at its head when the War between the States plunged the country into four years of bloodshed.

One of the first to realize that peaceful secession was a dream, Governor Joseph E. Brown acted promptly and ordered the occupation of Fort Pulaski by the State troops. In his order of January 2, 1861, to Gen. A. R. Lawton, of the First Georgia Volunteers, for the seizure of the Fort, the Governor directed that the captured ordnance be turned over to the Chatham Artillery, so that the corps was enlisted in the Confederate war by the first order issued for the impending conflict. Upon the seizure of the fort, the Chatham Artillery took possession.

On May 1, soon after the call to arms, the Chatham Artillery celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. Assembling at the armory in full uniform, the battery, with its six six-pounders and two twelve-pound howitzers, marched to the home of Captain Claghorn, where a beautiful flag of the Confederacy, the gift of the wives and daughters of the non-commissioned officers, was presented to the corps. An eloquent address was delivered by Hon. Charles C. Jones, Jr., than Senior First Lieutenant of the company, afterwards Chief of Artillery of the District of Georgia, and distinguished as a historian.

On July 31, the corps was mustered into the service of the Confederate States under the following officers: Captain, Joseph S. Claghorn; First Lieutenant, Charles C. Jones, Jr.; Junior First Lieutenant, Julian Hartridge; Second Lieutenant, William M. Davidson; Junior Second Lieutenant, Bernardino Sanchez.

It was while stationed at Fort Pulaski, in the first year of the war that the battery was inspected by Gen. Robert E. Lee, who declared it had no superior in the Confederate service.

The last of September the corps was ordered into camp at the Isle of Hope, where it remained several months.

In December, the battery received a valuable acquisition in the shape of an English Blakely gun, which was run through the blockade and assigned to the company by General Lawton, as a special mark of his esteem. This cannon was used by the battery at the engagement at Secessionville, but later, when the armament of the corps was changed, the gun was turned over to another command.

After the battle of Seven Pines, Va., when General Lawton was ordered with 5,000 Georgia troops to march to the defense of Richmond, the Chathams begged for permission to accompany them, but the request was refused, with the explanation that they were needed at home.

In June, 1862, a section of the battery under Second Lieut. Thomas Askew, who had succeeded Lieutenant Davidson, was ordered to Charleston, S. C. and took part in the fight at Secessionville, returning two weeks later to the rest of the

command. In December, of the same year, Captain Claghorn resigned to accept the position of ordnance officer on the staff of Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, and John F. Wheaton succeeded to the command of the battery. Strange to say, Captain Wheaton was a native of Connecticut, who had emigrated to Georgia in early life. One of the most active members of the battery for years, he had contributed much to its high state of efficiency, and his selection to command the corps was a fitting tribute to the esteem and respect in which he was held by his adopted brothers.

Shortly after Captain Wheaton assumed the command the battery was ordered to James Island, in Charleston Harbor, where for two long years it endured the hardships of the siege. Under the fire of the big guns of the Union fleet and the siege pieces, the men of the battery served the guns, burrowed in the earth like rabbits for their habitation, and did yeoman service so cheerfully and manfully that they won a reputation for efficiency and devotion to duty second to none in the army. They were living the pledge of their fathers under the veteran Lloyd: "United as a band of brothers," and devoting themselves "to the service of their country."

From the earthworks of Charleston Harbor the battery, in February, 1864, was ordered to the everglades of Florida, where it arrived just in time to win fresh laurels by its conduct in the battle of Olustee. Stationed near the center of the Confederate line, the battery held its position under a heavy fire of artillery and infantry, and much of the time without infantry support and with ammunition chests nearly empty.

Fearing the enemy would capture the guns, General Colquitt, in command of the Confederate forces, ordered the battery to retire until the arrival of the infantry ordered to its support. To this Captain Wheaton demurred, saying that his men were Georgians, and could be relied on to hold their ground. Soon afterwards the infantry supports reached the battery and the battle continued with renewed fury.

The battle of Olustee was one of the minor engagements of the war, almost forgotten and overshadowed by the glories and carnage of Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, and Atlanta, but it was a fair, stand-up fight, with desperate courage displayed on both sides, and any patriotic American can well be proud of that field. For five hours the issue was in doubt, but about twilight the Federal line gave way and the Confederates swept the field, capturing five cannon and hundreds of prisoners.

After taking part in several other engagements in Florida, the battery, in April, was ordered back to Georgia, arriving at Savannah, April 25. Immediately the command was ordered to its old post on James Island, Charleston. Here again it was subjected to constant duty day and night, exposed at all times to a heavy fire from the Union fleet and land forces, and subsisting mainly on corn bread and molasses, with meat once a week. But scant rations had no more effect upon the discharge of their duty than the other hardships of war, and the men of the Chatham Artillery suffered no loss of prestige.

In February, 1865, the battery was ordered to Columbia, where it was attached to Butler's division of Hampton's cavalry. With the cavalry the battery took part in the constant fighting around the capital of South Carolina. On the retreat of the Confederate troops the battery became separated from the command and cut off by a force of the enemy. Determined not to surrender, the men discarded their tents, supplies, and everything except the cannon and caissons, and struck out to join their comrades. After a continuous march of sixty hours without rest, the battery rejoined the Confederate forces and continued to Charlotte, N. C., where it

remained till March 6. Ordered to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the battery was assigned to Loring's division of Stewart's Corps. But the end was near. Lee had already surrendered and a few days later General Johnston accepted the terms offered to Lee.

Paroles for one hundred and three officers and men were issued to the Chatham Artillery, and the battery, without the guns it had handled so gallantly, started on its long march home. During the march the men of the battery kept together and the regular discipline of the organization was maintained until Augusta was reached, when the command was disbanded, the men returning to their homes—those that had escaped Sherman's torch—to take up anew the battle of life. For their "four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude," the men of the battery had nothing but the satisfaction of a duty well done and an *esprit de corps* which even the surrender could not shake.

Then came the dark days of Reconstruction, times more trying even than the arduous campaigns through which the corps had passed. The armory of the company had been seized by the Union troops and converted into a freedman's bureau, but the members from out their scanty store kept the interest on the armory scrip paid. Of course, they were not permitted to bear arms, and even the wearing of Confederate uniforms was forbidden, but the men kept up their organization, meeting at regular times in a social way and helping to take care of destitute comrades. On Washington's Birthday, 1866, the company held a picnic, which festival has been repeated annually ever since.

Slowly, however, better times came. Possession of the armory was regained and the old Washington guns were dug up and remounted. On January 19, 1872, the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the Chatham Artillery made its first public appearance in uniform since the war, with Captain Wheaton, its fifteenth commander and war-time leader, at the head.

May 1, 1886, the corps celebrated its centenary with elaborate ceremonies. On this occasion the principal address was delivered by John E. Ward, former captain of the company.

On October 7, 1895, after twenty-three years of faithful service for the battery and his country, Captain Wheaton was forced by failing health to retire, and was succeeded by Capt. George P. Walker, who was in command when the war with Spain was declared. As in the past, the Chathams were among the first to offer their services to a reunited country, and the battery was mustered into the United States volunteer army, retaining its old officers. Its services at the front were not needed, however, and it remained in camp until the end of the war.

Captain Walker, after forty-two years of uninterrupted service with the company, resigned his commission October 3, 1898, and was succeeded by Capt. William T. Dixon, who, in turn, was succeeded by the eighteenth commander, Capt. Richard J. Davant.

Under Captain Davant, the company was brought to a high state of efficiency according to the latest military ideas. It was equipped with a battery of modern three-inch rifles, and its entire equipment made equal to that of any battery of the regular army.

The old spirit—the spirit that moved the one-armed veteran Lloyd and his comrades of '76 to prepare for war in time of peace; that inspired Wheaton and his graybacks to respond to the call of duty when success seemed hopeless, and that kept the men together even as paroled prisoners of war—the spirit of the true South still lives in the rank and file of the Chatham Artillery of Savannah.

(Some additional notes were received too late to give more than an outline of the late service of this famous command. Under Captain Davant the battery was expanded into two batteries and associated with the Atlanta Battalion as the 1st Battalion Georgia Field Artillery, of which he was made major. His successor was Maj. E. E. Wells, under whom the Battalion trained for service on the Mexican Border, and was there from October, 1916, to June, 1917. Major Wells resigning, Capt. George Butler was elected its twentieth commander, and the battalion was then used in training officers at the first training camp, later taking intensive training itself for over-seas service, and was in France ready to go on the firing line when the armistice was signed. The present commander is Maj. Alex R. MacDonell.)

DIXIE LAND.

An old Italian came into our yard last night

And humbly begged permission that his wandering band
Might play for us some old, forgotten airs.

I bowed assent, and straightaway "Dixie Land"

Fell on my ears. Forgotten? No. My pulses throbbed and thrilled.

And was it weakness that mine eyes were filled with tears?

Ah, well, perhaps it was, but that old song

Is but the gravestone o'er the buried hopes of other years.

And as the notes swelled out, now high, now low,

I saw between the chords, in letters bright and red,
The birth, the life, the age of that dear cause

That ne'er will be forgotten, e'en though dead;

The stricken South, with unstrung bow in hand,

I saw again amid her mournful scenes,

Her arrow sped too high and lying lost

Among a myriad host of sweet, dead dreams.

Could you, my friend, stand by the grave of one you loved

And think on any faults that he in life possessed?

Would you like to dwell on nobler traits

That put to shame and darkness all the rest?

So dreaming o'er that past brought back to me—

No errors saw I, but before my sight

A vision only came of noble, loyal men

Fighting—yea, dying—for a cause to them both just and right.

As listening to the music die away, one scene arose

Whose pathos ne'er on canvas can be given:

A troop of ragged soldiers weeping o'er a flag,

All riddled, battle-stained, but dear as hopes of heaven,

And one, the gentlest memory of our world,

Stood in their midst, his figure sadly grand,

Saying good-by to them and to the day

When life no longer could be given for "Dixie Land."

And that old song our fathers loved so well,

Whose words were ofttimes breathed with their last breath,
Should be to those of Southern birth as dear,

As loved, "remembered kisses after death."

A fitting "in memoriam," it seems to me,

Grief softens anger, and from it a ray

Makes warm our hearts for those who wore the blue,

While strengthening love and pride for those who wore the gray.

—Elizabeth Lee Murphy.

IN THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

The Hampton Legion enjoyed a few days of fine weather at Mechanicsville, but late in the afternoon of May 30, 1862, there was a great rain storm which so raised the Chickahominy. Johnston figured that communication between the Federal corps on the south side of the river and the main Federal force on the north side was impossible. This view was confirmed by the report early in the night of his engineers as to the great flood in the river. Therefore he decided to attack the Federal corps under Keyes on our side of the river at daylight the next morning, and very plain and strict orders were sent to the commanders chosen to make the attack.

The Legion got its orders some time after midnight, and when the rain was slackening up, we immediately got under arms, but for some reason didn't start till after daylight, and we had to march about ten miles. Everything was wet and the roads boggy, but we went along at a lively clip. Yet we thought it very strange that there was as yet no noise of battle. We reached the Nine Mile Road and were within a couple of miles of the designated rendezvous when we heard the first gun of battle, and it was then about 9 A.M. From the first the firing of both artillery and musketry was fierce. Hood, with his regiments, was in front of us on the Nine Mile Road, and pretty soon we heard the roll of his splendid Enfield rifles in close grip with Casey's Federal division on that road. Then we heard the "rebel yell," by which we knew Hood's force was driving the Federals. We were put into double quick and very soon came to the ground of Hood's first assault. It had been a complete surprise. Casey's entire camp was captured with all its tents standing and great quantities of all the usual army stores, including hundreds of small arms. Just then a Federal balloon of observation rose up from behind a hill on the left and beyond the river, whereupon a very young recruit of our company excitedly inquired: "Will we get that, too?" Poor boy! He nor any of us realized then that much bloody fighting was just ahead of us.

We rushed along in line of battle till we reached the edge of a long, narrow wheat field. The grain was in head, but still green. We halted and, while dressing the line, I saw a heavy body of Federal infantry cross the lower end of the wheat field and enter a large swamp on the left. Here the Nine Mile Road curved to the right, and about a mile ahead intersected the Williamsburg Road at a point just nine miles from Richmond, and this was why the road we were on was called the "Nine Mile Road." We were in sight of Fair Oaks station on the right, and in the neighborhood of which Hood was still pursuing the remnants of Casey's division. We could hear heavy fighting on the Williamsburg Road.

While resting there in the line of battle, Colonel Hampton made a brief patriotic speech, and then announced that another Confederate line of battle was just about to advance into the big swamp, out of our sight, on the left, and that when we heard its guns we would advance across the edge of the wheat field and into the swamp also. At that time it was not thought many Federals were in that swamp. But see how we were fooled! Meanwhile it was getting late in the afternoon. How time seems to fly under the excitement and stress of battle.

Everything was ready, and Hampton on his fine horse had just planted himself in front of the Legion when we heard the rifles on our left. This force was said to be a full brigade, under General Hatton, with Gen. G. W. Smith in close touch with it. Hampton, in his sharp, fine voice, ordered us forward,

and away we went in quick time with fixed bayonets. It was only about two hundred yards across the wheat field to the swamp, which contained many trees and a very heavy undergrowth. We entered the swamp with a great shout and had no doubt that we would either drive the Federals into the river or capture them. We could hear the fierce fighting on the left, but found no enemy in our front till we had penetrated the swamp quite a distance. But then all of a sudden the Federals seemed to rise up out of the ground in great force, and then began a struggle at close quarters that severely tried the mettle of both sides. Men fell in all directions and the smoke of battle became so dense that it was difficult to see anything at all. Soon after this it was reported to Hampton that the troops on our left had fallen back, and then he ordered the Legion to withdraw slowly while still keeping up our fire on the enemy. When the Federals found this out they pursued us to the edge of the swamp, but didn't venture to try to cross the wheat field.

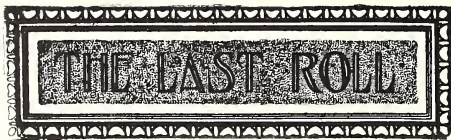
We quickly reformed on the ground of our first position. It was twilight then, but Hampton's blood was up and, planting himself at our head, he started to lead us in another assault on that swamp. But staff officers then present dissuaded him and soon after everything became quiet over the whole battle field. We stood there in line of battle till about 9 P.M., when it developed that Hampton had been painfully wounded in one foot, but he insisted on keeping in the saddle till our surgeons almost forced him to ride slowly from the field. And that ended Col. Wade Hampton's command of Hampton Legion, because his wound incapacitated him for quite a while, and when he got well he was appointed brigadier general and assigned to the command of cavalry.

We put out pickets, feasted on Casey's good things, and slept well on Federal blankets the remainder of the night. Things were quiet next morning, and during the day we learned many interesting intelligences. General Hatton, who commanded the fight on our left the day before, had been killed early in the fight, and that explained (?) the withdrawal of his brigade at the critical moment of the fight. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston himself had been badly wounded in the groin and removed from the field, and Gen. G. W. Smith put in temporary command of that part of our army. Later in the day Gen. R. E. Lee was assigned to the command of the whole army, which from about that time became the Army of Northern Virginia.

There was no fighting on our front that day, though about 8 A.M., a lively fight began over on our right, but it died out completely by 10 A.M., on that first of June, 1862.

This ended the bloody battle of Seven Pines, called by the Federals, the battle of Fair Oaks. The losses were heavy on both sides. The Federals admitted a loss of 5,000 on their side, and it was probably more than that on ours. The result as to both armies was practically nil. Had the battle been fought according to Johnston's plan of attacking at daylight, it is likely the issue would have been very favorable to the Confederates. As it was, however, the lateness of the beginning of the attack completely neutralized all our advantages from the flood in the river.

McClellan was a great engineer and alert. Becoming aware of our delayed preparations for attack long before it came to pass, he promptly strengthened his crossings on the river and constructed new ones with such rapid success that he was able to throw over the river all the reinforcements he needed to meet our assaults. Evidently there was much fatal blundering on the part of those officers immediately in charge of launching the attack. This was noticed at the time, but passed over with little or no condemnation.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"When dim the lights are burning for the soul,
And from the veteran's vision the shadows roll,
He sees the cross he followed all those years;
Lay over him the flag—the flag of tears."

ROBERT BOYD.

Robert Boyd, eighty-three years of age, died in Richmond, Va., after a long illness, on October 4, 1921. He was buried near his old home in Charlotte County, Va., wrapped in the Stars and Bars and wearing his Confederate uniform.

This good soldier, who never faltered in his devotion, was born at Boydton, Mecklenburg County, Va., August 31, 1838, and was reared amid the surroundings and environment most typical of the best traditions of the Old South. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College.

In 1859 he settled on a cotton plantation in Mississippi; but when, in 1861, his native State called to her sons, he left his new interests and returned to Virginia to join the Mecklenburg Troop of Cavalry, which became Company A of the 3d Virginia Cavalry. He was in a number of the major engagements, and was with General Stuart when he was killed at Yellow Tavern. Just before the surrender he served on scout duty under Captain Henly between the armies of Lee and Johnston.

A few years after the war Mr. Boyd married Mrs. Mary E. Carrington and removed to Charlotte County, Va., where they lived until his wife's death, seven years ago. Here they reared their four children, who survive them: Dr. Andrew H. Boyd, of Charleston, W. Va.; Mrs. James G. Penn, of Danville, Va.; Mrs. Beverly R. Tucker, of Richmond; and Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, of Bay View, Va., who is an ex-president of the Virginia Division, U. D. C.

Our comrade has passed into the Valhalla of the great, where awaiting him "under the shade of the trees" he has found not only his dear ones, "loved long since and lost awhile," but those peerless leaders of the Old South, whose memory he treasured with deathless devotion.

WILLIAM J. DONAHUE.

Comrade William J. Donahue enlisted in the first year of the War between the States as a member of Company B, 4th Florida Infantry, at Apalachicola, Fla., and served with valor and honor throughout the war.

Some months ago this comrade became very feeble, being in his seventy-second year, and became an inmate of the Catholic Home for the infirm and helpless at Mobile, Ala., where he recently passed away. His sister, also an inmate of the Home, was with him to the end.

Comrade Donahue was past commander of Camp Tom Moore, No. 556, U. C. V., at Apalachicola, and while with us here was custodian of Messina Hall, our headquarters. He was a loyal and dutiful Confederate veteran and a companionable member of our camp, whose presence at our social

meetings will be sadly missed. He was an old subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and the height of his ambition and pleasure seemed to be in receiving and reading its contents.

Farewell, "Dunnie." May you rest in peace!
[Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant.]

EUGENE O. WALKER.

Rich in length of days and filled with honors, the golden harvest of the good deeds done, was the life that ended October 24, 1921, when Eugene Oscar Walker passed on after having completed almost fourscore years. He was born in Washington County, Ky., January 13, 1842, a son of David Caldwell and Martha Grundy Walker, who emigrated from Virginia before his birth. The Walkers were quite prominent in Virginia in the early days of the mother commonwealth. The great-grandfather of Comrade Walker was a major in the Revolutionary War, and was present at Yorktown when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington. The most prized among the Walker relics was an old sword which this officer wore on that memorable October day which marked the end of British dominion in the United States.

Filled with devotion to the South, its institutions and its cause, when the call of that beloved Southland went out to her manhood Eugene Walker answered that call by enlisting in her defense on July 12, 1862, in Company K, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Cluke, in the command of that famous chieftain of the South, Col. John H. Morgan. He was one of four brothers who cast their fortunes and their honor with the standards of the South.

In Morgan's celebrated raid into Ohio Comrade Walker was taken prisoner and spent the remaining eighteen months of the war in Camp Douglas Prison, undergoing hardships the like of which is known only to those who have passed through that ordeal.

Although devoted to his beloved South to the end of his days and ever loyal to her traditions, yet when the inevitable came he accepted the result with that courage and heroism born of Southern manhood, and with Father Ryan, the poet laureate of the South, sang:

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping, dreary;
Furl it, fold it, let it rest."

Returning to his native county, he was, on February 27, 1866, united in marriage to Miss Mattie McIlvoy, and took up his residence at Walker Heights, the old family homestead, where he continued to reside until a few years ago, when, because of failing health, he moved to Springfield to make his home.

Although childless, Mr. and Mrs. Walker early in their married life adopted Miss Mattie McIlvoy, now Mrs. R. L. Boldrick, and immediately there sprang up that affection between them and this niece which continued to grow throughout the years and in the practical sense amounted to the relation of parent and child.

Doubtless the predominating trait of his character was his generosity; and a few years ago when good health blessed him and his devoted wife, their colonial mansion was the scene of many festive and social gatherings at which he presided with the ease characteristic of the fine Kentucky gentleman. It was a favorite place for the entertainment of both clergymen and laymen. The sunshine of this hospitality not only was

to be found on the hilltops among those in high station, but it likewise descended into shadows of the valleys beneath, to brighten the hearthstones of the poor and needy. His guests included not only those prominent in worldly affairs, but "the long-remembered beggar was his guest."

It afforded him a real pleasure to know that he was helping some friend or some person in need of assistance. Withal he was a man of modest and retiring disposition and rather preferred that little be said about his acts of generosity. At all times standing foursquare to every wind that blew, he hated all sham or hypocrisy and abhorred him whose outward acts conceal his inmost thoughts.

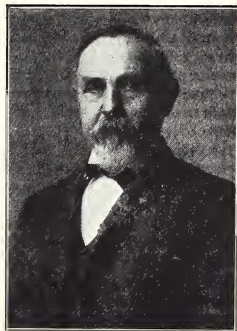
Comrade Walker was a prominent farmer and stock raiser and took great interest in promoting the live stock industry of the county. For years he was prominently connected with the Washington County Fair Association. In all matters of public interest he was ever to be found on that side which could best promote the general welfare. The work of a life like his does not end with it, but remains as a light for the edification of future generations.

Funeral services were conducted at St. Dominic's with solemn requiem mass, and he was buried in the St. Dominic Cemetery.

By his special request the uniform which he had honored and defended in life served as his burial shroud.

CAPT. DANIEL H. TURNER.

Capt. Daniel H. Turner, commander of Egbert J. Jones Camp No. 357, U. C. V., died at his home near Huntsville, Ala., on July 25, 1921, in his eightieth year. He was born and reared in this county, and enlisted for the Confederacy as a private under Capt. E. D. Tracy (afterwards General Tracy), in April, 1861. On May 2, at Dalton, Ga., with this and nine other companies of the State was organized the 4th Alabama Infantry, commanded by Col. Egbert Jones, and Captain Tracy's company was afterwards known as Company I. Daniel Turner was afterwards promoted to first lieutenant, and was commander of his company later in the service. He was in the first battle of Manassas and heard General Bee, in order to encourage his men, call to the attention of the command that Jackson's troops were "standing like a stone wall," from which expression the name of "Stonewall" was afterwards applied to Gen. Thomas J. Jackson.



CAPT. DANIEL H. TURNER.

Captain Turner was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and the records show that he was as faithful and gallant a soldier as he after the war proved a faithful and law-abiding citizen. He was for several years commander of his camp, was a member of the Masonic order, and was also a devout member of the Methodist Church, which he served as an official for several years, and of which his father was a faithful minister. There were few things that Captain Turner enjoyed more than attending the reunions of his former comrades in arms and talking over the trying times of 1861-65.

After many weeks of illness taps were sounded for him. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church, and then his body was borne in the flower-covered casket, which was draped in his beloved Confederate colors, to Maple Hill Cemetery, at Huntsville, where the last sad rites were performed by his Masonic brethren and comrades of Egbert J. Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans.

Captain Turner is survived by his second wife, two sons, a daughter, and many grandchildren.

HON. RANSOM GULLEY.

Hon. Ransom Gulley, North Carolina bred, Arkansas adopted, was one of Arkansas's prominent men—statesman, legislator, and State treasurer. He was a member of that great body of men who formulated the 1874 Arkansas Constitution. He was a learned man, gifted as an orator, and never failed to charm his auditors with his eloquence.

He was known throughout Arkansas as a Christian gentleman of the highest and purest type.

He entered the Confederate army at Batesville, Ark., early in May, 1861, in Desha's 7th Arkansas Battalion of Infantry, and was, at the organization of that battalion, appointed adjutant thereof, with the rank of first lieutenant, by the lieutenant colonel commanding, Franklin W. Desha, which position he held until May 7, 1862, when that battalion, Kelley's Battalion, and the 8th Arkansas Infantry, were consolidated with the latter designation. After this service he entered the 36th North Carolina Regiment, which was the 2d North Carolina Heavy Artillery.

He was called "Colonel," an appellation given him in later years by his many warm and loyal friends in recognition of his high standing, a designation most fittingly bestowed.

He exceeded the proverbial allotment of threescore years and ten by twelve years, and all the years of his life were filled with benevolence and urbanity. At the time of his death he was assistant adjutant general on the staff of the commander of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, United Confederate Veterans.

He died July 31, 1921, at the residence of his daughter, in Salina, Kans., in perfect resignation to the will of God.

[V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

W. T. SHEARON.

It is with sorrow we chronicle the death of our beloved comrade and friend, W. T. Shearon, which occurred October 13, 1921. He leaves two sons, one daughter, one sister, and one brother to mourn the loss of a kind father and brother. He was my brother in all the word could mean except in blood, my companion in war. He was a Confederate soldier with patriotic devotion who espoused his country's cause. He was one of the men who stood in the ranks four long years. Only God's recording angel has preserved their muster roll, and it will be called in a better and purer world than this.

For never since the morning stars,
Together sang with joyful song,
Was purer, braver, nobler men
Than Southern private soldier known.

And though on earth there's no reward
For all his suff'ring, toil, and strife,
His name, thank God, in realms on high
Is written in the Book of Life.

[A Comrade and friend, G. H. Turner, Chapel Hill, Tenn.]

DR. E. A. DAVIDSON.

Dr. Elijah A. Davidson was born seventy-six years ago in Bedford County, Tenn. At ten years of age he entered the home of his uncle, Dr. I. S. Davidson, at Richmond, Tenn., where he was reared and treated as one of the family. He was sixteen years old when the War between the States broke out.

He enlisted in October, 1861, in Captain Brown's company from Richmond, which became a part of the 41st Tennessee Regiment Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A. His first fight was at Fort Donelson, February, 1862, where he was captured and sent to prison at Indianapolis. After eight months' confinement he was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in October, 1862, served with the 41st Tennessee Regiment in the campaign around Vicksburg.

At Port Hudson he was discharged as under military age and returned home.

In 1863 he reenlisted, this time with Company D, 4th Tennessee Cavalry (Starnes' Regiment), then under General Forrest.

After the battle of Chickamauga his command was transferred to General Wheeler and served with him to the end, fighting Sherman through Georgia and surrendering at Washington, Ga., with his command in May, 1865. He was a brave, chivalrous, and faithful soldier.

After the war he studied medicine and practiced his profession at Richmond, loved, respected, and honored by all. Soon after the war he united with the Christian Church and had been a faithful member of it. For many years he had been an active elder, delighted in Sunday school work, being a fine teacher of the Bible class.

Dr. Davidson was married on February 18, 1885, to Miss Lizzie Marks, daughter of Rev. Y. B. Marks. Their home was a happy one and ever open to the preacher. Two children, Marks Davidson, of Petersburg, and Mrs. Nellie Shoffner, of Flat Creek, survive him.

He died October 19 at his home at Richmond, Tenn., lamented by his loved ones and friends. He was laid to rest in the Old Orchard Cemetery, at Petersburg, Tenn. The grave must receive its own. Christ is our only Shield.

[T. C. Little.]

RICHARD ERWIN MCWILLIAMS.

Richard E. McWilliams was born in Wilcox County, Ala., December 3, 1845, and died at Camden, Ala., August 25, 1921.

In 1862, when a lad of sixteen years, he volunteered in Company B, First Alabama Infantry, C. S. A. He was taken prisoner at Island No. 10 and when released in the first general exchange at Vicksburg, Miss., he rejoined his regiment. He was with Johnston and Hood in Middle Tennessee and Georgia, and was captured at Franklin, Tenn. He was then confined at Fort Douglas until the end of the war.

Returning to Wilcox County, he settled in Camden and entered into the mercantile business. In November, 1869, he was married to Miss Amelia L. Coats, of Dallas County, Ala., and this union was blessed with ten children, all of whom are now living and there are twenty-three grandchildren, two great-grandchildren.

For thirty-five years he served his Church and his God as elder and clerk of the session.

No soldier bore the trials and the hardships with greater fortitude or with more zeal and unrelenting love for the South and her cause than R. E. McWilliams. In his death the South has lost one of her most loved sons, while heaven has one more to join the fast growing camp of the boys in gray.

With Masonic rites he was laid to rest by the side of his wife, who had preceded him twenty years, wearing the Confederate gray, with the gray haired veterans as honorary pall bearers, and the flag of Dixie upon his casket.

HENRY HOLMES.

On October 6 there passed into the great beyond the exemplary citizen, the devoted Christian, and veteran soldier

of the Confederacy, Henry Holmes, at his home, near Carthage, Tex. His remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery near Antioch Church, in which he worshiped and which he loved so well. A large crowd of relatives and sympathizing friends were present to do honor to his memory.

Henry Holmes was born in Twiggs County, Ga., in the year 1839. He moved to Barber County, Ala., with his parents when a small boy, where he grew to manhood, pretty much as other boys on the farm.

In 1861, when the storm of war was gathering over

our fair Southland, he was among the first to volunteer. He enlisted in Company A, 5th Alabama Infantry, with which he served throughout the war. With that dauntless courage which characterized the Southern soldier, he laid down the trappings of war at Appomattox and, weary and tattered and hungry, turned his steps homeward to take up the implements of farm life and restore a blighted and desolate land.

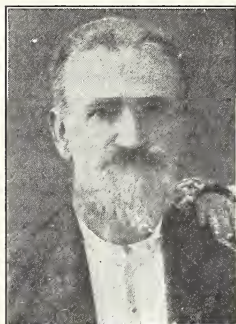
Sometime in the early seventies he was married to Miss Frances Hunt and came to Texas, settling on the home where he lived and died. To this union were born five children. He was subsequently married three times, surviving all but the last wife, who was Mrs. Carry Baker and by whom he had two children. Nine children in all blessed his married life, all of whom survive him.

As a citizen he was held in high esteem, law-abiding and faithful in performance of all duties devolving upon him.

As a Christian he was loyal and devoted to his Church, holding fast to the faith once delivered to the saints, and died in the triumph of the Christian hope and faith.

As a veteran of the Southern cause his service and devotion compel admiration. No truer, no braver soldier marched under the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. Entering the army in 1861, he served continuously to the close—from the battle of Seven Pines before Richmond to Appomattox. He participated in nearly every great battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, and all through that inferno of blood and carnage and by a miraculous fortune never received a serious wound. To this old soldier of the Cross and Southern cause we freely yield our love and admiration. He lived to noble purpose—to serve his God and country with rare courage and loyalty. He has crossed over the river to join his comrades on "fame's eternal camping ground." Peace to his ashes and in rest to his loyal and weary soul! May his stalwart sons follow his footsteps and emulate his life!

[A Comrade.]



HENRY HOLMES.

GEN. EVANDER SHAPARD, U. C. V.

On August 15, 1921, Gen. Evander Shapard, Past Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Shelbyville, Tenn. He was born in Fayetteville, Tenn., November 2, 1843.

After mature thought and study he became convinced that the States forming the compact of the United States were sovereign under the Constitution, and, therefore, that the Southern States had the right to secede from that compact, so in October, 1861, he answered the call of the South by joining Company F of the 41st Tennessee Infantry. His first battle was at Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, where, with his regiment, he was captured and remained in a Northern prison for seven months, being exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in September, 1862. After being exchanged the regiment was reorganized and assigned to the Army of Tennessee, and Evander Shapard was made sergeant major of the regiment. From that time he participated in every engagement of the Army of Tennessee until the surrender, and he was honorably paroled at Greensboro, N. C., on May 1, 1865—having obeyed every order and done his full duty as a Confederate soldier. After the war he was very active in rebuilding his State, devastated by the four years of war.

In June, 1888, Comrade Shapard organized the William Frierson Bivouac of Confederate soldiers at Shelbyville, Tenn., and was elected its president. In October, 1889, the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers elected him as one of the Trustees of the Confederate Home, which position he held until January, 1917, when the Home was placed under the management of a State Board of Control. In October, 1916, the Tennessee Division U. C. V., elected him as its commander, with the rank of major general, and this he held until October, 1918, when he voluntarily refused reelection, though it was tendered him unanimously.

He was obliging, gentle, and true in every relation of life, and Confederate veterans suffered an irreparable loss in his death. Of him it may be justly said:

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

All honor to him as a true gentleman and a gallant Confederate soldier.

[John P. Hickman.]

W. J. WILLINGHAM.

Lieut. W. J. Willingham, a member of Jim Pirtle Camp, U. C. V., of Fulton, Ky., the last of four brothers who served the Confederacy in the sixties, fell on sleep the night of July 31, 1921, after a few days' illness. He had reached the age of eighty-six years; was born and lived nearly all of his time in Graves County, Ky., with the exception of the last seventeen months.

When war was declared in 1861, Comrade Willingham

volunteered his services to his country; but as Kentucky had not then gone into the fray, he joined the 12th Tennessee as a member of Company E, and fought with them twelve months in the rearguard; he was then transferred to the 3rd Kentucky for the rest of the war, and was paroled on June 22, 1865.

Lieutenant Willingham was married to Miss Sarah Willingham (a cousin) just before the close of the great struggle, and afterwards settled down on a farm close to his childhood home. A few years later, his wife having died, leaving two children, he moved to Water Valley, Ky., in the same county, and went to merchandising, in which he continued for many years, during which he married Miss Maggie Roach, and to them were given seven children. This wife died some thirty years ago. Eight of his children survive him.

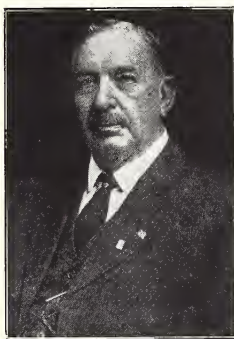
He loved to recount his thrilling experiences in the sixties and had been an enthusiastic reader of the VETERAN since the first; he seldom missed a reunion of his comrades. At the age of fifty-five he professed faith in Jesus Christ and tenaciously clung to the old John Wesley paths until death.

In sadness is this humble tribute paid to his memory, trusting all is well with his soul.

[One who loved him—M. H. W.]

COL. WILLIAM H. COLEY.

Taps has sounded for another immortal, and Col. William H. Coley has answered to the last roll call.



COL. WM. H. COLEY.

Colonel Coley was born in Milan, Gibson County, Tenn., on June 8, 1847, and in January 1862, when not fifteen years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining Company A, 10th Tennessee Cavalry, and served honorably with the regiment throughout the war, taking part in all of its engagements in the campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., on May 10, 1865.

Colonel Coley was ex-mayor of Milan, and had held a number of other civic positions by the votes of his fellow citizens. For his devotion to duty as a

soldier and his upright living as a citizen, the Confederate veterans of West Tennessee elected him as one of the members of the Board of Pension Examiners in July, 1906, and he had been unanimously reelected every two years since. In October, 1911, he was made President of the Board, and so continued to the end. While Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, Gen. Bennett H. Young appointed him as a member of his staff with the rank of colonel, and it was an honor worthily bestowed. He was a life-long member of the Baptist Church and a consistent Christian.

Colonel Coley was the owner of the largest drug store in Milan, and was engaged in a number of other lucrative enterprises. His wife died some years ago, but a son and daughter survive him, the son, Robert L. Coley, being associated in the drug business with his father.

On Sunday afternoon, July 31, 1921, Colonel Coley died

at the Baptist Memorial Hospital in the City of Memphis, and in his death the South lost one of her noble defenders, his State an honorable citizen, and his Church a devout Christian and faithful member.

GEN. BENJAMINE HAMMET TEAGUE. U. C. V.

Benjamin Hammet Teague, a prominent member of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, was born in Aiken, S. C., October 20, 1846. His youth was spent in the city of Charleston, and his education was directed by such well-known teachers as B. R. Carroll and Dr. Henry Bruns.

When the guns at the entrance of Charleston harbor opened upon the Star of the West and Fort Sumter, thus commencing the drama of the Confederate War, he burned to volunteer, but parental authority consented only to his becoming a member of the then only boy company of volunteers in the State, the Pickens Rifles, made up of the older pupils of his school. These did valuable camp and guard duty about the city of Charleston. When seventeen years of age, he promptly obeyed the call of his country and joined Company B, Hampton's Legion, South Carolina Volunteers, Gary's Cavalry Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, and served the Confederacy gallantly until the surrender at Appomattox. During the last few months of the war his health broke down from improper food, but he refused to go to a hospital and did his duty to the end. He prided himself that during his time of service he never missed an engagement with the enemy and was never wounded nor captured.

At the inception of the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, he organized Camp Barnard E. Bull, No. 84, at Aiken, S. C., the first camp of continuous existence in the State. He represented his State on the two standing Committees of the U. C. V. Association, the Jefferson Davis Monumental Committee, and the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association. He was elected Brigadier General, Commander of the 2nd Brigade of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., and later Major General Commanding the Division.

General Teague was a member of the dental profession and resided and practiced in Aiken, S. C., for forty-eight years.

In 1874 he married Miss Julia Parker, of Edgefield, S. C., who survives him with two daughters.

He was a faithful member of St. Thaddeus Episcopal Church and served for many years as a warden. It was while attending service at his beloved church on February 27, that he received his call to go up higher, and he went from God's earthly tabernacle to a heavenly one. The funeral services were conducted from St. Thaddeus Church, and his body rested for the last night on earth within its sacred walls under guard of the American Legion, and early the next morning was taken to Charleston, where he was laid to rest in his family lot in historic old Magnolia Cemetery. His body was conducted to the grave by an escort of cadets from the Citadel, and while the bugler sounded the solemn requiem of

"Taps," the color bearer held the Confederate flag over the grave as his body was lowered to its last resting place.

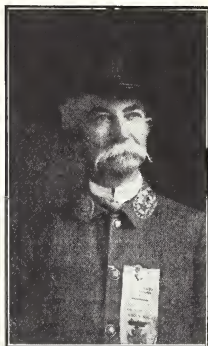
"Now the laborer's task is ended,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the farther shore,
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave me now thy servant sleeping."

CHARLTON G. DUKE.

After a year or more of failing health, Charlton G. Duke, until the last three years a resident of Christian County, Ky., died at the home of his daughter, in Huntington Park, Los Angeles, Cal., at the age of seventy-six years. For many years he owned and operated a farm near Hopkinsville, and he was also an expert road builder, many of the pikes of the county having been laid out by him; and he was the first manufacturer of concrete blocks in Hopkinsville.

Comrade Duke was a veteran of the Confederacy, having served with distinction as a first lieutenant of Company A, 22nd Kentucky Infantry. Enlisting in April, 1864, as a lad of seventeen, he first served under Col. Lee A. Sybert, in Gen. Adam R. Johnson's command, taking part in several hot engagements. After Johnson received the wound which caused his blindness, at Grubb's Crossroads, Ky., young Duke was a follower of Colonel Chenoweth, under Gen. H. B. Lyon, then commanding the forces in Western Kentucky. He and his brother, John C. Duke, and a cousin, Capt. Lindsey Buckner, were sent from Paris, Tenn., back into Kentucky to gather up some of the men who had become separated from the command, when they were captured and sent to Louisville as prisoners. These three and Capt. C. B. Wallace were selected by General Burbridge to be shot in retaliation for the killing of a mail carrier by guerrillas, but the intercession of influential friends and the payment of a large sum of money, saved the Duke boys and Captain Wallace, but Captain Buckner and others were sacrificed by the inhuman Federal. Lieutenant Duke was then sent to Johnson's Island and his brother to Camp Chase until the close of the war.

Returning to Kentucky in June, 1865, he located in Christian County and engaged in farming. He was a man of high ideals, strict integrity, generous and sympathetic in disposition, and a devoted member of the Methodist Church. His wife survives him with two daughters and two sons—C. R. Duke, of Portville, Cal., and Lionel Duke, of Hopkinsville, Ky. The daughters are Mrs. P. E. West and Mrs. I. N. Shrader, of Huntington Park, Cal.



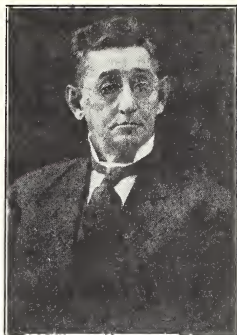
GEN. B. H. TEAGUE.



CHARLTON G. DUKE AND GRANDSON.

DR. J. C. LOGGINS.

James Campbell Loggins was born near Tuscaloosa, Ala., on December 7, 1845, but some five years later his parents removed to Grimes County, Tex., and there, when only fifteen years old, he entered the Confederate Army as a private in Hood's Texas Brigade. And he served with this famous command in all its hard fought battles and glorious victories until he was captured at Gettysburg. He was held as a prisoner of war for over a year, mainly at Fort Delaware, from which he escaped on the night of July 1, 1864, by swimming Daleware Bay, with five other Texas boys—William Givens, Charley Settle, Ed Welch, John Haggerty, and J. E. Deupree, of whom the latter only failed to make good his escape.



DR. J. C. LOGGINS.

After the war Jim Loggins graduated at the great medical college in New Orleans, and was later one of the most prominent and successful physicians in Texas. I never knew a braver or a better man. He stood high in the army, and in civil life, he was ever active and prominent in the affairs of both Church and State.

Though we had kept in close touch ever since the war, our first meeting in that time was at the Dallas Fair about ten years ago. We met there by agreement, and the first night we actually sat up and talked all night. Since then I have often enjoyed the hospitality of his elegant home in Ennis, Tex. Now that he is gone and his place can never be filled in this life, I can only look forward to an eternal reunion with him in the blessed "Haven of Rest." I fondly hope that my last days may be as calm and happy as his, for he gently passed away in his sleep. A son and daughter survive him.

My dear old comrade and I had planned to meet at our next State reunion and then to spend the remainder of the summer together, but alas for human hopes!

[J. E. Deupree.]

MAJ. W. J. MILNER.

On February 17, 1921, there passed away at his winter home in Tampa, Fla., Maj. Willis J. Milner, a distinguished Confederate veteran and one of nature's noblemen.

Major Milner enlisted in the Confederate Army as a private when only seventeen years old, and emerged at the end of the war a major at the age of twenty-one.

Enlisting as a private in Company A (Clinch Rifles), 5th Georgia Regiment, at Pensacola, early in August, 1861, he was in the battle on Santa Rosa Island, fought by volunteers on the night of October 8, 1861. He served in East Tennessee and in Bragg's North Mississippi campaign, also in his march through Kentucky in 1862; was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. In January, 1863, he was transferred to Company D, 33rd Alabama Regiment, Wood's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee. In February or March he was promoted to first lieutenant and placed in command of Company K. Served in Bragg's Chickamauga campaign, and was wounded in that battle. In

October, 1863, was appointed adjutant, 33rd Alabama Regiment. Was in Johnston's Dalton-Atlanta campaign, almost a continuous battle for seventy-three days; was appointed aide de camp, rank of captain, staff of Brigadier General Lowrey, July 1, 1864. In September, assigned to duty as acting assistant inspector general of brigade. He was in Hood's Georgia and Alabama campaign and on his march to Nashville. Wounded at Spring Hill, Tenn., November 29, 1864, but not seriously. Was in battle of Franklin next day. There Captain O. S. Palmer, A. A. G., of Brigade, was mortally wounded and Captain Milner was assigned to his duties.

In reorganization of the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina, in 1865, the 17th and 33rd Alabama Regiments were consolidated, and Captain Milner was selected as major of the consolidated regiment. Was paroled as major when the Army of Tennessee surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. Reached home, Greenville, Ala., May 25, 1865.

Battles engaged in: Santa Rosa Island, October 8, 1861; Farmington, Miss., May, 1862; Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862; McLemore's Cove, Ga., September, 1863; Chickamauga, September, 1863; Missionary Ridge, November, 1863; Ringgold Gap, Ga., November 27, 1863; Rocky Face, Ga., May, 1864; Resaca, Ga., May, 1864; New Hope Church, May, 1864; Pickett's Mill, May, 1864; Lost Mountain, June, 1864; Pine Mountain, June, 1864; Kenesaw Mountain, July, 1864; Atlanta, July 21 and 22, 1864; Peachtree Creek; Jonesboro, Ga., August and September, 1864; Lovejoy, Ga., September, 1864; Spring Hill, Tenn., November 29, 1864; Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864; Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864; Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864.

Major Milner was twice cited for gallantry under fire, and on one occasion when he was carrying a dispatch he had to ride between the lines of the Confederate and Federal forces, exposed to the fire of both sides. The enemy were so impressed with his intrepid bravery that they suspended their fire until he had passed the danger zone.

He was one of the pioneers of Birmingham, Ala., and one of the builders of that great city. A well-known man of Birmingham, in writing of Major Milner said: "He did more for Birmingham and its people than any man, living or dead."

He was a consistent and devoted member of the Episcopal Church and a Mason.

Major Milner never aspired to political office, but was a keen observer of political events, a great student of history, and a writer of talent.

As an engineer he stood very high, having designed and superintended the construction of the Birmingham water works plant, the Belt Railroad, the development of all that part of the South Highlands which belonged to the Elyton Land Company, and especially Highland Avenue, which is admired as one of the most beautiful streets in America.

Major Milner's vision of the future was prophetic. Some of his plans made forty years ago were to meet present conditions, which they have done with remarkable accuracy.

While as tender hearted and gentle as a woman, his firmness could not be shaken where any question of right or wrong was involved.

Major Milner reached the ripe age of seventy-nine years, and has been mourned and missed by hundreds, if not thousands, of our people who knew and loved him.

Judge H. H. Cook, one of the "Immortal Six Hundred," died in Franklin, Tenn., recently. Sketch will appear in February VETERAN.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In the letter which I sent last month by mail to each of the Chapters I expressed my deep appreciation of the great honor you had done me in electing me to the highest office within your gift and also outlined the work for the coming year to which we have pledged ourselves. May I ask you to see that that letter is read to the Chapter members for their information?

The many letters which I have received sound but one note, and that note is a willingness to serve. This fills me with gratitude and hope—gratitude that you have offered this service and hope that with this spirit of coöperation animating our membership we shall be able to carry forward successfully all that we have undertaken.

The Lee Memorial Chapel.—The Convention, at the time when it pledged itself to build this chapel, also recommended that we observe January by memorial collections, asking the coöperation of all organizations and Churches. The importance of this work as presenting to the world the spirit of our organization cannot be overestimated, since the present resting place of our great leader is annually visited by thousands of pilgrims from our own land and from across the seas.

There are, besides our pledges, two things which I would urge you to do. The first is to increase our membership, the second is to complete our registration. To increase our membership two plans suggest themselves. The first of these plans is the formation of Chapters composed of women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. There are many reasons why this would be of advantage; the most obvious is the difficulty which younger women find in working with those of a more mature age. They hesitate to take any initiative, and consequently lose interest, because no one can keep a sustained interest in any work in which she does not play an active part. No one of our present Chapters needs to fear that this will diminish its own membership, for there are thousands of women eligible to the great privileges which this organization offers who have not as yet become members. These same women are active in many and varied interests which supply no permanent benefit, and thus they dissipate the energies which properly belong to us.

The second of these plans is a membership drive. In order that this may receive the benefit that comes from concerted action, I would suggest that we select a date in February on which to carry out this idea. Three of our great generals were born in this month—Albert Sidney Johnston, on the second, Joseph Eggleston Johnston, on the third, and J. E. B. Stuart, on the sixth. Let each Chapter strive to imitate in this month their fighting spirit, and I am sure we shall carry all before us and bring into our ranks many willing volunteers. We must reach out and gather in these younger women to-day, or we shall lose them forever. We stand at the dividing line between the generation which knew the past by personal

experience and those who will learn of it from books. These are they who must carry on the work so splendidly begun by our mothers.

To complete our registration it is necessary that each Division Registrar should send to our Registrar General three application blanks filled out for every member registered in the division. Many have felt that this legislation of the general organization was an unnecessary hardship and in some way a reflection upon their right of membership. But this is not so, for it must be remembered that our organization is widely extended now and will be more widely extended in future years, and that it is only fair to future generations that they should be able to obtain from a central repository in authoritative forms the facts concerning their ancestors' services. It would be a shame were these glorious deeds suffered to fall into oblivion.

It has just been my privilege to be the guest of the Maryland Division at its annual convention, and the house guest of the Division President, Miss Bright, whose delightful hospitality brought me into touch with a household which I shall long remember. Maryland has done fine work under this popular woman's leadership, and with the spirit of harmony and coöperation evidenced at the convention, Maryland will, I am sure, accomplish a great work during this coming year.

Our organization within the last month has lost two most valued members. Mrs. John P. Poe, of Maryland, Honorary President of the general organization, was a woman whose life and work were conspicuous in the formative days of this organization. Her sweet character and gentle manner endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. The death of Mrs. Simon Baruch, Honorary President of the New York Division, means to me a very personal grief. Born in South Carolina, and married to one who gave conspicuous service as a surgeon in the Confederate Army, her home in New York was a center of gracious hospitality. Her generous nature gave freely without thought of return, and she saw in every one the reflection of her own goodness.

Faithfully yours,

LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

THE CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS.

REPORTED BY MRS. FRANK HARROLD, AMERICUS, GA.

The twenty-fourth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held in St. Louis, Mo., November 8 to 12, 1921, official headquarters of the gathering being in the Statler Hotel.

Standing out with supreme interest in a program replete with important and gratifying reports, was the report of Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, President-General. This had been awaited with intense expectation, particularly in view of the fact that it marked the culmination of Mrs. McKinney's remarkable administration as head of the organization.

In the course of her report Mrs. McKinney gave an itemized and detailed account of the final settlement with the courts of the Hector W. Church bequest to the U. D. C.. This bequest was made by a former soldier on the Union side during the War between the States and is symbolic of the ever-growing significance of the adjective "United" in the proud name of our beloved country.

The money is to be used to perpetuate the fame of Jefferson Davis, of Gen. Robert E. Lee, of Gen. John B. Gordon, and of Gen. Jubal Early. After giving a list of the general assets of the estate, Mrs. McKinney recommended to the convention that the securities be held as a permanent fund and the interest invested in United States bonds until the total amount reaches \$12,000, when it shall be divided into four scholarships to be named respectively for the four great Southerners in whose memory it was given. This recommendation was unanimously adopted by the convention.

Mrs. McKinney also recommended that we accept the splendid gift presented by Mr. Frederick C. Hibbard and that, we proceed at once to have this tablet placed in St. Johns Church, Fort Hamilton.

She also urged that the U. D. C., assume responsibility for the completion of the Jefferson Davis monument now in course of construction at his birthplace in Kentucky.

All these recommendations were unanimously adopted.

In briefly summarizing the outstanding achievements signalized at the 1921 convention, the following stand out in memory with utmost clarity:

1. Completion of the Hero Scholarship Fund of \$50,000, in honor of veterans of the World War.

2. The determination to complete the erection of the Jefferson Davis Monument, officially turned over to the U. D. C., by General Haldeman, president of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association.

3. Fireproofing and renovating of the Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va.

4. The installation of an elevator in the American Hospital at Neuilly, France, as a memorial to the American boys who cheerfully gave up their lives on the soil of France that the world might be freed from the menace of militaristic autocracy.

5. The decision to contribute to the fund now being raised for a monument to be erected in Louisiana as a memorial to General Mouton.

6. The completion of the necessary fund to assist in placing a boulder at Harper's Ferry in commemoration of the loyalty of the slave who was slain by John Brown.

And in conclusion, the reading by Miss Poppenheim, of the first report from the Major General de Polignac Chapter in Paris, France, the Marquise de Courtivron, president. This incident carried with it a delightful charm and sentiment which was quick in its reaction upon the hearts of the delegates who heard it.

The convention sent a message to former President Woodrow Wilson, congratulating him upon his successful efforts in bringing the war to a close.

Our Historian General, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va., cannot be given too much praise for the brilliant evening she contributed to the success of the convention. Her address was a masterly effort, replete with historical data.

Miss Armida Moses's report on Education was most excellent, and was received with enthusiasm.

The work of the Committee on Southern Literature and the indorsement of books for schools and books for foreign libraries was commended.

The report of the chairman of the committee in charge of

the effort now being put forth to erect a suitable memorial monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury, "The Pathfinder of the Seas," renewed interest in this important work.

In her report as President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Miss Sallie Archer Anderson, of Richmond, Va., told of many thousands who have visited the Confederate Museum in that city during the past year. Mrs. Norman Randolph's report on Confederate Woman's Relief was also highly gratifying and of intense interest.

An outstanding event of the convention was the wonderful report of growth, in numbers, in spirit, and in enthusiasm, given by the Director General of the Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina. She was unreservedly congratulated, both by the convention as a whole and by all individuals, on the success of her administration in this vitally important junior organization.

The Jefferson Davis National Highway Association presented maps of the proposed route of this highway to every delegate present. The importance of rapid work on this project was stressed, particularly in view of the fact that the naming of highways in all sections of the country is going forward at a rapid rate.

Impressive memorial services were held during the convention under the direction of Mrs. Charles R. Hyde.

The Armistice Day program was most impressive. Two minutes of silent prayer left every woman in the house in tears.

The presence of two ex-Presidents General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, S. C., Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex., and two Honorary Presidents, Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., and Mrs. Algernon Sidney Sullivan, of New York, added immeasurably to the success of the convention. Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, was absent on account of illness, and a telegram expressing regret for her absence was sent to her by the convention.

Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, contributed an interesting address to the program, and asked the Daughters to aid in the raising of the Lee Memorial Fund.

Miss Rutherford made a stirring appeal for Stone Mountain Memorial Fund.

Mr. Matthew Page Andrews gave a detailed report and review of the book, "Women of the South in War Times."

Members of the Missouri Division presented a wrist watch to Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, chairman of the convention committee, for her work in arranging for the convention; and Mrs. McKinney, the retiring President General, was given a silver tea service by the Kentucky delegates.

The following prizes for special work during the year were awarded:

The Raines Banner for greatest historical work done during the year went to Georgia.

The Rose Loving Cup, for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Raphael Semmes," was awarded to Mrs. Nellie C. Ellerbee, Marion, S. C.

The Anna Robinson Andrews Medal, for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "The Women of the Confederacy," went to Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.

Youree prize for Division sending the largest number of World War Records was awarded to Mrs. Lee Trammell, Director for Georgia.

Youree prize for largest per capita list of descendants of Confederate veterans in the service of our country in the World War was given to Mrs. A. L. Dowdell.

A Soldier's Prize, \$20 for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Southern-Born Division Commanders in the World War," went to Mrs. James M. Kelly, Wytheville, Va.

The Roberts Medal, for the second best essay submitted in the entire contest was won by Mrs. Sarah Ramsey Robinson, Springfield, Mo.

The Hyde Medal for best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "The Confederate Navy," went to Mrs. R. Philip Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C.

The Orrin Randolph Smith Medal, given by Miss Jessica R. Smith for best essay on Jefferson Davis, was awarded to Mrs. Frank Morrison, Washington, D. C.

The Robert H. Ricks Banner was won by the Thomas Jethro Brown Chapter of Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Tempie Battle Marriott Prize was won by the Annie K. Kyle Chapter of Fayetteville, N. C., with one hundred and fifty new members this year.

The Bettie Marriott Whitehead Prize, a silver bar with large C. of C. emblem, was won by Mrs. H. C. Strayhorn, of Thomasville, N. C., who registered last year nearly one thousand new members in C. of C. Chapters.

The Mildred Rutherford Historical Medal was awarded to the Denver, Colo., Chapter for the fifth time.

The Florence Goadler Faris Medal went to Gatewood Jones of Denton, Tex.

On Thursday morning, November 10, the election of officers for the ensuing year was held, with the following result: President General, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York; First Vice President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, Americus, Ga.; Second Vice President General, Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, Nashville, Tenn.; Third Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. Massey, Hot Springs, Ark.; Recording Secretary General, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newbery, S. C.; Corresponding Secretary General, Miss Allie Garner, Ozark, Ala.; Treasurer General, Mrs. Amos Norris, Tampa, Fla.; Historian General Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Wytheville, Va.; Registrar General, Mrs. F. M. Williams, Newton, N. C.; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. W. D. Mason, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, Montgomery, Ala.

The installation of new officers is always impressive. On Saturday evening the entire body of incoming officers was presented to the convention by Mrs. McKinney, retiring President General and the duties and obligations of the various offices delivered to them.

Mrs. Schuyler, the new President General, announced the Convention adjourned to meet in Birmingham, Ala., in November, 1922.

SOCIAL FEATURES.

Social functions, which marked the convention, were delightful and charming in every way, beginning with a luncheon for the general officers and chairmen of standing committees on Monday.

On Tuesday an elaborate luncheon was given by the business men of St. Louis, five hundred delegates being present on this occasion.

The opening exercises on Tuesday evening, held in the beautifully decorated ballroom of the Statler Hotel, were brilliant. After prayer by Bishop Tuttle, welcomes to the convention were voiced by Mr. Frank Curlee, of St. Louis; Mrs. Sanford C. Hunt, president of the Missouri Division, U. D. C.; Mrs. C. H. Lyle, president of the St. Louis Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. Houston Force, president of the St. Louis Chapter of the Confederate Dames, and Mrs.

Thomas E. Rowe, president of the Captain Robert McCullough Chapter, U. D. C. Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Georgia, responded to the addresses of welcome.

On Wednesday evening a brilliant reception in honor of the general officers and delegates was given by the Missouri Division in the Statler ballroom. Mrs. J. P. Higgins, general chairman of the convention committee, headed the receiving line, followed by the general officers and State presidents.

Mrs. Jackson Johnson entertained the five hundred delegates with a tea at her residence, 25 Portland Place, on Thursday afternoon, following an automobile trip over the city.

On Thursday night a large ball was given for the ninety pages who were in attendance.

Many teas and luncheons and other smaller affairs without number were given throughout the entire convention period, and it was the universal expression of opinion at the close that not only for constructive achievements, but for hospitality, supreme and charming, the 1921 convention would long linger in memory, lending a rare fragrance to that ever-growing volume in which the record of our progress slowly, and haltingly draws toward our distant goal of perfection.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Light Horse Harry Lee and Anne Carter Lee, parents of Robert E. Lee. The environment and influences which molded their lives, and the traditions which their son inherited.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1922.

The Boy Battalion at Newmarket.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Stratford, the birthplace of two signers of the Declaration of Independence and of Robert E. Lee. Describe this old colonial home and mention other distinguished men born in Westmoreland County, Virginia.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1922.

Boy soldiers of the Confederacy. Sir Moses Ezekiel and the monuments he designed.

My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy:

The programs for both January and February are published in order that hereafter they may appear one month ahead, thus enabling you to arrange your chapter programs in advance.

All State Historians were mailed copies of the program for the entire year on November 21, and should you desire to use this U. D. C. program apply to your State Historian. Thanking each one of you for the interest shown in our historical work, and hoping that it will continually increase.

Faithfully yours,

SUSIE S. CAMPBELL.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
 435 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
 Memphis, Tenn.
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
 Fayetteville, Ark.
 MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
 Oklahoma City, Okla.
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
 7009 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
 MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
 Athens, Ga.
 MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
 College Park, Ga.
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Post Laureate General*
 1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
 MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
 Montgomery, Ala.
 REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
 Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
 GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
 MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
 OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
 TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
 VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis Roy
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To each and every Memorial Woman let me extend most cordial and loving New Year greetings, with the wish that a kindly presence may send each one of you just the blessings most desired.

The New Year looms up before us freighted with opportunities which are ours for the taking. If we accept them, we inscribe upon the pages of history records that will tell of many forward steps in our beloved work. May we grasp each advancing opportunity and build higher and higher the flame of patriotic fire until its light reaches the darkest corners of our Southland, enabling all to read anew our pledge consecrating afresh our purpose to "carry on" in our Memorial work until every hill and valley shall glow with the warmth of the fires of our devotion in this land—our fathers' heritage!

The Bar of Honor.—With the New Year may I not appeal to you again in behalf of the living Confederate mothers—that you diligently seek them out and give them the great happiness of having presented to them the Gold Bar of Honor? The days are gliding swiftly by, and soon your opportunity will be lost to render this loving service. Let me beg that you take this work as a sacred duty. Send names to Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, chairman of this work, at Pensacola, Fla.

Before our next convention, Memorial Day will have passed, and acting upon the motion unanimously carried at the Chattanooga convention, "That the Confederate Southern Memorial Association go on record again as standing for our Southern Memorial Day," which is the outgrowth of conditions unlike that of any other people, and as originators of the Memorial Day thought, we hold sacred our own. Begin and plan early that the day may surpass any previous observance in the outpouring of loyal devotion to our heroes. Let no veteran's grave be unmarked, but let every one bear the silent symbol of devotion to their sacrifice—the Confederate flag, with its added sprig of green, if no more.

Convention at Richmond.—Each Association President is earnestly urged to begin to plan immediately to have delegates at the next convention in Richmond, notice of which has been given by commander in chief General Carr. The date has been set for the Reunion, June 22, 23, and 24, and it is my great desire to have the largest and most inspirational convention ever held. Richmond, so full of scenes and memories of the valor of our boys of the sixties, is planning great things, and the thought of "On to Richmond" sends a thrill to every Southern heart.

You are also urged to remember the change in the office of Treasurer General, and to send to Mrs. E. L. Merry, the new Treasurer General, at 4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City,

Okla., contributions and dues. Any association that has not paid its dues for 1921 is urged to do so, and to see to it that dues are paid up to date, so that your delegate may be entitled to all the privileges of the convention.

Historian General.—A wonderful opportunity is offered by our new Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, in the open letter to associations which she is sending out to do a lasting good to the South and to your Confederate sons in filling out the blanks which she has prepared, thus saving to the future generations invaluable historical facts. It will take a little time and patience, but is it not worth while when we realize the far-reaching good that will result? Secure the data required and send it to Miss Rutherford, at Athens, Ga., as soon as possible.

Let each association make this year a special year for historical work. No more vital subject can claim our attention. Send in your reports as soon as possible to Miss Rutherford and make these reports such as will encourage and bring joy to the heart of your Historian General. Appoint a historian—if you have not elected one—in your association, as it is important that every association should have one. Do not delay this matter.

Again let me urge the Junior Memorial Associations. Article II in our constitution says; "To bring them into association with our organizations that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes, and finally succeed us, and to take up our work when we may leave it." Let us live up to our constitution by bringing in the children and training their young minds for patriotic work.

Finally, my coworkers, let me assure you that I stand ready at all times to be of service to you and hope you will feel free to write me whenever I can serve you. Again, with every good wish for you personally, and for the splendid success in your year's work, and praying God's choicest blessings on each of you.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.
President General C. S. M. A.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

A happier choice could not have been made for the place of the Reunion than was made when General Carr announced that the Confederates Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and the Memorial Women of the C. S. M. A., would meet at Richmond. Historic Richmond! What a revelation it will be to those who have not been there! What an opening of pages of the Book of the Past long closed, but not forgotten, by the faithful. It is a long way off, you say, until June, but, after all, a few months is *not* long, especially to those who take an

interest in the Reunion and memorial work. Already associations are talking of delegates for the Convention, and women of going themselves. This will perhaps be the most interesting from a historical point of view of any of the Conventions in many years.

It is with sadness that the announcement has been made of the death of another Confederate mother, Mrs. Matilda Harden Holmes, of Barnesville, who passed away at her home, lacking just two years of being one hundred years old. Mrs. Holmes died with the Gold Bar of Honor placed where her fading eyes could look upon it, and when one realizes how greatly these little treasure troves are valued, not a Confederate mother in all the world should be permitted to pass into the unknown without receiving her precious tribute from the C. S. M. A., Mrs. Holmes was the inspiration of a beautiful poem called "Going Home," which was written by her granddaughter.

The Memorial Association of Atlanta gave one of the most brilliant entertainments of the month at the home of Mrs. Charles Lincoln Gately, a loyal Memorial woman, for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, which is one of the works toward which the Memorial women are directing their energy and interest. The entertainment was a silver tea, with a promenade musical feature, and a sale of Christmas articles for household uses. Mrs. Wright had the coöperation of the women of the Memorial Association, and the affair was a success.

Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest has been appointed by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., as Chairman of the Stationery Committee.

Mrs. Wilson has also appointed Mrs. Armstrong, of Oklahoma City, Okla., as Chairman of the Textbooks Committee.

Both of these committees have been created to carry on the lines of work named in chairmanships.

BREAKING UP A POLITICAL MEETING.

Miss Esther Simons Palmer, of Summerville, S. C., gives this incident as related to her by a lady at a summer resort in North Carolina during the past year. The subject under discussion was the War between the States, which brought out the following:

"My father, Dr. William H. Philpot, of Talbotton, Ga., was a veteran of the Mexican War, and when the War between the North and South came on he offered his services to his beloved South and served throughout the war. After the surrender he returned home and resumed his practice of medicine. During the struggles of reconstruction times he was largely instrumental in organizing a band of the Ku Klux Klan in Talbotton to preserve order among the negroes. Hearing that there was to be a political meeting held by some 'carpetbaggers' in order to incite the negroes against the whites, and being a man wholly without fear, he resolved to prevent its taking place. So he concocted a chemical mixture that would explode in a given time with stifling fumes, and placed this mixture in a jug behind a door of the room in which the meeting was to be held. In due time it exploded, the fumes driving everybody from the room. Knowing that his life would be in danger when his part in the affair became known, he had left his horse in waiting, held by a trusted old family servant, but on his way to the horse he was met by some men in search of him. Not knowing him by sight, they asked if he knew where Dr. Philpot was; when he replied that he had just left him at a certain drug store—at the furthest point from his home. They then left him and he got to his horse and went home to take leave of my mother. I was only

a child, but I distinctly remember seeing him wave his hand to her as he left. He went to Atlanta, and was there concealed by his friend, Dr. John Westmoreland, in the dissecting room of the medical college. For several days he lay hidden in a pit where the arms and legs of dead bodies were cast, while search was made for him everywhere. He finally made his escape to a place of safety and remained until it was safe to return home."

WANTS TO GO LABELED.

"Dear old CONFEDERATE VETERAN," writes C. J. Faucette, of Memphis, Tenn., "I wish to make a request through the VETERAN that at our Reunions every old veteran have on his hat band, in conspicuous letters, the name of his State. It results in inquiries that lead to much appreciated information. By being labeled, I come in contact with old comrades whom I have not met in fifty years. At one Reunion I found an old North Carolinian who was acquainted with the man for whom I was named, and I also found several old Mississippi boys whom I had not seen since the war. They had grown so old that I would never have known them, but as I was labeled as a Mississippian, we soon got acquainted again and had a fine old time.

Let us continue our Reunions

While on earth we stay,

Until we meet up yonder

On that great reunion day.

The most of us old fellows are bent with age and living on borrowed time, but let us have our annual meetings and a good time once a year.

O, the boys who wore the gray

Who are sleeping in their graves

They will rise to meet us up yonder

On that great reunion day.

HISTORICAL ESSAY CONTEST.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., with the desire of stimulating among the young people of the State an interest in the study of history, especially of the history of the War between the States, again offers a gold medal to the student writing the best essay on the subject assigned.

The subject for the 1922 contest is "Truth—The War Conspiracy of 1861," by H. W. Johnstone, Curryville, Ga. This pamphlet can be procured from the author at fifty cents, or through Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga., who will also furnish all necessary information on the essay contest.

The contest is open to all the white children of Georgia under eighteen years of age, and all teachers of the State are earnestly requested to encourage their pupils to enter the contest.

B. F. Brimberry, of Albany, Ga., who served in Company C, 2nd Georgia Cavalry, renews his subscription and writes: "I cannot understand why any veteran of the sixties fails to subscribe for and read the VETERAN. I am now eighty-two, and as long as I have the dollar I shall pay and read this most excellent and valuable record. No other publication can furnish so much valuable and interesting matter concerning the War between the States. I have attended all the Reunions but the one at Dallas, Tex., and shall go as long as able to walk, for I learn and see something new and interesting at every Reunion. Hope to live to go to Richmond in 1922."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, at RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1910-20.

Commander in Chief.....Judge Edgar Scurry
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.

During the Chattanooga Reunion, Congressman W. D. Upshaw, from Georgia, raised \$250 at one of the business meetings. The amount was needed to fill a promise made by the Sons to pay half the expense of a monument to be erected at Harper's Ferry in memory of Heywood Shepherd, a negro, who was killed at the time of John Brown's raid into Virginia, and in perpetuation of the memory of other slaves who refused to join their Northern liberator. Its total cost will be \$1,000, half of which the Sons contributed, the other half being furnished by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Representative Upshaw roused the audience to a high state of enthusiasm by some of his old fashioned Southern oratory.

Judge Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex., by acclamation, was elected commander in chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the final business session. Judge Scurry has always been an active and enthusiastic worker of the organization. He has served as commander of his camp, commander of his division, commander of his department, and on the executive council. Judge Scurry was nominated by John Ashley Jones, of Atlanta, as a Son who has given untiringly of his time for the development of the organization and generously of his money for its upbuilding.

F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va., nominated Dr. W. C. Galloway, of Wilmington, N. C., for commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department. Dr. Galloway is past surgeon general of the Sons, and was unanimously elected by acclamation. D. N. Galloway thanked the members for the honor they had bestowed upon him and declared that he would do everything possible to develop the organization into the power it should be.

D. S. Etheridge, of Chattanooga, was elected commander of the Army of Tennessee Department. Mr. Etheridge has served as commander of the Jonathan W. Bachman Camp, and during the last year was State Commander of the Sons.

J. S. Davenport, United States representative from Oklahoma, was elected commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Arthur H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va. was reelected historian in chief.

The election of an executive council to represent the different departments resulted as follows: J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C. Army of Northern Virginia; John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga., Army of Tennessee; J. Y. Ferguson, Wichita Falls, Tex., Army of Trans-Mississippi; S. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La., delegate at large.

Carl Hinton was reappointed adjutant in chief. The Adjutant in chief stated in his annual report that over a thousand new members have been added to the roster roll during the past year. He declared that in his opinion the development of the old camps was more to be desired than the organization of new ones.

Garland Peed, of Bell, W. Va., submitted a resolution to come up at the next reunion amending the constitution so that:

1. The headquarters of the organization shall not follow the adjutant, but shall be permanent.
2. The adjutant shall be paid a salary and shall devote his entire time to the development of the organization.
3. Life membership certificates to be sold at a figure to be determined at a later date.
4. The organization employ State organizers, who shall be paid for their services.
5. The dues to be increased to \$5, which shall be divided among the national organizations, the local camps, and the organizers.
6. A committee to be appointed to work up a system whereby the organization may be built up on a firm business basis.

The Virginia Sons of Confederate Veterans are warming up happily to the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park. Dr. Benton Davis, of Holdcroft, Va., Division Commander, promises that the Sons of the Old Dominion will more than meet their share of the needed funds for this splendid enterprise—one of the greatest in its line the South has ever undertaken. The interest on the part of the Sons, which began at the Charlottesville reunion, when past Commander Leslie offered a resolution pledging the support of the Sons and asking for a committee to gather funds, has steadily grown since the very hour of the adoption of that resolution. Commander Davis has announced as part of this committee, with which he will be actively associated, Hon. R. Lee Trinkle, Governor elect of Virginia; Hon. McDonald Lee, of Richmond; Commander Saul L. Adams, of South Boston, Va.; and Hon. H. L. Opie, Staunton, Va.

Readers of the VETERAN will recall that a letter from Governor-elect Trinkle was published in these columns last summer, in which he warmly indorsed this movement and pledged his hearty support. Commander Davis has shown much wisdom in the selection of these members of this committee. Others will from time to time be announced in these columns. The committee will meet at an early date for the purpose of outlining the procedure to follow in order to raise the necessary funds.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Judge Edgar Scurry, the newly elected Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, is a native of Texas, a son of Gen. William Read Scurry, who commanded a brigade in the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., and was killed at Jenkins's Ferry, Ark., while leading his brigade in a charge. General Scurry was a native of Sumner County, Tenn., and served as a colonel in the War with Mexico. Scurry County, Tex., was named in his honor.

The mother of Judge Scurry was Miss Janette Sutton, of Mobile, Ala. He was born in Mission Valley, Victoria County, Tex., in 1857, but has been a resident of Wichita Falls for the past thirty years and actively engaged in the practice of law. He served as district attorney of the Thirtieth Judicial District and was also twice honored with the office of district judge. He has always taken an active part in political and civic matters and is fearless and aggressive in his convictions. Under his leadership the Sons of Veterans may be expected to carry through some important undertakings.

The inscription under the picture of the old Henry House, as shown in the VETERAN for November-December, page 441, states that the elder Mrs. Henry was wounded during the progress of the battle as she lay in bed. This is evidently an error, as the inscription on the old tombstone states that she was killed.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Since the combined report for November and December, the managing editor has made the first annual report on "The Women of the South in War Times" to the delegates from all the States at the general convention at St. Louis.

On that occasion he announced that among the various States contributing to the publicity fund, Maryland was first, South Carolina second, and New York third.

In the matter of subscriptions to the book itself, North Carolina came out first, with 527 copies; South Carolina was second, and Kentucky third. Whereupon, the special prize of the \$100 copy of "The Women of the South in War Times" was duly presented to Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C.

Other details in regard to the action of the convention in receiving the report and acting upon it will doubtless be given by the newly-elected President General, who will also announce, no doubt, that a similar prize will be offered the Division distributor doing the best work in 1921-22. In addition prizes will be offered to those *Chapters* in the respective States in the South which do the best work. These prizes will be specially bound copies of "The Women of the South in War Times," and will be presented at the national convention, or, at least, announced there, and possibly presented at the respective State conventions. One additional prize will be given to the Chapter in the Northern States which does the best work in the same period. *In other words, fourteen special State prizes will be offered and one grand prize to the Division distributor doing the best work for the year.*

It was reported also, that a number of Northern States had not been supplied with their specially marked first copies, and the convention has made provision for absorbing these. Incidentally, however, one of these copies has already been taken for Michigan, through Mrs. Emma A. Fox, official Parliamentarian of the convention, who has presented the copy to the State Library at Lansing; while Mrs. Herbert Scheck, of California, has offered to subscribe for the Utah State copy.

It is interesting to note that two copies of "The Women of the South in War Times" will be sent to China through Miss Frances Pemberton, of Greenwood, S. C.; and the managing editor wishes to report two \$1 contributions to the publicity fund from the Father Ryan Chapter at Greenville, Ala., and the Troy Chapter, at Troy, Ala., both being sent in through Mrs. Webb Stanley.

HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL.

Much historical information has been published in pamphlet form, thus giving within a brief space the result of painstaking research through ponderous volumes of official records. These pamphlets are highly convenient for reference to those seeking information on certain lines, and many disputed points in this way are brought before those who would not otherwise search them out.

LIVING CONFEDERATE PRINCIPLES.

In these three pamphlets Mr. Lloyd T. Everette, of Ballston, Va., one of the younger historical writers and prominent in the Sons of Confederate Veterans, will be found much material for the historian and student, the result of his own deep study and culling of material. The titles of these pamphlets are distinctive of their contents, and, taken altogether, furnish many interesting facts and comments on our history. (See advertisement Yexid Publishing Company in this number.)

THE TRUTH OF THE WAR CONSPIRACY, 1861.

Another pamphlet recently published is that on "The Truth of the War Conspiracy in 1861," gotten out by Col. H. W. Johnstone, Curryville, Ga. In this booklet are revelations of secret scheming in those early days of Lincoln's administration not before brought to light and by which it is shown that the United States Government under Lincoln committed at least four flagrant acts of war several weeks before Fort Sumter was fired upon. All this is set forth in a novel and interesting style which holds attention to the last exposure. (See Adv.)

THE SOUTH IN HISTORY, ETC.

A list of pamphlets gotten out by Miss Mildred Rutherford is also offered in this number of the *VETERAN*, all of them presenting valuable points in our history. Miss Rutherford's historical work is too well known to need any commendation here, but the suggestion is made that what she writes about cannot become too widely known by our own people as well as those of other sections.

TRUTH OF THE WAR CONSPIRACY OF 1861.

Mr. H. W. Johnstone, U. C. V., has written a remarkable vindication of the South in "Truth of the War Conspiracy of 1861," which is published in a pamphlet of forty-one pages.

The facts are proven beyond question from the army and navy records at Washington City. All desiring to know the truth will find it here with proofs which cannot be denied.

Everyone should read this pamphlet, whether of the North or South.

Send for copies to H. W. Johnstone, Curryville, Ga. Price, fifty cents.

All entering Essay Contest send for rules governing Contest and prizes offered, and special rates given on pamphlet for teachers and pupils directing or entering the contest to Miss M. Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

PAPER SHELL PECANS.

Pecan growing has become a great industry of the South, and in some of our States the large paper shell varieties are grown in their perfection. A sample box of these "big fellows" came recently to the *VETERAN* office from the "Kenoquhair Groves," of Girard, Ga., with the compliments of Howard Meriwether Lovett, manager—"a name well known to *VETERAN* readers by some interesting and valuable articles and also as the author of the "Grandmother Stories from the Land-of-Used-to-Be." Mrs. Lovett writes that these nuts are "tree ripened and hand selected," and orders will be filled at sixty-five cents per pound for the home market in the South, and at eighty-five cents per pound, postpaid, to any other section of these United States. Send her an order and get acquainted with this delicious product of Southern industry.

The *VETERAN* wishes to correct an error as to the address of Capt. D. C. Grayson, now commander of the "Immortal Six Hundred," who lives in Washington, D. C., and not Chattanooga, Tenn. Captain Grayson writes that "the *VETERAN* is a valuable publication for the Confederate cause, and no comrade who has ever had it can now dispense with it; those who fail to subscribe do not realize the pleasure they are missing."

MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD'S BOOKS.

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William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE COLLEGE

EDITORS

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President of the College

E. G. SWEM
Librarian of the College

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ADDRESS

THE LIBRARIAN, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE
Williamsburg, Va.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
 2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
 3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
 4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt. All four sent for \$1, postpaid.
- Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

Mark Y. Judd, Bandera, Tex., desires to hear from any one who knew him in the Confederate Army in 1864-1865, Company B, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Division.

Mrs. H. H. Ramsey, historian of Stover Camp Chapter U. D. C., of

Strasburg, Va., asks if any of the VETERAN readers can give information of the Confederate soldier who lost his life on Signal Knob, Massanutten Mountain, near Strasburg. She says this soldier is often referred to as "The Lone Sentinel," and her Chapter is very anxious to secure the facts in the case.

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Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Fashion 325 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. W. Dunn Peebles, of Carson, Va., would be gratified to get information on the war record of her uncle, Addis Emmett Dobie, of Sussex County, Va., who enlisted in the Confederate army during the last year of the war, at the age of sixteen. He was in the battle of the Crater, and she thinks he was a color bearer at the time.

Franklin H. Cox, of Stillwater, Okla., who served with Company A, 38th Tennessee Infantry, would like to hear from any of his old comrades who could testify to his service in the Confederate army. He enlisted from Brownsville, Tenn., in 1862. Write him, or the Pension Commissioner at Oklahoma City, Okla.

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BROOKS' APPLIANCE the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air-Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. Nosives. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 239D State Street, Marshall, Mich.

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Long primer, self-pronouncing. Contains full-page half-tone illustrations from photographs of paintings of the world's greatest masters. No. 333B. Size, 6 x $8\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. French morocco, divinity circuit. **Special price, \$3.50. With Thumb Index, \$4**

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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

FEBRUARY, 1922

NO. 2

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Good is the Saxon speech! clear, short, and strong.
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Seax--short sword--and like a sword its sway

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'Tis good for laws; for vows of youth and maid;
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Good for sea calls when loud the rush of spray;
Good for war cries where men meet hilt to hilt,
And man's best blood like new-trod wine is spilt--
Good for all times and good for what thou wilt!

—James Barron Hope.

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All three pamphlets, \$1; 2 copies, \$1.75. Money order or stamps. Special rates, 10 or more pamphlets to clubs or history classes.

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THE LEE MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

A fitting celebration of the 115th anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee is the inauguration by the press of the South of a movement to reestablish at Washington and Lee University the school of journalism which was founded by General Lee when president of that institution—the first school of journalism in America or the world—that his people might be furnished with trained leadership during the harassed and critical era of dissolution and reconstruction. After his death nothing further was done in that direction, and so the South has no school of journalism, though several have been established in other sections. With the whole press of the South now interested in this undertaking, there is hope that the school may be revived and fittingly endowed. These Southern journals are making a simultaneous appeal to the public, which will be reinforced by their own contributions, and the fund secured will go to reestablish and endow the Lee Memorial School of Journalism as their tribute to the great educator who first recognized journalism as a learned profession, and this will be a practical contribution to the welfare and development of the South.

Let every reader of the VETERAN take thought of this need and be not only a contributor but an energetic worker in this interest. The names of all contributors and the amounts given will be published from time to time.

Such a school as this could do much toward suppressing the many myths of history which the press of the country has so widely disseminated.

Mrs. B. F. Knowles, 398 South Church Street, Spartanburg, S. C., would like to hear from any surviving members of the 47th Arkansas Regiment Cavalry, comrades of her father, Thomas L. Wilkes, of Company C, under Capt. William A. Mayo. This regiment was with General Fagan's Brigade, with Col. Lee Crandal, commanding the regiment, and served under Price in his Missouri campaign.

James A. Burgess, of Saginaw, Oregon, says he gets lonely out there away from Southern folks and Southern Presbyterians, and he would especially like to hear from old comrades of Company A, 41st Mississippi Volunteers. He is seventy-eight years old, and still suffers from his old wound.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1922.

No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THE SWORD OF LEE.

In this year of 1922 occurs the centenary of Gen. U. S. Grant, and preparations are being made to have it widely observed in the North. Very fitting will be this tribute to the memory of the man who is credited with having won victory for the Federal forces, a man who showed no ill-feeling toward the men surrendering to him, but was ready for peace and good will to all.

There will be much said and written of General Grant which would doubtless surprise him could he hear it—many tributes paid to his prowess in arms, his magnanimity to a vanquished foe. In particular will this time be a grand opportunity to laud Grant's magnanimity in refusing to accept General Lee's sword as the victor at Appomattox. In his letter of greeting to the Confederate veterans in reunion at Chattanooga, Commander Lewis S. Pilcher, of the Grand Army of the Republic, wrote: "From the moment that Robert E. Lee tendered his sword to his magnanimous conqueror, Ulysses S. Grant, and Grant refused to receive it"—

And General Lee never even thought of offering his sword, and if Grant had a thought of getting it, he certainly did not express it.

This matter is brought out here for the benefit of our own people, for many have the idea that General Lee really did tender his sword as a part of the surrender at Appomattox and that Grant magnanimously refused to visit that humiliation upon him. As a matter of fact, the terms of surrender expressly stated that the Confederate officers were to retain their side arms, and it would hardly have been fitting to expect of their commander what was not required of them.

This is but one of many historical myths which perennially come forth on occasions these fifty years and more

despite the many exposures of their untruth. Some years ago Mrs. Jefferson Davis fell into the same error in an article she furnished to a Northern newspaper, thus giving a new lease of life to this story by her indorsement—and this brought out a statement from the late Col. Charles Marshall, of Baltimore, who had been a member of General Lee's staff and was present at the interview with General Grant. In responding to a request from Mr. Spottswood Bird, of Baltimore, for a statement on the subject, he wrote: "The circumstances attending the meeting between General Grant and General Lee on April 9, 1865, did not call for any demand on the part of General Grant for the surrender of General Lee's sword on that occasion, and any statement, however made and by whomsoever made, to the effect that General Lee made the tender of his sword to General Grant must be entirely in conflict with the view of either. Neither of them, I am quite sure, was influenced by any theatrical ideas of the surrender. You will observe that by the very terms of the surrender demanded by General Grant, it was expressly provided that the officers of the Confederate army should retain their side arms. To have offered to surrender his sword would have been an offer on General Lee's part to do more than had been demanded of him."

And General Grant says specifically in his "Memoirs" (Vol. II, Chapter XXV, pages 344-346): "No conversation—not one word—passed between General Lee and myself either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. The much talked of surrendering of General Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it, is the purest romance. The word 'sword' or 'side arms' was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until

*There was no demand
made for Gen. Lee's sword and no terms
of it offered*
U. S. Grant

the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses."

So now, with all this testimony to the contrary, anyone repeating the mythical story that General Lee offered his sword to General Grant at Appomattox and that the latter refused it, will be guilty of deliberate misrepresentation.

The magnificent uniform and splendid sword which General Lee wore on the occasion of his interview with General Grant at Appomattox were the gifts of Baltimore sympathizers and admirers.

THE JACKSON MONUMENT AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

The magnificent equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson unveiled in Charlottesville on October 25, 1921, was a gift to that city by one of its patriotic citizens, who has in other ways as well contributed to the beautifying of his native city. The park in which the monument stands was also his gift to Charlottesville, some old tenement buildings being torn away to make this beauty spot for the enjoyment of its citizens.

The Virginia Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans held its annual meeting at Charlottesville, and the dedication of this Jackson statue was the feature of the last day of that meeting. Doubtless the largest crowd in the history of the city assembled there on that day, the estimate being some 25,000 people, and the parade in advance of the unveiling was a great spectacle. Several hundred cadets from the Virginia Military Institute formed a guard of honor for the veterans of the Confederacy, five hundred strong, who led the parade. These veterans were members of John Bowie Strange Camp, of Charlottesville, and other camps of the State; Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of the Confederate Veterans, Spanish War veterans, members of the American Legion Posts, students of the University of Virginia, fire companies, civic orders, school children, and many citizens were in the line of march, 5,000 strong—a moving spectacle of great interest to the thousands of on-lookers.

Judge R. T. W. Duke, son of Col. R. T. W. Duke, for whom the Camp at Charlottesville was named, presided over the exercises of the unveiling, the address of the occasion being made by Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi. The veil was drawn by two great-grandchildren of the immortal Jackson, little Anna Jackson Preston, of Charlotte, N. C., and T. J. Jackson Christian, Jr., of Ithaca, N. Y., his father being an instructor in Cornell University.

Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, representing the donor, Paul Goodloe McIntire, presented the gift to the city of Charlottesville. "Two generations ago," said Dr. Alderman, "a great war fell out in this land. No war in human history was a sincerer conflict than this war. It was a war between brothers, fate driven to the defense of two majestic ideas—the idea of local self-government and the idea of Federal union. To call it rebellion is to speak ignorantly; to call it treason is to add viciousness to stupidity. It was a war of ideas, principles, political conceptions, and of loyalty to ancient ideals of English freedom. I am not in the mood, nor is the world in the mood, merely to praise war or to exalt force as an agent of human discipline; but I may justly claim that out of the flame and fire of this brothers' war issued some of the noblest sanctities of human life and a few undying names which the world will forever cherish for the enrichment of the spirit of mankind.

"We are gathered here in this central spot of a historic

city, within the State which gave him birth, to set in place an equestrian statue of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, one of the greatest of these high statured men. It is the work of Charles Kock, a true artist, who has here endeavored to catch and fix in imperishable metal the passion and devotion of a victorious soldier dowered with genius and unacquainted with defeat. It is the gift of Paul Goodloe McIntire, a great home loving, unselfish citizen, bred of this air and born of this soil, who thus seeks, through the majestic medium of art and beauty, to teach to other ages how moving and eternal are the qualities of courage and character of action and principle, of loyalty and honor, when embodied in one strong, appealing, fascinating personality. It is the presentment in bronze of a great Christian warrior whose life is fraught with lessons of splendid import. There was something of so great force in the mingling of his fiery energy, his iron will, and stern silence, his childlike simplicity, his fearless self-control and self-dependence, his utter self-sacrifice that somehow his fame in the short space allotted to him for great deeds, rose like a star in the heavens, and he passed in the glory of unconquerable youth into the inner circle of the soldier saints and heroes of the English race."

The monument shows Jackson in full Confederate uniform on "Little Sorrel," leaning forward, with stern purpose and energetic action pictured in face and figure. This bronze figure surmounts a pedestal of old rose Westerly granite from Rhode Island, while the base is of the pink granite of Milford, Mass. The monument is simply inscribed with the names and dates of birth and death, also some of the battles in which Jackson won fame—Manassas and Chancellorsville and the Valley Campaign. The work was by the sculptor, Charles Kock, of New York, who also designed the Lewis and Clark group which stands in Midway Park, another gift of Mr. McIntire to Charlottesville.

The monument stands in the center of Jackson Park, which is the square adjoining that in which the courthouse stands, the courthouse being the center of old historic Charlottesville. The older part of the building dates back to the gift of the land on which it was built, and in early days it served in a measure as a church. It is told that Thomas Jefferson was an attendant there and that he brought his seat with him. On one side of the courthouse stood the old Swan Tavern, once the property and home of Jack Jouett, whose ride was more heroic than that of Paul Revere; it is now the home of the Red Land Club. There is scarcely a new structure in any of the surroundings of the courthouse.

A statue of General Lee will be made by the same sculptor and will be another gift to Charlottesville by the same public-spirited citizen in the near future.

From Miss Lulu Duncan, Springfield, Mo.: "My father died April 6, 1920. He was very fond of the *VETERAN* and had been a subscriber since the beginning of the publication. I have the complete file, with the exception of one or two copies. Father often referred to back numbers and always found the desired information, besides deriving a lot of pleasure out of the hunt. I always helped in these hunts, consequently it became dear to me, and I want to be a subscriber for the rest of my life, in memory of my dear father and also because I love it."

Additional Contributions to the Cunningham Memorial Fund.—Charles H. Hardwick, Richmond, Va., \$5.00; J. R. Allen, Horace Hutcheson, Carlsbad, N. Mex., \$1.00 each; Mrs. R. O. Hanby, Mt. Vernon, Ind., \$1.00.

WHITWORTH RIFLE WITH A HISTORY.

Reposing within the room of the Tennessee Historical Society set apart for those relics preserved for remembrance is a Whitworth rifle used by a sharpshooter in the War between the States. This make of rifle had an effective range of one mile. It was manufactured in England, and a considerable number of them reached the Confederacy through the medium of the blockade runner. The Whitworth rifle was provided with a telescope and was used only by sharpshooters.

The rifle now in the possession of the Historical Society has a unique history, and during the battle of Chickamauga gave the Federal army no end of trouble.

The supplies for Rosecrans's army were hauled in wagons from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and at a certain place the road narrowed to barely the width of a wagon on account of a steep bluff on one side and the Tennessee River on the other. Capt. W. E. McElwee, a Tennessee soldier and staff officer, was charged with the duty of making it less easy, if not impossible for this wagon train to reach its destination, and for this purpose was given a detail of sharpshooters. Among these crack shots was a man by the name of Henry Green, an East Tennessee Confederate. Green was ordered to kill the mules when they reached this narrow part of the road. Armed with a Whitworth, he shot the four mules pulling the leading wagon, and then the others as fast as they came up. In this way he soon had the road blocked, and it became necessary for the rest of the train to back out the best way they could and follow a long and circuitous route through the Sequatchie Valley.

"There were a thousand wagons in that train," said Captain McElwee, speaking of this incident of the great battle, "and the only reason the whole train was not destroyed was that only a few of the wagons came within the view of Green and the other sharpshooters at the point where the road narrowed."

Captain McElwee was in Nashville for the purpose of securing a pension for Green, who is still living near Rockwood, Tenn., in the eightieth year of his age. Green's record is without a flaw, he having served throughout the entire period of the war from Fort Donelson to the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last battle fought by the army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.—*Nashville Banner*.

SOME INCIDENTS OF ARMY LIFE.

BY THEO. HARTMAN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Several years ago I made notes of some war incidents, accidents and jokes, which I intended to dress up and inflict upon your readers, but the mice interfered and started a confetti factory; so the plans of this scribe went "agley," wherever that may be, until this good hour. I have just finished reading the November number of the *VETERAN* for 1921, and I find so many good things in it that I don't want to die; just want to live on until the sure enough "last reunion" is held and I one of the "four" that may lawfully constitute that never-to-be-forgotten epoch.

"Heroes and Hero Worship" and "The Southern Proteus" are worth the subscription price. I thank you, gentlemen. Come again.

I have often contended that a man who had served three or four years in the army should have something to tell and ought to tell it while he was able to do so, lest it be forever untold. But, listen, comrades, beware of "Uncle Bob's" fate. Stick to what you know, or some old comrade may rise up and call you down. That has pretty nearly made a Christian out of

me. Right now I want to put the readers on notice that there are many witnesses still living to challenge any one who has the temerity to question this loving, if tardy, testimonial to our dear, sainted Gen. R. E. Lee.

GENERAL LEE'S CONSIDERATION FOR HIS SOLDIERS.

I was a private of Company A, 14th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, Archer's brigade, from May, 1861, to April, 1865. We were marching to Maryland, and as we neared the Potomac River below Winchester, our division—as we understood the entire army was close by—was resting in the shade of a fine body of open timber, through which there was a dim, unused old road. Many of our "boys" were prone upon this road, with knapsacks under our heads, resting, when we noticed the approach of four or five officers on horses. As they drew near we recognized General A. P. Hill, General Lee, and two or three staff officers. General Hill was a few feet in advance, and, as he drew near to me and others, he said: "Move out of the road, men." Immediately General Lee said: "Never mind, General; we will ride round them. Lie still, men." As he spoke he turned his horse to the left, and General Hill was equally as quick to pull out of the road. They passed within twenty feet of me. Did I see General Hill's face flush, or did I imagine it? I do not think General Lee thought of rebuking General Hill, then or ever. It was just his way, his consideration for others, especially his soldiers.

A small gem, but its luster will remain undimmed by the constellation of brilliants that adorn his character.

FLINTLOCK ARMS.

In the fall of 1861 "Marse Robert," tried to slip up on the Yankee garrison at Charlestown, W. Va., but his guides got lost and flushed the game before the "dogs of war" got in shooting distance.

One cool, drizzly, cloudy morning our regiment was standing "at rest" on a mountain road waiting and listening for something to turn up. The captain of one of the companies claimed to have been a corporal in the Mexican war, and was elected to lead his men to "victory or death." In a short time the men became a little restless and our Mexican war veteran said: "Steady, company. I think I heard 'em cock a cannon over thar." This caused a little snickering among those who heard the order, when the old captain said: "You needn't laugh, boys; I have seen 'em in Mexico with flints as big as a *spelling book*."

WE MISSED THE BATTLE, BUT—

We were *en route* to Virginia, via the then E. T. & Va. R. R., and, for some reason unknown to this writer, were detained at or near a little town close to the line between Tennessee and Virginia a few days before the first battle of Manassas. When we heard of the great victory our army had won many of us *got mad* and thought our officers had tricked us, and we were very indignant and talked ugly about our officers. We were fresh and did not know much about discipline. We thought the war would be over and we would have no part in the glory of victory. We were very serious about it then, it seems funny now.

This simply leads up to the scene of a sure enough funny story. We were camped at this place for a week or two. One evening we (Company A) were ordered to "fall in," and when the sergeant finished calling the roll and presented the company to our dear old Captain Harrell (he was a good lawyer and a good man), he proceeded to read an indictment to us, charging that his company, or some member thereof, had disturbed the peace and rest of Mrs. Ward's ducks, and had

boldly captured and carried off one or more. The good captain was deeply grieved to hear such evil reports about such a fine body of young gentlemen, and lectured us at some length upon the evils of "sportive mischief," etc. Then, beginning at the head of the company, he asked each man to "plead" as to his guilt or innocence. It so happened that some of the boys had on their haversacks, and the "pleading" was proceeding to the great satisfaction of the captain and to the credit of the company, when "Pleas" M— was called. "Pleas" had just returned from town in time to fall in and was feeling fine and denied indignantly that he would or could be guilty, and was apparently much grieved, when to our amazement a duck stuck its head out of his haversack and said "quack! quack!" The captain turned his back and said: "Sergeant, take charge of the company."

THE BATTLE OF BLUE SPRINGS, TENNESSEE.

BY GEORGE D. EWING, PATTONSBURG, MO.

Gen. A. E. Burnside, fresh from the Army of the Potomac, where he held chief command in the great battle of Fredericksburg, took possession of Knoxville, Tenn., early in the autumn of 1863. Gen. John S. Williams, known as "Cerro Gordo" Williams by reason of his achievements in the war with Mexico, was in command of two small brigades on the Confederate side. One of these brigades was commanded by Col. H. L. Giltner, of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and his brigade consisted of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, Seventh Kentucky Cavalry Battalion, and the Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, this being at the time composed of Kentucky troops, perhaps about nine hundred strong. The other brigade was under Col. Jas. E. Carter, First Tennessee Cavalry, and was composed of the First Tennessee Cavalry, Sixteenth Georgia Battalion, and Peter's Regiment, numbering about eight hundred and fifty. To all this strength were added a section of the Burrows's Battery and the little battery of rapid firing guns known as the Williams Battery. This artillery was admirably served, being composed of high grade officers and men. By command of Maj. General Ransom, General Williams had made a forced march toward Knoxville until he arrived at Blue Springs, in Greene County, Tenn., which was nearly eight miles from Greeneville and about the same distance from Bull's Gap. At this point we halted and seemed to be quietly waiting for something to turn up. About a week afterwards the Federals were fronting us. Our position was a precarious one. We were nearly one hundred miles from our base of supplies, with no intervening supply posts. We never knew why this movement was made under the then existing circumstances, and we to quietly remain there, when it was known that General Burnside had the full Ninth Army Corps and a part of the Twenty-Second Corps in such close proximity. His force was probably as much as thirty thousand men of all arms. To oppose this formidable force we had less than eighteen hundred men. The cavalry required one-fourth of their men to be used as horse holders, so we could not have much more than twelve hundred men in battle. It did seem the height of folly for this small number to seek battle with such a force as Burnside had. But "Cerro Gordo" Williams was a born fighter, if not an admirable tactician.

On the ninth of October a strong Federal force was sent out to ascertain as much as possible our strength in men and position. This force was easily driven in. On the next day the real battle began, which was destined to last two days, the later phases of it at different places. The Confederates had chosen an admirable position, being on the apex of a long,

sharp ridge. Directly before us was a large open space, which that year was not in cultivation, on the farther side of which was a dense woods.

Our boys had made considerable preparations in getting ready to receive their expected company. We had carried logs and filled in with large stones, so that our position was favorable for defense, but it was exposed to flanking movements. Deception is not admittedly of a high quality, but at this time we were trying to make the enemy believe we had a much larger force than we really had. Soon we realized that the enemy was forming his columns in the woods beyond the clearing, and quickly a formidable column appeared at the edge of the timber. With waving flags and braying horns and beating drums they came out in the open, two solid lines, standing close together. As the first line advanced, the second came out much like the first. These two lines took position about seventy-five yards apart. The third line soon came out as strong as the first and second and formed about one hundred yards behind the second line. It was an imposing martial scene. This great host, all panopied and in the pomp of proud circumstance of war, going to combat with less than twelve hundred ragged but very determined Confederates. Our boys were lying as flat as pancakes on the ground. Near me lay one of my messmates, a humorous fellow. In that spirit he called out: "Boys, remember General Jackson and his men at New Orleans! On that day each of them was half hoss and half alligator. Can we not do as well?" This was taken up and went along the line, creating some merriment and greater determination. The great blue waves were rapidly advancing. Our artillery was doing effective work with solid shot and shell, but upon the nearer approach of the enemy grape and canister shot were used. The approach of these solid lines, all placed with military precision, was a sublime sight to us, so many soldiers in line, their bright armor glistening in the morning sun. Then, to see so many men so nicely dressed, at such close range, was a novel experience to our men.

We of the small arms had been instructed to withhold fire until they were near us. Soon our boys opened with deadly precision on the advancing columns. Under this rapid and withering fire many of them were falling. Our men lay flat on the ground, resting their guns on the temporary works before us, and taking deadly aim. As soon as a gun was discharged, the men would turn quickly on back, placing the breech of the gun against one foot, ram home the charge, place the percussion cap, then fire, and repeat without exposing to enemy fire the users of the guns. Some of the humorous Federals called out as they advanced: "Lie down, Johnnies, your daddies are coming home drunk." But this thin Confederate line was duly sober and quite watchful. It was but a short time until the first and second line of Yanks were on the ground crawling like serpents to safety. The third line had sniffed the battle a little farther away and it required no special order for them to go back to the woods. As they retired from the first onset, many were left dead and wounded. While we had a breathing spell before the second advance, we looked our trusty rifles over to be in readiness for it. The Federals must have had as many as forty pieces of artillery in action, many of them heavy field pieces; but their shots went over us, falling miles in our rear, and so far had accomplished no more than scaring some of the horses far in the rear.

In the big woodland the bands began playing. The deep roll of the drum, with the shrill blast of the fife, seemed to be all over this woodland. It was not long before the first blue line emerged from the timber, and the columns advanced much as they did at the first. But this time the Johnnie boys

were not warned to lie down to avoid the approaching drunken daddies. No, they had become quite sober and as serious as though they were making an attack on the infernal regions. This attack failed as did the first, the number of killed and wounded being much increased. The same tactics were used by them in seeking shelter. Still their artillery was not doing any real execution. We looked over rifles again and sent runners to the ordnance wagons for more ammunition. Our protection was standing as firmly as ever.

It must have been two hours before the third attack was made. The music in the woods began again to inspire their men to the third effort to break our thin line. Some of the officers came out with much bravery, which was grand; but altogether it looked as if they had thoughts of a funeral. They were brave men. All honor to their courage and persistence! But they went back from the third attack much as at the first and second.

I am led to believe that during the whole War between the States there were few, if any, more successful defenses made against such overwhelming numbers, and that, too, with the loss of only one man killed and two wounded upon the Confederate side. Afterwards, in passing over the battle field, the citizens said that the Federals had buried four hundred men in the long trenches that we went to see, and the length and breadth of the trenches indicated as much. But now it seemed that our greatest danger was near—that of being captured. Gen. "Cerro Gordo" Williams, great fighter as he was, had a weakness that was lamentable. As Senator Vest, of Missouri, once said when he was asked to join in a general drink: "No, I've quit! John Barleycorn and I were partners for quite a while, but John B. was a poor partner. When dividends were declared, I got the headache and other bad feelings; but John always got the cash." At this critical juncture, General Williams was unable to sensibly command, but, in much rage, swore that we would remain as we were, until Burnside's army was defeated and routed. Colonels Giltner and Carter knew that a large command was flanking us, but Williams was not to be moved from his fighting mood. Colonel Giltner had a conference with Colonel Carter, and they readily agreed that to remain until morning in the present position meant certain capture, with a probable large loss of life. Then Colonel Giltner, being the senior, said he would arbitrarily assume command and, if possible, save the command, even if he was cashiered for it, Colonel Carter fully agreeing with him in the seriousness of the situation.

It was thought that no further attempt would be made on us that afternoon, but that Burnside would await the flanking developments. The horse holders were ordered to tie their horses, leaving only a few men with them as guards, and report for duty. There were three locomotives on the railroad track, with perhaps twenty old cars, with the crews for each locomotive. These were ordered to take all the cars a few miles up the road as quietly as possible, running slowly to prevent noise, then, when ordered, to run them back rapidly, making as much noise as possible. The released horse holders and others were to cheer the incoming trains as loudly as possible. When the order was given to return, the three trains, as they came roaring back, what a cheer went up in honor of our mythical reinforcements! The boys on the firing line also gave a great cheer. Night was coming on, much to our relief. Great numbers of fires were kindled, as for our reinforcements, which did not exist. The axmen were ordered to chop down trees. All this time the wagons were preparing to quietly move out, but it was necessary to protect them from front and rear.

During the last charge on our lines, some unique reinforcements

came to our assistance. These were the Thirty-fourth Virginia Battalion Cavalry, commanded by the noted Colonel Witcher about one hundred and twenty-five men. They were born fighters; some of them barefooted, but all wearing large spurs, those with no shoes fastening the spurs on the naked feet. They came by the ordnance wagon, each man receiving cartridges, which they usually carried in their pockets, and as fast as supplied with ammunition, galloping away to the battle line with no semblance of military formation. Colonel Witcher called them his "Nighthawks." In moving out, the "Nighthawks" led the column. Then followed the five hundred infantry from General Jackson's brigade; next came Colonel Carter's men; the wagon train next, with Colonel Giltner's men to protect the rear. We had had nothing to eat since early morning, but our horses had fared better, as the men in charge had fed them.

It was eleven o'clock by the time the whole column was moving. The enemy must have been deceived, as we marched until about 3 A.M. before firing began in our rear. This was met and checked by the rear guard. About 5 A.M. heavy artillery fire commenced in our front, and quite soon fighting began in our rear. The Witcher "Nighthawks" charged the enemy in front, followed quickly by the Jackson Infantry and Carter's Brigade; while the Fourth Kentucky which was the rear guard, was fighting the battle in the rear. There was a full brigade of the enemy in the front, but the rapid charge and wild yells from the "Nighthawks," Jackson's men, and Carter's brigade drove them quickly from our front. We followed them for two miles, until they debouched on a road leading to Cumberland Gap. Meanwhile the rear guard was holding off the enemy and inflicting considerable loss. Hungry and tired, our men fought with almost unequaled valor.

By this time General Williams, feeling some better, insisted on again taking command, but he was in no sense qualified under the circumstances. We had now passed Henderson's Mill, on our way to Rheatown, where was to be the supreme struggle of all. As we approached Rheatown a large force of the enemy, with considerable artillery, was on our right, and they opened on us with numerous guns. General Williams ordered the men to camp and feed their horses. Under heavy fire, the enemy charged our camp. There was much confusion, and Giltner again assumed command. Not heeding the maudlin orders from Williams, he ordered us back about two miles, where we had a better position. In this new position, we were ready again to receive the enemy, who, coming out of a dense wood, assailed with much force the right wing, which was guarded by a squadron of the Fourth Kentucky. The first squadron, to which I belonged, was ordered to double-quick to the relief of our struggling comrades. When we reached them pandemonium prevailed. Our boys were fighting like Trojans. The little Williams guns were doing splendid work. Here was performed feats of heroism never exceeded by the men who fought under Marshal Ney or Stonewall Jackson, but they were overwhelmed by the masses of the enemy. It seemed that all would be killed or captured, but no spirit of surrender was shown. We succeeded in getting the little Williams guns out before they were captured.

One instance I will give of the heroism displayed by a boy about seventeen years old; he was a capper for one of the Williams guns. As our first squadron reached our stricken comrades of the same regiment on our right, this boy was standing by his gun dexterously placing the percussion caps with one hand, holding his cap in the other, and cheering at the top of his voice, where death seemed certain. Brave Capt. Sam Duncan, who commanded the Fourth Squadron of

the Fourth Kentucky, had fallen, being severely wounded. Many incidents of personal bravery might be given, which would appear as wild romance, yet were, in fact, acted in this war drama.

A wedge was driven between these four struggling companies and other parts of our forces. Many had been killed or wounded, but no prisoners taken, except the helpless wounded. Here we stood defiantly fighting, with our dead and wounded lying close by. It looked bad for us, but still the beginning call was sounded, "Half hoss and half alligator!" Two of the four captains had been severely wounded, and the senior captain was missing. About one hundred and fifty men were still on foot and fighting, but many of them had used all their ammunition, I being one. There was thick timber near by. In little squads we made for it. We had slipped away, like eels. This quick vanishment seemed to confuse our foes. While they were thinking, we were running. Our main command had been driven back more than two miles; we still kept apart. Whenever visible we were fired at. Another of my company was with me. Seeing a cornfield near, we were soon in it. The enemy was slow in following us into these covert places. We were almost exhausted and famishing for water. Soon we found an apple tree full of ripe, sweet apples, which somewhat staved our hunger and relieved our thirst. But pleasant as this rest was, we must hurry on. On leaving this field, we crossed an open space, and as soon as visible we were fired on. My comrade had a double-barreled shot gun and returned the fire. I admonished him to save his ammunition, as the targets were beyond range, to save it for closer quarters. I had a long range rifle, but no ammunition. I would then have given a good horse for twenty rounds of ball and powder. We could hear the guns as our men were fighting and falling back. Several times we ran on what seemed to be the ever-present enemy, but a shot by my comrade and the display of my long range gun was quite helpful.

The real fighting was now about over, but rear guard skirmishing was still going on. We had walked, after leaving Rheatown, about ten miles, and were now nearing the railroad bridge over the rapid Watauga River, and it was still standing. No pilgrims ever hailed "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" more thankfully than did we the clear waters under this bridge.

Our loss at Henderson's Mill, Rheatown, and the running fight afterwards was near one hundred men in killed and wounded and captured. The captured were almost all wounded. Now, at the age of eighty years, I sometimes feel that if it were possible I would like to go back and on each grave of those immortal dead place the most lovely flowers, as an humble token that their lives and brave deeds are not forgotten by their comrades or their descendants.

At Watauga River we met some help which Gen. Robert E. Lee had sent to our relief. So exhausted we were that after drinking all the pure water we desired, and getting something to eat, we retired to the timber near by and were soon asleep. Although the enemy that night shelled the woods where we were sleeping, I and many others were not awakened; to me it seemed but a war dream. Our enemies were courageous and competent men. No doubt they were greatly deceived as to our number; but as for General Burnside and his men, on this invasion of our Southland they manifested true soldier-ship. No dwellings or barns were burned, or were their wagon trains loaded with the richest spoils taken from private homes. Women were treated with due courtesy, and the helplessness of little ones was observed with honor. Not that way later on, when the order was given to make the South so barren that "a crow flying over would have to carry his rations

with him." I have always had profound respect for General Burnside and his men, and was glad that he lived on after the war, in which his flowing whiskers had waved in the breeze like the mane of a great lion.

AN INCIDENT OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

[This article was written by W. T. Barnes, a private of Company G, 1st Arkansas Infantry, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, who died several years ago. In sending it to the Veteran, W. E. Bevens, of Newport, Ark., writes: "There was no better soldier in the army than W. T. Barnes; he was from my town, Jacksonport, and we went out together in the 1st Arkansas Regiment, Company G, one hundred and fifty strong, and after four years we got back with twenty-seven men. We have a fine monument in our courthouse yard to the memory of the Confederate dead of Jackson County, and the name of every man belonging to our Camp, Tom Hindman, No 318, U. C. V., is cut in the marble. We are very proud of our monument."]

It has often been a matter of speculation with me why (in the various episodes and sketches of the "late unpleasantness") some truthful account has not been given by the "Northern side of the fence" of the Federal charge on the Confederate line of works at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. It appears to me as a climax to that dreadful and fearful onslaught the Yankees owe the Rebels a debt of gratitude that for over fifty years has lain dormant without the least attempt at acknowledgment. I refer to the fearful conflagration in the immediate front of Cleburne's division in this battle, when Cleburne's men stopped firing and rendered such vital assistance to the Yankees who were penned up in this holocaust of dead, wounded, and living Federal soldiers.

I will endeavor, barring personal feeling and prejudices liable to crop out, to give as accurate a synopsis as is possible, and there are, no doubt, Federal soldiers now living who can verify this statement.

You must know we had no double lines with reserves to back us, and the first impulse of Confederates, as well as Yankees, was to entrench as soon as a line of battle was established, which usually occurred at night; and, allow me to add, at such times the ground never got too hard for us to burrow into, and we didn't have time to lean back against the root of some stately pine and sweetly dream the happy hours away.

On the evening previous to the Kenesaw fight a battery of some eight or ten pieces of light artillery came up, halting near our command—a North Carolina battery, whose previous service was in coast duty and had never been mixed up in any of our inland scrimmages. We soon learned this battery was for "we uns." It was surely a slick looking outfit. Men, guns, uniform, harness and horses, all looked *fresh from the mold*. On account of this newness, and not having any coast work near at hand, we would have preferred Sweat's battery or some other of those familiars that we could chin out of a chew of tobacco or—well, those fellows were not ashamed to mix with us on the front. You see, we were just a trifle *juberous* of new cannon, new uniforms, new horses, and so forth, but as the preferred ones had business elsewhere, we resolved to take what the Lord, and General Cleburne, gave us and do our level best.

I should mention that our line was on the brow of a slight eminence, and the Yankee line also on a slight rise, there being a depression and gully between the two lines, our line and the Federal being in clear view of each other and but

about one hundred yards apart. We were assured there would be a red-hot mix up, and not knowing as to how this fresh battery would "cut the mustard" in one of our inland song and dance *mêlées*, we were just a trifle apprehensive of results in a hand-to-hand "*rucus*," where one did not take time to exchange the compliments of the season and make felicitous inquiries as to how they left the folks at home. However, at nightfall we were ordered to help the battery men to dig embrasures and put their guns in position, which assuredly we did not hesitate in doing and doing quickly.

In placing this battery in position, we decided that in all probability these men knew their business.

Meantime, the battery men looked down our line, whose men, like hen's teeth, were few and far between, and appeared somewhat doubtful of our being able to support them in the fight so imminent.

In fact, our line did look rather lonesome, but we had thought of all this. We had cut down and placed in our front hundreds of black jack saplings as abatis, cutting off the tips of the limbs with our jackknives and whittling them so sharp and close it would have been an uphill business for a rabbit to creep through. At any rate, enough to cause the Yanks to *bide a wee*.

I should also mention that in the valley or depression between the lines was a grove of pine and black jack, the ground being thickly strewn with leaves and pine cones, which were like tinder.

About 10 a.m. we could see quite a commotion across on the Yankee side, line after line apparently marching and countermarching. They seemed to be assembling mainly from their rear, massing just behind their breastworks. This meant for us *every man to his place and fix for business*. Line after line of Yanks mounted their works, and simultaneously their ordnance opened on us. Cannon—big, little, old, and young—made such a din that their muskets sounded like squibs.

If any command was ever given for us to commence firing, I never heard it, but I distinctly call to mind *we commenced firing* and our North Carolina battery—gracious Peter! I could have hugged every man in that battery. It sounded as though we had a hundred cannon instead of eight or ten, and such regularity one would think they were on parade drill—scattering canister, grape, shrapnel, and short-fire bombs, and, like our infantry, shot for execution.

Well, the Yanks got as far as the gully in the ravine, which seemed at that time the healthiest place. One would imagine Vesuvius had moved over to the Confederate States of America and opened up business on Kenesaw.

As mentioned, our cannon were placed for execution. Their redoubts so low, the cannon's mouth nearly on the ground, and at every discharge a blaze of fire sprang out among the dry leaves, which were soon ablaze and eating their way toward the gully, which was full of a mass of human beings, squirming around and still piling on each other. Ah, but little can a peaceful citizen imagine the horror of war. Just one glimpse of that seething mass of weltering human beings, the flying, burning sticks with every discharge, flames leaping from limb to limb, the everlasting roar of cannon and small arms, not counting our usual Rebel yell.

At this stage our colonel, Will H. Martin, sang out, "Boys, this is butchery," and mounting our head logs, with a white handkerchief, he sang out to the Yanks as well as to our own men: "Cease firing and help get out those men." It is needless to add that the Feds never once refused to comply with this request. Our men, scaling the head logs as though for a counter charge, were soon mixed with Yankees, carrying out

dead and wounded Feds with those who, a few minutes previous, were trying to 'down our shanties.'" Together, the Rebs and Yanks soon had the fire beat out and the dead and wounded removed to the Federal side of the fence.

Now I will say this: The Yankees who were really engaged in this little matter were fully appreciative of our action, and I can't begin to mention the nice things they said to us. A Federal officer presented to Colonel Martin a brace of fine pearl-handled pistols, making quite a feeling little speech, not lengthy but to the point.

But still, after the war was over, and at a time when the bloody shirt was flaunted far and near, at every crossroad public speaking, barbecue, and Sunday school picnic, *never once was this little episode* of the battle of Kenesaw Mountain mentioned, or any mitigating circumstances that it might be possible for any Confederate to be imbued with human feeling.

How nice it would have been for some Federal soldier, who participated in the grand charge at Kenesaw Mountain, to have mentioned the foregoing facts, not wait for half a century when nearly every one familiar with the episode is dead and gone.

GEN. E. M. LAW AT GETTYSBURG.

[The following tribute appeared in the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* soon after the death of General Law.]

Maj. Gen. Evander McIver Law will always be remembered as a South Carolinian, one of the most gallant of the many gallant officers contributed by South Carolina to the Confederate army. He was born in Darlington, educated at the Citadel, from which he graduated in 1856, and was one of the first teachers at the King's Mountain Military School at Yorkville when Colonel Coward and Gen. Micah Jenkins established that famous institution. In 1860 he left Yorkville to start a military school of his own at Tuskegee, Ala., but a few months later, in January, 1861, he headed a company of Alabama volunteers and took part in the capture of Pensacola and the fort at that place shortly thereafter being made lieutenant colonel of the 4th Alabama regiment. His service thenceforward in the armies of the Confederacy was continuous, and he fought in most of the great battles of Virginia and distinguished himself again and again at the First and Second battles of Manassas, at Gaines's Mill, and Malvern Hill, at Boonesboro and Antietam, at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, at Chickamauga, and in all the hard campaigns from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor.

In the dispatches which told of General Law's death mention was made of the fact that at the battle of Gettysburg, where he commanded Hood's division after General Hood was wounded, "he was signally successful, having been brevetted on the field at Gettysburg by General Longstreet for maneuvering his division on the Round Top in such a manner as to effect the disastrous repulse of Kilpatrick's division of mounted Federal troops." In the *Century Magazine* for December, 1886, General Law himself told the story of how Hood's division, which occupied the Confederate right at Gettysburg, held the front line throughout July 3, 1863, that long day which followed the disastrous but immortal charge of Pickett. The most spectacular event of that day was the repulse of Kilpatrick's division when General Farnsworth, emerging suddenly from the woods at the base of the Round Tops, led the charge upon the Confederates in which he and all but a handful of his men met their deaths.

When the charge began General Law was talking with the officers of Bachman's Battery, a Charleston organization, commanded by Capt. James Simons and Gen. Rudolph

Siegling. He hurried off one of the members of his staff with orders to detach the first regiment he should come to on the main line, and send it on a run to head off the advancing cavalry. This happened to be the 4th Alabama regiment, and as Farnsworth and his men came galloping up the valley the Confederates ran out in the open ground on the farther side, opening fire as they ran, the course of the cavalry being abruptly checked and saddles rapidly emptied.

"Recoiling from this fire," General Law wrote, "they turned to their left and rear and directed their course up the hill toward the position occupied by our batteries. Bachman's Battery promptly changed front to its left, so as to face the approaching cavalry, and, together with the infantry supports, opened a withering fire at close range. Turning again to their left, Farnsworth and the few of his men who remained in their saddles directed their course toward the point where they had originally broken in, having described by this time almost a complete circle. But the gap where they had entered was now closed, and, receiving another fire from that point, they again turned to the left and took refuge in the woods near the base of Round Top. There they came in conflict with the skirmish line of the 15th Alabama regiment, and General Farnsworth, refusing to surrender, killed himself with his pistol. In the charge on Bachman's battery some of Farnsworth's men were shot within thirty-five or forty yards of the battery's guns."

General Law in his prime was one of the handsomest of men, as straight as an arrow, with jet black beard, and of dashing appearance. The grace of his manner was flawless. He had not lived in South Carolina since the early 90's, when, for a time, he edited the *Yorkville Yeoman*. He was held in the highest esteem by his surviving comrades throughout South Carolina and only a few weeks ago, at a meeting of Camp Sumter in this city, warm tributes were paid him by Colonel Armstrong and others, and he was elected to honorary membership in the Camp.

BY RIGHT OF HERITAGE.

SOUTHERN BORN DIVISION COMMANDERS IN THE WORLD WAR. WHO THEY WERE AND WHAT THEY DID.

U. D. C PRIZE ESSAY BY MRS. J. M. KELLY, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

This title to a modern article was selected because the one point that impressed me most in sorting out the facts necessary to a chronicle of this kind was the date of birth of these soldiers of our Southland, now veterans of a World War, no longer merely Southerners, but great Americans all.

The figures '60, '61, '63, '65, on up to the seventies, with a very few in the fifties, were before my eyes; and I pictured the babies born just before or during the struggle between the States growing into boys who listened to the battles of history being fought over by men, strong, valiant, and unconquered in their pride—men who fought for a cause they thought right and returned home to live over again for the children "the glory that was theirs."

Held ever before them as models and examples were that gentleman, scholar, and soldier, Robert E. Lee, whose greatest monument to-day is that empty niche in the Hall of Fame; the wonderful strategist and leader, Jackson; the brilliant young Stuart; the romantic Mosby, and on through the list that never grows old to the Southern born. Was it any wonder, then, that boys who grew to young manhood in that twenty years after the war claimed their heritage?

No disloyalty to the Southern cause theirs when they decided to follow the flag of a united country. They have

brought added honor to the flag of their fathers, for the meager history of these men that I have been able to piece together is one of which Southerners and united Americans can well be proud.

Justly we are proud of the men who commanded our armies in 1861 to 1865, and justly are we proud of the men who helped to command our armies in 1917 to 1918, those armies whose marching feet obliterated forever the Mason and Dixon Line.

The South furnished to the World War the commander in chief of our army and navy, Woodrow Wilson; at least, a half interest in the general in active command of the whole army, John J. Pershing; and the greatest soldier of the war, Alvin York, of the Tennessee mountains, one of the seventy-eight Medal of Honor men of the World War. He but carried on his heritage of bravery.

Just for a minute go back to those tense days in April, 1917, oncoming, victorious Germans with only war-weary Allied veterans and untried Americans to stop them. It is such a few short years. Have we forgotten? Foch called upon Pershing for the First Division to go into action on the ridge north of Montdidier, to cover the Paris-Calais Railroad.

Here was a post of honor, a position that must be held at all costs. Do you remember who commanded that Division? *Robert Lee Bullard*, who was born in Alabama in 1861, a child of the Civil War. He was told to hold, but four weeks later left the trenches to take Cantigny, a swift and splendid achievement. Here was America's real baptism of fire and the first milestone of Pershing's army. (Frank Simonds's History.)

Lieutenant General Bullard commanded in turn the first division to take its place in the front line in France, the Third Army Corps, and the second Army. He took part in the operations in the reduction of the Marne salient, the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and was in command of the Second Army when the German resistance west of the Meuse was shattered. He received the Distinguished Service Medal for his services as commander of the Second Army.

Frank Simonds says, in his account of the Meuse-Argonne achievement, that four of General Pershing's subordinates deserve mention in any study, however summary. Of these four two are Southern born. One is Lieutenant General Bullard, already mentioned; the other, *Maj. Gen. Charles P. Summerall*, of Florida.

In the World War Summerall commanded in turn a brigade of the First Division in the operations near Montdidier, the First Division during the Soissons and St. Mihiel offensives, and in the early battles of the Meuse-Argonne advance, and the Fifth Army Corps in the later battles of this advance.

"In all of these his calm courage, clear judgment, and soldierly character had a marked influence in the attainment of the success of his commands." (Citation for D. S. M.)

A Southern born man is now commander in chief of the army of occupation. It is a long step for the little Kentucky boy who grew up in those dark days of Southern history to commander in chief of the American army on the Rhine. Children of a future generation will read with pride of that army in a foreign land, of their high moral standard, their standard of excellence in every particular, and back of that standard is the man, *Henry T. Allen*. As commander of the 19th Division, he had the important position of conducting the right flank at the St. Mihiel salient; later he repeated his success in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Received the D. S. M. for these services and for his skill and judgment in command of the 8th Army Corps.

According to Gen. Pershing, the selection of the body of the "Unknown Soldier" to be brought over and interred in

Arlington will be in his hands. The body of the unknown soldier goes to the home of Lee to be buried, the greatest honor that can be paid one who laid down his life for his country. We of the South say "Aye," for national cemetery though it is, Arlington was, is, and always will be the "home of Lee."

Everyone knows the wonderful strides made in chemical warfare during the World War, but few of us remember the name of the man who commanded the Chemical Warfare Service during that time. It was *Maj. Gen. William L. Sibert*, from Alabama, whose father fought in the battles of Manassas, the Wilderness, and Petersburg. The D. S. M. was awarded him for his services in the organization of the Chemical Warfare Service, contributory to the successful prosecution of the war.

Maj. Gen. George Bell, Jr.'s division fought with the British in the offensive operations that resulted in the capture of Hamel and Hamel Woods and in the fighting on the Meuse that gained the villages of Marceville, St. Hilaire, and a portion of Bois d'Harville. He displayed a high order of leadership in the Meuse-Argonne offensive when his division attacked and captured the strongly fortified Bois de Forges. *Maj. Gen. Bell* was born in Maryland and was awarded the D. S. M. for his services as division commander.

Florida has given the South another general of especial distinction, *Maj. Gen. Francis J. Kernan*. His was the important duty of organizing the Service of Supply of the A. E. F. in France. As a member of the War Prisoner's Commission to Berne, Switzerland, and of the American section of the Supreme War Council, he rendered conspicuous services to the government, and for such received the D. S. M.

Maj. Gen. David C. Shank, of the Old Dominion, son of a first lieutenant in the Salem Flying Artillery, afterwards called Hupp's Battery, was born at Salem, Va., of Confederate ancestry on both sides. In addition to his services as commander of a division he was detailed as commander of the great port of embarkation at Hoboken, where he served during the war. He received the D. S. M. for his administration of that port in connection with the shipment of troops overseas. His was indeed a post of responsibility when one recalls the secrecy maintained and the great strain consequent upon shipping safely so many thousands of men through those submarine infested waters.

Maj. Gen. John L. Hines, of West Virginia, commanded a brigade of the 1st Division in the operations near Montdidier and Soissons, and the 4th Division in the Argonne-Meuse offensives.

In addition to the D. S. M., Major General Hines received the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action near Berzy-le-Sec, France. At a critical time during the battle southwest of Soissons, when liaison had been broken between the 16th and 26th Infantry, he went through terrific artillery fire to the front lines of the 16th, located its left flank, then succeeded in finding the forward elements of the 26th and directed the linking up of the two regiments, thus enabling the operations to be pushed forward successfully.

Maj. Gen. Robert L. Howze, of Texas, commanded the 33rd Division from its organization throughout the war. How many of us read with the thrill of victory still in our hearts of those divisions of the American army that marched so quietly into the enemy's country to take up their "Watch on the Rhine." Major General Howze commanded one of them. Beside the D. S. M., Gen. Howze, whose middle name is *Lee*, due to a distant kinship to and family admiration that was almost worship of Gen. Lee, wears that most coveted of all American decorations, the Medal of Honor.

In 1891 his small troop of fifty-two men was attacked by eight hundred Sioux Indians, who had broken through the troops that were holding them in their Agency. Armed only with rifles, they fought the Indians all day, even till dark, and succeeded in driving them back to the Agency. For personal bravery in this fight Congress awarded him the Medal of Honor.

Virginia and West Virginia together give us another major general, *Mason M. Patrick*, of Lewisburg. It was Virginia when he was born there, but it is now West Virginia. He belonged to the engineering branch of the service, and during the war was Director of Construction and Forestry, and later Chief of the Air Service of the A. E. F. Received the D. S. M. for his able administration of these departments. An Associated Press notice of a late date tells us that he has been appointed Chief of the Air Service to succeed General Menoher. The Secretary of War laid stress on the fact that he is an officer of mature years and seasoned by experience at home and abroad in positions requiring executive ability.

From the South to Siberia reads like a book of adventure, and such it is, for between those words lies the hardships and adventure of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, commanded by *Maj. Gen. William S. Graves*, of Texas. He was also executive assistant to the chief of staff and received the D. S. M. for his services.

Maj. Gen. Robert Alexander, of Maryland, was commander of the 77th Division. During the advance in the Argonne Forest, Major General Alexander, when his men were worn out by a long period of front line service, visited the units in the front line, encouraging them to greater efforts. He continued in spite of the severe fire to which he was subjected until he had inspected each group. His personal disregard of danger resulted in the crossing of the Aire and the capture of Grand Pre and St. Juvin. (Citation for D. S. C.)

Maj. Gen. Hugh L. Scott, of Kentucky, as chief of staff in 1917 persistently advocated the adoption of the selective service law. He was commanding general at Camp Dix, N. J., and received the D. S. M. for the organizing and training of the divisions under his care. He is now retired from active service.

Maj. Gen. Guy Carleton, of Texas, also received the D. S. M. for organizing and training corps and army troops during the war. He was commander at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina.

Maj. Gen. Beaumont B. Buck, of Mississippi, when commanding the 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Division, at the attack of Berzy-le-Sec, France, traversed the front line of his advancing forces, directing his organization, and led the first wave of the attack that finally captured the town. He accomplished this under heavy machine gun fire when most of the officers of his brigade had fallen, for which he received the Distinguished Service Cross.

Maj. Gen. Walter H. Gordon, of Florida, first commanded the 184th Brigade, and was promoted to Major General in 1918, when he took command of the 28th Division. His citation for the D. S. M. says that he contributed greatly to the success attained by that division during the time he was in command.

The men who went across with the first contingent of American troops thought they were in luck. One of these was *Maj. Gen. George B. Duncan*, of Kentucky, who commanded in turn a regiment, brigade and division. As commander of the 77th Division in the Baccarat sector, his military judgment and energy were important factors in the successes gained. Later he commanded the 82nd Division in the

Meuse-Argonne offensive. He received the D. S. M. for these services.

Maj. Gen. James McRae, of Georgia, according to the citation for the D. S. M., showed a high quality of leadership. He commanded the 78th Division in the Meuse-Argonne offensive and took part in the operations that forced the enemy to abandon Grand Pre.

Kentucky certainly is a fighting State, for while a Virginian hates to admit it, she holds the honors in this article. Another of her sons, *Maj. Gen. Frank L. Winn*, commanded the 177th Infantry Brigade and later the 89th Division. He received the D. S. M. for his tactical skill and ability as a leader. In the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives he accompanied the assaulting battalions and placed them on their objectives.

The spirit of the Louisiana Tigers still lives in *Maj. Gen. John A. LeJeune*, of that State, for when he commanded the 2nd Division in the operations of Thieucourt, Masif Blanc Mont, St. Mihiel, and on the west bank of the Meuse, in the Meuse Argonne offensive, his division was directed with such military judgment and ability that it broke and held enemy lines hitherto considered impregnable. Received the D. S. M.

Maj. Gen. Henry Jervey, Virginia, rendered conspicuous service as Director of Operations, General Staff, and as Assistant to the Chief of Staff in preparing and executing the plans for the mobilization of personnel during the war. Received the D. S. M.

The following major generals are credited to divisions by the War Department, but I have been unable to find anything more personal about their services:

Maj. Gen. Eben Swift, of Texas, National Army, now retired.

Maj. Gen. Edward H. Plummer, Maryland, retired after forty years' service.

Maj. Gen. LeRoy S. Lyons, Virginia.

Maj. Gen. William R. Smith, Tennessee, awarded D. S. M.

Maj. Gen. Edwin F. Glenn North Carolina, retired after forty years service.

Besides these the South furnished *Major Generals Peter C. Harris*, of Georgia, and *Henry P. McCain*, of Mississippi. Both of these men received the Distinguished Service Medal for their work of practical benefit to the government in the adjutant's department.

Maj. Gen. Clarence C. Williams, Georgia, was Chief of Ordnance; received the D. S. M.

Maj. Gen. Frank McIntyre, Alabama, was Chief of Bureau of Insular Affairs, received D. S. M.

The War Department furnishes the following list of brigadier generals, credited to Southern States, who commanded divisions during the World War. Where I have failed to give an account of their services shows no lack on their part as commanders, only my inability to find their records:

Brig. Gen. James B. Erwin, born in Georgia in 1852, is the oldest of the Southern commanders in the World War on my list. He is now retired after forty-five years of service. He commanded the 92nd Division, *Brig. Gen. Frank Parker*, South Carolina, commanded the 1st Division, in the autumn of 1918, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Received D. S. M.

Brig. Gen. Preston Brown, Kentucky, was chief of staff of 2nd Division and directed the details of the battles near Chateau-Thierry, Soissons and the St. Mihiel salient. Later he commanded the 3rd Division in the Meuse-Argonne offensive at a critical time, and was able to carry to a successful conclusion the operations at Clair Chenes and Hill 294. Received D. S. M.

Brig. Gen. Frank B. Watson, Virginia, made brigadier general August, 1918.

Brig. Gen. Benjamin T. Simmons, North Carolina, made brigadier general October, 1918.

Brig. Gen. William S. Scott, Texas, was retired by operation of law in 1920.

Brig. Gen. Nathaniel F. McClure, Kentucky, was brigadier general in National Army.

Brig. Gen. Ira A. Haynes, Kentucky, served in artillery; brigadier general National Army.

Brig. Gen. Benjamin A. Poore, Alabama, commanded the 7th Infantry Brigade in the numerous engagements of the Meuse-Argonne campaign. His brigade drove the enemy from Ruisseau des Forges and the Bois du Fays. The troops under his command captured many prisoners and much material. Received D. S. M.

Brig. Gen. Samson L. Faison, North Carolina, commanded the 60th Infantry Brigade during the breaking of the enemy's Hindenburg Line at Bellecourt, France; D. S. M.

Brig. Gen. John S. Mallory, Virginia, now retired.

Brig. Gen. Matthew C. Smith, Alabama, made brigadier general October, 1918, U. S. army.

Brig. Gen. Roger D. Williams, Kentucky.

Brig. Gen. Robert E. L. Michie, Virginia.

Brig. Gen. Roy Hoff, Oklahoma.

Such is the list as I have been able to compile it, not complete, but as accurate as a verification, name by name, in the Army Register of 1920 can make it. All of the names given here can be found in the Register with the rank except the last three, and I have a list from the War Department as authority for them.

Worthy followers of the great commanders of the War between the States, they have proven themselves in every branch of the service men of ability and bravery. The South can well echo Marshal Foch's words in "America's Contribution to Victory": "I salute my American comrades in arms—generals, officers, and soldiers—all equally glorious, thanks to whom a decisive victory has been won for freedom."

[I owe thanks to *Maj. Sidney Moore*, of Wytheville, and *Col. R. Kent Spiller*, of Roanoke, for their help in this work; also the *Army and Navy Journal* and many friends who so kindly and promptly answered my letters asking for information.

My authorities are Frank Simonds's History, the Army Register for 1920, and "Heroes, All" by Harry R. Stringer. "Heroes All" gives the list of men who received the D. S. M. and the D. S. C. In many instances I have given the citations just as they are worded there.]

PASSING ON.

Captain John H. Burch, commanding the Camp at Roxboro N. C., writes that Camp Jones No. 1206 U. C. V. was organized in 1885 with about three hundred members, of whom there are now about fifty left. He also says: "I left Roxboro, in Persons County, N. C., on June 6, 1861, with one hundred and three men, all dead now except three. The first year of the war we served as volunteers under General Floyd, of West Virginia; in 1862 we belonged to Company H, 24th North Carolina Regiment, of General Matt W. Ransom's brigade. We were in all the leading battles of Virginia and Maryland. My father had eight sons in the Confederate Army at the same time, all being wounded, and one was killed at Chickamauga. All are dead now but myself. Person County furnished about a thousand men for the great cause of the sixties. of whom only about seventy-five are left."

INCIDENTS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRETN, LA.

John Cox related some interesting experiences in "With the Hampton Legion in the Peninsular Campaign," and as I also served in that campaign and previous thereto was under Colonel Magruder prior to Johnston's advent upon the scene, I am in a position to confirm about all that he has written about it, with the exception of the part taken by his command, even in fuller detail than he could possibly give, since I was in the Yorktown works from about June 20, 1861, until 1:30 o'clock Sunday morning, May 4, 1862; and I was a member of the last squad to leave the works. This was Lieut. William Schirmer's gun crew in Fort Magruder, a three-gun battery (one eight-inch Columbiad manned by a section of Peyton's battalion, Virginia Heavy Artillery, one eight-inch Howitzer, and one forty-two pounder sea coast gun) manned by a section of 1st Company DeGournay's battalion, Heavy Artillery, of which section I was one (No. 3), and, as before stated, we were the very last to leave Yorktown and fired the last shot from our forty-two at 1:30 A.M.

Comrade Cox says: "Soon after our arrival a severe fight took place at a dam across one of these streams about two miles below Yorktown." That was at Dam No. 1 across the Warwick River, and occurred late in the afternoon of April 16 or 17. How well I remember it! From Yorktown we could see the smoke rise above the trees and could hear the cheers of the Union troops as they assaulted and the answering "Rebel yells" mingled with rattling of musketry and rifles and the booming of artillery and the bursting of shells. To us it was a din infernal while it lasted. An hour at most, and before the sun set, the din ceased with a long yell of triumph from Rebel throats. Only desultory firing until night put an end to the carnage, for carnage it was, from all accounts we had of the decimation of the Vermont brigade making an ill-advised attack.

But I think Comrade Cox is mistaken when he states that "at one point they broke our line." Like himself, I went down there the next day to see what I could, and I chatted with the men behind the works in the ditch, and none of those I conversed with spoke of or even intimated that the Federals had crossed the river at any point. Below the dam at that point the river was very narrow, but a deep gash, with perpendicular banks and only a few yards wide. In fact, it was unfordable above Dam No. 2. I was told by those men that some of the attackers had attempted to ford below the dam and had not been seen again. While those coming behind, realizing the attempt to ford the river below the dam was futile, stood up on the farther bank and "fought like men." But the Confederates' fire was more than they could stand, with no prospects of being able to advance farther. And those who attempted to cross on the crown of the dam never had a chance of reaching the hither bank. No doubt it was the bodies of those Comrade Cox saw in the water and lying on the dam, as I saw them.

In front of the dam and back of the field several hundred yards distant, the Federals had thrown up a strong covered battery of eight or ten guns, semicircular, along and across the road to Big Bethel and Fortress Monroe; and in the field rifle pits, and these were well manned by sharpshooters, as I found reason to know. And the man who showed even his head for an instant above our works was sure to attract a bullet, or perhaps two or three, and sometimes with fatal results. One of the boys in the ditch, in order to prove to

me that they had not been regaling me with a fairy tale of the abilities of those fellows as marksmen, put his hat on a short stick (didn't want to risk his ramrod) and pushed the hat up slowly in imitation of one who wanted to steal a sly glance. Barely had it appeared above the parapet before a bullet tore through it. I was convinced they could shoot straight. They were well named "Berdan's Sharpshooters," a semi-independent corps, went when and where they pleased, usually toward the front, however. I had occasion to view their activities later before Yorktown, but, as Kipling said, "That is another story," and quite interesting too, with a strong element of hazard.

Comrade Cox is mistaken also when he says: "And so in the latter days of April the whole of our heavy artillery on our outer line opened a slow but unceasing fire on the Federal lines." His memory must surely have played him a trick about that. We did not receive the order to open up a "slow, steady fire" until near sunset of the evening before the evacuation; and then the whole line, from Peyton's nine-inch Dahlgrens on the river bluff to Magruder, opened up a slow, continuous fire, ours being the last heavy gun on the line. And, as before stated, we fired the last shot after midnight. Before that hour we in our battery realized that we were to move out before day, whatever the rest of the army may have thought. Whether we did any damage or not we never knew, but it was a grand sight to see the shells, flaming fuses, flying through the clear, starlit night and the flashings of bursting shells in the direction of the enemy's lines. Whether any one else knew it or not, we knew we were throwing away ammunition.

Gradually, toward midnight, the firing slackened, and then finally ceased, and we marched out and took our way to and through Yorktown, under the guidance of a lieutenant of General Rains's staff, to enable us to avoid the torpedoes which General Rains had caused to be planted in the road inside the works in Yorktown. After leading us to the upper part of the town, the lieutenant, telling us we were out of any danger from torpedoes, disappeared.

There has been in the past more or less controversy about those torpedoes. Rains has been accused, and bitterly, of having caused the planting of them, and it has been as strenuously denied. All I know, or did know, is the fact that the officer sent to conduct us past them caused us to follow him in single file by the *side* of the road, and told us that Rains had caused torpedoes of his "own invention" to be planted in the road. I did not at the time, nor have I since, approved of his action in so doing; and one of the squad vented his opinion on the matter in very plain terms as we emerged from the danger zone: "This is barbarism."

Again is Comrade Cox in error when he says: "By some blunder of some one at the magazine the explosion began at an early hour in the night and before all the army had got past." This certainly cannot apply to Yorktown, nor our magazine. As before said, our bombardment was kept up in a dwindling measure until after midnight, and it was no doubt the sound of our heavy guns. I recall that between ten and eleven o'clock, and probably after eleven to twelve o'clock, there was a concerted belching of heavy guns for probably twenty minutes. The earth trembled with the violence, and then it gradually died away after twelve o'clock. This must have been the uproar alluded to and mistaken for magazine explosions. Neither have I ever heard such a racket. It was, as Byron put it, "A din infernal" ("hell broke loose").

After we had fired the last shot, Lieutenant Schirmer con-

sulted his watch and announced: "One-thirty!" And all was as quiet along the line as the grave itself. That the premature explosion was the "work of a spy," as mentioned by Comrade Cox, has grounds for plausibility. There had been no explosion, save those of the firing of our big guns, till after midnight, when my battalion began to file out of the works after the last furious bombardment and doing all the damage to the guns they possibly could in various ways; and when they did leave they left one man behind—a deserter, our ordnance sergeant, James Grover, of malodorous memory. He was a New Yorker who happened to be in New Orleans when the war broke out and enlisted in our company and was looked upon as a loyal soldier. He was a man of education, quiet in his ways, and enjoyed the confidence of all. He it was, undoubtedly, who informed the Federals that we were evacuating, and thus started McClellan at so early an hour on Johnston's heels, overtaking his rear guard at Williamsburg. Not a premature explosion, but knowledge imparted by a vile deserter from my command.

From information obtained years afterwards, and from what I consider a reliable source (Federal), our central magazine was never exploded. It was located in the rear of our main batteries in a ravine that leads down from the lower end of the town to what is known as "Cornwallis's Cave," in front of which my battalion had a battery of thirty-twos, at the end of which stood our company's winter quarters. It was built of brick and considered thoroughly bombproof. About a mile from Yorktown we found a troop of cavalry drawn up beside the road, and when asked, "What command is this?" they promptly answered: "The Jeff Davis Legion." Probably the same mentioned as the "Davis Guards" by Comrade Cox, page 442. It was about this time, when light was appearing in the east, that we heard explosions at short intervals in Yorktown and were convinced they were the torpedoes planted in the road, according to our guide. But from some cause they soon ceased. We thought, of course, the Federals caused the explosions in their early pursuit of the Confederates; and we damned Grover most heartily for having given the information which led to so early a pursuit, when we were congratulating ourselves that "Little Mac" would not discover our departure until after sunrise. But we did not hurry our steps because of that; we felt assured that they would not overtake us with the advance we had and the bad roads. Besides, we had the "Jeff Davis Legion" behind us, and we had our trusty steel-pointed pikes to repel them with.

A word about those pikes may not be out of place here. When the Zouave battalion was organized, we were sent to Pensacola and were armed with the converted Springfield muskets and drilled with them, Zouave drill and tactics, which differed somewhat from the "Upton" and "Hardee Tactics and Manual." The latter had been adopted by the Confederate government and was more strenuous than either and more complicated maneuverings. When my Company (De Gournay's) was detached at Yorktown and merged into the heavy artillery, we still retained our muskets. But there was a shortage of small arms in the Confederacy with which to arm the new regiments being formed, and in their place were issued pikes to the heavy artillerymen designed to "repel boarders," as a couple of old tars in our company expressed it, and in which theory we as a whole put little faith. But we were most thoroughly drilled in their use as "Lancers afoot," of foot lancers. Fortunately, or otherwise, we were never called upon to use them, either offensively or defensively, though they would have proved quite an effective barrier in

a narrow road against a cavalry charge. The pikes were eight feet long and stout, with most villainous two by twelve inch long double-edged knife blades fixed to the business end. General Rains was the genius who evolved the idea, unless I err.

At any rate, we continued our route across country, and about 4 P.M. passed through Williamsburg, marching heads up and pikes at a right "carry arms," and were reviewed by "Grand Old Jo," who stood on the stoop of the main or principal hostelry of the town and watched us with an approving smile, wondering, no doubt, if we had not leaped full armed from the shades of the Middle Ages, and sought to find in our ranks some as yet unidentified "Winkelried" among us. If so, he was very disappointed. We did not have a single "Arnold" among us. Marching to the lower end of the town and beyond a few hundred yards, we went into bivouac in an orchard, on the edge of which stood a tolerably large storage house or barn. After rations had been disposed of, no fires allowed, we stretched out on the bare, wet ground to get what sleep we could, having had none the night previous. Most of the boys were soon deep in slumber, but I, more sensitive, from my previous experience on turbulent waters, to sudden meteorological and atmospheric changes, proposed to my "bunkie," Ed Kelly, that we try to get into the barn, as I felt sure we would have rain in the night and it would prove mighty unpleasant with the ground already soaked. He was only too glad of the prospects of a dry floor with a roof over it. Gathering up our blankets and with our spears in our hands, we sneaked over to the barn some fifty yards away. We had no camp guards out, at least, not on our side of the camp, and reached the barn unchallenged, where we found the main door unlocked. Feeling around we found the barn half full of corn in the husk, on which we stretched out our tired out bodies and were soon dead to the world. That we were tired out one may judge from the fact that we had been cooped up inside the works of Yorktown for eleven months without any marching exercises, only the necessary drilling with our heavy guns, and for the last month or two not even that; and as our rations were ample, plus what extras we procured from the outside, we had grown fat and lazy—speaking for myself—utterly unprepared for a sudden call to march some fifteen miles over the muddest of roads encumbered with our camp paraphernalia, so we were completely worn out by the time we marched past "Old Jo," and he never sensed the weariness of us as we trudged past him through the sticky mud—some five hundred men and officers in the battalion ready to drop in their tracks at the command to halt.

Kelly and I were awakened from our heavy slumber early in the morning by the booming of guns. Springing to our feet, we rushed to the door and looked out on the cheerless prospect. The rain was coming down in torrents. How long it had been falling we could not guess even, but it must have begun early in the night, as the whole plain appeared to be under water. We found that the battalion had left at day-break and was well on its way to Richmond. Then we waited for some little time, hoping the rain would cease after the sun had had time to warm up to his day's work. Finally, the rain slackened, but a thick mist rose from the ground, almost rivaling a Mississippi River fog in density, while the battle in front at the forts (now in our rear) continued with violence. I proposed to Kelly that we go out and take a hand, but he promptly vetoed the proposal on the ground that, first, we had no business out there, and, second, we had much better try to catch up with the battalion. Sound logic, for had we

followed my inclination we might have shared the fate of our Lieutenant Schirmer. He, it transpired, feeling unwell, obtained lodgings for the night with a private family, none others being available. Like ourselves, the sound of the guns out front woke him and, being of a venturesome disposition, finding that the battalion had moved on, and knowing it could find the way to Richmond without his aid, he concluded that he might as well go back and help check the enemy's advance. Acting on the impulse, he started for the rear, and just in time to be caught in a retrograde movement of the Confederates when Hancocks' brigade made its famous charge, and was captured. They took him to General Hancock, according to the report from him when, after having been exchanged, he rejoined us in Battery No. 6, Richmond, some ten days later. Exchanges were prompt in those days, if not later. We were glad to have him back with us, and unharmed, and I will always recall the welcome we gave him when he came walking leisurely into the battery and marched up to battalion headquarters to report to Colonel DeGournay, by whom he was held in high esteem, as well as by the officers and men of his own old company.

William Schirmer was a Dane in nationality. As a boy of sixteen years, he had seen service on water and on land during the siege of Sevastopol, in the Crimean War. Later, coming to New Orleans, he joined our company in March, 1861. Six feet tall, straight as an Indian, as fine a specimen of manhood and soldierly bearing as one could wish to see, and with a sunny disposition, which made him a favorite with all. We left New Orleans as privates together. I became corporal, and, after our first sergeant died in 1861 and the second sergeant was discharged for disability, two vacancies were created. I was urged by the captain and comrades to stand examination for the post of second sergeant, but refused in favor of Schirmer, and, besides, signified my intention of returning to the ranks, which I did despite Captain DeGournay's protests. Office did not appeal to me, then nor since. Schirmer was appointed second sergeant, and when the battalion was formed the captain became major (later lieutenant colonel), the first lieutenant was elected captain and as such became one of the "Immortal Six Hundred," and later died on Johnson's Island. Schirmer was unanimously elected first lieutenant. He went with the battalion as such to Fort Hudson and was never surrendered when that important post fell. Making the rounds of sentries, the night before the final surrender, a sharpshooter's bullet in the head put an end to his life, the last Confederate, so far as is known, killed in Fort Hudson. His great fault was his indifference to danger to himself, but he would not allow us to expose ourselves needlessly.

Turning our backs to the firing, Kelly and I started up the road on the sixty-mile tramp to Richmond through mud and water. There had been a lull in the rainfall, but scarcely had we left the town when it began again and in volume appeared desirous of making up for lost time. A mile or so out from the town the water came down in torrents for a while. It was then that we came upon Rodes's brigade, waiting by the roadside in the woods, while Kelly and I plodded along through mud and water almost knee deep in the old sunken road. Under other circumstances we probably would have been subject to some chaffing by the infantry, but they were too miserable themselves to indulge in any verbal gymnastics. Besides, General Rodes himself was not beyond earshot. Standing by the roadside with his arms folded under the cape of his great coat, he was listening to the sounds of battle in our rear. I never have forgotten the picture he made. I

had gotten acquainted with him the year previous when our two commands had made the trip from Pensacola to Richmond on the same train ("side-door Pullmans" to-day), with one passenger car to each train for the officers. He was colonel of the 4th Alabama then and had since moved up one rung of fame's ladder. I had also met him several times in Yorktown before the evacuation and found him always the same genial and courtly gentleman. We stopped and saluted, and I ventured to ask him how long since our battalion had passed. "A good while ago," he answered. "They should be at least four miles ahead of you. But how do you happen to be so far behind your command?" I told him about the barn and of having been awakened by the cannon, as well as of the temptation to get into the fray. At that he smiled his slow, genial smile, and asked: "And what did you expect to do with your pikes?" That was a poser; I had never thought about what a ridiculous figure we would have presented among infantry on the firing line. I told him frankly that I had never thought about that. Saluting again, we trudged on, the water getting deeper until it came almost to our knees. That was the last time I saw General Rodes, though I often heard of him and "Rodes's brigade," which made a reputation that will live as long as the history of the Army of Northern Virginia endures, and it is imperishable.

Emerging from the woods onto higher ground, the going became better, and then the weather cleared, and it blew up quite cold for the season and dried things out nicely, so that when night came we were pretty comfortable, both in mind and body. Trudging on, we passed through the little hamlet of Barhamsville to a point beyond where the West Point road branched off from the road to Richmond. Up to that point we had encountered no troops after passing Rodes's brigade, but we learned by some means, not now recalled, that Hood's brigade had passed up the road ahead of us on the way to meet the Federals at West Point; and by the same means we learned that while the fight was being staged at Williamsburg McClellan had sent a fleet with a division to West Point to "cut Johnston's line of retreat," and that Hood's brigade, under General Whiting, was sent to oppose them. We scented a battle that night or in the morning early, and here again I proposed to Kelly that we take the same road, and we might have a hand in the scrimmage. To this he readily assented, and we started up the road cheered by the prospect of seeing something next morning—a fight if nothing more. We had seen only long range artillery action so far, and though some of it had been too close for comfort, no casualties had resulted to our side. We wanted something else "more personal," such as could only be had or seen in a fight between infantry at more or less easy range and close quarters. You will note we were quite young yet (under twenty years), with more enthusiasm than sense, which latter grew within us as time progressed. Two boys and, for the time being, foot loose, I can only faintly recall having heard a few shots just before sunset, and would not be willing to testify on oath that I heard any. We moved leisurely and cautiously, and at nightfall stopped at a small house on the left side of the road from which the occupants had fled, leaving nothing whatever behind. We proceeded to make ourselves as cozy as possible for a good night's rest. Yes, but we did not know that there were others not so far away that the light from a roaring fire we had built in the wide-mouthed chimney would not attract them. It could have been seen for miles. We had spread our blankets on the floor in front of it and were just on the point of dropping off into the land of dreams when we were aroused by the clatter of horses' hoofs coming

to a sudden halt in front of the house and a hail from some one without: "Hello, there! Who is in that house?" I was at the door in an instant, and there with his horse's head within ten feet of the door sat General Whiting. The light from the window fell full on him, and I knew him instantly. He began by asking how we happened to be there, what command we belonged to, and a lot of rapid-fire questions, to all all of which I answered, telling him why we were so far behind our command and having heard of the impending battle we wanted to get into it. "Well, we don't want you here, nor in the battle. We can do without you. You get back to Barhamsville, and in the morning take the road to Richmond." "Then you want us to change our position?" I innocently asked. "Yes, and damned quick, too," he retorted. "And put out that fire before you go. Hurry, now, and get out of this. If I catch you around here to-morrow morning, I'll have you shot."

We took the threat lightly, but in the meantime threw the half-burned wood out of the back door, scattering it so that it would not ignite, and, picking up our blankets, we went out the front door and started down the road toward Barhamsville. Whiting waited until we were well started and then turned back toward West Point. Dunno' for sure, but I thought I heard a snicker from one of them, as there were at least four or five looking on.

Reaching the forks of the road, we decided to camp for the night, and proceeded to make us a bed on the point where the leaves lay thick under the trees; and there we slept soundly. We were up at sunrise and started up the left-hand road at a leisurely *pas de route*, and when about opposite the point from which we had been routed the previous evening by "superior and overwhelming forces," we began to hear sounds of battle at from two to three miles distant. We stopped and listened, and the more we listened the more excited I became, until at last I blurted out to Kelly: "Say, Ed, let's go over! We can get into the fight in twenty minutes." This time he promptly and decidedly vetoed the proposition with a positive: "No! And what if we run across General Whiting again?" That, of course, was a contingency I did not care to meet, but had I been alone I would have ventured anyhow. We continued up the road and late in the afternoon passed through a village, or some county courthouse, I do not recall which, nor do I recall distinctly whether we arrived at Bottoms Bridge over the Chickahominy that same evening or only the next. Suffice to say that we crossed the bridge and, being in no hurry, we passed the night on a bluff below the road on a soft bed of pine needles and found next day that we had acquired quite a contingent of wood ticks in addition to a battalion of other vermin we brought from Yorktown and of which we had been unable to rid ourselves completely despite frequent boiling of our clothes and a liberal use of mercurial ointment. In those days we named them "graybacks." They have been rechristened "cooties" by our successors in the gentle art of making war. Between them and the ticks, they formed a combination hard to beat and still more difficult to get rid of. The next day we arrived in Richmond and found our battalion in Battery No. 6. on the York River Road.

Our Peninsula Campaign ended with less loss of life than if Little Mac had been aware of the odds in his favor when he sat down in front of Yorktown and inaugurated a month's siege. I have always been of the opinion that he was overrated. Time has not changed that opinion. He could have passed Yorktown before Johnston's army arrived on the scene. But that is another story altogether. I know, and Magruder also knew it.

BACK TO DIXIE, A HARD TRIP.

BY TAM BROOKS, HILLSBORO, TEX.

(Continued from December number.)

Now, being on the outside of the prison, with no recognized commander, the spirit of "escape" came over them all as a rushing, mighty wind, and they ran, every man for himself, to the nearby swamp of Fall Creek and rushed into it breast deep, landing in a dense jungle on the other side. As they approached the water, J. Ricketts, of North Carolina, a small fellow, jumped on the back of Clint Brooks and stated that he couldn't swim and not to leave him, so they made the landing without having to swim.

The next thing was "something else." They were in a swamp of heavy timber, and almost Egyptian darkness prevailed, and they were wet and cold. So they broke up into small groups and began to aimlessly wander about, having no fixed plan of procedure. The group I shall speak of consisted of G. T. Willis, Cy Means, McAlister, Clint and Tam Brooks, who tramped through the swamp all night, supposing they were getting away from the prison. But morning found them still in hearing of the bugle call at the prison. The next best thing to do was to conceal themselves in the brush of a fallen tree top, where they remained all day. The following night ended with about the same results, and when morning came they hid themselves in the trunk of an immense fallen tree, and there spent the day.

During the day, McAlister, from Texas (whose first name is forgotten), who was very thinly clad and ragged as well, became very cold, and the other boys advised him to go back to the prison and surrender, to which he replied: "I am now at liberty and had rather die than to give it up."

As night approached, having eaten nothing for three days, the boys thought it best to separate into still smaller groups, so G. T. Willis and Cy Means went to themselves, and the Brooks boys to themselves, leaving their gallant comrade, McAlister, alone in the trunk of that old tree, where his bones may have been found later on or may still rest awaiting the resurrection. The Brooks boys then decided to travel wild geoselike, with the wind to their backs, and go south or south-east.

Thus we came to an old fashioned farm house, occupied by a kind old man and his wife and daughter, who were engaged in slicing pumpkins to dry. When we asked for something to eat, the good old woman (Lord bless her soul) loaded the table with all sorts of eats from the corner cupboard. While we were engaged in filling up, the old man asked which way we were traveling, to which we replied that we had been to the city with a drove of hogs, which seemed to satisfy him. Supper being ended, we went out on the gallery, thence across the road into a thicket of woods and proceeded on our way.

The second night after leaving the "dried pumpkin house," and being five days out of prison, we began to realize that it was again about "hash time." Crossing a road near a farm house, and seeing the front door open, we walked in where there were standing before the fire a man and two boys about twelve and fourteen years of age, and asked for a lunch. To this the man replied, "How is it that so many men of your appearance are traveling at night and all seem to be starved? How about it?" To which we replied, "We know nothing about that. Can we get a lunch?" He said, "Yes," pointing to an open door of the dining room, where we found the fossil remains of what seemed to have been a bountiful supply of good eats. While we were devouring the scraps, the man and boys held a whispered council, and the boys ran off up the road. We completed the lunch, and the man in the front

room invited us to seats, but we declined with thanks and crossed the road into a timbered range of hills. On reaching the summit we heard the running of horses and excited exclamations of men, which were followed immediately by the yelping of dogs running at full cry, with the horsemen urging them on. Instead of coming toward us, however they went down the road at full speed.

Very soon we heard the dogs bay at the object of their pursuit. Then followed several gunshots fired in quick succession, also loud, boisterous exultation, which was not distinguishable in words. Then it was revealed to us that the dogs had followed the trail of some of our comrades, who had preceded us at the house where we had the lunch. In the meantime, the most horrible of all horrors was going on in our imaginations. We had heard bombshells, seemingly as large as a wash pot, burst over our heads, and the intimate whisperings of Minie balls about our ears, and had become somewhat used to such entertainment in former days, but now, in our defenseless condition, to be torn to pieces by bloodhounds was more than could be endured. This was all imagination on our part, but our comrades down the road had received, perhaps, what we thought was coming to us. Being toned up by such fear and the scraps we had gotten at the house, we roamed on as before through fields and meadows, concealing ourselves in some secluded spot during the day; thus days and dates were forever lost to us.

One night, after leaving our place of concealment, as the weather had grown exceedingly cold, suffering was intense and progress very slow. Coming up to a country schoolhouse, we walked in and lay down on the floor. The cold became unbearable, so Tam Brooks, moved by some hidden force, rose up in the impenetrable darkness, walked directly to a desk in the room, pulled a drawer out, and placed his hand directly on a box of matches. Soon the big stove, which was already prepared, was roaring hot, and the big brother was placed beside it and thawed out. As morning drew nigh, we bade adieu to the little brown schoolhouse and went on the way to another hiding place for the day.

Thus time wore on, until, a crisis arrived which we could endure no longer. One night we crawled out of our place of concealment in a straw stack with our feet so frost bitten, our shoes so worn, and ourselves so physically exhausted that further progress seemed impossible. We saw a dim light in a house across the farm and decided to go to it and be submissive to our fate, whether back to prison or even death. So we walked in unannounced and found the inmates to be two German women, neither of whom could speak English. We seated ourselves and awaited results. The next and most important thing was something to eat, which was bountifully supplied, and then we quietly took our seats with no indication of leaving the premises. Very soon the women took a light and went upstairs and gestured us a big fat feather bed, with a down bed for cover. We turned in with full dress and were soon in the arms of Morpheus, all our troubles and hardships forgotten.

Sometime later in the night we were awakened by a boisterous jabbering of German in the room below by a man and the two women, followed by the footsteps of the man coming up the ladder with his lantern. He spoke fairly good English and began cursing the United States and saying they had tried to draft him into service when he had served his three years in the army before leaving Germany. Thus relieving himself, he bade us good night and left. So we were again at ease.

Before good daylight the old German was out at his barn looking after his stock, so we arose and followed him there and told him of our escape from prison. Then the big hearted

old German locked arms with us and said, "I'm your friend," and marched us to the house and presented us to his wife and mother, and told them we had escaped from Camp Morton at Indianapolis. Then the *matinée* was pulled off. The old woman patted us on the back, rubbed their heads, and madly jabbered Dutch thinking that if she would only speak loud enough we would understand. Soon breakfast was announced, and we sat down to a sure enough, hot, smoking meal, with none to molest or make us afraid. Then our feet were washed (not ceremoniously, but literally) and otherwise doctored. They gave us newsocks and doctored our old shoes. Also, best of all, the old German was a bureau of information to us. We were told that it was only twelve miles to Aurora, a town on the Ohio river, thirty miles below Cincinnati, and that the river was the dead line, and that we were in safety north of the river. Thus equipped and refreshed, we marched as boldly as two sheep down to Aurora, where there was a considerable garrison and a battery planted on the river. We inspected this and then went down to the river, looking for some means to cross. Some miles below town we came to a ferry across a bayou which emptied into the river. Just ahead of us a wagon drove on the ferryboat, and we also stepped on. About midway of the stream the ferryman demanded toll. Having no money or persuasive powers to induce him to set us across, he reversed the boat and set us back.

Back at the place of beginning, we noticed a large skiff tied to a stake, so we went back in the direction of Aurora and hid on the road near by to await darkness, which soon came. Then followed an experience of being saved by water. Loosing the skiff from its moorings, we floated down the bayou to its mouth, thence across the Ohio, landing under a high bluff on the old Kentucky shore. Then our desire for vengeance was kindled, and we shoved the boat as far as possible, threw the oars in after it, during a heavy gale from the north, and it is presumed that it was as far down as Paducah or Memphis by morning. At least, the old ferryman was paid the penalty of not allowing us to cross the bayou in his ferryboat.

"Now being landed safely on the Old Kentucky shore,

The land of the free and the home of the brave,

The morale of the Brooks boys was elevated from that of

A wild boar

To that of the freeborn American soldier."

Notwithstanding we were still far in the enemy's country, we had a fighting chance for our lives. About ten or eleven o'clock the next day we stopped at a farm house and called for dinner as though we had plenty of money. The lady eyed us suspiciously with a smile and said it was too late for "breakfast and too early for dinner, but if we would wait at the barn—emphasis on the barn—she would be glad to give us dinner. So we accepted, and to the barn we went.

Some time later the man came, who also viewed us with a critic's eye and said: "These people here are divided and at daggers drawn and must know the truth? Who are you?" When we told him we were escaped prisoners from Indianapolis, he said: "Boys you have struck it rich." So we were provided for and kept under cover and Southern sympathizers came and ministered to us.

One night, Ad Hughie, of Boon County, Ky., sent a messenger with a good mount for us to come to his house at once. We found him to be a stalwart, big-hearted, blue grass farmer and stockman, and he was in consultation with a Captain Southall, who was a recruiting officer for John H. Morgan's command, so we enlisted with him. After spending a pleasant hour with this splendid family, and all details being arranged between

the old gentleman and Captain Southall, the captain announced, "We are ready; follow me." At the front gate were splendid mounts for us, and Mr Hughie said: "No charges; go to them, boys." So we headed for Owen County, where the captain had a lot of recruits mobilized and in camp. On arrival at the camp, to our great joy and surprise, we met H. G. Doman, who had so gallantly played his part in scaling the wall at Camp Morton prison with us. We remained there for several days before starting on our journey to Morgan's command, then located near Wytheville, Va.

The first part of our route lay through the famous clover and blue grass region of Kentucky, while the latter part was through the mountainous and sparsely settled part of Kentucky and West Virginia, where family feuds had prevailed ever since the days of Daniel Boone or Cassius M. Clay, and at this time had developed into the worst form of guerrilla warfare.

One evening, as we were ascending the west side of Cumberland Mountain in Pawn Gap, the road winding its way up a deep canyon on one side and steep bluffs on the other, fifty yards ahead of us an old mountaineer stepped from behind an immense boulder, drew a gun on us and commanded: "Halt and show your colors." The captain then demanded his authority. The old man, still looking down the barrel of his old prize rifle, demanded: "Tell who you are or I'll kill you." Then the game little captain announced; "We are recruits for Morgan's command." To which the old man replied: "One of you advance and the others stand still." Supposing him to be an out picket for some daring scout, we dared not advance up a steep grade to take them by storm. Neither could we get in position for fight where we were, nor was there a line of retreat available. So to stand still, as the old man had commanded, was the only thing to do. In the meantime the captain had advanced to the muzzle of that old gun and soon satisfied the old bushwhacker that we were recruits for the Southern army.

We were delighted to see that old bushwhacker ground arms with that old rifle and shake hands with the captain, so we, in the most friendly manner, marched down to them. The old "Grizzly" took charge and marched us down the canyon to an out of the way place where we were sumptuously provided for with everything for both man and beast; and we learned from him the story of his adventures since the beginning of the war, which, briefly told, was this: At the beginning the blue coats had raided his home and burned it and held him as a hostage, from which he miraculously escaped and immediately went on the warpath, solitary and alone. Up to this time he had killed seventeen, which he had marked down on his old gunstock; and to see him was evidence sufficient that it was all true.

Then followed many days of hard marching, until we reached well-defined Confederate lines near Wytheville, Va. There we reported to John H. Morgan's command, to which our daring young comrade, H. G. Damon, belonged. The Brooks boys gave them their mounts and reported to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, commander of that department, who gave them passes and transportation, such as it was, to Augusta Ga. Reaching there in destitution, we learned that our commander, Joe Wheeler, was eighty miles away and no means to cover such distance. Here we chanced to meet Judge Spencer Marsh, who knew us in boyhood, and who himself was a refugee in that city. He took us to a good hotel and lodged us there at sixty dollars per day. Do you believe that? If so, we can prove that you are seventy-five years old, as no younger person would dare to believe such stuff, notwithstanding it was all true. There we met Captain Carder, who

commanded a scouting company near Ducktown, Tenn., and were transferred to his company.

When we reached our destination we found those big mountain boomers, who chanced to be on the other side, were a much harder proposition than the soft-handed fellows from Boston. Soon the news came that Lee had surrendered, so the Brooks boys pulled out for Texas.

On reaching Alabama we were in company with John Gatewood and his Texas squad, commanded by Dick Broughton, who had been petitioned by some planters near Center to turn a certain boy out of jail at Center who, they thought, had been wrongfully put in. So Captain Broughton took his squadron of seventeen, including the Brooks boys, who of course wanted the boy to be out, and formed a half circle in front of the jail. When the sheriff came out, gun in hand, Captain Broughton, also gun in hand, told him their errand. Then the sheriff, Cy Daniel, who was as brave a man as was ever commissioned, said: "You will have to kill me first." Then Broughton said: "We didn't come to kill you, but we will if we have to." Then Clint Brooks, who had gotten in the rear of the sheriff, grabbed him, threw him to the ground, and disarmed him. Then Charlie Hassell took the jail key from him and unlocked the jail and took the boy out, leaving the other prisoners in; and they all marched out of town in good order.

In the meantime there were perhaps more than a hundred citizens and discharged soldiers who came from all parts of town who witnessed the proceedings, but didn't know which side they were in favor of.

Thus ended the war record of the Brooks boys, Clint Brooks going on to Texas leaving Tam in Scott County, Miss.

All the Confederate forces having been surrendered, the Confederate soldiers were turned loose to return to their Southern homes, just anyway they might contrive to get there, without money or credit, clothing or supplies of any kind; and they found their kinsfolk and friends and everybody and everything in like condition, the country left in destitution by a relentless foe. This was true of all the Southland, perhaps Georgia and Mississippi the worst. Every public place was garrisoned by the worst element of soldiery—camp followers, robbers, and murderers, and to add insult to injury, the poor, defenseless negroes were turned loose like animals from a zoo or menagerie, to tramp idly over the country, producing nothing, and the most vicious of them to be used by the Freedman's Bureau in its devilish work of oppression.

We were transferred from the horrors of war to the most horrible reconstruction period the world ever saw. Hence the present reconstruction period looks easy to me. I bade adieu to old Mississippi and landed in Hill County, April 12, 1867.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

In view of the criticisms, generally harsh and malignant, of Northern writers and speakers condemning Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, as an arch traitor and conspirator, who brought on the War between the States and conducted it with cruelty; and in view of the tendency of his own people to forget his services, I write now to present him to our people as the genuine patriot, the wise leader, the able statesman, who understood the principles of civil and religious liberty, and who was willing to make every sacrifice save honor, in defense of the constitutional rights of the South.

Making all due allowance for human prejudices and for his own military theories, Mr. Davis's history of the "Rise and

Fall of the Confederate Government" is the best history of the war and sets forth most clearly his character, his achievements, the principles for which he stood, and the difficulties he encountered.

As to his personal character, no man stood higher than Mr. Davis for honor, integrity, and truthfulness in all the relations of life kind, gentle, and considerate; a sincere Christian in word and deed. As a patriot he had served with distinction in the army and had proved himself the most efficient Secretary of War. He was a gentleman of wide and varied culture, especially versed in political history and philosophy.

But it is mainly as to his public and political activities as leader of the Confederate movement for independence that he has been denounced by enemies and weakly defended by friends. Yet the true story of his administration will vindicate him as a wise and brave ruler, charged with heaviest responsibilities, which he discharged in the fear of God and for the highest interest of his people.

In every great movement—religious, social, or political—there comes to the front some one to whom the people look for guidance and success. His course is marked by critical eyes, and his actions are judged often with relentless severity. If he should succeed in realizing his ideals, then criticism is silenced, and he is crowned as the creator of a new order and glorified in history. Such was the experience of George Washington, the Father of his country. But if he should fail, however heroic his struggle, then criticism crystallizes and hardens into condemnation, not only of the man, but of his principles, his ideals, his cause. This fact is illustrated in the contrasted lives of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Mr. Lincoln, with unlimited resources of a world to draw from, in spite of bitter and unjust criticism, succeeded in his effort to subjugate eleven sovereign States to a government organized to deny their rights, and he is held up as the model of all that is great in Christian character, wise in statesmanship, and beneficent in achievement. Mr. Davis, against overwhelming odds of men and resources, and hampered by the opposition and obstinacy of his own followers, failed to establish the independence of sovereign States, eager to be free; and they became the subjects of a centralized imperialism, and he, after suffering cruel indignities at the hands of his enemies, who failed to establish any charge against him, is proclaimed as the arch fiend of rebellion, the Benedict Arnold of modern days.

It is only in recent years, as men have learned of his patient endurance of cruelties and his dignity in defeat, that his character and actions have been vindicated by the love and loyalty of those for whose cause he suffered.

I. Mr. Davis did not bring on the war. That was the sure result of differing constructions of the constitution by the two sections, North and South, of the country; and when a party, pledged to the violation of Southern rights won the Presidency, the large body of the Southern people, fired with just indignation, determined to withdraw from so unfair a union, which would treat the constitution as "a scrap of paper," "a covenant with death and hell." And the Southern people never doubted their right to withdraw.

Now, as to Mr. Davis's attitude to this sentiment:

1. He shared it most heartily, and believed that secession was the only remedy.

2. He faithfully warned the people of his State that secession would probably result in war, and he pointed out to them the difficulties and sacrifices in the way of success.

3. He tried in every honorable way, both as United States Senator and as President of the Confederacy, to maintain

peaceful relations with the Federal government and avert war.

4. He believed that the war, involving great issues, should be carried to the bitter end, at the cost if need be, of ruin to the South's material interests.

5. He did not desire the office of President, but accepted the place only in deference to the wishes of his colleagues.

II. But it is objected that Mr. Davis should have known from the start, or after certain defeats, that the cause was hopeless and should have surrendered. But the *cause was not hopeless*. History is charged with the fact that righteous weakness often triumphs over brutal might.

1. The story of little Holland against the mighty power of Spain, and the memory of the success of the American colonies against the vast world-power of the British Empire was an inspiration to our people to make the necessary sacrifice for liberty.

2. A living faith in the ultimate triumph of justice under the rule of a just God sustained the people.

3. The frequent and great success of our armies gave confidence that in the end we would win.

4. There was a strong sentiment in the North opposed to the war and held in check largely by military force and lawless methods.

III. The difficulties with which Mr. Davis had to contend:

1. We confess that he was a man of positive convictions and of strong prejudices against individuals and policies. He had his own theory of how the war was to be conducted.

2. He lacked the support of congress. Often, when conditions demanded immediate action, congress refused to accept his policy, and had no policy of its own. So that he had to act without legal sanction to meet an exigency. Even the Vice President, a civilian only, was not in sympathy with the President.

3. The States of the Confederacy insisted that their "sacred soil" must not be invaded; and as they had sovereign rights, often an army was hampered by the demand to hold a position or defend a territory. So that the President had to consider political as well as military questions.

4. There was the difficulty of organizing effective armies out of material all unused to war and without necessary equipment. How splendidly this was done the glorious history of our armies attests.

5. The conflict was with an enemy abundantly equipped; but who also disregarded the laws of civilized warfare in his treatment of noncombatants and their property; but who made medicines contraband of war, and refused exchange of prisoners. Mr. Davis maintained the laws of civilized warfare.

IV. This is the record of Mr. Davis's administration:

While there were mistakes of judgment and of policy, yet it is generally felt in the South that no other man could have done better, if so well; and under his leadership the South made a record of high ideals, of devotion to duty, of courage and sacrifice for right; and she so bore herself in defeat that she has won the respect and admiration of the world. And the charges against Mr. Davis, as our representative citizen, have been shown to be outrageous falsehoods, invented by malignity and continued by hatred of the South and her old civilization.

The surest answer to all charges is that the Federal government was afraid to try him on those charges; and so against his own wishes, he was set free without trial. The South is not ashamed of Jefferson Davis, but is proud of him and his cause and the record that was made.

SECOND MANASSAS—FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER-WARDS.

BY JOHN N. WARE, SEWANEE, TENN.

"MAYBE YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE RAILROAD."

The survivors of those men that followed "Mars Bob" from Seven Pines to Appomattox are few indeed, and they all tell you that their memory is poor; that so much has happened since those epic days when they marched and fought and starved the while that they cannot remember even the large moments, and the little details are gone entirely. But you speak to them of familiar places and men, and of leaders well-known and well-loved, and you soon find that the old memories are not dead, but only sleeping.

They talk of things in triads, it seems; of Beaver Dam and Malvern Hill and Gettysburg, where they dashed themselves helplessly and profitlessly to pieces against miniature Gibralters; of Chancellorsville and the Seven Days and Second Manassas, where they made many well-laid plans gang far afield; of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and the Crater, where in perfect safety they waited for their victims, sent to certain death by thousands by a stupid old blunderer and a man coldly callous in war, warmly generous in victory; of Second Manassas and Sharpsburg and Spottsylvania, where for seemingly endless hours they fought desperately for existence against a grimly tenacious enemy that came again and again, until it seemed that human nature could stand no more.

The men who followed Stonewall from First Manassas to Chancellorsville are fewer still, and the passing years have confused war memories a great deal; but after you have talked to them of many things, the old memories come trooping back. Always they save for the last their most dreadful experiences, Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. They talk of the "unfinished railroad" and the "Deep Cut," and the "Dump" and "that embankment," as of well-known geographical landmarks, like the Sahara and Mont Blanc and the Rockies. And, not knowing the "unfinished railroad," you feel that your knowledge is incomplete indeed, so you get your texts, three of them, and your maps, dozens of them, and one bicycle, and off you go.

In August it is hot, surpassing hot, in Manassas, and the roads north and northwest look distressingly uninviting. But those who follow the "old man" and his immortal foot cavalry must be above such little things as heat and cold, so you resolutely push on down the Sudley Springs Road one blistering August morning in 1920, and fare forth to adventure and to history ancient these nearly sixty years.

Down this road a little after nightfall some fifty-eight years ago marched the men of Taliaferro's division, in beatitude of soul and plenitude of stomachs. It had been a glorious day indeed, that twenty-seventh of August, 1862. After a march of fifty-six miles the two preceding days, they had fallen on a land flowing with milk and honey and things edible beyond all power of description. They had amazed their inner beings with things undreamed of in their simple scheme of things as Confederate soldiers. They had clothed themselves in what was to their ragged standards purple and fine linen; they had provided themselves with that superlative luxury, shoes. Tied on somewhere to nearly every man was a small sugared ham, a novelty and a promise of at least one more good meal in this life. And so, with a happy past of one day, and an assured future of one meal, they stepped out gayly in the gathering darkness. *Carpe diem* was the motto of the foot

cavalry. A day at a time was enough; the morrow was on the knees of the gods.

You follow these happy, stuffed-to-repletion souls and watch them disappear into a heavy woods. And then you dismount at a crossroads where there is a little group of three houses and, going to the nearest one, you knock on the door. A young lady appears, and you ask how far it is to Groveton. You are not sorry to hear that it is not far at all; that, in fact, you have arrived. And when you ask also where Mrs. Dogan lives, you are equally glad to know that you have no farther to go. This is Mrs. Dogan's daughter, Mrs. Terrell, and she will call mother. And presently Mrs. Dogan appears, with signs of a hasty and sketchy fixing up. You feel that you are particularly fortunate, for Mrs. Dogan has been recommended to you as the "best qualified person in these parts to tell you all about Manassas." And she is a discerning lady too, for in spite of the fact that you have a small library with you and are evil looking indeed (covered, as you are, with the red dust of Prince William and dripping with perspiration), she knows that you are neither a book agent nor a tramp, and in no time you are the recipient of that unobtrusively graceful thing, Virginia hospitality.

You make use, internally and externally, of some urgently needed water, and while your cookless hostess is back in the kitchen putting that third name in the pot, you ride on toward Gainesville to see what might be happening in that direction. Disconcertingly little, it seems. A dusty Virginia road, fairly throbbing with heat waves; open fields to the north, rising easily to a heavy woods, some half mile away. Half hidden in the edge of the woods, and apparently a little backward about obtruding its incompleteness, an unfinished railroad, innocent looking, in all conscience. Surely as peaceful and as innocuous a landscape as you could imagine.

And then the years roll away as a scroll, and it is 1862, and there is a cloud of dust down that road. It is King's division, on the way to Centerville, and not worrying about the vanished Confederates. There is no flank protection at all, and only a small advance guard sauntering casually and perfunctorily along, a sort of concession to military conventions, also a piece of monumental carelessness, to call it by no harsher name, when Stonewall was known to be *somewhere* in the neighborhood, unless he and his men had taken wings. A regimental band has just struck up something jazzy, and the marching feet are beginning to shuffle an 1862 shimmy, when from the edge of those sleeping woods blaze out three batteries, and here come the men you have been trailing from Manassas. The brigade by you is Gibbons', Western men, and mean fellows with whom to pick a fuss. It has met the Stonewall Brigade before, and will meet it many times after, and the two bear each other, if not exactly mutual affection, at least mutual respect—respect born of recognition of similar fighting qualities. They are all woodsmen and hunters, and though there is abundant shelter about, and it is certainly no disgrace to seek it, they stand in the open for three long twilight hours and kill and kill and kill, neither able to advance and both too proud to retreat. There is high rank, too, mixed up in this affair, even to division commanders, for when an officer is allowed the distinction of fighting under the "Old Man," he is expected and anxious to lead, not send, his men. That is why the foot cavalry idolize their officers. And so you see Taliaferro go down, and Dick Ewell, and the latter is taken to a little farm house, and becomes One-Legged Dick.

And when it is too dark to see to kill any more, the two forces fall apart, and you go back to Groveton and dinner, feeling that you have witnessed a prologue, which has properly introduced you to the great tragedy to be unfolded soon.

Your hostess is gracious, and has much to tell you of those three tense, breathless days of concentrated slaughter, of blue and gray waves that surged savagely back and forth over the peaceful fields around you; and when on that third day, Mars Bob gives the long awaited signal, and when from the woods seen through the window just in front of you sweeps Jackson, and from the one you can see from the door right by you sweeps Longstreet, it is hard, indeed, to concentrate on eating.

And when the Old Man and the Old War Horse join hands and come raging and yelling down the Warrenton Pike, not thirty feet away, you want to drop everything, and go out and cheer that army of ragged gray ghosts, dead and gone these many, many years. Mrs. Dogan still sees them, and loves them too, and her voice trembles a little. It is glorious to have been even a "small part of those things."

You would like to stay longer, but there is still much to be seen, and you thank your hostesses and ride along toward Sudley. The road crosses what seems to be a wide little ditch, and your map goes back on you for some reason, and you look for a house and information. On the edge of the woods you see a little farm house, and you knock on the door, and there comes somebody, sent by your ever smiling God of Good Luck. It is Mr. E. B. Cross, and as a badly scared ten-year old boy he saw the whole battle, and "saw, Ole Jack, too, lots of times, sir. Once he had his headquarters in my father's yard, and I can see him now. Wasn't much to look at, but you ought to have seen how his men would look at him. Just like he was God himself."

Not only did Mr. Cross see it all, but he would be glad to show you along the railroad cut. "Most of the fighting was there. Maybe you never heard of the railroad." You think of the times you have heard of it from those who had immortalized it, and how every blood-soaked foot of it is fixed in your mind's eye, but you say nothing of that, and accept, with the joy you feel, such a Godsend, and you two set out.

Right behind the house runs the railroad, and you turn down it. At this point it is a twelve-foot fill, which continues some fifty yards into a little wood, and with no preamble changes into a deep, wide cut. This is no majestic wood, but just a Virginia scrub pine thicket, with a fairly close undergrowth and pine needles thick everywhere—just as it was fifty-eight years ago; and as you stand there in this commonplace little thicket the years again roll away and the curtain rises on the first act of one of the world's great tragedies. You are on historic—yes, and holy—ground, stained with the blood of patriots, blue and gray. What was a moment ago the drowsy sound of the crickets and katydids is now a distant, scattered rattle of musketry, and on the other side of the cut, where there was nothing, you see now an unbroken line of recumbent men. You can see only their faces, and they are not the faces of the soldiers of novels. They are sunburned and dirty and pinched, their eyes do not blaze with the lust of battle, as the novelist makes them do. On the whole, they are rather calm eyes, but there is a tensility in this calm that rather chills you, and you feel uncomfortable. And now the rattle comes closer and closer, as that thin picket line of gray, on August 29, 1862, falls back before Sigel and Reynolds and Milroy. You stand there with bated breath and see these men back into the woods and slowly give ground from bush to bush, from sapling to sapling. After them come the blue men, feeling their way cautiously into this sinister looking place. Your gray friends pass you, secure in your immunity as spectator, and suddenly they vanish as though the earth has swallowed them up. Which indeed it has, as they drop into the security of the deep cut. After them rush their pursuers,

and then those figures on the other side come to life, and there comes such a hurricane of flame and of lead that it seems as if a volcano has burst forth. The blue masses stagger and reel and fall back in confusion, and are joined by others and come back and are blown back again, and hour after hour of this blazing August day this sultry little thicket resounds with yells and groans and a devil's diapason of musketry. And the ground is thick with what a few hours before were sentient beings made in God's own image, now mere carrion, to be shoveled callously and lovelessly into a shallow ditch.

Three separate times the persistent assailants breast the fiery torrents, and as many times do Gregg, Thomas, Branch, and Pender send them reeling back. A fourth time they come, and pushing aside the pitiful remnant of the railroad's defenders, they win at last across the deep cut. It is a moment of triumph that is brief, for like a whirlwind in front come Forno and Lawton, and on the flank sweep down Johnson and Stark. Caught in this fiery maelstrom, the attackers are driven finally from your woods, and it is left to death and you.

For nine hours this murder has gone on and here in this little woods, on one side of the cut, lie four thousand men in blue, and on the other, two thousand in all sorts of uniforms, from sunbleached gray rags to those fine Federal uniforms acquired the day before by the simple process of the laying on of hands. A grim irony that they serve at once as shrouds. Once more all is quiet, and Mr. Cross is speaking: "My father's house was right over yonder, behind A. P. Hill's lines, and I stood in the front yard all day long and listened to them fighting. Mister, they never quit one second, and such a stream of wounded men you never saw. Wasn't all wounded, either. Lots of em'd come with their arms all tied up. Officer would stop em, 'What's the matter with you?' 'Shot in the arm.' 'Let me see.' He'd take a knife and cut off the bandage. 'Nothing the matter at all. Get on back in that line, where you belong. Next time I catch you sneaking, I'll shoot you.'"

Down the railroad Mr. Cross leads you, across a flat place and the Sudley road, then along a shallow cut, then along a high embankment in which there is a gap some one hundred feet wide. "Right here," says your guide, "they buried three hundred Yankees after the fight. This ground around here was all littered with bodies and trappings and bullets, and for years you could pick up things where those Yankees had been buried and then dug up." He scratches with his cane seemingly aimlessly in the sand at his feet, and, stooping over, picks up the rusty—O so rusty—buckle from a cartridge box. "Maybe you would like to have this as a relic." It would seem that you would, for you take it very reverently and put it in your pocketbook.

And then you are at last at the place you have dreamed of seeing ever since as a child of ten your very soul thrilled at the recital of one of the foot cavalry who had been in this special episode. The road has run again into a cut—no, The Cut—the most famous spot of the whole field. It is still full of nigger-head rocks, and here on August 30, stood the Forty-Second Virginia, with ammunition all gone, and fought with no weapons but these rocks in their desperate determination to make good the Old Man's boast: "The Stonewall Brigade sometimes fails to take a position, but it is never driven from one." And the Forty-Second kept the record clear.

Mr. Cross is speaking again: "There were dead men all over the field, but nowhere like they were in front of this cut. They were lying two or three deep in places. Of course, there weren't many killed with rocks, but right here next morning I saw a young lieutenant, a fine looking fellow, with his face all smashed in something dreadful and right by him a big rock with blood and brains all over it. Of course, it's been so

many years since then, and that particular rock might have been moved, so I can't swear to it. But there has hardly been a week since that day that I haven't passed this spot, and that is exactly where the man was lying. His head was right by that rock, and I expect that it is the very one that killed him." You look curiously and you shudder at this horrible thing that has not even gathered moss since that bitter day when it took a man's life, and you feel that perhaps it is under a curse. It is a grim looking sight.

"Right here," and he points out a place not ten yards from the cut, "was a Yankee flag that stayed there over thirty minutes, and lost ten color bearers; and next day I saw over one hundred dead men within ten feet of the cut, and lots of them hanging over the embankment." It sickens you to think of Americans slaughtering each other in this awful fashion, but you reflect that since it had to be, you are glad that they were Americans. For the men who have the blood of such ancestors in their veins need fear neither principalities nor powers. We may be careless at times and slow to anger, but the descendants of the heroic souls who fought with stones in the Deep Cut, and of those other heroic men who clung to their flag and died in hundreds around it need fear neither man nor nation.

"Curious thing 'bout that fight," says Mr. Cross: "Next day I was all over the field, and the ground was just covered with little old sugar-cured hams. They were lying everywhere, there must have been thousands of them. Never did find out where they came from, nor why they were there." You satisfy his unanswered question of fifty-eight years, and then you think of those provident souls who had provided themselves with at least one full future meal and then had not had occasion to eat it, and of the countless dead who needed no more earthly food. Perhaps the ambrosia and nectar that abound in the halls of Valhalla for those that died worthily, but surely no lesser food. "Take no thought for the morrow," you soliloquize, and pass on to the final act of the drama.

It is now about midday of August 30, and the long vigil is nearly over. Just one time more, and then Mars Bob's men will go forth to reap the reward they have so gloriously merited. You are standing in front of the Deep Cut, in the very center of the field, and from there you see the final storm gather, mount, and then burst, in one immense blue wave, three miles long, line behind line, sixty thousand men against that eighteen thousand survivors of two days' hell. It seems that there is no hope for this handful of dauntless men, but you take heart, for you know, though Pope does not, that in the woods to the Federal left is Longstreet with thirty thousand men, straining on their leashes, waiting for the welcome word.

In front, to right and left of you, the first blue wave beats, falters, and breaks under the consuming flames. And the second rushes up and merges with it, and it, too, breaks. And a third adds its weight, and then another and another, and little by little the blue wave begins to make progress. There are now no gray men in reserve. Every man that can stand, and many that cannot, but fire from where they lie, already in the furnace, and if there is to be any help for them, it must come from somewhere else—and come quickly. For forty-eight hours these men have borne the whole weight, and now they must have relief or perish.

And then, and then— Off to the east you hear the roar of cannon, and down the blue lines, a shining target, fly the shells of Longstreet's batteries. The blue attack loses momentum, slows down, stops completely, and from those woods to the east come thirty thousand raging, yelling demons in gray rags, right on the Federal flank. And from the front come the foot cavalry, rewarded at last. It has been a bitter two days,

but revenge is sweet, and they squeeze out the last drop of sweetness. You see the men in blue striking out savagely, but as men beating the air, and suddenly they go all to pieces, and across the meadows and hills streams the pursuit. Every Confederate that can move one foot before the other is in it, and you feel that you, though fifty-eight years late, belong there too. So you bid your guide an appreciative good-by, and fall in behind an anachronism, but none the less a Confederate and a participant.

It is now nearly night, and the show is over. And as the broken Federal army streams dejectedly over the Stone Bridge to the welcome protection of Washington, you, the last Confederate, turn your face eastward, mount your wheel, and pedal wearily back to Manassas and a cold bath and fresh clothes.

Vale, ever blessed, ever glorious Army of Northern Virginia.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—One more spectator of great events and a devoted Confederate has passed away in the person of Mrs. Dogan, who died December 31, 1920, only a few months after the events just described.]

THE SOUTHERN PROTEUS.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

PART III.

They sat behind locked doors in Clarkson's room, as the matters they were discussing were of such importance as to render the interference of any interloper extremely unwelcome. And, moreover, they felt that in so strongly a pro-Southern establishment as the Newell House no precaution could be too great on their part.

"We have the most ridiculous Secret Service that ever was heard of, Clarkson," growled Raymond, regarding his companion with a thoughtful frown.

"What do you mean, Tom?" inquired Clarkson.

"Why, we have no system whatever. Instead of one service directed by one controlling intelligence, we have as many services as we have men. Each individual finds out what he can and acts upon such information to suit himself. The result is that frequently two of our men will work crosswise on a case and prevent anything being done at all, because neither knows anything of what the other is doing."

"How do you think it should be?"

"Every man in the service should be a mere unit to furnish information to the chief, who would collate all his data in any particular case, received maybe from a hundred sources, and he would then detail as many men as would be needed to act on such information according to the plan he would map out for them. That is the way the army does. The men would then become mere machines"—

"You can't get mere machines to do this kind of work, Tom," interrupted Clarkson, with quiet emphasis. "Just take yourself for instance. How much information would you ever have been able to discover here in this hotel without using your own judgment, following up your own clues, and operating without the knowledge of the chief. He doesn't know enough of what is going on to even hint what he wants you to find out. You are here to break the ice and begin the acquisition of information. And when anything is about to happen you have to attend to it without consulting the chief."

"I hadn't thought of it that way," admitted Raymond.

"As a proof of what I have just said," continued Clarkson, "I have just obtained some information that you and I must

act on immediately, without consulting anyone, or the entire army of McClellan may be wiped off the map."

"What is that?" asked Raymond eagerly.

"Yesterday the President sent instructions to General McClellan to make certain aggressive movements involving the participation of the entire Army of the Potomac, and by which Lincoln confidently hopes to draw Lee into a trap that has been laid for him and compel his surrender within a week at most. These plans provide for an active campaign by General Banks against Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah. If Banks captures Jackson, he will relieve Washington from all fear and will be free to help crush Lee. If Lee and Jackson knew of these plans, however, they might turn the tables on us, smash Banks to pieces, join forces against McClellan, and beat him before he knows what has happened. Unknown to the authorities, a copy of these instructions has been made and has found its way into the hands of Confederate agents, or such of our men as are betraying the government to them."

"That shows our service," snorted Raymond in disgust. "Valuable papers stolen, their loss is unnoticed. No one is suspected. But what has that to do with us?"

"These papers would have found their way easily into the hands of General Lee except for some confidential information I have just received from a negro porter whom I have bribed to serve me here in the hotel. He informs me that the man who has possession of these papers will come to the hotel to-night about seven o'clock to meet the messenger who is to convey the papers to General Lee. This messenger will be sitting in the lobby, facing the street entrance, and apparently engrossed in his paper. The man with the plans will recognize him because of his position and also by the way he is dressed, and will approach him familiarly, ask him about his family, and then invite him into the bar to take a drink. In the bar-room they will seat themselves at a table where they will not be likely to be observed, and the messages will change hands without exciting the least suspicion. A part of the program that they have not arranged you and I will supply when we place them both under arrest in the barroom."

"Do you realize, Clarkson," reminded Raymond, "that this hotel is manned by the most fearless and desperate men to be found in the world? They will not stand idly by and see us capture these men. There are too many necks in danger for that. What chance would we have against two men, backed up by the whole hotel force? They could easily kill us, hide the papers, or burn them to destroy the evidence, and take their chances in a mere trial for murder, with perjured witnesses by the score to swear to any defense they chose to make. I tell you we would need a small army to capture these two men in this hotel."

Clarkson's jaws snapped like those of a bulldog. "I know the risk," he conceded, "but we cannot surround the place without scaring them both away. We must take the risk or let them go. I, for one, am not coward enough to place my own safety above the salvation of my country. If you don't help, I'll try it alone."

"Of course, I'll help you. You know that," said Raymond, rather nettled at the manner in which his warning had been received. "I'll stick to it as long as you will, but nevertheless the risk will be terrific."

"I knew you would stick, old man," answered Clarkson enthusiastically, for he had indeed counted on Raymond implicitly. "We will remain in the lobby after supper, as usual, until they go into the barroom. We will then follow them there and arrest them."

Raymond looked at his watch. "It is a few minutes to six

now," he remarked. "We had better go down to supper at once."

"They ate a leisurely supper and repaired to the lobby, where they purchased papers and, seating themselves in comfortable chairs, became apparently absorbed in the news of the day. In reality, they kept a close watch over all who entered or left the lobby and of all that took place therein.

For some reason the lobby was almost deserted that night, and Clarkson soon noted with satisfaction that aside, from the clerk, Raymond, and himself, the only occupant of the room was a short, stocky-built man who sat with his back to them facing the street entrance. Like themselves, he was reading a paper. "That is my man," reflected Clarkson, as he studied his prospective victim attentively.

At 7:30 almost to the minute a well dressed man of medium height entered the lobby and stared around with the frank curiosity of the typical hotel loafer. As he came in the door, the short, stocky man looked over the rim of his paper and then slowly closed both of his eyes as though the strain of reading the fine print had caused them to hurt. He paid no attention whatever to the well dressed man. This rather disappointed Clarkson, who had felt all along that the well-dressed man was the other conspirator.

"I must have been mistaken in my man," he reflected.

He was even more surprised when the well dressed man, after another casual glance around the room, came over to where Raymond and himself were sitting and addressed them.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," he said pleasantly, "but, if you gentlemen have no objections, I will consider it a great favor for you to come and have a drink with me. It is always so lonesome to drink by oneself, isn't it?"

For an instant the joyous thought leaped into Clarkson's mind that the well dressed man was the conspirator after all and had mistaken him for the accomplice. Then he thought it might be some one trying to lure him away from the man in the lobby. Still, who knew he was an agent of the secret service? And, besides, he could observe all that went on in the lobby from the barroom.

"Thank you, sir," he replied, smiling up at the well dressed man. "I believe I would like a toddy, now that you mention it."

As the barkeeper mixed the drinks the well dressed man contrived to seize Clarkson's hand and give it a squeeze that caused Clarkson more surprise than anything else that had taken place that night. The grip informed him that the well dressed man was a member of the United States Secret Service. Clarkson hastily returned it to show that he, too, was a member.

"Suppose we sit down at the table over yonder?" suggested the well dressed man.

"There is a small room back of that screen, where we can have more privacy," said Clarkson, "let us go in there. Bring our order to the side room, Jim," he added to the barkeeper.

When their order had been placed on the table before them the well dressed man looked at Clarkson, then glanced furtively toward Raymond. Clarkson caught the significance of the glance.

"O, Raymond is all right," he assured the well dressed man. "He also belongs to the service. Raymond, this is our fellow worker, Mr.—"

"Ormonde, John Ormonde," added the well dressed man as Clarkson paused.

They both started in surprise.

"You have just arrived in Washington from the West, have you not, Mr. Ormonde?" inquired Raymond.

"I have been here only a week," replied Ormonde, "and have worked under cover all the time."

"We have both heard of your splendid work in the West," complimented Clarkson, "and we are very glad to have you with us."

"I am glad to be with you here to-night, too," replied Ormonde. "And I am especially glad to have you here to-night to back me up in a case of an emergency. Your presence, though, came very near causing all of our plans to be upset."

"How was that?"

"A copy of a very important document has been"—

"I know," interrupted Clarkson. "The President's dispatch to McClellan? The man is waiting for it in the lobby now."

Ormonde elevated his eyebrows in surprise. "I don't know how you discovered that," he declared. "The department learned of it only a few hours ago. It is a fact, however, that he is waiting for it in the lobby now, and, what is more, he will receive it—but not from the hands he expected to receive it from."

"What are you driving at?" asked Raymond.

"You see," Ormonde smiled, "we captured his fellow conspirator with the goods on him. He was a gritty fellow and refused to implicate any one else until we tried some Indian methods of persuasion. Then he broke down and confessed that he would meet the messenger here to-night who would convey the papers to Lee, and he described the appearance of this man so we could make no mistake."

"Why didn't you arrest him when you came in?"

"That would have been of no use. We had no evidence against him, except what we had wrung from his accomplice by torture. That wouldn't go far, even with a court-martial. Besides, there is only one man the rebels would trust with such a message, and he is the one we desire to catch more than all others."

"You mean he"—

"Is Omahundry himself."

"How will you take him with the goods on him?"

"That is what I came for to-night. Our prisoner does not know Omahundry by sight, as indeed no one does. In order to identify each other it was agreed they should both wear light trousers, blue coats, and red neckties. As I am the same build as the prisoner and would readily answer the same general description, the chief ordered me to exchange clothes with the prisoner and bring some false copies of the instructions to Omahundry as though I were his accomplice. After he received them and revealed his guilt, I was to keep him under the closest surveillance and arrest him at the earliest possible moment after leaving this infernal hotel."

"Why didn't you go on with your plans?"

"Because you gentlemen interfered. Everybody in this hotel knows you are agents of the United States government, despite any impression you may have to the contrary, and Omahundry was made aware of your identity as soon as you seated yourselves in the lobby. He remained to save his comrade. When I came he closed both his eyes over the rim of his paper"—

"I observed that in the mirror over the clerk's desk," said Clarkson.

"It was a signal he agreed upon to warn his accomplice not to recognize him," continued Ormonde. "As you two were the only other persons in the lobby, and the chief had informed me of your location here, I drew my own conclusions as to your identity, as you were the only ones I would be supposed to fear."

"Gee, Ormonde, but you are a slick duck! What are you going to do now? Carry out the original program?"

"O, no," laughed Ormonde. "That would be impossible now, thanks to your unintentional interference. Omahundry looked interested when I brought you in here. He will wait to see if I can give you the slip and come back to him. This will give me an opportunity to get him away from the hotel and make the arrest. It would require a regiment to capture him here."

"That's what I told Clarkson," crowed Raymond.

"I will leave you gentlemen here," continued Ormonde, "while I go out and meet him. I will intimate to him that you are getting drunk back here and suggest that he go with me to the theater. I believe he will readily agree to this, as he is afraid to come back here while you remain. If he goes I will take him easily, as our men are always on duty at the theater. If he refuses to go, I will take my chances and arrest him here, as he is too dangerous a man to allow to go free, even if we have no evidence against him. Keep yourselves in readiness to assist me and rush into the lobby at the first sound of a scuffle. This is a desperate undertaking."

"Count on us, Ormonde," they chorused. As he stalked from the room on his way to the lobby, they added fervently, "Good luck, old man."

When Ormonde entered the lobby he observed, with satisfaction, that the short, stocky man was still there, his paper folded upon his lap.

"Good evening," greeted Ormonde.

"Good evening."

"I have just left two friends in the bar who seem determined to drink more than is good for them. As I don't care to get drunk, I have left them. Have you anything particular to do to-night?"

"Nothing at all."

"What do you say to attending the theater then? There is a good play to-night."

"That suits me. It's very lonesome sitting around here by myself anyhow."

They left the hotel and walked down the street toward the theater. Suddenly, when no one was near, the short, stocky man grasped his companion by the arm.

"How on earth did you ever get rid of those two birds?" he asked. "They had us spotted as sure as you are born. I learned that from the clerk. A nigger porter learned the scheme and gave it away. He'll have his throat cut for his pains. Where are the papers?"

Ormonde drew out the papers from his pocket and handed them to his companion. "Here they are," he said.

The short, stocky man put them in his pocket. "Lee and Stonewall will have them in twelve hours. But you haven't told me how you eluded those two men."

The well-dressed man seized him by the arm with a grasp of iron. "The game is up, Omahundry; I've got you with the goods on," he said sternly.

"Omahundry?" faltered the stocky man. "Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean," said the well-dressed man, chuckling, "that I fooled them by pretending that you were Omahundry."

"Well, I'll be darned," laughed the stocky man, as he heard the tale. "You have your nerve, trying to palm off that outlandish name of yours on an unassuming fellow like me."

HOW IT STARTED.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Perhaps General Lee never knew how hostilities between his forces and those of Meade began in the late fall of 1863, culminating in a campaign which lasted until cold weather put an end to it and resulted in much fighting and the driving of the enemy back to their defenses at Washington. A little incident which I will relate grew to such a state that General Lee decided that "Mr. Meade" and his people were bad neighbors, and since he would not come out and show his hand, Lee decided to make him do so by assuming the offensive himself. No doubt General Lee thought the intense picket fighting along his whole front was only to cover some move on the part of Meade, who was always ready to do what was unexpected and then withdraw without a general engagement. This picket fighting along the front was a favorite ruse with General Lee himself when he wanted to cover some important move and hit the enemy a hard blow, and he became suspicious. Accordingly he swung our corps, now commanded by General Ewell, around by a wide detour which took us through the country by the way of Madison Courthouse and Warrington, where we overtook the rear of Meade's army. The skirmishers of our brigade (Gordon's) were thrown forward and pressed the enemy, killing and capturing a great many raw recruits. Some of these fellows, when ordered to throw down their guns, were afraid to do so lest they would have to pay for them or be punished by their officers.

After we came back from Gettysburg we made our camp along the south side of the Rapidan and did picket duty along that stream while the enemy was perfectly peaceable and for a long time made no demonstration whatever. New clothes and shoes were issued to us, and many of those who were left sick in the hospitals when we started to Pennsylvania had come back, so our ranks were very much strengthened. The old enterprising spirit of our men returned, and they became impatient for something of an exciting nature which offered them a chance to share in the rich plunder of the enemy.

As already stated, our pickets were posted at wide intervals along the river, while the enemy posted his men some distance from us in squads of six or eight at each place. They were too far from us to carry on any conversation and were perfectly peaceable and might have remained so if it had not been for the desire of certain men in my company (I, 31st Georgia) to raid one of their posts which stood in full view on the other side of the river, though at a distance from us. The whole regiment was stretched out in a thin line and extended perhaps a mile or more. A part of the line held by the company was elevated, and we had a good view of the open field opposite us, in which there was a grave inclosed with a picket fence. At this place the Yanks had one of their posts, and after stacking their guns, they took off their blankets, well-filled haversacks, and other equipment and hung them up where we could see them. A public road crossed the river at this place, and to the right of this on the other side of the ford our view was obscured by a thick woodland.

The sight of this plunder exposed to us was more than some of our hungry soldiers could stand. Ever ready for any enterprise, however dangerous, so it afforded a chance to raid the enemy, they begged our captain to let them cross the river in broad daylight, enter the woods, and surround and take the whole thing. They explained to the captain how easily they could do this by entering the woods below the ford, where their movements would not be seen, and so

maneuver as to get into the enemy's rear. But the captain was unwilling to assume the responsibility for this offensive without the consent of the colonel at a time when there was perfect peace along the whole front of the two armies. They begged and teased him no little to let them go, but he still refused. Finally he told Lieut. Charles M. Compton, a man equally as reckless as the others, to take a squad of men from the company and cross the river and reconnoiter; if he should find it feasible he would report the matter to the colonel, and with his consent he could make the raid that night.

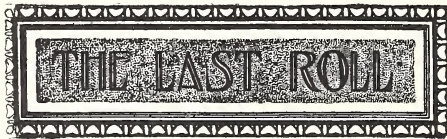
Among those who volunteered was a fifteen-year-old boy, one of the most reckless of the company. This boy spoiled the whole game by his precipitate haste. Compton and his squad forded the river unobserved by the enemy and entered the woods. They had not gone far when they observed a house, which we could not see from the other side of the river. This house faced the public road and field in front of which was the picket post. As soon as they saw the house, all with one accord decided to approach it from the back way and get a good dinner, apparently unmindful of their mission. The family occupying the house went to work immediately to set before them such a dinner as they had not seen for a long time, for they were true Southern people. Without posting a guard to keep watch outside while they enjoyed the feast, all sat down and were helping themselves when a little girl came running into the dining room and said: "La, ma, just look up the road at the Yankees coming! The road is full of men and horses." Compton and his men hastily grabbed up their guns and rushed out of the back door unobserved by the enemy. He hid his men behind the front yard fence and in the shrubbery, hastily telling them to hold their fire until the cavalry should come up quite near, and not to fire until he gave the order to do so. The Yankees were riding in fours leisurely along the road, not expecting any trouble, when they rode into this ambush. Meade had decided to relieve the infantry pickets with cavalry, and these men were coming to take their places. When the Yankees were about one hundred yards away, little Rube could wait no longer and pulled down on them. It was now too late to mend the matter, for the cavalry broke in the greatest confusion and scattered in a stampede over the field, firing back as they ran. Compton and his men fired at them as they galloped away, and Sergeant Ricks brought down a big German trooper, who fell in a ditch. Ricks ran out into the field and managed to get him on his horse. The man was shot through the thigh and seemed to be suffering very much when Ricks brought him to us.

And now began a picket fight at long range in which much ammunition was spent by the Yankees and little or no damage was done to us. This fighting spread from us to the right and left until it extended along the whole front for many miles and lasted several days.

General Lee was at a loss to know what Meade meant. Finally he decided to assume the offensive. This resulted in Meade's hasty retreat to the defenses around Washington and many small engagements until cold weather put a stop to all activities and both armies went into winter quarters in December, 1863.

Lieutenant Compton was wounded at the second day's Battle of the Wilderness, when our company captured General Seymour and General Shaler. After this he was captured by the enemy at the battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864. Sergeant Ricks was totally disabled for further military service at the battle of Spottsylvania Court-

(Continued on page 78.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"One more to that immortal band, that long, illustrious line,
That counts no nobler name, old friend, or purer soul than
thine;
Yea, with the mighty in their death, their rest, and their reward,
Sleep, in thy cloudless fame and faith, true soldier of the
Lord."

CAPT. JOHN W. WILCOX.

Among the Confederate soldiers who have passed in recent years into the Great Beyond was Captain John W. Wilcox, and surely none was more loyal to the South, its traditions, and its people. Often I have heard him say that if he was not permitted to go into heaven, he hoped he would be allowed to enter into whatever place the Army of Northern Virginia now occupied.

Captain Wilcox, although intensely Southern, was all-American also, for in 1650 one of his forebears, John Wilcox, with others, settled Middletown, Conn. Lemuel Wilcox, grandfather of Captain Wilcox, served in the war of the Revolution.

John W. Wilcox, son of Columbus and Marie Andrews Wilcox, of New Orleans, La., enlisted on May 26, 1861, as a private in the 4th Company battalion, Washington Artillery. He served as private, corporal, and sergeant in the Army of Northern Virginia until February, 1865, when he was promoted to captain on Gen. James Dearing's staff, with whom he served until the surrender.

Henry H. Bolser gives the following in his book on "Personal Experiences in the Civil War": "At Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, Va., finding all ammunition chests empty, we were ordered to the rear. Ramming my sponge staff into a bag of hard-tack which I slung over my shoulder, I followed gallant John Wilcox down the Telegraph Road. Wilcox's horse had been wounded, and he was leading the poor animal along, for he was fond of him and refused to leave him. Suddenly Wilcox threw his arms into the air, exclaiming, 'They got me. I am shot.' Running to him, I found a large piece of shell on the back of his packet, as though it had been stamped there by a red-hot iron." All his life he suffered from this terrific blow on the spine.

Another tribute to him I quote from the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans: "Wilcox was a born leader, chivalrous and independent and as honest as he was brave" is the tribute paid to the late Captain Wilcox, of Macon, Ga., by Sumter Turner, secretary of the Washington Artillery Veteran Association. "It was my good fortune to be intimately associated with Wilcox for the four years of the war, during which he won honorable and well merited distinction. His death is felt with keen regret by his many friends here."

The last earthly music he heard here was "Dixie." Standing at attention, hat in hand, he drank in its soul-stirring strains. Half an hour later he had gone, I fully believe, to

rest in "The shade of the trees," with his beloved commander gone ahead, and I also believe that the song he loved so well greeted him "over the river."

Capt. John W. Wilcox died January 1, 1920. He rests in Milledgeville, Ga., where old friends of three generations gathered to do him honor. The chancel furniture of the Episcopal church, from which the services were conducted, was the work of his loving hands, a tribute of faith and love to the great "I am."

[H. M. Robertson, Augusta, Ga.]

A. L. SMITH.

A. L. Smith was born in York County, S. C., September 20, 1845. He entered the Confederate States Army as a volunteer in 1863, and served until paroled at Greensboro, N. C., under Joseph E. Johnston, April 26, 1865. His branch of the service was the light artillery, and he served principally on the coast of South Carolina. His command followed that of Johnston to North Carolina when pressed by Sherman, who entered South Carolina in 1865.

A. L. Smith was elected Commander of Omar R. Weaver Camp, U. V. C., No. 354, January, 1920, and was reelected Commander January, 1921, and while serving his second term was called by death on October 30, 1921.

He was elected Brigadier General to command the First Brigade in the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., November 4, 1919, and served one term.

He was the father of eight children, four boys and four girls. Of these, Dr. H. B. Smith, E. V. Smith, Mrs. E. L. Farmer, and Mrs. E. R. Russell survive him.

He was a man of sterling worth, conscientious and honest in his dealings, and stood for law and order in the community; was a positive and decided character, patriotic, and devoted to his country and to duty. He was a member of long standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, charitable, kind, and gentle, and very liberal in his opinion of others. In a word, A. L. Smith was a Christian gentleman, and no higher encomium can be passed upon any one's character. Peace to his ashes!

And now that life's tasks are o'er,
Dream, comrade, of battle fields no more,
Safe upon the distant farther shore,
Greeted by many comrades gone before,
Father, to thy gracious love and keeping,
Leave we now our comrade, brother, sleeping.

[B. W. Green, A. J. Snodgrass, Committee.]

HECTOR COFFIN.

After an illness of several weeks, Hector Coffin died at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., on December 16, 1921, in his seventy-eighth year. He was born at Rogersville, Tenn., April 15, 1844, the son of Charles C. and Ann Eliza Park Coffin. His father was a native of New England, and early in the nineteenth century came to East Tennessee, making the trip overland. Settling at Greenville, he established a school, then later going to Knoxville, and was president of the East Tennessee University, now the University of Tennessee. For many years he was one of the well known teachers and preachers of East Tennessee.

Hector Coffin was also teacher and preacher, and his early life was spent in religious and educational work. He was educated in the common schools of East Tennessee and later entered the East Tennessee University. When the War between the States began he left school to join the Confederate

army, in which he served with distinction as a member of Colonel Ashby's famous regiment of Wheeler's brigade.

Mr. Coffin went to Memphis after the war and there entered business. In 1875 he was married to Miss Alice Jones and soon thereafter moved to Knoxville and entered the wholesale grocery business. He retired in 1900, when he moved to a farm on the Clinton pike.

A member of the First Presbyterian Church since he was fourteen years of age, for many years Mr. Coffin served as organist and choir leader and always had an active part in religious activities. For thirty-five years he was a member of the board of elders. He had always taken a keen interest in Sunday school work, for many years teaching a large class.

His death takes from Knoxville one of its best and most highly respected citizens. Surviving him are his wife, five daughters, and a son, also one brother, James P. Coffin, of Batesville, Ark.

JAMES H. WOMACK.

In the death of James Henry Womack, which occurred on the evening of October 23, 1921, another honored veteran has fallen from the ranks of the living heroes of the War between the States.

Comrade Womack was born in what was then a part of De Soto County, Miss., on February 9, 1843; hence he was in his seventy-seventh year. He enlisted for the Confederacy from Tunica County, Miss., in Company B, under Capt. R. H. Humphreys, and served for fourteen months in A. K. Blythe's Battalion, afterward known as the 44th Mississippi. The day of his enlistment was May 11, 1861. On July 15, 1862, he was transferred to the 9th Mississippi Battalion of Sharpshooters, under Captain Brownrigg, of Company B, with which he served to the end.

Comrade Womack was in the battle of Shiloh, and was severely wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge, being shot through the left hand and right wrist, from which he was partially disabled in both hands for the remainder of his life.

After the war he married Miss Tempia Merideth, of Tate County, Miss., who died some years ago. Surviving him are a son and six daughters.

Comrade Womack was active as a leader in the Democratic party of his county, and at one time he served as circuit clerk for a period of four years. For a number of years he had been chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of his county. He was laid to rest in the cemetery of Thyatira Church. He leaves a record for integrity of character, for steadfastness in the faithful service for the good of his community, and for constancy in attachment for those he loved. Peace to his memory!

[Rev. Lee Jackson, Oakland, Miss.]

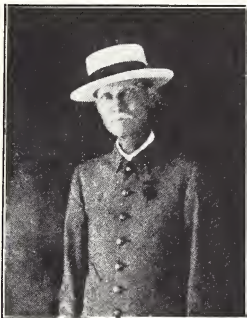
HENRY CLAY CHAPPELL.

On April 26, 1921, H. C. Chappell answered the last roll call at Paineville, Amelia County, Va., in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

He enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company E, 25th Virginia Battalion, at the age of eighteen, and served at Fort Harrison, Drewry's Bluff, was captured at Sailor's Creek and sent to Point Lookout, Md. Three children survive him: Mrs. H. T. Pearson, of Danville, Va.; W. B. Chappell, of Inglewood, Cal.; and E. R. Chappell, of Portland—all of whom were with him when the end came.

HENRY P. RAUTON.

Henry P. Rauton was born July 24, 1843, near Rocky Creek in Edgefield County, S. C. His father, W. S. Rauton,



H. P. RAUTON.

served in the Seminole, or Florida, War and died in 1855. No wonder his son Henry made such a loyal and true Confederate soldier, born with a patriotic spirit that was manifested on every occasion. In June, 1920, he fell from a railroad trestle and fractured his hip, from which he lingered in great pain until January 31, 1921, when he answered the roll call up yonder in his home in Sumter, surrounded by his wife, daughter Gertrude, and three sons, Henry, of

Sumter, Edward, of Beaufort, and George, of Camden, N. J. A few months longer of life would have brought him to his seventy-eighth year. His body was clad in the Confederate gray uniform that he loved so much to wear, and on his breast was pinned the little bronze cross, so dear to his heart, given him by the Mary Ann Buie Chapter, South Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Johnston, S. C., his former home town, for service he rendered the Confederate States in Company A, 22nd S. C. V., of Evan's brigade.

He was not only a good soldier of the army, but a faithful soldier of the cross, having been baptized when a young man by that much beloved Baptist preacher of ye olden times, Uncle Jimmie Peterson.

On June 17, 1864, he was wounded in a moonlight charge and was carried from the battle field by two Northern soldiers. He was captured at Appomattox six days before the surrender and kept at Point Lookout until June, 1865.

His body was brought to Johnston, accompanied, by his family and laid to rest in Mount of Olives Cemetery, beside his little son, Mackey, who died several years ago. From his bier floated the red and white streamers on the laurel wreath placed by the local Chapter, U. D. C. He rests serene among forty of his comrades who lie buried in God's sacred acre, and above his grave is seen the Maltese iron cross in red and white with C. S. A., showing that

"He was a rebel in the fight
Because he thought it just and right.
The South he loved, her flag was his,
Her fields, and hills, and skies divine.
He loved her as best he could;
Was not her cause born in his blood?
Against a storm of shot and shell
He fought for the South he loved so well."

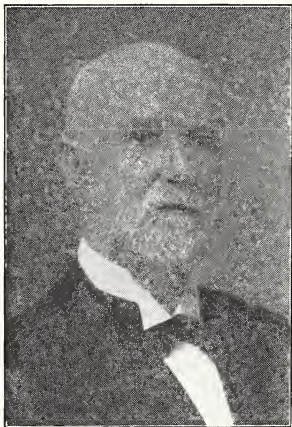
"So sleep, soldier! still in honor rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

[Mrs. James H. White, Registrar, M. A. B. Chapter, U. D. C.]

JUDGE H. H. COOK.

In the death of Judge Henry H. Cook, of Franklin, Tenn., the State has lost one of its most prominent, able, and worthy citizens, and the association of Confederate soldiers one of its bravest and most loyal members.

Henry Cook enlisted in Company D, Maury's 1st Tennessee, in May, 1861. After the winter campaign in northwest Virginia, he was discharged on account of ill health. He recovered sufficiently to go to Fort Donelson to enlist again. He made his escape after the surrender and was in the battle of Shiloh. Upon the reorganization of the army



JUDGE H. H. COOK.

the 44th and 55th Tennessee Regiments were consolidated, and he was made a lieutenant. He was with the regiment at Perryville, and at Murfreesboro he was badly wounded in the shoulder and also in the head, a large piece of the skull being carried away by the shot. He recovered sufficiently to be with his regiment at Chickamauga, Dandridge, Knoxville, Petersburg, Fort Walthall, and Drury's Bluff. At Petersburg Captain Cook was given two field guns to combat a gunboat ascending the river, and he pushed the guns to the brink of the river and captured the gunboat by firing at close range. He was captured at Drury's Bluff and was one of the six hundred officers put under the fire of Confederate guns in Charleston Harbor.

He returned home in June, 1865, and began the study of law. In 1870 he was elected county judge and served as such for sixteen years. In 1896 he was elected chancellor for Davidson and Williamson Counties, serving as such for six years.

In 1882 Judge Cook married Miss Fannie Marshall, a daughter of John Marshall, a distinguished lawyer of Franklin. Judge Cook was a member of the Christian Church, a life member of Hiram Lodge No. 7, F. & A. M., and a member of De Molay Commandery.

JAMES HENRY LOUGHBOROUGH.

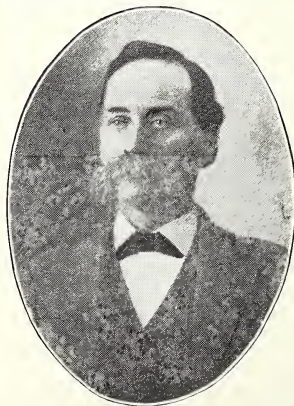
On November 7, 1921, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, James Henry Loughborough passed through the gates of darkness into the light beyond and joined his comrades of the cause he so passionately loved. His father, Hamilton Loughborough, and his mother, Mary Ridaud, of French Hueguenot descent, were of prominent families in Maryland and ardent sympathizers with the South during those fateful years, and their young son made one of the many from that noble State whose bravery, enthusiasm, and devotion won for it the high honor of being included in the roll of the Confederate States. He had completed his education at the Georgetown University and was at Fort Wayne, Ind., when war was

declared. Hastening to Virginia, he enlisted in Caskie's Rangers, Capt. Robert Caskie commanding; they were ordered to Charleston, W. Va., where he had his first fight against a marauding party; was with Col. Clarkson on Coal River, where he overtook and captured a number of prisoners; was in the cavalry under Wise when he retreated to Sewell Mountain from there he was transferred to Yorktown, where he was made vidette and stayed to watch the enemy. His command was in a cavalry charge on the second U. S. Dragoons at Williamsburg, capturing a number of prisoners; fought on the right of General Lee in the Seven Days' fight, and in the raid around McClellan's army before being reorganized as company A, 10th Virginia Cavalry. After a severe attack of typhoid fever, young Loughborough served in the Signal Corps until after Chancellorsville, was in all of the battles of Fredericksburg, and had the honor to be signal officer to Stonewall Jackson during the fighting at the request of the general; later he served with the 10th Virginia Cavalry until the surrender when he made his escape with six others, all that were left to Col. Caskie, finally reaching Richmond and being paroled.

James Loughborough was born May 2, 1836, and was married December 24, 1862, at the cathedral in Richmond, Bishop John McGill officiating, to Margaret Cabell Brown, daughter of Ludwell H. Brown, of Richmond, and Margaret McClelland of Nelson. He returned to his estate, Milton, Md., where, at a ripe old age, crowned with honor and affection, he quietly and peacefully entered into eternal rest. He is survived by his wife and six of his eleven children.

JOSEPH H. BOWMAN.

Joseph H. Bowman enlisted in Company D, 32d Tennessee Infantry, at Tullahoma, in March, 1863, before he was sixteen



JOSEPH H. BOWMAN.

years old. He was an ideal soldier from that date to June 22, when he was badly wounded in the right hand and arm in the battle of Powder Springs Road on the left of the Kenesaw line; and he had not recovered from the wound when he was paroled on May 17, 1865.

He was married to Miss Jennie Brown, a daughter of one of the prominent families of Williamson County. She and five sons and two

daughters survive him, all of whom are honored and respected citizens.

Joe Bowman was honored and loved by all who knew him; he was a high-toned Christian gentleman, and he will be greatly missed by his Church, by his neighbors, and especially by the McEwen Bivouac and Camp at Franklin, of which he had been a member since the organization. He had acceptably filled every office, and at the time of his death was treasurer, which position he had held for many years.

May we remember his many virtues and try to emulate them.

MAJ. GENERAL JAMES I. METTS, U. C. V.

The old North State lost a beloved son in the death of Gen. James I. Metts, which occurred at Wilmington on October 18, 1921. As Commander of the North Carolina Division U. C. V., and also Commander of the Camp at Wilmington, he held a place as the beloved leader of the veterans of his State, who mourn his passing. He was a native of Kinston, N. C., born March 6, 1842, and had lived more than seventy years of his life in Wilmington.

In April, 1861, at the age of nineteen, James I. Metts joined the Wilmington Rifle Guards as a private, and he was with the company when it seized Fort Caswell at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. This company was

assigned to the 18th Regiment N. C. Troops. At the expiration of his enlistment he reenlisted in Company G, 3rd N. C. Troops (infantry) and soon became fifth sergeant. He participated in the battles around Richmond, including the Seven Days' battles, where he fought with gallantry, winning many compliments for his coolness and bravery under fire. After the battle of Malvern Hill he was made orderly sergeant and was assigned to the main work of drilling the recruits of his company; and after the battle of Sharpsburg, he was promoted to senior second lieutenant. He took part in the campaigns around Winchester, Bunker Hill, Fort Royal, and Gordon Springs. Probably where he did his best fighting and displayed unusual bravery was in the Confederate assault at Culp's Hill on the afternoon of the second day at Gettysburg. A little later he was wounded in the right breast by a rifle ball, and was hauled three miles over a rough road to a field hospital. From there he was taken to a hospital in Baltimore, where he slowly recovered. He was then sent to Johnson's Island and for thirteen months was a prisoner of war. In August, 1864, he was selected for exchange and was soon back in Richmond. He took command of his company as captain, also of Company E, and served in Cox's brigade, Grimes' division, until detailed on the staff of General Grimes as special inspector of the divisions, surrendering at Appomattox.

Returning to Wilmington, Captain Metts engaged in business, continuing actively at work until his death, enjoying through these years the high esteem and respect of his fellow citizens. In November, 1869, he wedded Miss Cornelia F.

Cowan, daughter of Col. Robert H. Cowan, his old commander, and their married life was blessed with six children, three of whom survive him—John B. Metts, late colonel of the 119th Infantry, 30th Division, now Adjutant General of North Carolina; Edwin A. Metts and Miss Eliza Metts, of Wilmington. A brother, Charles G. Metts, of Norfolk, Va., also survives him.

Three full companies went out from Wilmington, N. C., in 1861: The Wilmington Light Infantry, the Rifle Guards, and the German Volunteers. There were also some light artillery, some cavalry, and volunteers in heavy artillery. Wilmington may be proud of them: their record was above praise; many of them were faithful unto death, and all were loyal to the end.

Among these men James I. Metts stood conspicuous; and when peace came he willingly buried all hatred and malice toward our late enemies, but he never put out of his life his love for the men in gray, or did he ever neglect the opportunity to say and do anything for their benefit. He did not seek favor by apologizing for them. He was proud of them, and those who survive are proud of him, and lovingly lay this humble tribute on his grave.

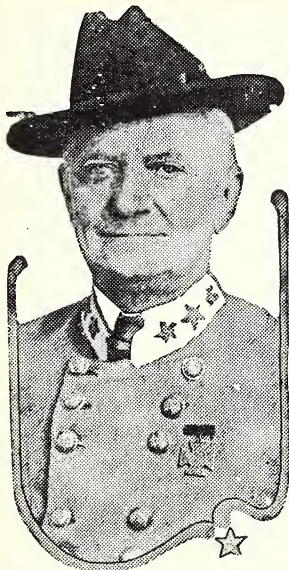
COMRADES AT HOLLY SPRINGS, N. C.

Col. G. B. Alford, President of the Oscar R. Rand Memorial Association, reports, the following deaths in the membership of that Camp during the past year:

J. M. UTLEY died at his home in Holly Springs on January 13, 1921, in his seventy-seventh year. He was born and reared in this county, and in 1861, at the age of nineteen, he volunteered in Oscar R. Rand's company, but was transferred to Company I, 3rd N. C. Cavalry, and served four years for the Confederacy, taking part in some big raids. In the passing of this good man the Holly Springs Baptist Church lost a faithful member, and the Oscar R. Rand Camp of Veterans a true comrade, his family a devoted father. Surviving him are his wife and seven children.

WILLIAM HARDY BURT, a true soldier of the old South, a kind and noble friend, a just and loyal citizen, died on August 7, 1921, at the age of ninety-three. He was an officer of the Oscar R. Rand Camp No. 1278 U. C. V., of Holly Springs, and his comrades lost a good friend in his death, and the entire community is the poorer in the loss of this honored and respected citizen. Comrade Burt was born May 4, 1828, in this county, Holly Springs Township. In 1852 he married Miss Mary Winfield Adams, and to them were born six children. In 1862, at the age of thirty-four, he volunteered and enlisted in Company E, 36th Regiment, 5th Cavalry, commanded by Thomas A. Harris. His service was something over three years; he returned home wounded in the leg, from which he never entirely recovered, though he lived a long and useful life. For forty-four years he served as magistrate and was very prominent in political affairs. At the age of thirteen he became a member of the Baptist Church, and was a faithful Christian to the end. He was the oldest member of the Church there, which he had served for eighty years and was also Sunday school superintendent for thirty years. Six children survive him, also twenty-three grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren.

On the 8th day of November, 1921, there passed into the great beyond the soul of CAPT. CALVIN PRITCHARD, who died as he had lived, a true soldier of Christ. He was in his ninety-first year. Captain Pritchard was born in Bertie County, N. C. February 25, 1831. He followed Lee and Johnston through the War between the States, giving four years of his life to the service of his country as a soldier of the Confed-



JAMES I. METTS.

eracy. He commanded Company G, 32nd Regiment of N. C. Troops. After the war he returned home and assumed the heroic task of rebuilding a ruined and desolate country. In all relations of life Captain Pritchard was to be relied on, giving his time and strength in any good work. In 1874 he was married to Miss Maria Ward, of Franklinton, N. C., a young woman noted for her beauty and intellect. To them five children were born, and of them two sons and a daughter survive him; his wife died some years ago. In late years he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Segraves, at Holly Springs, N. C., where he was tenderly cared for. He joined the Baptist Church about seventy-five years ago and had served as deacon for over fifty years. He was a member of the Oscar R. Rand Camp No. 1278 U. C. V., of Holly Springs, and his death takes from that membership a comrade tried and true.

JARED JACKSON LEE.

Jared Jackson Lee, born at Newberry Courthouse, S. C., on November 23, 1829, died at the home of his daughters in Birmingham, Ala., on November 7, 1921.

Orphaned in early youth, he made his home with relatives in the western part of Dallas County, near Selma, Ala., where he grew to manhood, and where he married Miss Louisiana Morgan, daughter of George Morgan, one of the prominent pioneer citizens of that farming district. After his return from the War between the States he moved into Selma that his children might have better school advantages, but he still engaged in farming.

J. J. Lee was mustered into the Confederate service at Cahaba, Ala., as a member of Company A, Alabama Regiment, but in July of 1862, he became a member of Capt. Thomas H. Lewis's Company, called the "Partisan Rangers," which company was later a part of Lewis's Battalion of Alabama Cavalry. When Major Lewis was killed in battle at LaFayette, Ga., his battalion, under Maj. W. V. Harrell, reported directly to General Maury, and remained with him until the close of the war. Comrade Lee rendered efficient service as quartermaster and also served on scout duty, and was a trusted courier on important missions.

He became a Christian early in life, and was a member of the Baptist Church. His unflinching faith and confidence in the promises of God were an inspiration to others throughout his long life. He was a Mason, and was proud of the organization.

Comrade Lee is buried by the side of his wife in Oak Hill Cemetery at Selma. Surviving him are two sons, five daughters, and nine grandchildren.

E. G. MORRIS.

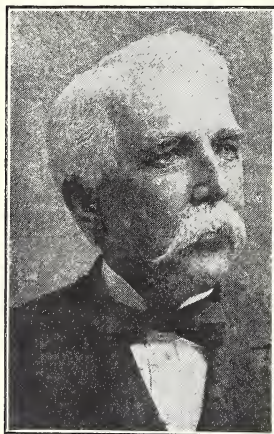
E. G. Morris, seventy-eight years of age, died after a long illness, at his home near Chapel Hill, Tenn., on July 22, 1921. He was buried in a suit of gray and in a gray casket.

Shortly after the War between the States Comrade Morris was married to Miss Chloe Hawkins, of Bedford County, and to them were born ten children, all living to mourn the loss of this devoted father. He was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy, and was never without the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which he read to the last. He served faithfully through the four years of war as a member of the 44th Tennessee Infantry; was twice wounded in battle, at Shiloh and at Corinth.

He was a loyal member of the Methodist Church for many years, and was ready to join his comrades and friends when the call came. After services at the Methodist church at Mt. Pleasant, his body was borne in the flower-covered casket to the family graveyard to rest until the last bugle call.

WILLIAM H. FORSYTHE.

William Henry Forsythe, of Sykesville, Md., died October 24, 1921. He was born in Howard County, Md., on June 26, 1842. In 1868



WILLIAM H. FORSYTHE.

he was married to Arabella Crawford Welling, a noble and devoted wife, who died in 1913. He is survived by one son, William Henry Forsythe, Jr., associate judge of the fifth judicial circuit of Maryland.

Mr. Forsythe took an active interest in the affairs of his county and State. He served three terms as county commissioner of his county and was a director for nearly thirty years in the leading national bank of Howard County. He also served for twenty-seven years as a member of the board of

managers of Springfield State Hospital, the largest institution of its kind in the State.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga., said of him in his Confederate Military History, Vol. II, page 271: "William H. Forsythe, of Sykesville, Md., was one of the devoted young sons of Maryland who made up that brilliant battalion, the 1st Maryland Cavalry. He enlisted in 1862 in Company A, under Capt. Frank A. Bond, and followed that Bayard of the Maryland troops, the chivalrous Ridgley Brown, into many a dashing charge and through many a weary march. From the time of his enlistment his record is that of the Maryland Line. Particularly does he recall the engagements of Brandy Station, Antietam, or Sharpsburg, the campaign of Gettysburg, and the raids and hot encounters of cavalry that preceded and followed the battle, and the gallant bout with Sheridan at Trevilian's. As was the case with the cavalry generally, he did not surrender at Appomattox, and he did not formally lay down his arms until May 10, 1865, after he had crossed the Potomac into Maryland. In the unfortunate affair of Moorefield, W. Va., on the return from the Chambersburg raid of 1864, he escaped the fate of capture which befell so many of the command. After all was over he returned to his home in Maryland and became as good a citizen as he was a soldier, giving his attention to farming, which has ever since been his occupation and in which it is gratifying to know that he has been eminently successful."

At the last meeting of the Board of Managers of the Springfield State Hospital on the 23rd inst., resolutions were unanimously adopted that it place on record its earnest appreciation of the sterling qualities of its deceased member, Mr. William Henry Forsythe. For twenty-seven years he served so faithfully and well the interests of its inmates that the State of Maryland has cause for pride in the personal character, honorable career, and faithful performance of every duty and responsibility confided to him; that these resolutions be en-

grossed for presentation to his only son, Judge William Henry Forsythe, and be spread upon the minutes of the hospital, that all coming after him may know of the esteem in which he was held by every member of this Board.

[Albert C. Ritchie, president; Frank H. Gunther, vice president; E. Brooks Lee; C. Wilbur Miller; Wade H. D. Warfield; Humphrey D. Wolfe; Mrs. Frank R. Kent; John M. Dennis.]

The Patapsco National Bank, of Ellicott City, of which he was a director for more than thirty years, also passed resolutions expressing high appreciation in the following:

"A man of unimpeachable integrity, of rugged honesty, of matured experience, of rare ability, he had proved himself a discriminating, wise counselor, a safe and trustworthy adviser. His sterling traits of character, his high sense of justice, his cordial geniality, endeared him to all enjoying close contact and association with him. He was in every sense a most lovable character, and in his death this bank has sustained an immeasurable loss.

"He was an original subscriber to the stock of this bank on June 24, 1886, was elected a director on January 6, 1891, and served continually until his death."

[John L. Clark, Samuel S. Owings, James Clark, Joshua N. Warfield, Jr., Committee.]

CAPT. WILLIAM J. HUGHES.

Capt. William J. Hughes, who died at his home in Shreveport, La., on April 13, 1921, was born in Chester County, S. C., August 29, 1837. The family removed to Alabama in his early childhood, and thence to Louisiana just before the beginning of the War between the States. He enlisted in Company D, of the 9th Louisiana Regiment, and served gallantly as a soldier of the Confederacy. After the war he was married to Miss Mary Clark, of Bossier Parish. He was a merchant and planter at Rocky Mount for a number of years, but removed to Shreveport in 1910 and made his home there permanently. He was laid to rest in the Rocky Mount cemetery. He was a fine type of citizen, and his passing was widely mourned.

[John T. Pearce, Commander General, Louisiana Division U. C. V.]

B. H. BYRD.

After an illness of several weeks, B. H. Byrd died at his home in Lady Lake, Fla., at the age of seventy-seven years. He was born in Tennessee and spent the early years of his life in that State and Mississippi. He located in Florida some thirty-six years ago, making his home at Lady Lake most of that time, and was one of the most loved and respected citizens of the community. He had been postmaster there for about twenty years, and was appreciated for his courtesy and patience in that position.

Comrade Byrd was a brave soldier of the Confederacy, entering the Confederate Army as a boy and serving the whole four years of war. He was a loyal member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a steward and Sunday school superintendent for a number of years.

His wife survives him with a son and daughter. His brother Masons and comrades of the Confederacy laid him to rest in the cemetery at Lady Lake and covered the grave with beautiful flowers. The Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy passed resolutions expressing the sense of loss sustained in the passing of this veteran friend, whose memory will be loved and cherished. Love of home and country were among his high ideals of this life.

CAPT. ROBERT T. BOWIE.

In the death of Capt. Robert Theodore Bowie, Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, U. C. V., of Hapeville, Ga., loses one of its oldest and most valued members. Captain Bowie passed quietly and peacefully away at his home in Atlanta, on the morning of October 24, 1921. He was born in Abbeville County, S. C., July 25, 1836, and was quite a large boy when the family moved from South Carolina to Cobb County, Ga., near Smyrna.

At the outbreak of the war, Captain Bowie was practicing law in Blakely, Early County, and was lieutenant of a military company there known as the "Early County Guards." This company went at once to Griffin, Ga., to the mobilization camp, and became Company G, of the Thirteenth Georgia Regiment. They were rushed at once to Virginia, but were one day late for the first battle of Manassas.

After a year's service in Virginia under Lee, Col. Marcellus Douglas brought the regiment to Savannah, and here it became a part of a brigade under General Lawton. It was here at the battle of Whitmarsh Island that Captain Bowie received his first wound from the enemy. After a two months furlough, he was sent back to Virginia to rejoin his regiment, and was in Jackson's Corps until the battle of Sharpsburg, in which battle the greater part of his company were among the killed and wounded. He was himself so badly wounded that he was left on the field among the dead and dying, the ambulance surgeon thinking there was no chance of his living to get to the hospital. Several hours later his own Col. J. M. Smith (later governor of Georgia), was riding over the field looking for his men and came to where he was lying. Colonel Smith told him if he was willing to take the chance he would lift him to his horse and swim the river to the nearest hospital. This exertion came near being too much for him, but they made the trip successfully and his life was saved. He was granted a two month's furlough after leaving the hospital and came home to Georgia.

While here the citizens of Blakely presented him with a gold-headed cane in token of their appreciation of his bravery, and this cane is now the prized possession of one of his daughters.

As his wound failed to heal entirely, he joined the State troops under Col. George Lester, and patrolled the northern part of the State for six months. When mustered out from this service, he organized a company in Atlanta, of which he was made captain, and joined the 4th Georgia Regiment, Company D, and did guard duty at Andersonville prison until the close of the war. He was cited for bravery three times.

Captain Bowie never entirely recovered from his severe wound at Sharpsburg, and during his last years he was an invalid, being tenderly and lovingly cared for by his devoted daughters. He was a faithful member of St. John's Methodist Church for more than twenty-five years.

A brave soldier, a tender, loving father, and a true and upright man has gone to his reward.

COMRADES AT SARDIS, MISS.

The following members of John R. Dickens Camp, U. C. V., of Sardis, Miss., L. F. Rainwater, Commander, passed over the river during 1921, as reported by J. H. Braham: J. H. Rice, eighty-three years of age, Wirt Adams's Regiment Cavalry; J. B. Mitchell, seventy-four years, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, Company H; R. B. McKee, eighty-five years, 34th Mississippi Infantry; B. C. Johnson, seventy-five years, 21st Georgia Regiment; C. W. Duval, seventy-four years, 5th Mississippi Cavalry; J. O. Askur, eighty-two years, 12th Mississippi Regiment; J. H. Branch, eighty-six years, Hudson Battery.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy: The Christmas and New Year's greetings which have come have filled me with very real gratitude, and I am taking this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation of the kind thoughts and good wishes for the coming year. To one and all I extend the hope that the year may be filled with richest blessing.

I have been surprised as well as pleased at the great interest expressed in the many letters which have come in response to my circular letter sent out to the presidents of Chapters in December. And this brings to me a new thought—if the President General's letter in the *VETERAN* is to be of service to the organization it must be read to the Chapters. For this reason I make a personal request—that the president of every Chapter to which this letter is read will send me just a post card with the name of the Chapter. This personal touch will bring us together as nothing else can, and we shall gain strength for our work in this closer relationship.

THE LEE MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

When I wrote last month of this new work I little thought that the first gift—entirely voluntary and unsolicited—would come from one who, like his father, rendered distinguished service for many years in the army of the United States. I give his letter in full because it expresses tribute to the Confederate soldier which I believe is felt to-day by all loyal Americans:

"NEW YORK, January 2, 1922.

"Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General United Daughters of Confederacy.

"*My Dear Mrs. Schuyler:* I have heard with much interest of the proposed chapel to be erected at the Washington and Lee University as a memorial to the immortal Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"Would you permit the son of a Union officer, who died in the service of his country, whose forebears belonged to the North by birthright and sentiment, to tender a modest contribution to the purpose of the United Daughters of the Confederacy?

"The grim determination, patience, and profound courage of General Lee and his wonderful fighting men will for all time offer a graphic example for future generations of Americans; and it is particularly to be noted that the Confederate armies were Americans by birth, instinct, and bearing, and furnish a stimulating example at a time in our history when our population is being largely diluted by aliens, that these new people and the world may know the meaning of the American spirit and ideals so typically emphasized in the heroic personality of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"Cordially yours,

N. S. JARVIS,

"*Captain United States Army (retired).*"

The Per Capita Tax.—As March approaches, let me remind you of the necessity of meeting this obligation promptly, not only for the purpose of aiding the Treasurer General in her work, but also in order that we may meet our many obligations. At the convention many pledges were made by the Chapters and Divisions, and it is only right that these should be fulfilled at the earliest possible time.

Registration Blanks.—The Registrar General requests me to remind all Division Registrars that the convention at Tampa changed the form of application blanks and ordered that all blanks printed in future should conform to the standard blanks issued by the general organization.

If this rule is followed it will greatly aid your Registrar General, and I know how anxious you are to help in this difficult task of registration. I feel sure that when it is generally understood there will be a willing and ready response from all the divisions.

Committees.—In order to facilitate business, I give the names of those chairmen of committees with whom you are most likely to have correspondence:

Education, Mrs. W. E. Merchant, Chatham, Va.

Confederate Women's Relief Work, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, 218 Sheffer Street, Richmond, Va.

Official Stationery, Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Juniper Terrace, Atlanta, Ga.

Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Cunningham Memorial, Mrs. Birdie A. Owen, Jackson, Tenn.

Jefferson Davis Highway, Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.

Mrs. John C. Brown Memorial Peace Essay, Miss Mollie Kavanaugh, 712 Cedar Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., Mrs. Jackie Daniel Thrash, Tarboro, N. C.

World War Records, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, 3210 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala.

Maury Monument, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, 735 Weston Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

Lee Memorial Chapel, Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Paducah, Ky.

In Memoriam.—California has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Matthew Robertson, for many years Division Parliamentarian and representative for the State on the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee. Her work in aiding to make the Division what it is to-day is known to most of us, and we sympathize with the Division in its loss.

I have just received the news from California of the death of our Honorary President, Mrs. William B. Prichard, the daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the pioneers of the U. D. C. work in California. She was a woman of great

ability and rare personality, and a devoted wife, mother, and friend. Her death removes one of the most distinguished members of our organization. She was a devoted friend of mine and I feel a personal sorrow and loss.

Faithfully yours, LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. D. NOTES.

DIVISION CORRESPONDENTS FOR 1922.

Alabama.—Mrs. B. T. Roberts, Clayton.

Maryland.—Mrs. Preston Power, 2008 Maryland Ave., Baltimore.

Missouri.—Miss Virginia Wilkinson, 8200 Troost Ave., Kansas City.

New York.—Hattie H. Tupman (reappointed), Historian New York Division.

Ohio.—Mrs. Albert S. Porter (reappointed), 1204 St. Charles St., Lakewood, Cleveland.

Children Chapters.—Mrs. W. E. Massey, Hot Springs, Ark., is very appreciative of her election to the office of Third Vice President General and thereby Director General of Children of the Confederacy and bespeaks the coöperation of the entire organization in this important department. She is issuing a folder of information and suggestions for the year. Please place it in the hands of your Chapter Director or some one interested. The aim of the year will be: "A Director in every State, a leader in every Chapter." Mrs. Massey announces the following prizes and rules governing same:

Five prizes will be given this year, with rules as follows:

The Ricks Banner will be given for the Chapter of C. of C. sending in the best report at the general convention at Birmingham, Ala., November, 1922.

The Bettie Marriot Whitehead Prize will be given to the State Director registering the greatest number of members during this year.

The Florence Goalder Faris Medal will be given the member of C. of C. writing the best essay on the subject: "The Orphan Brigade of Kentucky."

The Eliza Jane Guinn Medal will be given the boy member of the C. of C. who writes the best essay on the subject: "Robert E. Lee, the Boy."

The Arkansas Division Medal will be given the Chapter director who writes the best catechism of not more than one hundred questions and answers on the origin and reason for the existence of the C. of C.

RULES.—Each essay must be written on one side of the paper. Typed if possible.

The length of the essay shall be 1,500 words.

Two essays may be submitted from each State through the State Director on each subject. Where there is no State Director then Chapter may have this privilege.

Each essay for the contest must reach me not later than September 1, 1922.

Essays will be judged upon subject-matter, style, and neatness.

Each essay must be signed with a fictitious name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope on the outside of which is the fictitious name of the author and on the inside of which is the real name, the address and Chapter of the writer.

No winner of an award can compete for it again till all the other Chapters have had an opportunity of winning it.

The material for the first ten programs will be found in the following books: "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," by Susan Hull; "The Women of the Confederacy," "The Immortal Six Hundred," by Murrey; and through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN itself. Order books from the VETERAN.

AN HONOR TO THE U. D. C. EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chairman, reports that Fitzgerald Flournoy of Bay View, Va., who won in 1916 in competitive examination the U. D. C. scholarship in Washington and Lee University, was awarded on December 3, 1921, the Rhodes Scholarship for Virginia at Oxford, England, over sixteen candidates. The U. D. C. is proud of this and of Mr. Flournoy's records while holding their scholarship at Washington and Lee, where he at once ranked as an A1 student and held that record until graduation. While there he won the State Intercollegiate Orator's Medal, two scholarships, the orator's medal offered by the Society of the Cincinnati in Virginia; and was elected to the leading fraternities; he was founder and editor of the humorous monthly at Washington and Lee, and served last summer as assistant sporting editor of the *News Leader*, Richmond, Va. Mr. Flournoy is now teaching English at Washington and Lee and is studying for an A. M. degree. He will take up his residence at Oxford October, 1922, for three years' study.

CONFEDERATES AT AMERICAN LEGION CONVENTION.

When the American Legion met in convention in Kansas City last autumn the convention hall was filled to capacity, with twenty-five thousand legionnaires and friends. John G. Emery, National Commander, presided, the invocation was by National Chaplain, John W. Inzer, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Vice President Coolidge made an address, then an address of welcome was made by Archibald A. Pearson, Adjutant General Missouri Division U. C. V., who had been a member of Forrest's Cavalry in 1861-1865.

There was an interesting incident of the parade on November 1, when thousands were in the line seven miles long. Both G. A. R. and U. C. V. had been invited to join in the parade, and there were seven Federal and three Confederate veterans in the line, in uniform. The three Confederates were Fielding Kenley, Captain Kennedy, and Archibald A. Pearson, and they were marching just behind the Washington, D. C., Division and in front of the Florida Division. The three beautiful Confederate uniforms and all that they represented brought out such vociferous cheering along the line from the thousands of onlookers that at the first halt of their line, the officers of the Washington Division rushed back, grabbed the arms of the three Confederates, saying: "Come on up to the front of our line." The Florida commanders grabbed them on the other side, saying: "O, no, we must have them to head our Division." Florida finally won and kept them at their head. These Confederate veterans had just returned from the Confederate reunion at Chattanooga.

MRS. JOHN P. POE.

It is with much regret we chronicle the death on November 16, of Mrs. John P. Poe, in her eighty-second year. It will sadden the U. D. C. organization to know this ardent and pioneer worker of the U. D. C. has crossed the bar. For many years Mrs. Poe was a leading spirit in all Confederate affairs, for many years President of the Maryland Division, and for two years Vice President General. After she became too infirm for active service, she was made an "honorary" officer in every society—Honorary President of the Maryland Division; Honorary President of the Baltimore Chapter; Honorary President of the Children of the Confederacy of Maryland; and Regent of the Maryland Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond. In all these years her interest in Confederate work did not abate.

DIVISION NOTES.

Alabama.—The General Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will be held in Birmingham, in 1922, this being the first general convention to be held in the State. Alabama has been unusually recognized by having three of its members honored at the last general convention with positions in the general organization: Mrs. J. A. Rountree reappointed General Chairman World War Records; Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, elected Custodian of Flags and Pennants; Miss Allie Garner, of Ozark, elected Corresponding Secretary General. Therefore it seems most fitting that Alabama should be chosen as the next place of meeting.

The work of repainting the buildings of the Confederate Home at Mountain Creek, which have recently been repaired and improved, will soon be completed. The veterans in the Home, in a letter to the *Montgomery Advertiser*, thank the Alabama Division and others in the State who so generously contributed to their happy Christmas. The dining room was artistically decorated, presents bestowed on each inmate, and there was a wonderful Christmas turkey with all accessories, all of which brought up memories of the happy past.

Louisiana.—The Louisiana Division is making great progress toward the completion of the Gen. Alfred Mouton monument, which is being erected in Lafayette, La., the home of the brave Southern general, and is looking forward to the unveiling of this monument with appropriate ceremonies on the birthday of General Mouton, February 18, 1922. General Mouton was killed at the battle of Mansfield, La., in April, 1864, when but thirty-five years of age. It was at this time that Prince de Polignac achieved fame by assuming command of the forces and leading them to victory. The design committee composed of members of the Louisiana Division, met on November 30 and approved the inscription for the monument.

Maryland.—At the State convention held on December 7, the Maryland Division was honored by the presence of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General U. D. C. This was her first official appearance since the general meeting at St. Louis. She made a favorable impression on the Daughters, who feel that a charming and capable woman will be in charge of our beloved society for the coming year. Mrs. Schuyler made a brief address, installing the State President, Miss Georgia Bright, after which the reports from various committees were read. The invitation of Hagerstown, a small city in the Maryland mountains, to hold the annual convention there in 1922 was cordially accepted.

Missouri.—During the general convention in St. Louis, the women of the Missouri Division presented Mrs. J. P. Higgins with a beautiful wrist watch in appreciation of her untiring efforts and splendid achievements during the two years she served as President of the Missouri Division. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter entertained December 5 with an informal tea and parcel post sale at the home of Mrs. D. L. Shumate. The affair was a great success both socially and financially. The John Marmaduke Chapter gave a breakfast at twelve o'clock at the Country Club for Mrs. S. C. Hunt, the newly elected President of the Missouri Division. A number of the State officers and several former officers were present and responded to toasts. The dining room was decorated with Confederate flags, and the color scheme was red and white. There were sixty guests. The Independence Chapter helped to celebrate the one hundredth birthday anniversary of Missouri by entering four cars in the Centennial

parade in Kansas City, October 3. The cars, decorated in Confederate colors, added greatly to the beauty of the parade.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1922.

THE BOYHOOD OF ROBERT E. LEE IN ALEXANDRIA.

Describe this historic town and its interesting associations.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1922.

A BOY SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY, JOHN THOMPSON MASON, OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

Describe the cruise of the last ship that sailed under the Bonnie Blue Flag.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

PRIZES AND RULES GOVERNING CONTESTS.

1. *The Mildred Rutherford Medal.* For the best historical work done by small Divisions numbering less than ten Chapters.
2. *The Raines Banner.* To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records.
3. *Rose Loving Cup.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on Sidney Lanier, his life and his poems.
4. *Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the book, "The Women of the South in War Times."
5. *A Soldier's Prize, \$20.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Southern-Born Staff Officers in the World War," who they were and what they were able to accomplish.
6. *Roberts Medal.* For the second best essay submitted in any contest.
7. *Yoree Prize, \$100.* Awarded by the War Records Committee to Division Directors on per cent and per capita basis.
8. *Hyde Medal.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject "The Alabama."
9. *Orren Randolph Smith Medal.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject "Causes of Secession."
10. *Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler Prize, \$50.* For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject "Lee at Lexington."
11. *The Carter Prize.* A hundred dollar liberty bond to the Division purchasing the largest number of copies of "Truths of History" from Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga. Price, 50 cents.

RULES GOVERNING CONTEST.

1. Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.
2. Essays must be typewritten, with fictitious signatures. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope, on outside of which is fictitious name only.
3. Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by September 1, 1922.
4. Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historians.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| MRS. A. McD. WILSON..... | <i>President General</i> |
| MRS. C. B. BRYAN..... | <i>First Vice President General</i> |
| MISS SUE H. WALKER..... | <i>Second Vice President General</i> |
| MRS. E. L. MERRY..... | <i>Treasurer General</i> |
| MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON..... | <i>Recording Secretary General</i> |
| MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD..... | <i>Historian General</i> |
| MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..... | <i>Corresponding Secretary General</i> |
| MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE..... | <i>Past Laureate General</i> |
| MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS..... | <i>Auditor General</i> |
| REV. GILES B. COOKE..... | <i>Chaplain General</i> |



STATE PRESIDENTS

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| ALABAMA—Montgomery..... | Mrs. R. P. Dexter |
| ARKANSAS—Fayetteville..... | Mrs. J. Garside Welch |
| FLORIDA—Pensacola..... | Mrs. Horace L. Simpson |
| GEORGIA—Atlanta..... | Mrs. William A. Wright |
| KENTUCKY—Bowling Green..... | Miss Jeannie Blackburn |
| LOUISIANA—New Orleans..... | Mrs. James Dinkins |
| MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg..... | Mrs. E. C. Carroll |
| MISSOURI—St. Louis..... | Mrs. G. K. Warner |
| NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville..... | Mrs. J. J. Yates |
| OKLAHOMA—Tulsa..... | Mrs. W. H. Crowder |
| SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston..... | Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith |
| TENNESSEE—Memphis..... | Mrs. Charles W. Frazer |
| TEXAS—Houston..... | Mrs. Mary E. Bryan |
| VIRGINIA—Front Royal..... | Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy |
| WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington..... | Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey |

SUGGESTIONS FOR STATE CONFERENCES.

My Dear Co-Workers: In planning our work for the new year there are suggestions to which we again call your attention and beg your consideration and cooperation. No work can be greater than our plan for "big things" and better service. That we shall be in our own work an example that shall so inspire others as to renew afresh and to reconsecrate the best effort in stabilizing and maintaining every moment that has for its object the advancement of Southern history and traditions is the goal toward which every heart loyal to the cause is striving. We are pressing forward, be it ever so slowly, but making gradual improvement and advancement, which must be, for lethargy means death to any cause.

Then let us be up and doing, that we may not fail in our responsibility, and, in falling, crush the spirit of others who watch our footsteps for guidance.

A work too long delayed has been the calling of State conferences. Last year Oklahoma, with Mrs. W. H. Crowder as the efficient State President, held the first State conference in our memorial work, and, while but a beginning, it marked a decided step forward, for nothing so inspires as getting together for comparison of work and suggestive planning.

Let us begin the new year with plans for State conferences and directors in every State where six or more associations exist, and plan this getting together, and we shall, if this be done, have reports for our general convention that tell to the world we have held sacred the work committed to our hands.

AGAIN OUR HISTORICAL WORK.

Our most efficient and inspiring Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, has prepared an open letter which she hopes to send to every association, and the first request that your President General makes in the new year is that every association elect, or have the President of the association appoint, a Historian.

We have long been too negligent of this branch of our work, and if you will again refer to your constitution and by-laws you will find that Article II, Section 1, puts historical work second only to memorial work. So let me urge with all my power to impress you that you make Miss Rutherford's appeal your earnest consideration at your very first meeting and send to her by May 1 the slip to be detached and filled out, because, unless you do this, your Historian General will necessarily go to the convention embarrassed by our failure to cooperate and help her in every way.

The Allan Seegar Library has already placed upon its shelves more than a hundred volumes of Southern history and literature through the unselfish, earnest effort of Mrs. Oswald

Eve, of Augusta, Ga., and we are not yet willing to stop in this good work. Send any other suitable volumes to Mrs. Eve, so that you may have it to report at the convention.

THE GOLD BAR OF HONOR.

Will not each association appoint a chairman to search out the dear Confederate mothers and let the few remaining ones have the joy of knowing that they and their sacrifices have not been forgotten? Make just one more splendid campaign in search of them. Just four or five years longer and scarcely one will be left. Do this now ere it is too late, and send the names to Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, Chairman, Pensacola, Fla.

Again let me urge you to take up the work and organize Junior Memorial Associations. Do you realize that only through the younger generations can any cause be perpetuated? They are our hope!

OFFICIAL STATIONERY.

We feel that we are indeed fortunate in having added to our official family Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest as chairman of stationery, and under her splendid ability is being prepared some beautiful stationery with the C. S. M. A. insignia in gold and colors, also some in plain black lettering. Those desiring this official stationery should write to Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, 25 Avery Drive, Atlanta, Ga., for prices, stating amount desired.

REUNION AND CONVENTION.

Gen. Julien S. Carr, Commander in Chief U. C. V., has announced the reunion date as set for June 20, so that our convention, which comes on the day preceding the reunion, will begin June 19, at four o'clock in the afternoon, with welcome meeting. Details as to place of headquarters have not been officially announced, but due notice will be given, and as the time is not long you are urged to begin the new year with plans for a large attendance at Richmond.

Let every association prove itself alive and abreast of the times. God helps those who help themselves, so let us prove to the world that we are not unmindful of duty, and that in God we trust and press forward, doing our whole duty and bearing in mind ever our matchless motto, "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet—Lest we forget"; and in the early hours of the new year 1922, with ineffaceable letters write "Success," for our beloved cause, because we love it and are willing to work for it!

With loving appreciation of all your splendid effort in the past and every good wish for you in the future, I am,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The memorial women will be interested in the announcement that a new volume of "Representative Women of the South" is nearly ready for press. This book will be edited, as was the first, by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, of College Park, Ga., who has in hand splendid material to make this, the second of the series of volumes, a success. The first volume was received with gratitude by the public, who recognized in the work one of great value and permanent interest. Mrs. Collier hopes to have her book in the hands of the publisher early in the spring. Any one interested in the preservation of historical records of the women of their family will receive information if they will write to Mrs. Collier at College Park. This volume, like its predecessor, will contain sketches and pictures of distinguished women of the South at various periods of its history.

A letter of acknowledgment to Mrs. Oswell Eve, of Augusta, Ga., has been received by her from the acting librarian of the American Library in Paris, concerning the books sent for the Allan Seegar Library by Mrs. Eve as a gift from the C. S. M. A. The letter follows:

"On behalf of the Board of Trustees of the American Library in Paris, Inc., I wish to thank your Association for the most generous gift of books on the Southern States. These books are a very welcome addition to our library, and the Trustees are very appreciative of your interest and generosity.

"The books arrived in very good condition, and I have checked them up with the list that you sent. With renewed thanks, I beg to remain, sincerely yours, Alida M. Stephens, Acting Librarian."

The Board of Trustees of this library are Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, James R. Barbour, Walter V. R. Berry, the Rev. S. V. Blunt, Prof. Charles Cestre, Comtesse de Chambrun, Dr. Edmund L. Gros, H. G. Mackie, Salomon Reinach, Charles L. Seegar, Alexander M. Thackara, Evelyn Toulmin, Col. Cabot Ward, and Mrs. Edith Wharton. The secretary and librarian is W. N. C. Carlton, L.H.D.

It is very important that the best Southern literature should be sent to this library, for its educational value can scarcely be estimated.

Nothing stimulates interest in any activity as much as an intimate knowledge of what some one in the same activity is doing, and I would like to suggest that the president of every Memorial Association sees to it that frequent reports of the work of the association is sent to the President General, information as to work accomplished, planned, and under way, names of new members and their work. This would encourage other organizations to keep up, and do similar work.

THE MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY MEMORIAL.

BY MRS. E. E. MOFFETT, PRESIDENT OF THE MAURY ASSOCIATION, RICHMOND, VA.

After several years of consideration by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, it was decided at the last annual convention to contribute five thousand dollars toward a monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury, the great American scientist and native of the South. The Maury Association appreciates greatly this very kind act, believing that it is the beginning of the amount desired from the U. D. C. toward the sixty-thousand-dollar goal set as cost of a suitable monument.

It was in Richmond, the once capital of the Southern Confederacy, where Maury gave his best offering, his inventive brain.

May the Association hope that the amount of twenty-five cents each, or approximately that sum, be contributed by the sixty-five thousand members of this great organization throughout its boundaries? The Association has now in bank fifteen thousand dollars toward the monument, which is bearing six percent interest, secured by first mortgage on real estate, this amount contributed by the legislative and by citizens of Virginia. This monument is to stand in evidence of the South's loyalty to one of its greatest citizens a monument in keeping with those of other great heroes that now grace Monument Avenue in Richmond.

THE ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS INSTITUTE.

BY MRS. CLEM G. MOORE, PRESIDENT ALEX STEPHENS CHAPTER U. D. C., CRAWFORDVILLE, GA.

This Memorial Institute was first advocated by the Stephens Monumental Association, which was organized soon after the death of Governor Stephens, in 1883. The Association had three objects in view: First, to purchase Liberty Hall, the home of Mr. Stephens; second, the erection of a suitable monument to Mr. Stephens; third, the establishment of Stephens Memorial College.

Liberty Hall was purchased and paid for, also a handsome granite monument surmounted by a splendid Italian marble statue of Mr. Stephens, which is a true likeness of the Vice President of the Confederacy. The village school was merged into the Stephens High School, and has borne a signal reputation as such.

The Daughters of the Confederacy felt that a permanent and larger memorial to Mr. Stephens should be established, and at the State Convention at Griffin, in October 1910, it was suggested that the Georgia Division, U. D. C. establish a memorial endowment fund for the Alexander H. Stephens Institute to aid in educating poor boys and girls.

At the convention in Athens in October, 1912, this memorial school fund was again urged, but while the plan was approved and indorsed by the convention, it was not formally adopted. Then at the convention in Moultrie, Ga. October, 1913, Judge Horace M. Holden, of Athens, a charter member of the Stephens Monumental Association, by request presented the purpose and plan of the Alexander Stephens Memorial Institute to the convention, making a strong appeal for such a useful, benevolent memorial. The convention unanimously voted to take up this memorial endowment work, and appointed a committee to aid in the work.

This committee has worked faithfully to establish this memorial to the Great Commoner and Vice President of the Confederacy, who did so much in educating poor boys. The work was much retarded by the World War and subsequent conditions, but it is steadily progressing, and a neat sum is in bank at interest on the Memorial Fund.

In 1915, the Georgia legislature passed an act, known as the Beazley bill, authorizing the Stephens High School to become a branch of the University of Georgia. The passage of this bill caused great rejoicing in the U. D. C. ranks. No more fitting memorial could be built to a man more worthy to be honored by the people whom he loved and served so well.

By aiding in this work patriotic Southerners will aid in a benevolent and perpetual memorial to one of the noblest and most unselfish men America has ever known. Many visitors from many States visit Liberty Hall annually to pay tribute to the life and memory of Alexander H. Stephens, whose name and fame will never die.

Let Southern people make possible and permanent the endowment fund of the Alexander H. Stephens Institute.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1866, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

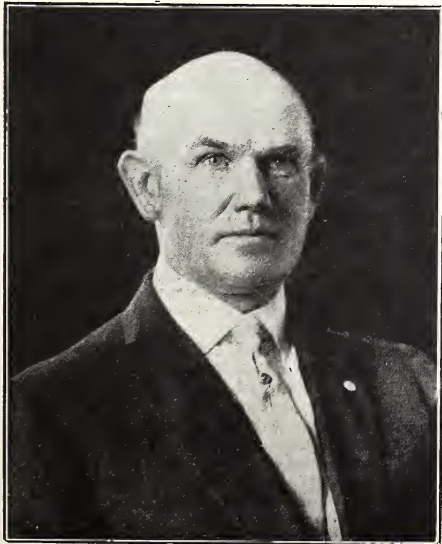
Commander in Chief..... Judge Edgar Scurry
Adjutant in Chief..... Carl Hinton
Editor, J. R. Price..... 1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

COMMANDER LON A. SMITH, TEXAS DIVISION,
S. C. V.

Lon Smith is a splendid example of the younger South. He loves the history and traditions of his people. His father fought under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to the fatal but glorious field of Shiloh, then followed the fortunes of the Stars and Bars under Gen. Lawrence Sullivan Ross to the close of the war. His maternal grandmother was a cousin to Gen. John B. Gordon, one of the biggest, bravest, and best men of the South.

Lon Smith is State Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans for Texas and is serving his second term in this capacity. He was first appointed to this position of honor and trust by Nathan Bedford Forrest, then Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans. He was reappointed by Judge Edward Scurry, who is now Commander in Chief.

Commander Smith is a true friend to the Veterans of the Confederacy. As Comptroller of Public Accounts, he has many opportunities to prove his loyalty to the "heroes in gray." His kindness and tenderness in handling the pension question for these battle-scarred heroes is a daily demonstration of his gentle devotion and filial love for them. They all know of his untiring efforts for them, and they are for him to a man.



COMMANDER LON A. SMITH.

Commander Smith is putting forth heroic efforts to perfect an organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans in every county in Texas. He has appointed a Brigade Commander for each of the sixteen brigades in Texas, and hopes to carry the largest delegation of Sons of Confederate Veterans of any Southern State to the reunion of Veterans and Sons to be held in Richmond, Va., June 20-22, this year. He asks the support of all Veterans, Sons, and Daughters in his efforts to attain this most laudable ambition.

He is ever ready to respond to any call from his people for any service he can render and does not defer to any man in his loyalty and devotion to the principles for which the Southern soldier contended and which will ever abide in the true Southern heart, because these principles are eternal truths.

PENSIONS FOR FAITHFUL NEGROES.

BY COMMANDER J. F. J. CALDWELL, CAMP JAMES D. NANCE,
U. C. V., NEWBERRY, S. C.

In providing for pensions to negroes who served faithfully during the war of secession, the States of Tennessee and Mississippi have discharged a duty incumbent on every State embraced in the Confederate States of America. The other States are blameworthy for their neglect to do likewise. I reproach myself for my inactivity; for I had personal knowledge of negroes serving with the Army of Northern Virginia who not only performed their menial tasks with fidelity, but also risked their lives for their masters or employers. One of these, a hired free negro, insisted on accompanying me in the battle of Gettysburg; and I had, literally, to drive him back. And after I was shot down, he was the first man to come to me, and that while rifle balls were still humming around. He, however, needs no pension, for he died several years ago.

Col. M. M. Buford, of South Carolina, who served under Hampton, Stuart, and Lee, was one of the first persons I know of to urge this provision for negroes by articles in the newspapers. I am sorry to say that we still have it not in South Carolina. A bill providing for it was passed by our State Senate, last winter, but did not reach a vote in the House of Representatives. We are confident of the passage of the measure at the next term, which begins in January.

Such pensions will cost little; for very few of those faithful servants survive. And it is a duty which we should discharge without further delay.

In renewing his subscription, Hon. Pat Henry, of Brandon, Miss., wrote: "I feel very much gratified that the VETERAN is sustaining itself and its reputation, and trust that it may increase in circulation until it reaches every Southern home, carrying the true story of our cause as written by participants of those glorious days of chivalry and suffering unequaled by any other soldiers of any age, ancient or modern. It should stimulate the youth of the country while it gratifies the old 'vet,' coming to him monthly like a benison. Long live the VETERAN, the mouthpiece and defender of our cause, which was not lost, but whose principles are accepted by the world and acknowledged even by those who were then our enemies."

J. H. Bloodworth, of McIntyre, Ga., now in his eighty-first year, served with Company F, 3rd Georgia Regiment, Wright's Brigade, and went through the war, surrendering at Appomattox. He says he has a piece of that famous apple tree.

HOW IT STARTED.

(Continued from page 65.)

house. Little Rube was killed by my side at the battle of Kernstown, Va., where our men killed the Federal General Mulligan and routed his army. He lost his life by exposing himself unnecessarily and contrary to orders. He was a brave boy and loved the excitement of battle, but was heedless. He had run away from his widowed mother and come to us when only fourteen years old.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The Managing Editor reports that but few U. D. C. Chapter meetings have been held since the general letter sent out by the President General inclosing the new proposition secured through Mr. Norman by the Managing Editor. Consequently few orders have been received, a condition which, no doubt, will be very markedly remedied in the next few weeks.

Mrs. R. Philip Holt, Chairman of the Publicity Committee, will soon be taking charge of the general campaign.

A part of the publicity fund voted by the general convention at St. Louis has been already used in sending out copies of the books to all the State libraries which have not yet received copies. In addition to this some fifty review copies were sent to Southern and Western newspapers. It would be a fine thing to have all editorial offices supplied with a copy of this book, and it would tend to prevent the repetition of many common errors in regard to the history of our country.

A contribution of \$1 was received from the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Evansville, Ind., for publicity work, a contribution that was for some weeks delayed in transmission through the former chairman. The largest orders for the competition for the new year have come in from West Virginia and Alabama.

Particularly would the Managing Editor call the attention of all Chapters to the extremely interesting and attractively printed Yearbook of the Sidney Lanier Chapter at Alexander City, Ala., of which Mrs. A. L. Harlan is President. Beginning October 11, the program calls for one or more selections from "The Women of the South in War Times" for every month. For example, on October 13, three members undertake respectively the Foreword, "The Genius of the Southern Women," and "The War Time Experiences of Elizabeth Waring Duckett," to which are added special personal sidelights on Mrs. Duckett's narrative contributed by a fourth member.

It is interesting to give a single program from the Yearbook, namely—that for February 14—which is as follows:

"Back of every noble life there are principles which have fashioned it."

Roll call, Noted Alabama Women of the Confederacy.

Last Song in a Burning Home. Mrs. S. P. Adams.

A Woman's Rebuke and an American Classic. Mrs. N. S. Walker.

Glen Welby Saved. Mrs. C. C. Adams.

"Gott Iss Blayed Oudt." Mrs. Howell.

Capture of a Virginia Lady. Mrs. Henderson.

Reading: "My Suit of Confederate Gray." Miss Sadie Gross.

J. R. Balbridge, of Nelsonville, Mo., writes that he belonged to the 3d Missouri Battery, and he would like to hear from any other survivors of that command. He was in the service four years, never surrendered, was never paroled, and never took the oath. He says he will take the *VETERAN* as long as he lives.

NEW BOOK.

FOR MARYLAND'S HONOR. By Lloyd Tilghman Everett.

While this book deals with Maryland's history in the War between the States, it will be of interest generally in that it brings in characters from other sections in some attractive personalities introduced. It is a story of love and war, of daring deeds and "impetuous wooing" between fights and across the lines; and while some blunt truths of history are presented, the story is written in a strain of good humor—and it has the unusual feature of having no villain of either race, sex, or section to show up.

Mr. Everett is one of the young writers of the present, but is widely known through his extensive magazine and newspaper articles and also as a lecturer in his chosen field of historical research, political and institutional. Some of his articles have appeared in the *VETERAN*, so he is well known to its readers. He is the son of a veteran of the sixties and himself a veteran of the war with Spain. A Marylander by birth, he writes as one familiar alike with the facts of Maryland's history during the stirring period in question and with the temperament and habits of thought of the people of his State, and as one personally acquainted with the various scenes of action presented in the story—Baltimore, the "Eastern Shore," the upland country about Frederick and Harper's Ferry, the Shenandoah Valley, and Northern Virginia. What more beautiful section of country or one more abounding in interest could form the scene of action for a story? There is careful regard to accuracy in the facts of history brought out, but the purely historical purpose is not allowed to interfere with the course of the narrative as a story of life and love and action.

The book is sold at \$2 net. Published by the Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

HISTORIC BEAUVOIR.

A beautiful booklet giving the history of Beauvoir, "the last earthly home of Jefferson Davis," now the home of Mississippi veterans of the Confederacy, has been gotten out by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Mississippi, "designed and edited" by Mrs. Wilbur Moore Jones, State Historian of the Mississippi Division. It is dedicated to Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, "whose strength of mind, greatness of heart, and nobility of purpose have made her life a benediction to Beauvoir," and a picture of Mrs. Kimbrough is one of the illustrations. There are many views of the historic old place and of things connected with it, pictures of the Davis family, of the furnishings of Beauvoir, prized relics of the departed chieftain, thirty-two illustrations in all, printed on handsome paper. And with all this is given a history of the old place as it came into the possession of Mr. Davis and down to the present as the home of men who fought to uphold the Confederate government. Much of interest concerning the Davis family and Beauvoir is given in this volume of 114 pages, its handsome paper cover showing the Confederate flag embossed in colors. It is a volume to be prized for the beautiful workmanship as well as for its historic value. It is sold at \$2, and the proceeds will make up a fund for the benefit of Beauvoir. Orders should be sent to Mrs. W. M. Jones, Hattiesburg, Miss., who says, "if not pleased, money back;" but you will be pleased to have it and to contribute in this way toward the upkeep of the old home of "Jefferson Davis, only President of the Confederacy."

Lieut. Com. W. T. Lightle, U. S. Navy, Washington, D. C., is anxious to obtain some information of the service of his father, Benjamin F. Lightle, in Company B, 13th Tennessee Infantry, with which he served as sergeant, second lieutenant, and captain, resigning April 22, 1863, on account of wounds. Any information from surviving comrades will be appreciated.

Stonewall Jackson Brown, of Miller School, Va., has some old Confederate bills—\$10, \$20, \$50, \$100—which he wishes to sell for what he can get for them. He is the son of a Confederate soldier, and is now fifty-six years old and almost blind. Any one interested in making a collection of Confederate money might write to him.

W. T. Avery, of Asherton, Mo., wants to get in communication with any survivors of Company B, 18th Texas Cavalry Regiment (Darnell's), Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. He is now eighty-six years of age, and wants to get a pension. Address J. S. Simpson, Box 83, Asherton, Texas.

J. C. Pickens, of Soldiers' Home, Cal., would like to hear from any member of Company A, 21st Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., who was at the Wyerman's Mills action, on February 22, 1864. This action was a complete victory for Gen. W. E. Jones's Cavalry Brigade, in Lee County, Va.

Martin V. Gander, of Luray, Va., wants to know if there are any surviving members of the 39th Battalion of Gen. R. E. Lee's Scouts and Couriers. Major Richardson commanded the Battalion, and the companies were: A, Captain Piper; B, Captain Page; C, Captain Brown.

Mrs. Margaret J. Davis, of Thomas, Tex., Route 1, is anxious to find some one who knew her husband, William Allen Davis, as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted at Dadeville, Ala., in a company of Wheeler's Cavalry, but she does not recall the company and regiment.

Doubtless the last survivor of any of the secession conventions of the sixties, is A. H. Carrigan, Sr., of Hope, Ark., now in his ninety-fourth year. If there are others, information of them will be appreciated by the VETERAN.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The cost to the government for the vocational training of men who were disabled in the World War jumped more than two million dollars between the months of September and November, according to figures prepared by the United States Veterans' Bureau.

Col. Charles R. Forbes, director of the Bureau, attributes this increase directly to the "clean-up" campaign which was completed by the Bureau in September. In this nation-wide campaign thousands of disabled war veterans, who were ignorant of the assistance the government offers them, were discovered and placed in schools and shops, where they are receiving instruction to overcome the handicaps of their disabilities. Colonel Forbes said: "On September 1, there were 82,738 men receiving training under the direction of the Bureau, and the maintenance pay amounted to \$10,329,016. With the first returns from the 'clean-up' drive, the enrollment in October, jumped to 87,208 and the maintenance cost amounted to \$11,554,539. By November 1, there were 91,815 men in training and the maintenance cost was \$12,736,631." The December enrollment is given as 101,941.

The Bureau also reports that in September there were 216,957 active compensation disability awards with monthly payments, totaling \$6,550,387. In October there was an increase of 635 awards with monthly payments totaling \$6,632,662.

There are 101,941 disabled veterans being retrained into gainful employment by Uncle Sam. Their disabilities prevented them from returning to their previous vocation and therefore the United States Veterans' Bureau is reeducating them in 1,698 colleges, technical, and commercial schools.

Rudolph Bowman, whose vocal cords were destroyed by shell fire during the war, was taught to speak in seven months by training a new set of muscles. He is now being rehabilitated as a moving-picture camera operator by the United States Veterans' Bureau.

Carl Bronner, of Detroit, Mich., who lost both hands and the sight of both eyes in the service, has been taught to use a typewriter through instruction by the Rehabilitation Division of the United States Veterans' Bureau.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers and the softest voices. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple, little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.



Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn. What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.



Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.), in Position 439 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

A mistake was made in the address given for Mrs. F. P. Coleman, whose inquiry appeared in the December number. It should have been Sale Creek, Tenn., instead of Dale Creek. She wants information of the record of her father, Bartholomew Rogers, and she has been informed that he served in the 1st Arkansas Regiment under Captain Hawker Smith.

Albert A. Anthem, of Cooley, Okla., wishes to get in communication with any comrades of the sixties. He volunteered from Wayne County, W. Va., in 1862, and fought to the end, being paroled at Atlanta, Ga. Has lost his parole, and needs to establish his record in order to get a pension.

Don't Wear a Truss

BROOKS' APPLIANCE the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No ties. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.



C. E. Brooks, 239D State Street, Marshall, Mich.

SOME RARE BOOKS!

In this list the Veteran offers a number of old books long out of print, but very much worth while. As only one copy is available in most instances, it would be well to order at once any that you especially want, also to give your second and third choice in case the first choice has been taken.

| | |
|---|---------|
| The Southern Amaranth, poems compiled by Miss Sallie A. Brock, of Richmond, Va., 1869..... | \$ 4.00 |
| Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson, by Mrs. Jackson; illustrated.... | 6.00 |
| Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States, by Gen. Henry (Light Horse Harry) Lee; revised and edited by his son, Gen. R. E. Lee, with biography, 1869..... | 5.00 |
| Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Gen. A. L. Long..... | 5.00 |
| Four Years with General Lee, by Col. Walter Taylor, 1878..... | 3.00 |
| Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Dr. J. William Jones..... | 3.50 |
| Pollard's Lee and His Lieutenants..... | 4.00 |
| Partisan Life with Col. Mosby, by Major John Scott, 1867..... | 4.00 |
| Mosby's War Reminiscences and Stuart's Cavalry Campaign, by John S. Mosby, 1887..... | 3.25 |
| Advance and Retreat, by Gen. John B. Hood..... | 3.00 |
| Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston, by Col. William Preston Johnston.. | 5.00 |
| The Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest, by Jordan and Pryor, 1868... | 4.00 |
| Destruction and Reconstruction, by Gen. Richard Taylor..... | 4.00 |
| Poems by Irwin Russell, 1st edition..... | 3.00 |
| The Recent Past, by Bishop Wilmer..... | 3.00 |
| Johnston's Narrative..... | 3.25 |
| Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, by Jefferson Davis... | 10.00 |
| Memoirs of Jefferson Davis, by Mrs. Davis. 2 volumes. Cloth.... | 8.00 |
| War between the States, by Alexander Stephens..... | 10.00 |
| The Leopard's Spots, by Thomas Dixon..... | 3.50 |

***** ORDER FROM *****

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

MARCH, 1922

NO. 3



A GAME OF CHECKERS

A familiar scene at our Confederate Homes

Do You Wish the Record of Your War Experience Perpetuated in History?

The Tennessee Historical Committee has been authorized by the General Assembly to collect, preserve, and publish the records of her soldier sons.

You can render your State no greater service now, your comrades who have crossed the Great Divide no more lasting memorial, nor leave to your posterity a more valued heritage than to contribute your reminiscences.

If you appreciate the Volunteer State's effort to collect these records, complete your muster rolls and add to incomplete history, send your name and address, for further information, to

John Trotwood Moore,
State Chairman, Nashville, Tennessee

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

All four sent for \$1. postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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Miss Blanche E. Vandover, of Fenton, Mo., wishes to secure the record of her father, John R. Vandover, who served in Company I, 10th Missouri Infantry, under General Price. He was a prisoner for twenty months, eight months at Alton and twelve months at Fort Delaware.

Mrs. Allie E. Ferguson, of Stilwell, Okla., in behalf of the widow of G. H. King, who served in Company E, 23rd Georgia Infantry, asks that any surviving comrades will help to establish his war record so that his widow may secure a pension. Comrade King served from August, 1861, to the surrender at Appomattox.

William Wyatt Hart, of Pilot Point, Tex., R. R. No. 3, is trying to get a pension and wants to hear from any surviving comrades who can help him to establish his record as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted as a member of Cate's Company, in Ward's Regiment, Morgan's Division, and served in the cavalry. They were called "Ward's Ducks." He was reared at Lebanon, Tenn., is now seventy-seven years old, and needs a pension.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH 1922.

No. 3.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

WHEN BUT SIX ARE LEFT.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

In "Some Incidents of Army Life," published in the VETERAN for February, comrade Theodore Hartman, referring to the VETERAN, says: "I find so many good things in it I do not want to die." By this I am reminded of a statement made by George W. Abbott, of Company F, Orr's South Carolina Rifles, who said:

"During the war I was not sick, not wounded, did not miss a roll call, and was in all the battles in Virginia and Maryland from Gaines's Mill to the last night in the trenches at Petersburg—save one—and yet I never saw but one battle—the battle of Gettysburg. There our regiment was detailed to guard prisoners, and, therefore, I saw that battle. In all the other battles I saw nothing but what was immediately in front of me.

"I want to live to be one of six of the last surviving soldiers of the Confederate armies, and then I want to make a fortune by exhibiting them throughout America and Europe as the remnant of the best soldiers of which the world's annals give an account."

Think of it. When but six soldiers of the Confederate armies are left, and they should be exhibited as suggested, would not the lovers of truthful history and of real soldier life pay liberally to see them?

The night that Petersburg was evacuated a few soldiers had to be left in the trenches to keep up an occasional firing that the enemy might not be apprised of the evacuation. Comrade Abbott was one of those, and he was captured next morning. It was sad that fate decreed that such a soldier as he should not end his service at Appomattox.

George W. Abbott was reared in the same neighborhood as myself in South Carolina. He came to Texas in the fall of 1865, and made as good a citizen as he was a soldier, but did not live to realize his fond wish. He died in Parker County, Tex., about two years ago.

It is said that a Virginia soldier was wounded in the head at Second Manassas, a piece of bone pressing on his brain, and he remembered nothing till about twenty years later, when an operation was performed, the bone raised from the brain,

and he immediately exclaimed: "The army was at Manassas yesterday; where is it to-day?" How appropriate is that question now. Where is the army to-day? Soon but six will be left, but the story of the Confederate armies will make the brightest pages of history as long as history is read.

Of all who write for the VETERAN, Dr. McNeilly's articles are more interesting to me. May the Lord spare him to write for many years.

SEIZURE OF NORTH CAROLINA FORTS.

Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., calls attention to the following:

"In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for October, 1921, in an article by Clara Dargan MacLean, of Tampa, Fla., this statement is made:

"After Governor Ellis of North Carolina had taken the forts on the coast, he gave them up again and apologized. Afterwards he came to his senses and sent word to Governor Pickens to assist him with guns and ammunition to retake them. By daybreak of the following morning 3,000 pounds of powder were there and the forts were seized and occupied."

"The facts are these: Governor Ellis took charge of the forts around Wilmington, January 10, 1861, whereas North Carolina did not secede from the Union until May 20, four months and ten days after the seizure of the forts by Governor Ellis. By reason of the fact that North Carolina had not seceded, Governor Ellis had to return the fortifications, but he did not at any time call upon the Governor of South Carolina for any help. He had plenty of men and ammunition when the forts were retaken on April 16."

R. T. C. Robinson, of Range, Ala., writes: "As I know that the object of the VETERAN is to record true history of the War between the States, I want to correct a mistake in the sketch of Major Milner in the January number where it is stated that the 17th and 33rd Alabama Regiments were consolidated, when it should have been the 16th and 33rd. At the consolidation of Johnston's Army at Greensboro, N. C., a few days before the surrender, the 1st, 16th, 33rd, and 45th Alabama Regiments were consolidated and surrendered as the 1st Alabama Regiment. . . . I was a private of Company D, 45th Alabama."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

TENNESSEE SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The State of Tennessee has at last undertaken the important work of collecting and compiling the records of her sons who have fought in the wars of this country, this work to be carried on by the State Historical Commission, with the State Librarian, John Trotwood Moore, as chairman. In this number of the *VETERAN* there is an advertisement calling attention to this work in connection with veterans of the War between the States, and all survivors are asked to communicate with the chairman at once—that is, those who have not already done so. The effort is to secure first hand information of their service, and, with our veterans passing on so rapidly, it is imperative that this be done at once. So don't fail to write to Mr. Moore of your service as a Confederate soldier of Tennessee, and also furnish muster roll of your company if possible.

• The chairman also asks that Confederate veterans of any State will write to him of any Tennesseans they may have known or been associated with during the War between the States, or of any event or circumstance that might prove of interest in this record.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

In reporting the death of Capt. John J. Bradford, his niece wrote of an incident connected with his army life which illustrates the fidelity of the old-time slave. Like all the young men of his time, Captain Bradford had a body servant, Berry, who had followed him all during the war. Realizing that Port Gibson was soon to fall, and that Berry would be impressed into the Yankee service, Captain Bradford told Berry to escape and make his way back home, intrusting him with a handsome gold watch to be given to Captain Bradford's mother. For three weeks faithful Berry dodged and hid, swimming creeks and crossing swamps by night. At last he reached home, worn out and emaciated. Seeing Mrs. Bradford sitting on the gallery, he staggered up the steps and laid the watch in her lap, saying: "Here, Mistis, is Mars John's watch, an' Ise come home to die." Mrs. Bradford at once had faithful Berry placed in one of her rooms in the "big house" and nursed and cared for him until the end—only a few days later. This incident also illustrates the attachment of the owner for the slave.

After the war Captain Bradford continued the practice of law in Biloxi and Bay St. Louis, Miss., becoming clerk of the court of Hancock County, then embracing Harrison County. It was then that he began to realize the value of Mississippi timbered lands, buying much of it at ten cents an acre, and at one time owning thirty thousand acres. He told a friend whom he tried to interest in this idea that "these Yankee soldiers have tramped over Mississippi land, they know how good it is, and they will go home and tell their friends; and it won't be any time before they will be flocking down here to buy." The value of his foresight was realized when Michigan lumber men, having exhausted their own forests, began to cast longing eyes upon Mississippi pine.

IN TRIBUTE.

The death of Mrs. Margaret Johnston Prichard, Honorary President U. D. C., on the morning of January 5, 1922, at her home in San Francisco, occasioned widespread sorrow. She was the daughter of General Albert Sidney Johnston and the widow of a gallant Confederate soldier, Capt. William B. Prichard, who took part in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

In reporting her death, Mrs. J. P. Massie, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter U. D. C., of San Francisco, writes: "Though her lineage was the best of the old South, it was for her own rare qualities that she was so dearly beloved. Her going is a great loss to the Daughters of the Confederacy out here, for her whole heart was in the work and her zeal never flagged. Her place can never be filled, and O, how we shall miss her! She is survived by an only child, Miss Elsie Johnston Prichard. The great reaper is rapidly gathering in this generation, taking with them the ideals and traditions of a great and beautiful past."

Another beloved Daughter of the Confederacy passed into her reward when Mrs. Clementine Watson Boles, of Fayetteville, Ark., died in October, 1921. She was born in Virginia, of a long line of patriots, and was a representative woman of the South in culture, spirit, and charm. As a member of the Southern Memorial Association in Arkansas, she was a moving spirit in the work of gathering the scattered Southern dead and giving them proper interment, and a monument now stands in tribute to their memory. She was a charter member of the Mildred Lee Chapter U. D. C., of Fayetteville, a director in the Jefferson Davis Monument Association of Arkansas, and also served as a director on the Arlington Monument Association. Though she is now lost to earth, her work lives after her.

DADEVILLE CHAPTER YEARBOOK.

The Dadeville, Ala., Chapter U. D. C., has sent out a splendid "Yearbook" for 1921-1922, the year beginning in September. This is a young Chapter, only eight years old, and Mrs. W. W. Hicks, President, writes: "With one exception, we have gotten out a yearbook every year. We take much pride in this, striving to make each one better than the one preceding. This year we chose as the subject of the year's work 'The Women of the Confederacy,' selecting the book, 'Women of the South in War Times,' as the basis of our work. Other selections were taken from the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* and the *Historian's* scrapbook, with here and there an original paper. The idea was original with us; so far as we knew, no Chapter of any Division has devoted an entire year to the 'Women of the Confederacy.' Much time and thought were devoted to making each program interesting and instructive. So well did we succeed in this that the attention of other Chapters was drawn to our 'Yearbook,' and some even paid us the flattering compliment of drawing largely from ours in formulating their own."

MONUMENT TO COLONEL DREUX.

From W. O. Hart, of New Orleans, it is learned that the cornerstone of the monument to Colonel Dreux was laid on Sunday, November 20, 1921, in Ross Hill Park, New Orleans, and the monument, which will be a shaft about twelve feet high and surmounted by a bust of Colonel Dreux, will be unveiled on April 11, 1922, the sixty-first anniversary of his departure from New Orleans for the front. Camp Beauregard No. 130, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of New Orleans, has arranged to fly the Confederate flag, the Stars and Bars, every day on the site of the monument until the monument is unveiled.

REAL AMERICANISM.

PRINCETON HONORS BLUE AND GRAY HEROES.

A memorial to sixty-two Princeton men who were killed during the Civil War has been completed by the university authorities, with no distinction between the men who served in the Confederate and those who served in the Union armies. So far as is known, this is the first time that the names of the soldier dead have been set down alphabetically without regard for the uniform the men wore. Strangely enough, there are thirty-one from each side.

It is probable that more sons of Old Nassau were killed during the struggle, but the destruction of records has made it almost impossible to obtain a strictly accurate list.

The names have been inscribed in the war memorial room in Nassau Hall on the west marble panel. On the south side of the room, which is done completely in white marble, are the names of the 144 Princeton men who were killed in the World War, and on the east side is a panel for the names of those who died in the Revolution. Owing to the difficulty in collecting data on the heroes of this war, the work is progressing slowly and will not be finished for some time.

Forty-six of the men whose names appear on the Civil War lists were officers, fifteen were privates, and one was a surgeon, divided as follows: Two Confederate brigadier generals, one Union adjutant general, five Union and two Confederate colonels, three Union lieutenant colonels, ten Confederate and eight Union captains, seven Confederate and four Union lieutenants, one Union adjutant, one Union surgeon, two Confederate and one Union sergeants, and seven Union and eight Confederate privates.—*The Packet*.

In sending this account of the memorial tablet, John Watson writes from Princeton, N. J., as follows:

"The memorial tablet is placed in Nassau Hall, the oldest of the university buildings, and where the Continental Congress met in the summer of 1783. The tablet is in memory of the Princeton alumni who were killed in the War between the States, and their names appear in alphabetical order without anything to indicate whether they served the Union or the Confederacy. It would be a handsome thing to have it that way anywhere. But it is altogether unusual to find such a memorial tablet in a Northern State. It might be said that time and circumstance warrant it; but I prefer to regard this fine and graceful act as typical of Princeton University. It is not only an American university in the best and broadest sense, but it is our outstanding and foremost American university. In the early days many young men came here from the South, especially from Virginia; and even to this day more Southern boys come to Princeton than to any other college in the North.

"The spirit of the university is also the spirit of the town. When I first came here, a few years ago, I was invited by a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction to dine with him at the Nassau Club. In the reading room I was surprised to see handsome steel engravings of Gens. R. E. Lee, A. S. Johnston, and Joseph E. Johnston along with similar portraits of General Grant and other Northern generals. I expressed my surprise, and my host (who did not know that I came originally from the South) conveyed a polite reproof in his reply when he said: 'That is because Princeton is an American town.' I have found it so since then, and so I wish to bring to your attention this action of Princeton University in honoring equally its alumni who fell in the War between the States. Princeton University has an added claim upon the affections of the Southern people."

AS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

[These letters were read at the banquet given by the A. P. Hill Camp, of Petersburg, Va., on January 19.]

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

CHANNING H. COX, GOVERNOR.

BOSTON, JANUARY 18, 1922.

Capt. Carter H. Bishop, Adjutant A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, Petersburg, Va.

My Dear Captain Bishop: It is with a great deal of pleasure that I send the cordial greetings of Massachusetts to the A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, at the annual celebration of the birthday of that great soldier, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

May the years to come bring to the veterans of the A. P. Hill Camp all happiness and prosperity!

Sincerely yours,

CHANNING H. COX.

HEADQUARTERS A. P. HILL CAMP, CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

COL. W. E. QUARLES, COMMANDER.

CAPT. CARTER H. BISHOP, ADJUTANT.

PETERSBURG, VA., JANUARY 19, 1922.

My Dear Governor Cox: It requires a superior order of mental ability to see anything commendable in men who have championed a failure. It requires the most exalted sentiment and the highest character to indicate this commendation even by implication.

A combination of these qualities marks the hero—not such as is made on the bloody field, where in a crisis he bluffs death and wins; but the hero of a vastly higher type, who, with a full knowledge of facts and motives, calmly and deliberately ennobles himself by paying homage at the shrine of dead valor and undying virtue.

But when these qualities are exhibited by the high executive of the sovereign Commonwealth of Massachusetts, conveying to Virginia a tribute to her best-loved son from her ancient and most esteemed ally, with whom and for whom she has "drunk delight of battle with her peers," every veteran of A. P. Hill Camp, assembled around the festive board in celebration of his natal day, rises in his place and, with cheers and a glad heart, acclaims your Excellency as worthy to stand in the front rank of the line of the immortals.

Very sincerely yours,

CARTER R. BISHOP, Adjutant.

To His Excellency, Channing H. Cox, Governor of Massachusetts, Boston.

COL. JOHN W. INZER.

John Purifoy writes from Montgomery, Ala.:

"In the February VETERAN, page 79, there is a reference to A. H. Carrigan, Sr., of Hope, Ark., as 'doubtless the last survivor of the secession conventions of the sixties,' and request is made for information if there are others living.

"Col. John Washington Inzer, residing at Ashville, Ala., was a member of Alabama's secession convention, and has just completed his eighty-eighth year, having been born near Lawrenceville, Ga., January 9, 1814. Col. Inzer is the only surviving member of the Alabama secession convention. He enlisted as a private in the Confederate army and passed through the several official grades to lieutenant colonel and rendered efficient and gallant service in every capacity in which he served. He was captured at Missionary Ridge November 25, 1864, and carried to Johnson's Island, where he was held as a prisoner of war until June, 1865. He has held many civil positions of honor with great credit to himself and his county and State. His physical condition indicates many years' lease of life yet."

*THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY—
SOME OF THEIR AIMS AND ACCOM-
PLISHMENTS.*

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

In response to many inquiries as to when and where the United Daughters of the Confederacy came into existence, the following facts have been collated for the information of the thousands of young members to whom its pioneers are unknown and its early struggles a fading tradition.

Almost twenty-eight years have passed since the date of organization at Nashville, Tenn., September 10, 1894. There are few survivors of those who were present at the meeting when the Ladies Auxiliary of the Confederate Home and Camp became the nucleus for the Daughters of the Confederacy. Over a quarter of a century had elapsed since "Finis" was written to the epic of the Confederacy, and the waters of oblivion seemed silently engulfing its glory and its grief when this band of women adopted the motto: "Love makes memory eternal." Their purpose is defined as follows:

"The business and objects of the Society are historical, benevolent, educational, and social—to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; to protect, preserve, and mark places made historic by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the War between the States; to record the part taken by Southern women in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle as in untiring efforts after the war during the reconstruction of the South to fulfill those sacred duty of benevolence toward the survivors and toward those dependent upon them; to assist descendants of worthy Confederates in securing proper education; and to cherish the ties of friendship among the members of the organization."

The founder and first president was Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, of Nashville, and when her active work had ceased she was designated as Honorary President and Founder. Closely associated with her, and almost simultaneously grasping the idea of a union of all the Ladies Aid Societies of the South into one organization, was Mrs. Lucien Hamilton Raines, of Savannah, Ga., who was elected First Vice President. Mrs. Katie Cabel Currie (now Mrs. Muse), of Dallas, Tex., was Second Vice President; Miss White May was Third Vice President; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. B. Lindsley was Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. B. Maney, Treasurer. These were all from Nashville, as Georgia, Texas, and Tennessee were the only States represented, and the advantage of having the officers in close touch with each other was apparent. Mrs. Hickman served twelve years as Recording Secretary in the arduous days when there was much work and a very small allowance for office expenses.

The first convention was held in Nashville, March 30, 1895, Mrs. Goodlett presiding, and it will be noted that in the list of general officers this convention is omitted, for the probable reason that the officers elected in 1894 continued to serve. Another point to be remembered is that the list is of officers elected at each convention. Therefore, while Mrs. Goodlett presided for the second time as President at the Atlanta convention in 1895, one has to turn to the list of conventions to ascertain this fact. She lived to be eighty-one years of age, and a most beautiful memorial of her passing into the beyond was read at the Savannah convention in 1914.

The third convention, held in Nashville in November, 1896, showed development along every line. The President, Mrs. John C. Brown, had resigned, but Mrs. Raines, First

Vice President, ably presided. The next year, at the Baltimore convention, the First Vice President, Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Maryland, presided in the absence of Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, President. After that, until the nineteenth convention, in Washington, in 1912, when the First Vice President, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, presided in the absence of Mrs. A. B. White, the President was in her place.

During the first decade the official head was designated as President. In 1905, at the San Francisco convention, all officers were accorded the affix of "general," to distinguish them from State officers of the same style.

With the fifth convention, held at Hot Springs, Ark., in 1898, the work of the Association seemed definitely and securely established. The name of National Daughters had been dropped in 1895, and the name United Daughters of the Confederacy adopted. The badge, designed by Mrs. Raines, bore only the letters D. C., subsequently changed to U. D. C.

What might be termed the era of local monuments began. State reports teem with the inception of the plan, later reports discreetly edit the preliminary skirmish over the location and a slight divergence of opinion over the design. The South had been mindful of her dead long before this time, however. Mrs. John Logan, in 1868, was impressed with the care of graves upon the battle fields, and from the flower-covered mounds at Hollywood and Petersburg, with a tiny Confederate flag for each soldier, she derived the idea, which General Logan carried out, of national Decoration Day.

The Daughters of the Confederacy continued to scatter the returning blossoms of spring upon these graves, and they added to this pious observance the happy thought of making it a day of cheer for the surviving comrades. Memorial Day dinners appear sporadically in print with the twentieth century, and soon became an institution, affording an opportunity to honor the men who wore the gray which no daughter who had had the pleasure of assisting on these occasions would willingly forego.

The Richmond convention of 1899 accepted the design for the Cross of Honor submitted by Mrs. Mary E. Gabbett, of Georgia. The idea of this decoration originated with Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, also of Georgia. The bestowal of this Cross of Honor upon veterans has been one of the great privileges of the Association. The office of Custodian was created to preserve the records of the recipients and to secure crosses for State Records. Mrs. Gabbett was first Custodian. She was succeeded by Mrs. Raines in 1906, whose faithful service was terminated by failing health in 1913. Prior to the revision of the constitution in 1913, there was no time limit upon terms of service except the unwritten law that two years of one President General was sufficient.

At the Richmond convention of 1899 the U. D. C. assumed its first great enterprise, the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument, in Richmond. The Jefferson Davis Monument Association was formed, with Mrs. McCullough (now Mrs. Holmes) of Staunton, as Chairman, Mrs. Edgar Taylor, of Richmond, Treasurer. In 1907 the monument was unveiled with impressive ceremonies at a great reunion. The cost was \$70,000 of which \$50,000 was raised by the U. D. C.

The next large undertaking of the U. D. C. was the Shiloh monument. It is one to which we point with exceptional satisfaction. The project was presented to the San Francisco convention in 1905 by Mrs. Alexander B. White of Tennessee. The Shiloh Committee, with directors in each State, was appointed in 1906. Eleven years later, on May 17, 1917, a beautiful monument, designed by Frederick Hibbard, was unveiled, the entire cost of \$50,000 paid, and a small balance left, which was used to place a boulder to mark the long

trenches of the Confederate dead upon the battle field. Shiloh, however, would have been completed much sooner had not another monument of equal magnitude competed for our efforts. At the Norfolk convention in 1907, Col. Hilary Herbert asked the Daughters to assume the completion of the Arlington Monument, and a small sum on hand was turned over to the U. D. C. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, was elected President General, and was made Chairman, with directors in every Division. The cost of Arlington considerably exceeded the estimate of \$50,000, but no one who sees it can feel that its value can be computed in money. The sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, one of the New Market cadets, considered it his masterpiece, and, in accordance with his request, he was buried near it. One of its beautiful inscriptions might be a fitting epitaph for the Confederacy: "Vixit causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni." There will continually be new Catos who will find in its story much to reverence and admire.

Coeval with these great monuments came the expansion on other lines. Three new general officers were added in 1908. The office of Third Vice President (revived), and the office of Registrar General and Historian General were created. Registration with the Registrar General as a basis for voting strength, as well as payment of the per capita tax, is now incorporated in the by-laws.

The first Historian General was Mrs. J. Endors Robinson, of Richmond. She chose the motto, "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History," inaugurated the Historical Evening at conventions, and gave to it the charm and dignity of her rare personality. Her successor was Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Georgia, one of the most distinguished scholars, writers, and speakers of the South, whose historical addresses were replete with facts and were gems of eloquence.

The Committee on Education, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman, made its first report at Houston in 1909. Under her able management it has become one of the great causes for future effort.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, our gifted President General, was a pioneer in advocating scholarships, and suggested our first literary prize, the \$100 annually offered in Teachers' College, Columbia, for an essay on Confederate history.

In 1911 the Committee on Relief is listed for the first time, with Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Honorary President U. D. C., as its beloved Chairman. Some who see our monuments may not realize that our benevolent work, while less spectacular, is our paramount object. Every Division has its own cherished methods of extending aid, and to many men and women of the sixties the small stipend of the Daughters is the sole light at the close of a somber day. Another Committee listed in 1911 is that of "The War between the States," Mrs. L. E. Williams, of Kentucky, Chairman. Its object is to secure the adoption of this name for our fratricidal strife, as it defines accurately the fact that it was a war between States, certain of whom withdrew from the Union, and others of whom objected to their departure and compelled them to return.

A memorial window to the women of the South in the Red Cross building at Washington to the heroic women of the war, the publication of the "Women of the South in War Times," compiled by Matthew Page Andrews, which we proudly term "Our Book," the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, of which Miss Decca Lamar West is Chairman, the presentation of a fine collection of Southern literature to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, through the efforts of Miss Hanna, of Florida, and our donation to the Cunningham

monument are among our achievements. These represent our united effort, and are supplemented by the varied individual projects in which each Division is active.

When the United States entered the World War, the President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, tendered to President Wilson the active support of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The following statistics, reported by the Chairman of War Relief, Mrs. J. A. Runtree, of Birmingham, attest how that pledge was fulfilled:

Seventy beds endowed in the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, France, at a cost of \$41,600. Hospital garments, 3,683,212. Surgical dressings, 4,563,192, knitted articles, 100,301. Amount contributed by Chapters and Divisions to Red Cross, \$82,889.68; French and Belgian orphans, contributed by Chapters, \$19,843.10; other war relief, \$29,461.30.

The specific U. D. C. War Memorial is the Hero Fund of \$50,000 in honor of the Southern boys in khaki, to be used in educational work. The amount is now complete and available. The Confederate Museum of Richmond, the unique treasure house of the South, contains the Solid South Room and a number of rooms to which Divisions have contributed endowments, not all of them, however, fully paid. This noble work of Richmond women and State Regents from each Division is of the highest importance, as the Museum contains priceless relics, rare manuscripts, and letters.

At the St. Louis convention (1921) two great tasks were assumed, the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument, at Fairview, Ky., and the fireproofing and enlargement of the Lee Chapel at Lexington, Va. About two years ago we received our first legacy, the gift of Hector W. Church, of Oxford, N. Y. He bequeathed to the Daughters of the Confederacy practically his entire estate, approximately \$10,000, the income from it to be used in promoting the fame of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Jubal Early.

Sixteen Presidents General have directed the destinies of the Association, women of varied gifts, united by their love for the great patriotic body of women, now numbering over fifty thousand, who looked to them for inspiration and leadership.

The Honorary Presidents, headed by Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Honorary President General, include Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, Miss Mary Custis Lee, Mrs. William Pritchard (daughter of Albert Sidney Johnston), Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, Mrs. Daisy Hampton Tucker, and many others, chosen to commemorate immortal names or in grateful appreciation of services rendered the Association.

Besides our practical objectives, thus briefly indicated, it is our aim to carry with us some of the fragrance of the flowers of the Old South, its ideals of simplicity, courage, and chivalry, and thus most effectively obey the commands of the five-pointed cotton boll which is our emblem—Think, live, love, dare, pray.

L. B. Stephens, of Center, Ala., now in his seventy-seventh year, says he wants the VETERAN to keep coming as long as he lives. He writes: "I belonged to Wheeler's Cavalry, Martin's Division, Morgan's Brigade, 12th Alabama Cavalry, Company F; was in the siege at Knoxville, Tenn., and went on the raid from Atlanta, Ga., on August 10, 1864, through East and Middle Tennessee, crossed the Tennessee River at Mussel Shoals, Ala., behind the Yankee lines for eight weeks, tearing up railroad tracks and all other government property. I would like for some one to write the full details of our raid behind the enemy's lines."

EARLY EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS THE SLAVE TRADE AND ABOLISH SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, FORMER HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

(Reprinted from *VETERAN* of March, 1919.)

That the colonies, particularly the Southern ones, made early efforts to free themselves from the burden of negro slavery forced upon them by England, the history of that institution gives abundant proof, and almost the first legislation was directed against the evil.

Negro slavery existed in and was recognized in all the colonies before being planted in South Carolina in 1671, but the slave trade of this colony soon became more widely developed than any of the others. As early as 1698 there began to be a fear for the safety of the colony on account of the great numbers of negroes, and an act was passed to encourage importation of white servants. By 1703 South Carolina had begun a series of duty acts, at first levying ten shillings on each African imported, which levy increased continuously up to 1740, when one hundred pounds was imposed upon each African and one hundred and fifty pounds on each colonial negro. By this act they were taxed also according to height—the taller the man, the more the tax.

Although there was opposition to slavery, the historian Hewatt, who was no friend to the system, wrote: "It must be acknowledged that the planters of South Carolina treat their slaves with as much and more tenderness than those of any British colony where slavery exists."

So many and varied were the protests of South Carolina that when Governor Littleton came out in 1756 he brought with him instructions to put a stop to this colonial interference with the legitimate business of English merchants and skippers. In 1760 South Carolina, in a formal protest, totally prohibited the slave trade, but the act was disallowed by the Privy Council of England and the governor reprimanded. The governors of all the colonies were warned not to indulge in similar legislation.

Although rebuffed, the colony again passed a prohibitive duty of one hundred pounds in 1764, which duty continued until the Revolution. Finally, in 1787, South Carolina passed an act and ordinance prohibiting importation.

Next to South Carolina, the largest slave trade was in Virginia, but the system there was patriarchal in character. Though slavery was introduced in 1619, it was not recognized by any Virginia statutory law till 1661. (Munford's "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery.") Twenty years prior to this, in 1641, the "Fundamentals," adopted by Massachusetts, recognized the lawfulness of negro slavery and approved of the African slave trade. (Cobb on "Slavery.")

Again and again Virginia uttered protests against the system and passed laws restraining the importation of negroes from Africa, but these laws were disallowed. The merchants of London took alarm at the conduct of the Southern colonies, and in 1745 a pamphlet was published in England entitled "The African Slave Trade, the Great Pillar and Support of the British Plantations in America." (McCrary on "Slavery in the Province of South Carolina.")

In 1723 Virginia began a series of acts lasting till the Revolution, all designed to check the slave trade. The efforts of the Old Dominion to free herself from the evil were debated by the king himself in council, and on December 10, 1770, he issued an instruction under his own hand to the governor commanding him to assent to no law passed by Virginia to prohibit the traffic. (Bancroft.)

In 1772 the House of Burgesses addressed the throne in a pathetic appeal for "paternal assistance" in their distress

over the "horrid traffick" forced upon them by some "who reap emoluments from this sort of traffic," Edmund Pendleton, Richard Henry Lee, and Benjamin Harrison signing the petition. But a paternal veto instead of blessing was the answer to this appeal.

A most important paragraph, written by Jefferson, that was stricken out of the Declaration of Independence, contained the fiercest arraignment of George III for his veto of Virginia's laws endeavoring to suppress the slave trade, which he had forced upon his defenseless subjects. (Munford, "Virginia's Attitude.")

As early as 1774 mass meetings were held in the various counties, adopting resolutions of protest against the evil, and Fairfax County recorded in plain tones that she "wishes to see an entire stop forever put to such a wicked, cruel, and unnatural trade."

Although her colonial protests were all unheeded, Virginia gave abundant proof of her consistent action regarding the slave trade by her celebrated statute preventing it, one of the earliest laws passed by her General Assembly, when, in October, 1778, she declared: "That from and after the passing of this act no slave or slaves shall hereafter be imported into this commonwealth by sea or land." And thus the legal slave trade into Virginia was definitely stopped before it was an indictable offense in any New England State and thirty years before like action was taken by Great Britain.

Mr. Ballogh, in his "History of Slavery," says: "Virginia thus had the honor of being the first political community in the civilized modern world to prohibit the pernicious traffic."

Maryland did not have to face the same problems as Virginia or South Carolina, and consequently viewed the situation with more equanimity, as her trade never reached alarming proportions. By 1717 she imposed a duty of forty shillings upon each negro slave imported, and by 1771 a duty of nine pounds was laid. In 1783 Maryland passed "an act to prohibit the bringing of slaves into this State."

North Carolina was not burdened with many slaves in the early days and did not feel the necessity of positive action. However, she gave evidence of her displeasure concerning the matter, for Governor Dobbs had his instructions from England, as early as 1700, "not to give assent to or pass any law imposing duties upon negroes imported into our province of North Carolina." In August, 1774, North Carolina resolved in convention, "That we will not import any slave or slaves or purchase any slave or slaves after the first day of November next," which resolution Du Bois says was modeled upon the resolve of Virginia on May 11, 1769.

There were no special restrictions before 1786, when she declared that the importation of slaves within her borders was "productive of evil consequences and highly impolitic," and proceeded to lay a prohibitive duty on them. By 1797 some Quakers in North Carolina manumitted slaves without regard for legal restraints. (Phillips, "American Negro Slavery.")

Georgia laid her foundation stone upon a prohibition of slavery; and her historian, Stevens, says that at one time the law was so rigidly enforced that any negro slave found within her limits, unless speedily claimed, was sold back into Carolina. An increasing number of colonists began to clamor for repeal of the restriction, and by 1749 the trade was thrown open, but a duty was laid and restrictions enforced which required a registry and quarantine of all negroes brought in. In December, 1793, Georgia forbade the importation of slave from the West Indies, the Bahamas, and Florida, but the African trade was not closed until 1798.

Thus it will be seen that a faithful effort was made by these colonies to prevent the traffic forced upon them by the supreme power of the mother country. Why each one changed her mind and later upheld a system she formerly tried to suppress is another story.

EARLY ABOLITION IN THE SOUTH.

The world conscience did not begin to be much disturbed about the right or wrong of slavery until after the close of the American Revolution. After that event many of the States exercised the powers denied them as colonies. England abolished the slave trade in 1807, and the United States followed in 1808. Slavery still existed, however, and by this time was so firmly entrenched as to present the problem which so long vexed the South.

From the very beginning a high moral sense was evinced toward slavery in Virginia. There were free negroes in that colony as early as 1668; and in 1691 emancipation was legal, provided the emancipated slave was sent out of Virginia within six months, but the slaveholder had to seek the permission of the Council for this privilege. In 1782 the General Assembly of Virginia made a law whereby slaves could be set free by deed or will, and so common were manumissions after the Revolutionary War that by 1790 there were more than thirty-five thousand free persons of color in the South.

In 1790 an Abolition Society was formed in Virginia by the Quakers; and by 1791 it had eighty members, many of them other than Quakers, who in this year sent a petition to the General Assembly against slavery, and at the same time petitioned Congress on the subject. In 1794 both Virginia and Maryland sent representatives to the Convention of Abolition Societies held in Philadelphia, the first to meet in the United States.

North Carolina began to discuss slavery as early as 1758. The Quakers, or Friends, evincing a very tender conscience on the subject, and by 1768 they interpreted a section of their discipline as opposed to the buying and selling of slaves; and in 1776 some Friends, in the yearly meeting, stated their resolution to set their negroes free and also "earnestly and affectionately advised all who held slaves to cleanse their hands of them as soon as they possibly could."

The marked tendency in Virginia toward emancipation encouraged like action among the Quakers in North Carolina, and in 1779 they appointed a committee of visitation, whose duty it was to "visit and labor with those members who declined to emancipate." The law of North Carolina in 1782 gave all slave owners power to emancipate slaves by will after death, or by acknowledging will while still alive, in open court, provided they agreed to support all the aged, infirm, and young persons set free. (See Week's "Southern Quakers and Slavery.") In 1801 the yearly meeting decided to call the negroes "black people," and they are referred to in this manner in their reports.

But these Friends were never forcible abolitionists. They depended more upon moral suasion and always believed that the power over slavery lay in the States and not in the government. However, with their avowed belief in States' rights, these North Carolina Quakers made a marked breach of etiquette when in 1786 they sent a committee to the Assembly of Georgia with a petition "respecting some enlargements to the enslaved negroes." The fact that the petition was ignored gave proof of the extreme sensitiveness of Southern States regarding their own right of action even at this early date.

The law of South Carolina in 1722 compelled the manumitted slave to leave the province in twelve months or lose

his freedom. In 1800, before a slave could be emancipated in this State, proof had to be given of his good character and of his ability to earn his own living, which certainly was a wise provision, and after emancipation the deed of gift must be registered. So the State knew exactly to whom she had given freedom.

In 1799 Thomas Wadsworth, of Charleston, S. C., liberated his slaves, gave them fifty acres of land each, and put them under care of the Bush River meeting. This old Quaker may have been the originator of the "forty-acres-and-a-mule" theory, which he certainly carried into practice.

The Georgia law of 1801 provided that a slave could be emancipated in case a special application was made to the legislature for that purpose. The antislavery feeling in this State was fostered in early times by the Methodists, who were considering a Church law requiring members to free their slaves. In April, 1817, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, made his will and in it emancipated his servant, William Hill, and adds: "It would afford me the greatest pleasure to liberate all my slaves, but such is the present existing state of society that by doing so I might act improperly, and I presume that their present condition under the care and protection of generous and humane masters will be much better for them than a state of freedom."

Before Tennessee had been a State one year an appeal for the abolition of slavery was published in the Knoxville *Gazette*, and a meeting called in Washington County to form a Manumission Society. Many of the pioneers of Tennessee were of Covenanter descent, and the early county records show they were endeavoring to emancipate their slaves before the eighteenth century closed.

One of the early acts of the State was touching emancipation. In October, 1797, the records show that she "confirmed the emancipation of a black man named Jack," and not only gave him his freedom, but bestowed upon him the good American name of John Saunders.

About this time Tennessee was so embarrassed by the number of her citizens of Scotch descent seeking to emancipate their slaves that in 1801 the General Assembly passed an act giving the county courts authority to emancipate slaves upon petitions of their owners, and directing the county court clerks to record such proceedings and to give to each emancipated slave a certificate of his freedom. (Allison, "Dropped Stitches.")

Emancipation societies were now becoming frequent in the South, and one-half of the delegates to the American Abolition Conventions came from this section between 1794 and 1809; after that date none came from beyond Tennessee or North Carolina, but local conventions were held in those States. The earliest American journals advocating emancipation and abolition were published, one by a Southern man and one on Tennessee soil.

The Quaker, Charles Osborn, born in North Carolina, spent his young manhood in Tennessee and in December, 1814, organized the Manumission Society in that State, which was in close touch and communication with one organized in North Carolina in 1816. In 1816 Charles Osborn removed to Ohio, where in August, 1817, he published the first number of the *Philanthropist*, a journal devoted to the interests of temperance and also to immediate and unconditional emancipation. The publication of this paper began August 29, 1817, and continued till October 8, 1818.

Judge John Allison, of Tennessee, states (in which opinion the biographer of Garrison concurs) that the honor of publishing the first periodical in America of which the one avowed object was opposition to slavery must be accorded to Elihu

Embree, who in 1820 was publishing in Jonesboro, Tenn., the *Emancipator*, a small octavo monthly. Before one year's issue was completed, the young editor died. Benjamin Lundy had assisted Charles Osborn with the *Philanthropist* in Ohio and later had begun the publication of his own paper, the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. When he learned of the death of Elihu Embree, early in 1822, Lundy brought his paper to Tennessee, and for more than two years he issued it from Greeneville, on the press which had printed Embree's *Emancipator*.

Thus nearly a decade before Elizabeth Heyrick, the Quaker, in England, issued the pamphlet on immediate emancipation the Quakers of North Carolina and East Tennessee were preaching, practicing, and publishing that doctrine, and Garrison was yet but a little lad in New England.

By 1824 the Tennessee Manumission Society had twenty branches, with seven hundred members, and had held nine conventions; and in January of that year, through Mr. Blair, it presented a memorial to the House of Representatives praying Congress to adopt measures for the prevention of slavery in future in any State where it was not then allowed by law and to forbid it in the future in any State yet to be formed.

In 1825 William Swain was publishing in Greensboro, N. C., the *Patriot*, which contained much antislavery matter.

All of these movements and publications were undertaken in a frank, law-abiding manner, and in 1820 the Rev. John Rankin, a native Tennessean, of Covenanter descent, said it was safer to make abolition speeches in Kentucky or Tennessee than in the North. Mr. Munford, in his book, "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery," quotes Lunt as saying: "After the years 1820-21, during which time that great struggle which resulted in what is called the Missouri Compromise was most active and came to its conclusion, the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were earnestly engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggressions of the abolitionists upon their voluntary action."

According to the statistics given by Lundy, in 1827 there were 130 Abolition Societies in the United States, of which 106 were in the slave States. Virginia had eight of these societies, Tennessee had twenty-five with a membership of one thousand, and North Carolina had fifty with a membership of three thousand; and this membership was not confined to nonslaveholders, as many have asserted, but among them were many earnest Christian masters seeking to solve as best they could an inherited problem and burden.

The Hon. Samuel Rhea, grandson of the first Presbyterian minister to preach in Tennessee (an old Scotch chaplain), liberated his people and sent them to Liberia, but at a later date again became a slaveholder. That eminent divine, Rev. Frederick A. Ross, owner of "Rotherwood," a most beautiful estate, made a similar provision and lived to write the book, "Slavery Ordained of God."

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, speaking in 1911 on "The Scot in America," said: "The antislavery movement which led to our Civil War began among the Scottish and Ulster Scotch immigrants, but not in New England. That is a prevalent delusion which the brilliant writers of that region have not always discouraged. But the real antislavery movement began in the South and West, largely among the Scottish Covenanters of South Carolina and East Tennessee, twenty to thirty years before there was any organized opposition to slavery elsewhere, even in Massachusetts. The Covenanters, the Methodists, and the Quakers of East Tennessee had eighteen emancipation societies by 1815. A few years later there were

five or six in Kentucky. When there were 103 in the South, as yet, so far as known, there was not one in Massachusetts."

Prior to 1831 emancipation was freely discussed in the South, and there was much sentiment in favor of it, but it was not yet strong enough to force laws, and those earnestly endeavoring to free their slaves were hampered by State laws, which, in all but three or four, required that emancipated slaves should leave the State. But even with all the difficulties which beset them, the Southern people were becoming more hostile to the institution and making many efforts to free themselves from a burden which grew heavier each year, and nearly ten per cent of the Southern negroes were free in 1830, which even Mr. Hart concedes was a "tribute to the humanity of Southern people."

That Virginia made great effort to free herself from the burden is shown by the many and sincere discussions in her General Assembly on the subject of gradual emancipation, the problems of which were too great to be lightly undertaken. Anyone not even a statesman could see that there was more practical philanthropy involved when Virginia excluded the slave trade by her great statute of 1778 than when like measure was taken by Vermont, the census of 1790 showing 293,427 slaves in Virginia and but seventeen in Vermont (Cobb on "Slavery"), scarcely more than the domestic force of a plantation household. And now the problems were greater and the burden heavier; and in these discussions, while "many denied advisability of action, none defended the principles of slavery."

In August, 1831, there occurred the awful uprising at Southampton among the negroes known as the "Nat Turner Rebellion."

At this period also arose the abolitionists of the Garrisonian type, who differed from the emancipationists or antislavery men who existed North and South in that they demanded immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery and attacked not only the system but the character of every slaveholder and questioned the morality and denounced the civilization of every section where it existed.

From this period, and on account of this reactionary agitation, dates the rise of proslavery sentiment in the South, which was in a sense self-defense, the human mind being so constituted that it naturally resents interference with its voluntary action in endeavoring to solve a problem upon which it is expending its best ability.

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SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

On June 2, 1862, General Lee's engineers rapidly established and began the construction of a fortified line of battle practically on the battle field of Seven Pines and our forces were at once adjusted to this new line. The work was done by details from the ranks and went on day and night till finished, which was in two days. Late in the afternoon of the 2nd, and while our company was at work with ax, pick, and shovel, General Lee and his numerous staff rode slowly along the line, inspecting everything in sight. As this was the first time many of us had seen the General, naturally we looked at him with much interest. He impressed me as being a very fine looking man, with a pleasant smile. I was especially attracted by the largeness of his head and his apparent quiet and simple manners. We didn't know then that many of us were destined to follow him to the "bitter end."

That night a part of my company, including myself, went on picket duty. The picket arrangement at the time took on a sort of inter-army character. For instance, the officers on our immediate line belonged to different commands and the duty was to continue all night without the usual two-hour changes. The picket line was established about two hundred yards to the front of our earthworks, then in course of construction. It happened that my post was located about the middle of a small swamp, then so boggy that it was impracticable for a soldier to stand there. So the officer on that part of the line, a Virginia captain, took me about another one hundred yards forward and to the end of the swamp and placed me on higher ground among large trees. It was then getting dusk, and I could see that this fine-looking, smiling officer was regarding me with what I thought some anxiety perhaps because I was so young and boylike. Then he said: "Young soldier, you will occupy the post of honor on this part of our line to-night, and your responsibility will be greater than any other soldier on this part of our line, because you will be some distance in front of the main picket line. Be brave and watchful, my dear boy, and if the enemy should approach, fire at them as straight as you can and then fall back to the post on the edge of the swamp we just passed." I saluted and politely raised my cap and then this fine looking officer whom I never saw again, passed to the rear.

As I had had considerable experience with this sort of duty on the Potomac and Occoquan during the last winter, I was not so much perturbed in feeling as might have been supposed under first circumstances. Yet the duty was trying, both physically and mentally, I fully realized the great weight of my responsibility and fully determined to hold that post at all hazards, or die on the spot. But, in a measure, I was happy all the night. My thoughts took on a wide range. They went back to my childhood and to loved ones so far away, and then to our brave comrades who had fallen in the recent battle and whose bodies lay so near by me! And then the continual noise of work going on back at the fortifications was company for me. And, too, there was the blessed signal gun that fired a solid-shot toward the enemy every half hour during the night and thus told our headquarters that all was well along our lines. I was not disturbed. After daylight a few shots were fired through the woods in my direction, but evidently they were from a great distance, and I paid no attention. I was relieved at 8 o'clock, and when I got into camp some of my messmates rather facetiously congratulated me on my having occupied the *advance* post during the night.

On June 5, the earthworks being finished, the Legion

broke camp and returned to our former rendezvous on the high hills near Mechanicsville. While there in that camp we had a sort of "tug of war" among ourselves. When Hampton left us on the battle field of Seven Pines, Lieutenant Colonel Griffin became our commander for the time being. Soon after getting settled down at Mechanicsville again, an agitation, headed by Captain Gary, began for a reorganization. Our year's service was more than up, and, as it was known that Hampton would not return to us, it was argued by Gary and his partisans that it was high time to reorganize by electing new officers. The truth was that Gary wanted and expected to be elected colonel. On the other hand, Lieutenant Colonel Griffin and Major Conner resisted and took the position that the time was highly inopportune; that having just emerged from one bloody battle and while other and perhaps bloodier battles were closely impending, it would be quite inexpedient to reorganize at that time. The Legion was assembled several times and finally speeches made by both parties. Finally the matter came to a vote and Gary carried for reorganization by a small majority, and immediately after this he, Martin W. Gary, was elected colonel of the Hampton Legion, that fine and manly body of men that Hampton had always been prouder of than any other of his subsequent commands in the Confederate army. But alas! the result nearly broke up the Legion. Griffin and Conner and Adjutant Barker and Lowndes and Surgeons Darby and Taylor and many other officers, immediately resigned and left. I took advantage of the age exemption and left, but not till the following September. And many other privates and some uncommissioned officers got transfers to other commands. It was felt by many that this forced reorganization was an insult to Hampton's fame.

Meanwhile, Stonewall Jackson was still gaining victories in the Valley. McClellan was busy bringing up additional forces and war materials and extending his right to the north. Sometime before this he had reached Hanover Courthouse and the Virginia Central Railroad and was preparing to take Richmond by regular siege. It was known that another Federal army was organizing near Washington to form a junction with McClellan's right, and altogether the times began to look rather blue to us private soldiers. But Lee was not sleeping, on the contrary he was quietly forming great plans of campaign. The Legion was still attached to Hood's Brigade of Whiting's Division. About the middle of June it was given out that Whiting's Division was to be sent to reinforce Jackson in the Valley, and we were jubilant. We were ordered to cook rations and the next day broke camp and started to march to Hanover Junction on the Virginia Central Railroad, where, it was said, we would take a train for Staunton in the Valley. But we of the Legion were stopped on the way and went into bivouac. Then it was said that we would not go with Whiting, and, in fact, we didn't. We simply loafed back and forth for several days, never going more than two or three miles in any direction, but nearly all the time being in touch with a staff officer of Gen. A. P. Hill, who held the left of our line at Mechanicsville. We thought it likely that we were not sent along with Whiting because of our then small numbers and insignificant appearance. At length, one morning, Hill's officer made a hasty visit to Gary, and soon after we took up a line of march which ended at Ashland, where we were much surprised to find Whiting's Division then arriving there from the Valley. We went into camp and remained there several days. Meanwhile we were more surprised to see Jackson's whole army from the Valley arrive and soon after march away south on the Old Church Road. Everybody was looking for Jackson. We wanted to see him.

Upon inquiry of some of his passing men as to where Jackson was, they said: "O, he went ahead to Richmond several days ago." Then we knew some great thing "was up in the air."

Ashland was on low land and surrounded by swamps. It was small, old, and somewhat famous for having been the birthplace and boyhood home of Henry Clay, the "mill boy of the Slashes of Ashland." As Jackson's rear passed on, Whiting fell in and followed. June apples were ripe, and we found a big crop of them along the road and greatly enjoyed them. At first our march was rapid and well sustained, but late in the day we got into a gait of spurts and jumps. Then it was said that the road was blocked with fallen trees, and this proved true. Then the infantry and cavalry went on through the woods as best they could, while the artillery and wagons were left behind to struggle with the obstructions in the road. A little before night we heard that a big battle had been fought at Mechanicsville, but no particulars. We bivouacked comfortably and had plenty to eat. During the night the report of the battle was confirmed. It took place at the Junction of Beaver Dam Creek and the Chickahominy, near Mechanicsville, between A. P. Hill's Division and McClellan's right flank, under General Porter. The Federals were driven back to their second position at Gaines's Mills, or Cold Harbor. But the losses on both sides had been heavy, the Federals losing some artillery.

The next morning the reveille brought us out of bed a little before daylight, and everybody expected to find a rough day ahead of us, and indeed we did. We marched along, sometimes rapidly and sometimes slowly, in roads and lanes, but mostly through the woods. The popping of rifles and booming of cannon to the front told us that hot work was in preparation there. We saw many other troops marching and countermarching. I think we got in contact with the enemy about 2 P.M. The Federals held the opposite bank of the deep ravine of Gaines's Creek, which they had fortified in some measure. We could hear great crashes of musketry and cannon to the right and to the left. It took four charges to dislodge the enemy from his strong position on the other side of the creek.

During this heavy fighting many units of other and strange commands got mixed up and fought with us. I particularly recall some Alabamians. Probably they were sent to reinforce us. It was nearly dusk when our line finally carried the Federal works on the other side of the creek and drove the Federals pell-mell from the field and south of the Chickahominy. The losses on both sides were simply frightful. But we had crushed and driven from the field "Little Mack's" right flank, captured his great camp, and great quantities of rich booty. We spent the night on the field in an exhausted condition. I myself went into a very fine and in every way pleasant arboreal pavilion, which had been used by the French officers as a dining saloon. These French officers belonged to the old nobility of France and had come to the United States as observers of the conduct of war during the McClellan campaigns, and, as usual in such cases, acted as honorary staff officers on McClellan's and Porter's staffs. We didn't lack for good things to eat, and we did all we could to relieve the sufferings of our wounded. One of our stretcher bearers named Burkhalter was killed in the battle. We got much needed rest, and the next day picked up our wounded and buried our own dead. I recollect one young Alabamian who had been killed and was buried with the Legion and Texan dead. He was orderly sergeant of his company, named Oakley, and only eighteen years old. Poor young fellow! He was somebody's boy! I picked up a letter on the field which had been written and posted at Hud-

son, N. Y. It was written by the sister of a private in the 14th N. Y. Volunteer Infantry named Lathrop. Years afterwards I found that sister and to her great delight restored that letter to her. She wrote me that her brother had been killed later on in the war.

Orr's South Carolina Rifles, a fine battalion and as brave as one could find on that field of Gaines's Mills, occupied more level land on our left and fiercely fought the Federals in a woods near a field. They lost heavily, but, after the first bloody assault, drove them handsomely. Col. James L. Orr was not present during the battle. This was late in June, I think, about the 27th. Our army pursued McClellan south of the Chickahominy and found he was retreating toward the James, in which his war vessels were anchored for his protection. More or less fighting went on day and night. "Little Mack" fought us as bravely as he could all the way to the James. The Legion was near, but not in the battle of Savage Station, on the York River Railroad, where Kershaw's Brigade punished the Federals so severely.

The next day the fierce battle of Frazier's Farm was fought. The Federals called this battle field "Glendale." McClellan lost heavily in this fight, which was said to have been due to Longstreet's strategy, and about that time the Federal Major General McCall fell into our hands as a prisoner of war. From this field McClellan retreated across White Oak Swamp and to the foot of the famous Malvern Hill. And right there even many of us private soldiers thought Lee should have stopped chasing McClellan. But Lee had different plans. He seems to have thought that he could carry Malvern Hill by assault and thus force McClellan to surrender or into the James River. But alas! he was not able to do either. We lost a number of men in forcing White Oak Swamp, which was a very bad place to cross, particularly in the face of such a staunch defender as McClellan was. Malvern Hill was naturally an ideal place to hold against an enemy. It rose up from the James into a sort of potato hill shape, and then gently sloped off inland, or, at that time, one might say "leeward," to the borders of White Oak Swamp. McClellan formed his lines of infantry and artillery on the outward slopes of the hill fronting Lee, who was below in a semicircle, and, as his flanks and rear were well protected by the river and his navy, he thus was able to use his whole army in this splendid position against Lee.

It was July 1 when this sanguinary battle came off, and it was the last of the series of that campaign. There was more or less desultory fighting during the early hours of the day, while Lee was casting lines and selecting his positions, but the bloodiest contest didn't take place till rather late in the afternoon, and it didn't cease till about 10 P.M. But most of the night fighting was done by McClellan's artillery, and he certainly had a plentiful supply of it, and used it with much judgment and accuracy. To our great sorrow General Lee was repulsed in all his efforts to take that formidable Malvern Hill, and his losses were great, as history tells us. Most of the loss in our brigade was from the Federal artillery fire, which was incessant during the heavy fighting. We slept on the field and the next morning picked up our badly wounded and buried the dead.

During the day there was a readjustment of our lines, Jackson's command, to which Hood still clung, being shifted to our extreme left, but there was no more fighting. About half way of this movement we were halted to rest awhile. While we were scattered along on both sides of the road we heard a great and continuous cheering on our right. At first we couldn't imagine the cause of it, but we soon found that

(Continued on page 117)

THE STRATEGY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY COL. MAGNUS H. THOMPSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

[It may seem unnecessary to review the achievements of the illustrious subject of this article when they have been so masterfully and clearly recorded by historians and writers, yet there are many of us who have no conception of what he accomplished or the remarkable means employed to that end. Hence, upon urgent request of the Chapter that bears the name of this "god of war," I am encouraged to present an outline, at least, of his achievements as briefly as a fair understanding will permit. Jackson's record startled the military circles of this age and excited our admiration beyond expression.]

On April 27, 1861, Maj. T. J. Jackson, of the Virginia Military Institute, was appointed colonel of Virginia volunteers and ordered to Harper's Ferry to take command of the forces there assembled, all under Major General Harper as division commander. Colonel Jackson arrived at Harper's Ferry on April 29 and at once began organizing and mustering the troops. Jackson's command at Harper's Ferry was marked by few notable events. In the simple uniform of a major of the Virginia Military Institute, quietly, but firmly and unceasingly, he worked to change citizens who had patriotically rushed to arms—most of them young men, many mere boys—into disciplined soldiers. General Johnston, being tendered a command as brigadier general in the Confederate army, promptly accepted it and was ordered to take command at Harper's Ferry, reporting there on May 23. Jackson, learning that the Virginia forces had been turned over to the Confederacy, promptly recognized General Johnston's authority. At that time the troops under his command were the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 10th, 13th, and 27th Virginia regiments of infantry, the 22nd and 11th Mississippi, the 4th Alabama, a Maryland, and a Kentucky battalion, four companies of Virginia artillery of four guns each, and the 1st regiment of Virginia cavalry; totaling about 5,200 effective men.

At this time three Federal armies were threatening invasion: McClellan from the northwest; Patterson from the northeast; and McDowell's advance toward Manassas. Being convinced that Harper's Ferry was not tenable, the Confederates evacuated it on June 15, moving out on the Berryville Pike; and, learning that Patterson's advance was marching on Martinsburg, Johnston moved to Bunker Hill on the road between Winchester and Martinsburg; thus opposing Patterson and preventing his junction with McClellan, he having advanced part of his command to Romney. They were soon driven out by a detachment under Col. A. P. Hill. Patterson having temporarily withdrawn from Martinsburg, General Johnston withdrew his force to Winchester. Within a short time the Army of the Shenandoah was strengthened by the arrival of more regular army officers and of regiments from different States, and early in July, General Johnston proceeded to organize four brigades of infantry. The first, a Virginia brigade, under Col. T. J. Jackson, composed of the 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 27th Virginia regiments, and Pendleton's Rockbridge Artillery. The second, under Col. F. S. Bartow, composed of the 7th, 8th and 9th Georgia Regiments, Duncan's and Pope's Kentucky Battalions, and Albert's Virginia Battery. The third, under Brigadier General Bee, composed of the 4th Alabama, 2nd and 11th Mississippi, 1st Tennessee, and Imboden's Virginia Battery. The fourth, under Col. Arnold Elzey, composed of 1st Maryland Battalion, 3rd Tennessee, 10th and 13th Virginia, and Grave's Battery, leaving the First

Virginia Cavalry and the 33d Virginia Infantry unbrigaded. These commands on June 30, 1861, numbered 10, 654, present for duty, of which 10,010 were infantry, 334 cavalry, and 278 artillery.

General Patterson, on June 30, recrossed the Potomac, and Jackson was sent with his command to Martinsburg to support cavalry outposts and protect our agents while removing locomotives and heavy stores to within our lines.

He was also instructed to destroy all railroad stock, which was done thoroughly. July 2, Patterson, whose force crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and advanced on Martinsburg, dispatched a brigade by way of Hedgesville to guard his right. The Confederates, posted in a clump of trees, soon became engaged with his force, and on July 3, Jackson made his first report of his engagement, and on the fourth General Johnston recommended his promotion to brigadier general, which was soon done. Patterson's army retired to Martinsburg, where it remained until July 15, when it advanced to Bunker Hill, and on the 17th it moved to Smithfield, a few miles from Charlestown. After the Confederates retired from Darkesville to Winchester, the 33d Virginia Infantry was added to Jackson's brigade; the 6th North Carolina to Bee's; the 11th Georgia to Bartow's, the 9th Georgia having joined that brigade soon after they left Winchester. A fifth brigade was formed by Brig. Gen. E. Kirby Smith of the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th Alabama and the 19th Mississippi regiments and Standard's Virginia battery. The regiments at that stage of the war did not exceed 500 men each, so many were sick with measles, mumps, and other diseases to which unseasoned troops were subject. At 1 A.M., July 18, Johnston was informed that Beauregard at Manassas was attacked and needed assistance. In order to elude Patterson, he ordered the cavalry to make a demonstration in his front, that he might withdraw without his knowledge and pass through the mountains at Paris, en route to Manassas. Jackson's brigade, leading, reached Paris, seventeen miles from Winchester, about two hours after dark; and it was then and there that Jackson stood guard over his exhausted men that night, his adjutant general asking him what strength of guard should be made for the night, when Jackson replied: "Make no detail, the poor fellows are exhausted. I will stand guard." And, sure enough, through the entire night Jackson could be seen walking his beat while his troops slept.

The Shenandoah Valley campaign, three months long to a day, though marked by no brilliant achievements, was full of advantage to the Confederacy. The capture at Harper's Ferry of arms and machinery worth millions of dollars, our defiant holding of Harper's Ferry until the 15th of June, kept General Scott in a constant state of alarm for the safety of Washington and deprived the enemy of the use of its best line of communication with the west; and the conduct of Jackson at Falling Waters gave satisfying promise of heroic leadership that made men eager to follow him into mortal combat. Returning to Jackson's march from Paris, he proceeded hurriedly to the Manassas Gap railroad and began alternating by riding a few miles and walking a few and reaching Manassas battle field in the nick of time to save the day. And it was upon that field that he was given the world renowned name of "Stonewall." The result of the battle is too well known to go into details here. It is appropriate, however, as evidence of Jackson's tenacity, to refer to his order to the heroic Bee. When exhausted in his effort to rally his men, Bee rode up to Jackson, who was steadily holding his brigade, although the enemy's artillery was thinning his ranks, and cried out in a tone of despair: "General, they are beating

us back!" The reply came promptly, curt but calm: "Then we will give them the bayonet." The defiant look of Jackson, his bold determination, and the steady line of brave men that supported him gave new life to Bee, and, galloping back to his disorganized command, he shouted, waving his hand to the left: "Look! There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here. Follow me." His troops responded, but in a few moments this heroic leader fell dead. From that time forward Jackson became and will continue to be "Stonewall Jackson" and his brigade the "Stonewall Brigade."

The troops from the Shenandoah numbered 8,340 of all arms; those of the Potomac 9,713; total, 18,053 actually engaged. The returns of killed, wounded, and missing of the entire Confederate army within the field of action show that most of the fighting was done by the Army of the Shenandoah, as indicated by the table of losses—i. e., 282 killed, 1,063 wounded, 1 missing, total 1,346. Army of the Potomac, 105 killed, 519 wounded, and 12 missing; total, 636.

On October 7, 1861, while encamped near Manassas, Jackson was commissioned major general in recognition of his distinguished services at that battle. On November 4 he left to take command of the Valley district, to which General Johnston (in command of the Department of Northern Virginia) had assigned him. Upon reaching Winchester and studying the field intrusted to him, he asked that his old brigade be sent him from Manassas and all the troops holding the passes of the Alleghany Mountain to the southwest, numbering some 16,000. On December 6, Jackson sent a small force to destroy Dam No. 5 above Williamsport, and thus break communication between Cumberland and Washington. A brisk skirmish ensued, but little was accomplished. The work was renewed with a large force on December 16, which proved successful, a long stretch of the canal being rendered useless. On December 25, General Loring and his two brigades joined Jackson, making a force of about 11,000 men.

Burning with a desire to recover Western Virginia, he determined to move on the enemy, notwithstanding the lateness of the season and the difficulties to be encountered in the mountains. On January 1, 1862, his army left Winchester under a clear sky and a moderate temperature, to be enjoyed only for a day. From then on a most severe winter was encountered, much suffering experienced, and very little accomplished. The enemy was driven out of Bath and valuable stores captured, and then the Federals sought shelter behind the houses in Hancock, Md. Not wishing to destroy homes of helpless citizens, Jackson withdrew and moved on Romney, the enemy evacuating upon his approach. Subsequently he returned to Winchester, leaving Loring's command there.

The only thing accomplished by this move was that in two weeks he had, with little loss, though with much suffering, discomfited the enemy, disconcerted their offensive plans, and expelled them from his district, thus liberating three fertile counties from their domination and thereby securing sources of supply for the subsistence of his own army. The result of this expedition, and the complaint made by officers to the Secretary of War regarding Jackson's retention of Loring's command at Romney resulted in the Secretary ordering Jackson to have Loring's command returned to Winchester. Without a protest, Jackson (as a soldier) obeyed his superior and ordered Loring back, at the same time tendering his resignation, concluding: "With such interference in my command, I cannot expect to be of much service in the field."

Amends were soon made, and Jackson was prevailed upon to withdraw his resignation, with the understanding that his

authority would be fully recognized. In the spring of 1862 the contending armies practically held nearly the same positions as in the autumn of 1861. The Confederate Army of Northern Virginia still held the center at Manassas, under General Holmes, and Jackson the left in the lower Shenandoah Valley. McClellan, with an army of 222,000, collected and organized during the winter in front of and near Washington, was ordered to move and attack the Confederates and press on to capture Richmond.

General Banks, at Frederick, Md., moved to Harper's Ferry to attack and drive back Jackson. Preferring fighting to retreating, Jackson offered Banks battle in front of Winchester, but when that was not accepted, he withdrew to Strasburg. Sixteen thousand men under Fremont in the western mountain and the south branch of the Potomac were combined and moved to menace Jackson's left flank and rear, while 8,000, under Cox on the Kanawha line, were ordered to Manassas. At this very time our forces at Manassas, Leesburg, and Fredericksburg were withdrawn to the south bank of the Rappahannock. This left Jackson exposed to both front and flank attacks, but Johnston had confidence in his ability to take care of himself. By field returns of February 28, he had 4,207 infantry, 369 artillery, and 601 cavalry, a total of 5,267 officers and men present for duty. By McClellan's field returns of March 2, Banks had present for duty of all arms, 38,484 men. Sedgwick's Brigade was recalled to guard the Potomac, leaving Banks with 30,000 men when he followed Jackson, with scarcely one-sixth as many. The first and last council of war that Jackson ever called was on March 6, consisting of General Garnett and his regimental commanders at Winchester.

Jackson moved up the Valley to Mt. Jackson. Under McClellan's orders, Shields was recalled from Strasburg and, on the 20th, Williams's Division took up its line of march to Manassas. General Ashby, ever in touch with the enemy, reported to Jackson the evacuation of Strasburg, and that he was following them.

Jackson, having been instructed by Johnston to hold in the Valley the enemy already there, moved on Winchester. The last of Banks's command had marched for Manassas on the 22nd, but Shields's Division of 9,000 men remained at Winchester. Jackson mustered on the Kernstown field 3,087 men, of which only 2,742 became engaged. With this disparity in numbers the battle of Kernstown was fought, and by some recognized as a draw. To this I cannot agree. The line immediately under Jackson's eye was not only holding but doing fearful execution, but General Garnett, who was on his right, gave way and ordered his line to fall back, which necessitated Jackson's line to do likewise or risk capture. In order to teach subordinates a lesson and what he expected should be done under similar circumstances, he placed General Garnett under arrest and relieved him of his command.

On the 24th Jackson retired to Mt. Jackson. Shields, confident that Jackson would not have brought on such an engagement without expecting reinforcements, hastened, the night after the battle, to recall all the troops within reach. Williams was recalled from his march to Manassas, with the request that the command march all night; and General Banks, on his way to Washington, was recalled. Thus Jackson's prompt action and bold attack completely changed McClellan's plans, and instead of establishing Banks with 20,000 men at Manassas, he ordered him to remain in the Valley and sent him 10,000 more from his own army—to aid in driving Jackson back or meet another anticipated attack. On April 4 McDowell was put in command of the forces between the Blue Ridge and Fredericksburg; Banks in com-

mand of the Department of the Shenandoah, and Fremont in command of the mountain department.

Jackson retired down the Valley, followed by Banks's large army, passed Harrisonburg, and moved to Swift Run Gap, where he could easily hold the road leading to Ewell's Division. Here Jackson completed the reorganization of his army, received additions by enlistments and the 10th Virginia Regiment, increasing his forces to nearly 6,000. On April 28, Jackson appealed to Lee (now acting commander in chief of the Confederate forces) to let Ewell's command join him. Jackson's command crossed the mountain and reached Staunton on the 5th of May. Ed Johnston's army of about 3,000 was fifteen miles northwest from Staunton.

Milroy, hearing of the junction of Jackson and Johnston, concentrated his forces with Schenck near McDowell and engaged our forces. The battle raged for some four or five hours, when, seeing defeat was his lot, he, with Schenck, retreated through McDowell to Franklin, pursued by Jackson's troops. Lincoln telegraphed Fremont to move by the Dry River Gap of the Shenandoah mountain and join Banks. Jackson had taken precaution, and the gap was blockaded. Fremont, with large reinforcements, was near at hand and in a position hard to dislodge without a heavy sacrifice of men, hence Jackson withdrew his force to the Valley to look after Banks, and also to be at hand to respond to a call from General Lee, leaving Fremont's army of 15,000 or 20,000 men enveloped in the smoke of the burning forests, which had now become Jackson's ally instead of his foe. Learning that Jackson had returned to the Valley and was reinforced by Ewell, Banks evacuated Harrisonburg and withdrew to New Market, whence, after detaching Shields's Division to march toward Luray on the way to join McDowell's "On to Richmond," he continued down the Valley to Strasburg. Shields marched by way of Luray and Front Royal toward Fredericksburg, taking about 11,000 men and leaving with Banks about 8,000, placing 1,000 at Front Royal to protect the railroad bridge and the turnpike bridges leading to Winchester. McDowell was ordered by the authorities to move on Richmond as soon as Shields's Division reached him and become the right wing of McClellan's army. On the 21st of May, Jackson moved to the Luray Valley and, joining part of Ewell's command, moved on Front Royal, and on May 23 the force of the enemy was routed and retreated across the river toward Winchester, our cavalry pressing them steadily. Banks, being at Strasburg, began to retreat down the Valley, then realizing his perilous situation and alarmed by the rapid and incomprehensible movement of Jackson, and seeing that his only safety was in flight, being pressed in rear and flank, continued his retreat as rapidly as possible toward Winchester, our men pressing them at every step. A short stand was made near Winchester, but they were soon put to flight and continued until the Potomac was reached and crossed. Our captures were simply immense and of every conceivable character, including over 3,000 prisoners taken.

The day Jackson struck Banks's left at Front Royal, President Lincoln visited McDowell at Fredericksburg, and wired McClellan on the 24th that Shields, with his 10,000, had joined McDowell's men, and that on Monday, the 26th, 40,000 of McDowell's men would march to reinforce his right in front of Richmond. Hearing of the Banks disaster, Lincoln wired Fremont to move to Harrisonburg in the Valley and intercept and destroy Jackson and so relieve Banks. McDowell's march on Richmond was cancelled, and 20,000 men were put in motion for the Shenandoah Valley to capture or destroy Jackson, either with or without the cooperation of Fremont. Informing McClellan of these orders at 4 P.M. of the 24th,

he added: "The enemy are making a desperate push on Harper's Ferry." The alarm was intensified when Banks was driven across the Potomac, when Lincoln again telegraphed McClellan: "I think the time is near when you must either attack Richmond or give up the job and come to the defense of Washington." Later on, the same day, Lincoln again telegraphed McClellan: "Banks ran a race with the rebels yesterday morning, beating them to Winchester. Banks's force is broken up into a total rout." The news of Banks's defeat caused the Federal government to call upon all the loyal States for all their militia and other troops and send them immediately to Washington. The alarm at Washington produced an almost indescribable panic throughout the North. When McDowell's march to the Valley began, McClellan stood hesitating on the banks of the Chickahominy, as all the plans of the Army of the Potomac in every branch had been demoralized by the boldness and result of Jackson's grand strategic movement.

It was at the close of the battle of Winchester that the immediate parole of captured surgeons was adopted; never before was such a course pursued in any war. Upon the suggestion of Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's chief surgeon, the numerous Yankee surgeons were paroled, and the plan has prevailed ever since.

On May 27, the army had another day of rest while Jackson was providing for the safety of the vast military stores he had captured at Front Royal, Winchester, and Martinsburg. On the 28th, he dispatched Winder with four regiments and two batteries toward Charlestown, and, finding the enemy there, Ewell was dispatched to him and he soon drove them to Harper's Ferry, where some 7,000 troops had been assembled upon Banks's defeat. Jackson, with his command, arrived the next day and made a demonstration against Bolivar Heights. Having accomplished his object in removing stores, etc., from Winchester, he was now ready to extricate his army from the perilous position into which he had brought it, a position which induced the Federal commanders who were seeking to intercept him to say to their men, to stimulate their marching ability, that they now had Jackson in a bottle and all they had to do was to close the stopper at Strasburg and so end the war. They had not yet learned that no combination they could devise could trap Jackson, although he had but 15,000 men to their 60,000 that were concentrating in his rear; he knew the strategic advantages of the mountains; that great flank-protecting bulwark was at his disposal, and which he was satisfied he could reach.

On May 30, Jackson was informed that Fremont, with 15,000 men, was approaching Strasburg from the west and was in some twenty miles of that place, and that McDowell's advance was crossing the Blue Ridge and nearing Front Royal. Realizing the situation, he ordered his troops back to Winchester, leaving Winder to continue threatening Harper's Ferry. The main body of Jackson's army marched twenty-five miles back to Winchester, still twenty miles from Strasburg, while McDowell was within twelve miles, and Fremont, at Wardenville, but twenty miles west of Strasburg; at this time Winder was still in front of Harper's Ferry, forty-three miles from Strasburg. Winder's force was recalled with dispatch, taking up the march at once. His main force reached Newton by dark, having marched twenty-eight miles, while that portion recalled from Loudoun Heights marched thirty-five miles. On the 31st Jackson put everything in motion, the 2,300 Federal prisoners in front, guarded by the 21st Virginia regiment, then seven miles of wagons in double column loaded with captured stores, etc., and the main army following these. Thus they passed through Strasburg late in the afternoon and

bivouacked just beyond in line of battle, his flanks guarded on the right by the Massanutten and the North Mountain on the left, ready to meet either at the same time prevent a junction of the enemy forces. On June 1, Winder's foot core command soon arrived, passed through Jackson's line of battle, and rested. Fremont's advance arrived in front of Strasburg late in the afternoon, Ashby having contested his advance in a series of remarkable engagements, in which hundreds contended with thousands, and holding them at bay until Jackson, with his immense train of stores and prisoners, had safely passed through Strasburg.

It is worth while to review the movements of the past three days; Friday morning, Jackson was fifty miles from Strasburg in front of Harper's Ferry; Fremont was at Moorefield, thirty-eight miles from Strasburg, with the head of his army ten miles in advance; Shields's Division of McDowell's army was but twenty miles from Strasburg, with his advance in Front Royal, but twelve miles from Strasburg; and McDowell with two divisions close up with him; and yet, with this disparity in miles from Strasburg, Jackson, with his long line of captured stores, encumbered with prisoners, had marched between fifty and sixty miles, reached Strasburg before either of his adversaries, and passed safely between their conquering armies, holding Fremont at bay on the left by an offer of battle, and blinding and bewildering McDowell on the right by the celerity and secrecy of his movements. Jackson retired up the Valley, cautiously followed by Fremont. McDowell sent Shields up the Page Valley in pursuit of Jackson to cut him off about New Market, and with Fremont in his rear they could crush him. McDowell retained two divisions at Front Royal. Seeing the object of this move, Jackson decided he would not get caught in that trap, nor would he permit a junction of such a large force, so he sent scouts to Luray and Conrad's Store to burn all bridges and destroy all culverts that might impede Shields's advance, as he felt satisfied he could handle either one singly. Shields moved to Luray and found the passage to the Valley from there was destroyed, so he rested his command. Jackson fell back through Harrisonburg, skirmishing with Fremont's advance all the way and punishing it each time. At this juncture a column of Fremont's cavalry, in command of an English officer by the name of Sir Percy Wyndham, followed Ashby's rear guard beyond Harrisonburg, Wyndham saying that he would capture Ashby or not return. A fight was soon had, and in the midst of it Major Holmes Conrad, of Ashby's command, captured Sir Percy, and his sword is still in the possession of the Conrad family. Closely following this, General Ashby was killed, the beloved cavalier of the South and General Jackson's main dependence.

The battle of June 6 and 7, including Cross Keys and Port Republic, was fought, resulting in Fremont's withdrawal to Harrisonburg, and the advance of Shields's command, upon reaching Port Republic from the east side, was treated in similar manner and retired. McDowell still remained with his force at Conrad Store and Luray. General Shields concluded his message to Fremont by saying: "*I think Jackson is caught this time.*" The fight was a desperate one, the scales varying as the conflict raged. Finally, the Federal forces were driven from the field, and again the Stars and Bars floated to the breeze in victory. Jackson withdrew his forces from Lewiston to Brown's Gap; his losses in this conflict were 816 killed, wounded, and missing. His opponent, General Tyler, of Shields's Division, lost 67 killed, 361 wounded and 574 missing, a total of 1,002.

(Concluded in April Number)

RECONSTRUCTION AND THE KU-KLUX.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D. NASHVILLE, TENN.

The darkest period of American history was that from 1866 to 1876, devoted by the Congress of the United States to restoring the conquered Confederate States to their place as members of the United States and removing the desolations of war.

It is not the purpose of this article to arouse again the bitterness and strife between the sections that prevailed immediately after the War between the States. It is our privilege and our duty to accept results in the providence of God and to cultivate the spirit of peace and harmony.

Neither is it the purpose to condemn Mr. Lincoln for injustice and oppression in the conduct of the war; not to recall those violations of the laws of civilized warfare such as the making of medicines contraband of war, the refusal to exchange prisoners, when such exchange was dictated by every principle of humanity, and by the harsh and cruel treatment of noncombatants and the destruction of their property. We can give Mr. Lincoln credit for kindly personal feeling in his relations with his fellow men, his tender and sympathetic consideration of suffering everywhere, and for theoretical acceptance of the principles of morality and justice. But when we recall the outrages of Sheridan and Sherman in Virginia, Georgia, and North and South Carolina, and that Mr. Lincoln approved of those outrages, it is hardly fair to expect the South to accept him as the highest type of Christian, as the national hero to be admired, and as the Christlike man to be imitated by all true patriots.

It is true that the general sentiment of our country has come to condemn those outrages and the whole Congressional policy of reconstruction, yet within the last few years the tendency of the writers of the North has been to ignore or to condone the wrongs done or to justify them by false statements as to the attitude of the South after the war.

My object is to set forth the truths of history as to the conduct of the war, to vindicate the principles for which the Confederate States went to war, and our readiness at all times for peace and harmony with the Union.

It seems to me from a reading of history that when civilized governments are to be established two principles are in conflict, each laboring for supremacy, the great object being that each shall have its proper place in the life of the people. The first is the principle of authority or autocracy, which asserts the supremacy of a central authority dependent upon physical force. The second great principle upon which the people are to depend for protection against oppression is the principle of justice or righteousness, a spiritual principle, which, in the long run, will resist to the utmost all injustice and wrongdoing. These two principles and their antagonisms were manifest in the negotiations for the establishment of the Constitution of the United States. It was a question between a centralized government and the rights of sovereign States, and the Constitution was a compromise or compact between these two great forces which must be dependent for success on the faithfulness of each party in observing it. But from the very beginning there was a tendency on the part of autocracy to emphasize its rights, and this tendency was especially cultivated in the Northern section, while the South emphasized State Rights. In 1854 the Republican party was organized, the declared purpose of which was to deprive the South of certain constitutional rights, setting aside the decisions of the Supreme Court. In 1860 Mr. Lincoln was elected as the avowed candidate of that policy. Under these circumstances there was only one thing for the South to do, which was to

withdraw from the compact. This certain States attempted to do and to form a separate Confederacy. Their commissioners were sent to negotiate with the United States government for a settlement of all questions arising between the two governments. It all finally turned upon reinforcing Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, and after various promises plainly made and unscrupulously broken, the United States government determined to reinforce the fort, and so the war was brought on.

In 1848 Mr. Lincoln was an able advocate in Congress of the doctrine of State Rights; by 1860 he declared that the attitude of a State to the general government was that of a county to a State, and upon this latter idea Congress acted, and its policy of reconstruction was but a carrying out of the wrongs and oppressions perpetrated during the war.

1. The Constitution was changed to give all the rights of citizenship to the negro.

2. White Southerners and their sympathizers were disfranchised and restrained from interfering with any of the negro's rights.

3. The country was divided into military sections, over each of which a general was placed in command, with troops at his disposal to enforce the decisions of the civil tribunals. In a word, it was the legalizing of injustice and corruption before the courts of the country.

The result was that the South was overrun with an army of bummers and carpetbaggers from the North, coming ostensibly to see that the negro had his rights and to install him as ruler over the States. The result was a rule of corruption, of graft, of loot, and of lust that to-day is recognized as the disgrace of all who took part in it.

In a single word, it was the malignant effort of the conquering section of the country, in obedience to a false and fanatical ideal, to destroy an ancient civilization with its claims, its rights, its privileges, its ideals, and its principles. To change an order of nature and bring the highest elements—intellectual, social, religious, and political—into subjection to the very lowest elements that could be used for purposes of corruption and mere material profit. The negroes were organized into secret societies to put themselves in office and carry out the behests of their carpetbag advisers.

Under these circumstances, every principle of self-respect, of honor, and of self-preservation demanded that the South should resist by all means in its power the destruction of its original ideals. It has been charged that the Ku-Klux Klan made the reconstruction policy necessary.

The actual fact is that the Southern people were resorting to various plans to break up the influence of the carpetbaggers over the negroes, especially to break up the secret organizations. When suddenly it was found, by apparent accident, that an organization of young men, for their own amusement, could be used to appeal to the superstition of the negroes and to bring their dread of unseen world powers to protect the white people against their nightly machinations.

Against those unseen powers the carpetbagger was held to be helpless. So the Ku-Klux Klan was regularly organized with a head, the great General Forrest, its various officers and orders, its signs and watchwords to frighten the negroes into submission to the better elements of the community. It is probable that comparatively few suffered violence at its hands. There were two classes that were never spared—a negro assaulting a white woman or a white man stirring up negroes to outrages.

At the end of four years it was seen that the organization had accomplished its purpose, law and order were gradually restored, the better elements of the Northern people coming

into the South became helpers in the work of restoration. The negroes gradually took their natural place, and so the organization, in 1870, was officially and formally dissolved by order of the president, General Forrest.

It is true that for several years afterwards there were organizations calling themselves Ku-Klux and committing various outrages, but they were easily subdued.

In 1876 the Southern States that had entered the Confederacy were restored to their original position, and from that day, as a body, they have been thoroughly faithful to the new obligations assumed by them, and in two great wars have shown their loyalty to the Union. In the rape of Panama from Columbia, in the rescue of Cuba from Spain, and in the entrance of the United States in the great World War, the great principle for which the Confederate States contended is recognized as supreme. That is to say, the right of every people to determine their own form of government. So it is that God fulfills his purposes in various ways, and makes the "wrath of man to praise him, while the remainder of wrath he doth restrain."

A CAMP EPISODE.

BY L. A. WAILES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Do many of our veterans, in their retrospective moods, indulge in memories of our camp life, with its many scenes, events, and episodes—some sad and depressing, though it was seldom that a soldier ever gave way to despondency, but was ever joyous and hopeful—must I add, even frivolous? Our camp life, with all its privation and hardships, to say nothing of the ever present reminder of the danger of battle, accident, pestilence, or that crowning misfortune, capture and a prison—to my memory those seem a prolonged picnic. With such an assembly of diverse, contradictory characters, one might expect many disputes, serious, even violent, quarrels and fights. And yet I ask all old veterans how many quarrels or serious dissension they can recall. For myself, I am happy to record that not one single one recurs to my memory. I am glad to think of those many days of camp life as an assembly of a closely affiliated brotherhood, each member knowing every other so intimately that quarrels were impossible.

And who can but remember the numberless *fads*—they were nothing but fads—that frequently took possession of a camp, giving employment to idle hands, making from bone or horn rude memorials to send home, or canes cut from different battle fields. We even had amateur jewellers, with only a piece of charcoal for a crucible and a joint of cane for a blow-pipe. I will say, in passing, that the ring with which I was married was made in camp from a five dollar gold piece which my father put into my hand when I took the train for the camp of instruction on leaving for the front, and it was a work that could not have been excelled in any professional jeweller's shop.

And this long digression—my dream ran away with my pen—brings me to my purpose, a camp *fad*. To make this clear it is necessary to introduce two characters, individuals of the regiment. George—was a small man, much under size for enlistment under army regulations, He had tried to enlist in a regiment organized in his own town and county, but was turned down on account of his size, or, rather, undersize. He was of a fine, prominent family, very popular and, moreover, a fine musician, the cornet being his specialty. At the departure of the regiment for the front, he volunteered as bugler, a very essential adjunct to a cavalry organization. He had served as bugler for two years, when it came to pass that the

regiment required a secretary in the quartermaster's department. George wrote a fine business hand, and he offered for the position; but a bugle was indispensable. In the regiment was a Jew, by name of Rose, a good natured fellow and not a bad soldier, rather popular, though somewhat of a butt. George hit upon Rose as his substitute, to which Rose was not averse, as it would relieve him of picket and guard duty. George, with the consent of the colonel, undertook to educate him for the place; so his musical education began. Every day, or several times a day, a lesson, the intervals filled with Rose's everlasting practicing—toot, toot, toot—without ceasing, to the no small annoyance of sensitive ears but without a sense of humor. The situation had been announced in "morning orders," Rose relieved of all his duties, when all at once an inconceivable fad took possession of the camp. Go where you would, at any time, and you would find all in sight engaged in scraping a horn—no explanation by common consent.

Time passed, Rose became more of a butt than ever. Finally "morning orders" announced the new order: George — quartermaster's secretary; Rose — regimental bugler.

Now the denouement—the fad had come to an end. Next morning, at the first toot of Rose's bugle, every horn came from under its owner's blanket, and such a "reveille," I venture to say, never waked an army, or, at least, not since Joshua with ram's horn blew down the walls of Jericho.

THE YOUNG COLONEL'S RUSE.

[The story which won for Mrs. Samuel Posey, daughter of Gen. Adam R. Johnson, of Texas, the gold medal offered by the Texas Division U. D. C.]

It is well for the present generation to turn back the pages of history at least once a year to the days of the "Old South, the Land of Dixie," and become familiar with those gallant men and beautiful, courageous women who gave to this sunny Southland of ours an enviable name which is still heralded in song and story. Just now the time is opportune for the relating of an incident of the War between the States which, though more than fifty years have flown since that great conflict, still holds savor enough of romance and adventure to prove of interest.

It was a Sabbath day in the year 1861. The good people of the quaint little city of Henderson, Ky., were upon their way to church. The young colonel strolled along the fragrant, sunny street with his mother upon his arm. He was a splendid specimen of young manhood, and many a coquettish glance was cast his way. His tall lithe figure showed to advantage in the dress of the period, the long black broadcloth coat, the light gray trousers, the finely ruffled linen of stock and shirt, above which rose his handsome face with its brilliant gray eyes, aquiline nose, and firm, masterful, mouth. A tall beaver hat added the last note to the correct costume of a Southern gentleman.

The dainty little woman hanging so affectionately to his arm resembled one of the late roses blooming along the walk, and no hint of the alarm that was fast possessing her son had as yet marred her pleasure in having him home again after six years upon the Texas plains. As they walked along the young colonel noticed with anxiety men who now wore the blue of the Union looking upon him with suspicion and whispering among themselves as they gathered in groups here and there. He recalled with a start of apprehension a laughing wager he had made with Dick Burbridge when war was discussed as a probability.

"If war is declared," Dick had said, "I'll stand by the Union."

"And I'll wear the gray of the Confederacy," the young colonel had replied.

"If you do," Dick laughed, "I'll never rest until I make you prisoner."

"I'll bet you my Kentucky thoroughbred that I capture you first," he had jested," his arm around his friend's shoulders, for war had not cooled their warm love for each other.

"Done!" Burbridge declared heartily, "I'll call your hand. Remember, when you enter the rebel army a Federal fox will be upon your trail."

It looked now as if the Federal fox had left his lair, and, this Sabbath morning, was close upon his heels. The fact of his long absence in Texas and that he had not intimated his connection with Nathan Bedford Forrest, he had hoped would protect him until he obtained the information he sought in regard to the Federal strength at this place. Some hint evidently had reached them, and the valuable papers which he carried from General Breckinridge caused him great uneasiness.

The young colonel did not intend, however, to fail in the first important commission assigned him, if there was any way out of the net his enemies were fast drawing around him. His long years of training upon the Texas plains fighting Indians had taught him to meet cunning with cunning. So he entered the church, walked boldly up the aisle, knowing that he was entering the trap laid for his undoing.

He heard nothing of what the preacher said, his brain busy with plans for escape, his eyes investigating each possible loophole through which he might slip from the church. His eyes dwelt for a moment lovingly upon his mother's sweet profile, as she sat listening to the words of the gospel. He had no means of knowing when he would see that dear face again. He drew her hand into his, holding it tenderly in farewell.

He saw Dick Burbridge sitting near the main entrance, respondent in the new uniform of a Federal officer. Here and there were other blue uniforms placed at advantageous intervals to prevent his eluding them.

Then the young colonel's gaze alighted upon a face that made him forget all danger, all thought of anything but the thrill that her beauty awoke within him. Sitting with her hands clasped loosely in her lap, the soft light from the stained-glass window falling upon her, sat the girl of his dreams.

"Let us sing hymn number forty. Congregation please stand," the preacher said.

"The Federals are laying for me, mother," the young colonel whispered, drawing his mother close to his side. "I am going to try to make my get-away. Don't make a fuss. Good-by."

"Good-by, my son. God bless and keep you," his mother said, her face pale, but deep within her eyes burned a patriotic fire which was reflected in the strong countenance of her soldier boy.

The young colonel walked boldly across the church as the congregation rose to sing, and, pausing beside Miss Eastland, whispered: "I am on my way to rejoin General Forrest. Will you not wish me Godspeed?"

"O, Add, don't you know the danger you are in?" Josephine whispered excitedly. "Dick Burbridge means to capture you. He has every road guarded."

"As they say in Texas, 'they ain't got me yit,'" he laughed softly. "Don't be alarmed. I shall outwit the Federal fox

yet. Can't you send me into battle wearing your colors? That would be reward enough to risk capture for."

Pulling a red rose from the corsage at her waist, Josephine thrust it into his hand, saying: "I send my knight to fight for my country decorated with my colors, the red of the Confederacy. Now go, and God bless you."

The hymn was fast drawing to a close, and, as yet, with all his bold talk, the young colonel had not found a feasible way out of his predicament. Glancing out of the open window, he saw a magnificent black thoroughbred hitched to a post near the sidewalk. Instantly his decision was made. With one bound he was at the window. He made one leap to the ground, snatched the bridle reins from the post, caught the saddle horn, and swung himself to the horse's back without the use of the stirrups, and as the spirited horse whirled to run, Dick Burbridge yelled from the window, as he levelled a brace of revolvers: "Surrender, in the name of the Union!"

"The Confederacy forever," the young colonel laughed defiantly, his gray eyes blazing with excitement, as he kissed his fingers to Josephine and, hanging Indian fashion from the saddle on the opposite side from his foe, dashed away, as the shot from Dick's pistol went wild.

"A close shave, old boy," he told the horse as he raced along. "No roads for me, but the open country, and may Lady Luck ride with me."

Knowing just where the Federal pickets were placed, the young colonel chose his way with care. In half an hour he was well beyond the Federal lines. All day he rode, ever on the alert. As the evening shadows began to lengthen he realized he was hungry and began to look around for some friendly farmhouse where he might obtain supper. He saw smoke rising from some trees a short distance away, and in his usual bold way rode up to the door. A woman opened at his "Hello!"

"Could you spare a tired traveler some supper?" he asked with his most winning smile.

"It all depends on whether ye be blue or gray. From the looks of ye, ye be neither one. You'd look a sight better in a uniform and totin' a gun."

"What you say is true, madam. I'll tell you a secret: I wear a uniform, but I dare not tell its color till I know your sentiments. What color is your flag?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Red. I don't feed nobody but those as wear gray," the woman replied briefly.

"Then I reckon I get supper." With agile grace he dismounted, then with one quick movement he unbuttoned the fine linen shirt, disclosing the gray of his Confederate uniform. "For many reasons I wear it so," he said, as she opened wide the door.

As the young colonel entered the room he noticed a sick man lying upon a cot. He drew near to offer comfort or assistance while his hostess prepared his meal.

"Good Lord! if it ain't Add! What are you doing here?" the sick man exclaimed to the astonished colonel.

"Bob Martin! Well, if this doesn't beat the deuce! But what's the matter with your face? It's so red and swollen!"

Before Martin could reply the sound of many hoof beats chilled the blood in the young colonel's veins. He realized that the Federal fox had him trapped this time, and the papers in his boot would mean his death as a spy. Glancing around the little room desperately, he saw Martin's swollen face covered with white pustules, and then he strode to the door, flinging it open.

"Have you a surgeon with you?" he asked the amazed

Federal who stood without with hand raised to knock for admittance.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"There's a sick Confederate soldier in here, and I think he has smallpox."

"*Smallpox!* The hell you say! Major Burbridge, there's a man in here with smallpox," the soldier shouted.

"What! You are not fooling, Add?" Major Burbridge asked, forgetting in his alarm all army ethics.

"See for yourself," the young colonel replied coolly, leading the way to the cot, where Martin, quick to catch his cue, lay moaning and tossing in apparent agony.

"Confluent smallpox," the army doctor said. "I advise immediate retreat, Major Burbridge, and leaving all exposed people behind."

"I agree with you, doctor," Burbridge said hastily, as he and the doctor almost ran out of the house.

The sound of horses' feet had hardly ceased before the young colonel and Martin were shouting with laughter. Their hostess came to see what it was all about.

"Martin has smallpox, madam," the young colonel told her gravely.

"Smallpox, my foot! Pizen oak, you mean. This bread poultice will fix him up by mornin'," she said confidently as she arranged it to the swollen face.

Without further incident the young colonel, accompanied by Martin, reached the proper persons, delivered his papers, and once more started upon his way to rejoin General Forrest.

"You know, Bob, I have a plan," the young colonel said suddenly, as they rode along the turnpike.

"Let's hear it."

"Dick Burbridge has five hundred stands of arms and supplies of all kinds at Newberg, across the river over there," pointing across the Ohio to a small town upon its shore. "I have twenty-seven men at the Bend, a mile ahead. You go there and with those men make the Federal gunboat that's about due think Forrest's whole command is in those woods. Send Owen and one other to me. I must have those supplies."

"You are as crazy as a bat, Add! You can never carry that scheme through. I'll do my derndest to put it over though, if you say. *Adios.*"

Martin vanished up the road. The young colonel rode up and down in deep study. Near by were the ruins of a cabin, a broken-down wagon, some joints of stove pipe. The town was only a stone's throw across the river. Dismounting, the resourceful colonel dragged the wheels to the edge of the trees, mounted the stove pipes upon them, and two formidable cannon turned forbidding noses Newbergward.

Owen and his companion arrived, and the ferryman was forced to row them across the river. There they found the arsenal unguarded. Leaving Owen and his friend to load the guns upon the boat, the young colonel now proceeded toward the hotel where were the Federal headquarters. The full uniform of a Confederate officer now covered his fine form, the gold stars upon his collar made from twenty-dollar gold pieces given him by his admirers. He had not told Martin that while supposedly upon a visit to his mother he had raised his own command and that at this moment, along with a certain red rose, a brigadier general's commission lay buttoned over his heart. His command, the Partisan Rangers, was ready. He must equip it. He meant to get that equipment here at Newberg.

He reached the hotel without incident. The guard rose with an astonished oath, which was quickly silenced as the young colonel's fist took him under the jaw. It was the

dinner hour, and as he threw the door to the dining room open eighty Federals sprang to their feet.

"Surrender, in the name of the Confederacy!" he shouted.

Tables were overturned, dishes crashed to the floor. A woman screamed as she let fall a tray of steaming food. Men cursed the negligence that had caused them in fancied security to stack their guns in the corner where the young colonel now stood triumphant, covering them with his gun.

"If you don't surrender, I'll shell your town to the ground," he shouted, pointing dramatically to his stove pipe cannon across the river.

"Who said surrender?" Burbridge cried, entering a side door.

"I did, Major Burbridge, and my guns are ready awaiting my signal to destroy this town," was the cool reply. "Your sword and pistol, please."

"Take them and be damned to you," Burbridge said angrily, thrusting his weapons to his captor.

All the time he had been making such bold demands, the young colonel's ears had been strained for the sound of Martin and his boys, hoping that they had turned the gunboat back and could join him. He was very much relieved to hear them in the street.

Working quickly, the guns and supplies were loaded into wagons "pressed" into service, and as the gunboat made its reappearance in the river, the Johnny Rebs were well upon their way to Dixie. The young colonel had won for himself a complete equipment for his command and the soubriquet of "Stove-pipe Johnson."

FINALE.

When the crimson battle flag was furled after four years of strife and that thin gray line returned to the devastated Southland, the young colonel found his sweetheart waiting, and together they did what they could to rebuild what war had destroyed and watched with pride the "birth of a nation" from the wreck and ruin, a new South with all the ideals of the old to carry on till the end of time in this fair land of Dixie.

LIFE IN RICHMOND, 1863-1865.

[The following account of private and of official life in Richmond during the period preceding the fall of the Confederate government is an extract from an unpublished memoir of himself, written in 1870, by the late Lieut. Col. Thomas Livingston Bayne, for the information of his descendants. At the outbreak of the war Colonel Bayne was a distinguished member of the New Orleans bar. He enlisted in the Fifth Company of the Washington Artillery, Army of Tennessee. After his recovery from a severe wound, received in the battle of Shiloh, he was appointed captain of artillery and assigned to duty as assistant to Colonel Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, War Department, Richmond.—*John Donnell Smith, Captain Battery A, Alexander's Battalion Artillery, A. F. V., Baltimore, Md.*]

Early in 1863, General Gorgas felt the need of certain ordnance supplies which could not be secured within the country, and, with the permission of the Secretary of War, he arranged to procure two fine steamers to run the blockade. These steamers were very successful, and shortly afterwards the other chiefs of Bureaus—the Quartermaster General, Surgeon General, Chief of Engineers, and Commissary General—desired permission to procure and use steamers to carry out cotton and purchase foreign supplies. The Secretary of War felt that there would be conflict between his different officers, and to

avoid this he created a separate "Bureau of Foreign Supplies," and promoted me from the rank of major, which I had attained, to that of lieutenant colonel and ordered me to report directly to him as Chief of the "Bureau of Foreign Supplies." In the discharge of my duties I had charge of all of the purchases of cotton for the War Department, its transportation and shipment, of the shipment of all foreign supplies, and of all of the ships employed by the government. The proceeds of cotton shipped went to the credit of the Treasury Department.

I applied for and obtained the assignment of I. M. Seixas to Wilmington, N. C., of J. D. Aiken to Charleston, and of N. Harleston Brown to Mobile; and I asked for the appointment of Joseph Denegre as captain and his assignment to me as my assistant. All of these orders were granted, and soon our bureau was organized.

Meanwhile I had removed my family to Richmond. Captain Denegre, Maj. Stephen Chalaron, and I kept house together. We rented a very comfortable furnished home for \$600 per month. I paid three-fifths, Denegre and Chalaron each one-fifth, for rent and other expenses. Our house was situated on Cary near Fifth Street. It was commodious and well furnished. We were able several times to provide rooms for sick and wounded soldiers. Poor Dick Hewitt died in our house. We were enabled to live very well by thus combining our pay and allowances. My pay and allowance as lieutenant colonel amounted to about \$325 per month, Chalaron and Denegre had from \$200 to \$250 a month.

Denegre's father was in Europe, and he received from him full supplies of clothing and divided them liberally with his friends. Hon. George Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, assisted us in securing from abroad sugar, coffee, canned meats, etc., and I sent to Alabama for some bacon, which was forwarded to us. Very often John (our dining-room boy) went to market with me, carrying on his shoulder a side of bacon, which I exchanged for fresh meat, selling the bacon at \$6 to \$8 per pound, and receiving the fresh beef or mutton at \$2 to \$3 per pound. As the Confederate money continued to depreciate, it became more and more difficult to buy provisions with it. I desired to avoid the accumulation of any debts during the war, and therefore sold or bartered anything we had for provisions. My wife sold a New Orleans bonnet for \$600, taking payment in five turkeys estimated at \$120 each. Finally, when we had exhausted all that we could sell, including a diamond ring, I borrowed fifty pounds sterling from Denegre, and when the war closed I borrowed twenty-five pounds more to leave with my wife until I could reach New Orleans.

Our residence in Richmond was as pleasant as it could be during the war. As chief of one of the bureaus, and reporting to the Secretary of War, I had access to the War and Adjutant General's Departments, where I would learn the earliest news, and where I could be of service to my friends. Judge John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War (formerly one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States), was my intimate friend. Burton A. Harrison, the private secretary of the President, was also an intimate friend. My relations with the chiefs of the bureaus of the War Department, with the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary of War were very pleasant. My duties made me to some extent an intermediary between the Secretaries of War and Treasury. I saw the President often on business, and met him and his family socially at his house. I recollect that at one time I was sent for to come to the President's office to meet General Lee. The yellow fever prevailed at Bermuda and Napan, the places from which, or through which, our foreign supplies were

generally drawn. The governors of both the Carolinas and the local authorities at Wilmington, N. C., established a quarantine and kept vessels loaded with government supplies out in the bay for fifteen or twenty days. General Lee complained of this, and the object of the conference was to see whether or not vessels could be sent in from other ports, and thus avoid the necessity for quarantine. Mr. Davis was very reluctant to overrule the local authorities or to come into conflict with the governor of a State. He was disposed to adhere to his views of State Rights, even in such a case as this; but General Lee was indisposed to allow the municipal authorities of Wilmington to stand in the way of supplying his army. Finally the question was put by General Lee, whether or not provisions could not be sent in from Halifax. The answer was that the departure of all steamers from Halifax was at once telegraphed to Boston and New York, and vessels were dispatched to intercept them; besides, the distance was so great that the steamers would be loaded with coal and could not carry much cargo. In answer to some suggestion about avoiding vessels sent out and captured, the President said: "General, I have great confidence in your ability to whip Yankees, but I do not think we can deceive them." The discussions between the President and General Lee were most easy and kind, and the tone was that of men having entire confidence in each other.

I have referred to Judge Campbell as Assistant Secretary of War. The circumstances of his appointment were as follows: He had come out from New Orleans with us and was in Richmond without anything to do. He had no inclination to practice law there while the war was raging. One evening in 1863 (or possibly 1862), I was sitting upon the doorsteps of the residence of General Randolph, the Secretary of War, with Mrs. Randolph and other persons visiting the house. General Randolph was within doors. Mrs. Randolph called my attention to this, and said: "My poor husband is so tired and so much afraid of being called out, that he must keep within doors. Can you not suggest some person from New Orleans or elsewhere who will relieve him?" I did not think of any person at the moment, but the next morning, through General Gorgas, I suggested Judge Campbell. The Secretary of War sent for me and asked me if I had assurance that Judge Campbell would accept the appointment. I told him that I had never mentioned the subject and had never heard Judge Campbell express himself, but I was satisfied that he was willing to do anything he could. I ascertained afterwards that several members of Congress from Alabama opposed the appointment, but after a few days General Randolph requested me to speak to Judge Campbell, stating that if it was agreeable he would call upon him. He called, and the appointment was made. Judge Campbell intimated that he would prefer a modest military position and assignment to duty with the Secretary of War rather than the appointment of Assistant Secretary of War.

AT GREENSBORO, N. C., IN APRIL, 1865.

BY ROBERT HERRIOT, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

It is remarkable that after the lapse of more than a half century so many interesting reminiscences of the War between the States still continue to appear in the *VETERAN*, most of them, too, being published for the first time. While all could not be participants in decisive battles, many can tell of things of general interest that happened under their observation.

When Gen. Joseph E. Johnston marched north into North Carolina, he came to a stop between Raleigh and Greensboro

preparatory to an armistice with Sherman, and found the battery of which I was a member—Bachman's, of Charleston, S. C.—encamped at Hillsboro. We were armed with four twelve-pound Napoleons, which were captured from the Federals at Second Manassas. The company originally consisted of Germans, who were fine soldiers and expert artillerymen. About half of the company were killed off in Virginia, and they were recruited with Americans in South Carolina in 1864, when I joined them. On the march through North Carolina we were mounted and attached to the Wade Hampton Cavalry, but failed to get fully equipped as horse artillery owing to the ending of the war.

The commissioned officers of the company were favorable to law as a profession. The captain and first and second lieutenants were lawyers, and for all I know the third lieutenant may have been one also; he was killed in Virginia before I joined the company.

We lay encamped at Hillsboro for a week or ten days in the latter part of March and the first of April, and thoroughly enjoyed the rest after the long hike from the South Carolina coast. Also we were fortunate in drawing liberal rations while at Hillsboro.

While resting gently a hurry-up order came to load the company and equipment on the cars and proceed toward Salisbury to meet Sherman, who, in a raid, had come out of East Tennessee and would attempt to burn the railroad bridge at the Yadkin River and release the Federal prisoners confined in the stockade at Salisbury. But when we reached Greensboro there were orders to disembark and await further orders.

What attracted our attention mostly on our arrival at Greensboro was the great number of general officers, mounted and riding around, and the quantity of whisky and tobacco in sight. The main street was lined with empty whisky barrels with the heads knocked in and near-by vacant lots were covered with tobacco hogsheds. Any one who wished could help himself to the tobacco, the latter being the property of the Confederacy. Quite a lot of it was appropriated by the writer, who, with the assistance of one of his mess, who was in the tobacco-growing region of South Carolina, manufactured a lot of it into twists and on the march home used it as currency. It would have done the heart of our present-day prohibition enforcement officers good to have been present on the second day of our arrival and seen the wholesale destruction of a whole trainload of liquor said to have belonged to the "Medicinal Department" of the Confederate Government. As the heads of the barrels were knocked in the whisky ran down, making a lake a foot deep in a low place near the track. The boys were dipping so much of the stuff that the army officer in charge of the operation ordered the conductor of the train to run forward and then back up, and continue to keep the cars moving, so the liquor could not be secured by the soldiers. I dipped up a camp kettle full and took it to camp, where my mess and others of the boys drank hot toddies all night, having plenty of hot water and Confederate brown sugar. Being a kid at that time, this was the first liquor I had ever tasted, except some medicated stuff that we were forced to drink while doing picket duty on the South Carolina coast to prevent getting malaria.

Greensboro at this time was quite a depot of military supplies. The quartermaster's was packed with uniforms, blankets, and shoes. The depot was guarded by a portion of the North Carolina Regiment. Some of Wheeler's Cavalry, belonging to Dibrell's brigade, took a notion to rush the depot of supplies, but the garrison fired on them, repulsing, killing, and wounding several. It was a tragic and unfortunate af-

fair, as the war had just about drawn to a close. As I saw one of the cavalymen lying on the side of a hill with his head downward, just as he was shot from his horse, I thought of the good work done by the Wheeler and Hampton cavalry in protecting the marching columns of infantry and artillery and in keeping Kilpatrick off of them while they slept at night on that march of Johnston to join Lee.

Greensboro, about the middle of April, 1865, pending the armistice between Johnston and Sherman, was practically the capital of the Confederacy, and for one to see the large number of general officers in fine uniforms, together with many orderlies riding hurriedly to and fro, was an inspiring sight. Of all the distinguished generals present none appealed to my boyish admiration more than John C. Breckinridge. I thought he was the handsomest officer on horseback that I had ever seen. He certainly was a graceful rider and had a genial and pleasant countenance.

While we were awaiting orders before the surrender, President Jefferson Davis and his cabinet came through from Richmond. He did not remain long. It was reported at the time that he had two cars of silver with his party and that it would be divided among the men. I don't know whether this was done or not, as I did not get any of it.

About this time Lee's veterans came by in squads, making quick time, having been paroled at Appomattox. We also heard a rumor that Lincoln had been assassinated in Washington, but we did not believe the report.

Finally we received orders to proceed to South Carolina for the purpose of doing police duty there. In proceeding South we crossed the Yadkin River on the railroad bridge, which was planked. The river is deep and narrow, with high banks at the bridge, and here was done most of the fighting when Stoneman was repulsed. There was much debris lying around—broken caissons and limbers, dismounted field pieces I noticed one piece that had been struck on the edge of the mouth and dismounted. Most of the Confederate soldiers in this fight were Federal soldiers who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy; at least, so I was informed at the time. They were alluded to as "galvanized Yankees." Further on the way we passed the prison stockades at Salisbury. They were deserted, the prisoners having been removed. President Davis and his cabinet and escort were just about twenty-four hours in advance of us, we used some of their camp fires. We were each on the road to Charlotte. At Charlotte the presidential party turned off toward Abbeville where, as history tells us, the last cabinet meeting was held. We continued on to Columbia. On arrival there our force had been reduced to about twenty men and a lieutenant and sergeant. Having heard of the surrender of Johnston, every one realized that the war was over, and those of us present held an informal council of war, and it was suggested that the lieutenant give each man a thirty-day furlough, which would be evidence that we were not absent without leave, and at the end of the thirty days the war would be over. This was done. The other commissioned officers and some of the men had been sent on detached service before leaving Greensboro.

I left Columbia for my home at Aiken, eighty miles distant, and arrived without mishap. After getting home and hearing that many were being paroled at Augusta, I went there and received a parole, which read, in part: "I hereby agree not to take up arms against the United States until duly exchanged, and to obey the laws in force wherever I may reside."

THE BATTLE OF JONESVILLE.

BY J. A. G. WYATT.

(Written for the Light Horse Harry Lee Chapter U. D. C., of Jonesville, Va.)

The remnant of our 64th Virginia Regiment, that part of it which escaped from the surrender at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., in September, 1863, with a few recruits, numbering in all about 100 as brave men as ever donned the gray uniform, had a camp near what is now known as Dryden, Lee County, Va. On the night of December 30, 1863, we received a dispatch from Gen. W. E. Jones, who was at Rogersville, Tenn., to move our troops toward Jonesville, that he would have use for us down that way. It was known to us that a battalion of about 300 Yankees, under the command of Major Beers, had been operating out from Cumberland Gap and had been ravaging and foraging on our good people up Powell Valley. We readily understood that General Jones had concluded to try to stop Major Beers in his wild career.

On New Year's Day, 1864, very early in the morning, when the weather was the coldest ever known in this country, Col. A. L. Pridemore, who was in command of our little band, had us ready to move at the dawn of day. We moved out toward Jonesville.

In the meantime, General Jones moved with a small force from Rogersville via Blackwater, Hunter's Gap, and the Hurricane Ford in Powells River, about forty miles south of Jonesville. In making this march across the mountains three or four of his men froze to death, but the brave and gallant W. E. Jones pressed on and fell west of Major Beer's command near the camp ground, where he engaged him in battle. That was from eight to nine o'clock, on the morning of January 1, 1864.

About this time our force had arrived at the forks of the road just east of Jonesville, near M. D. Richmond's residence. We moved up the road to Crockett's Springs, where we dismounted and marched across by what is now known as the fair grounds and to a road leading from Jonesville across the mountains to Harlan, Ky., thus preventing Beers's escape in that direction. We learned that hot fighting had been going on between General Jones's and Major Beers's commands, and soon observed that Beers had taken a position on a hill in sight of Jonesville. General Jones's forces drove Beers's men on up to the Milbourne residence, where they offered stubborn resistance. The Federal forces were pressed farther back upon the hill a half mile west of Jonesville. In this fighting the Yankees "shot up" the Colonel Martin residence with cannon. The holes are in the house to this day. Lieutenant Samuel, of General Jones's forces, charged and captured one of the enemy's cannon, which was soon retaken by a much heavier Yankee force, Lieutenant Samuel being killed in this charge.

By the time Major Beers's men had gained the top of the high hill, Col. A. L. Pridemore's men had possession of the Harlan Road immediately in Beers's rear, thus practically surrounding him. General Jones would have been at great disadvantage in advancing on the Yankee forces, since he would have had to come through an open field. Colonel Pridemore quickly perceived our particular advantage, ordered a deploy, and advanced up through the skirts of woods. By this order our front was considerably extended, and in this position we advanced under a rain of bullets. We had protection by the trees, which received the deadly missiles to our great advantage. We advanced to within one hundred yards of the Yankees when we saw a white flag go up, to our satisfaction. Then began the rush by our men, who wanted to capture completely this band of Yankees, and also wanted to get better firearms and equipment. General Jones, observing

that his particular command lost the prize, retired, leaving us to wind up the job, which we found to be no small matter. We went to our task with vim, surrounded and moved Beers and his men down to level ground, where we found rails to make fires to warm our frozen limbs. We then put out a guard and detached a squad to hunt up the dead and wounded. We converted the large brick residence of Andy Milbourne into a hospital and placed twenty-three wounded Yanks therein under the charge of Mr. Milbourne, who was willing to take care of them, since he was a strong Union man and seemed to want to do something for the Union forces. The wounded Yankees were well taken care of, and as they became able they were piloted across into Kentucky by a colored man by the name of George Martin. The prisoners were sent to Bristol, Va., the nearest railroad point at that time, and from there were taken on to prison, Camp Anderson, S. C.

I want to relate a personal experience in this engagement. John W. Carnes and I were the first soldiers to gain the top of the hill where Major Beers's men were. We rushed up to Major Beers, who was sitting on his mount, and I demanded his surrender. He, as I learned afterwards, was an old West Pointer. Straightening up in his saddle, he asked who I was. I informed him that I was adjutant of the 64th Virginia Regiment. He asked if I was in command of the forces, and on learning that I was not, he then said; "By the Eternal, I will never surrender to any inferior in office, especially when he is not commander of the forces about me." John Carnes and some of the men called out that we would make him surrender, when some of Beers's men went for their guns, which had been stacked. It seemed that a clash was imminent, when I called it off and hastened to where I saw Colonel Pridemore, and brought him up to Major Beers, who surrendered to him his horse, sword, pistols, etc. Colonel Pridemore used the horse and equipment until the war closed. He called the horse Major Bears. I arrested Lieutenant McElroy and got his horse and equipment, and used them till the close of hostilities in April, 1865.

I am eighty-one years of age and sometimes have a tingling in my bones which seems to tell me that I could do war service again. I have one son in the Navy with the rank of commander, and one in the army who ranks as a major. He served in the World War in France.

CAPTURED A YANK.

BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

During the campaign through North Carolina, an order came to our regiment, the 10th Confederate Cavalry, for a volunteer scout of twenty men to go with Lieutenant Parker to gain some important information for General Wheeler. Now, as there were three or four Lieutenant Parkers in the regiment, I think it right to say that this one was a dark-skinned man, with very coarse black hair and whiskers, a slow talker and slow mover, but a good officer; and he was well acquainted with the country. There were only eighteen men who volunteered; James C. Wood and I, from our Company D; the rest being from other companies of the regiment.

Late in the afternoon, Lieutenant Parker started with his eighteen men. It was necessary for us to ride some distance out in order to avoid meeting large forces of the enemy. About midnight we came to a farm house where there was fiddling and dancing. Thinking, of course, that they were Yankees, we dismounted and surrounded the house, taking the precaution to have a few of our men to remain mounted in order to catch any that got by us. We moved up cautiously,

but determined on getting the whole business. Two men went to the front door and rapped. The door flew open and we rushed in to find that we had trapped about a dozen of our Confederate boys away out there in the enemy's lines, having a big time dancing with those Southern girls. They were scared half to death when we went in on them, and we were terribly disappointed in not finding Yankees, but after having a good laugh on our captured comrades, which all enjoyed, we left and rode all night very slowly and cautiously close up to General Sherman's infantry command. We got near their camp fires and could hear them talking and laughing; and we were roving about their camp until almost day. Then we moved away at a safer distance, through plantations and by-ways, to avoid coming in contact with any large force of theirs. Later in the afternoon we could see unmistakable signs of cavalry and heard of them by inquiring at houses. As it got later the more evidence we had that we were near their cavalry forces. Along about four o'clock we were going up a red hill. I was riding by the side of Lieutenant Parker, who was telling me something, and we were not thinking of Yanks, when one of our men in the rear called out, "There they are!" and at the same time two Yankees fired on us. The lieutenant yelled out, "Charge!" and we dashed at them with so much boldness that they wheeled to run. Our horses had to run about twenty-five yards to the top of the hill before we could see what was before us. While we were getting to the top, the Yanks had turned about and were facing the other way and were about forty yards in front of us. Lieutenant Parker was riding a splendid big iron gray horse, and I was right by his side, our horses running neck and neck until we reached the top of the hill, when my horse, being the faster runner, got ahead.

The road was straight for four hundred yards and all down hill, and we could see everything before us, and we certainly had those Yanks on the run. We were close behind them and gaining on them every jump. I have seen some splendid charges by our 8th Confederate Regiment, led by the gallant Colonel Prather, but I never saw a bolder charge than that by Lieutenant Parker and his eighteen men that day. The Yankees had seventy-five men, four to our one, but we did not know the force we were running up against, as we could not see them nor they us until we got to the top of the hill, for while we were going up on one side, they were coming up on the other. The first two men must have been their advance guard; and when they wheeled to run, the others did likewise, and the whole business was panic stricken and led a magnificent stampede.

After a straight run of four hundred yards, the road made an abrupt turn to the left, and there was timber on both sides, and a little flat branch with tall weeds on the right. One fellow's horse was going at such a rapid rate that he could not make the turn, and he ran under some limbs, which dragged the rider off. The horse went on with an empty saddle, which I saw, so I rushed into the big weeds and found my man down washing blood off of his face, and he very promptly sang out: "I surrender." While I was capturing my man, my comrade, J. C. Wood, captured another, who had evidently been plundering a house.

It was then very late, and we mounted our prisoners on two horses we had captured and moved out about a mile into a pine thicket in a field, built up a little fire, and ate a lunch, then lay down to get some sleep and rest, which we very much needed after having been in the saddle for more than twenty-four hours. Yankees and all lay down and got a good night's sleep. About sunrise next morning we started

to look for our command, and finally came up with it about 4 P.M. Our men were glad to see us coming in and bringing two Yanks, for they thought we would never get back, knowing it was a hazardous undertaking. We turned our prisoners over to the guard, who already had twenty-five. The next day, as the prisoners were being sent away, my man hunted me up to tell me good-by in token of his appreciation of my kindness. I have always been proud of my captured Yank. His name was Carmichael. If he is living, I would be glad to hear from him. I am also proud of the fact that our company had the credit of furnishing the two who made the captures on this perilous trip. Lieutenant Parker and his men deserve much credit for the cool courage displayed on this dangerous undertaking.

THE SOUTHERN PROTEUS.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

PART IV.

Stonewall Jackson opened the neat little leather-bound book which he had been thumbing during the entire half hour of the interview. "Mr. Omahundry," he observed with a pleasant smile, after that gentleman had stated the object of his visit and explained his plan in detail, "this little book which I hold in my hand contains certain military maxims which I wrote therein as notes of reference for the benefit of my pupils when I was an instructor in the Virginia Military Institute."

He glanced over the open pages of the book while Omahundry looked on with silent interest. "The first maxim," continued Stonewall, "is that the greatest quality of a military leader is the knack of doing the unexpected at the critical moment—of surprising his enemy, in short."

"I see."

"From this proposition, and in order to accomplish such surprises, it necessarily follows that the general who seeks to surprise his enemy must have thorough and accurate knowledge of that enemy's location, strength, movements, and intentions."

"Certainly."

"Also, at the same time, he must prevent that enemy from having any information as to his strength and intentions. This is obvious"—

"Yes."

"In our ability to put these simple maxims into actual practice lies the secret of our successes over the enemy heretofore in this war. They have no scout service worthy of the name as yet, though they are improving in this respect rapidly. It would seem from your proposal, however, that you now feel that the time is ripe to add another proposition to those I have just mentioned and lay down another maxim to the effect that after a general has derived accurate information of the enemy, and has prevented the enemy from obtaining accurate information of him, he can further his strategies by furnishing his enemy with information more plausible than authentic that will cause him to be a party, as it were, to his own undoing."

"That's the idea exactly, General," exclaimed Omahundry.

"Your plan is very shrewd," conceded the General, "though it has not been very popular heretofore, owing to the extreme difficulty of its efficient execution. Napoleon used it very effectively with disciplined agents and attachés. We can execute it fairly well from this end, as we have an unusually efficient and active system. But can we depend upon the performance of your part of the game?"

"Our part of the work will not be very difficult, General. We have done more difficult work than this, time and again. Besides, there will be no evidence against any of our men, excepting Porter and myself, even if they are arrested. They will merely be countrymen who have come through the country and have seen nothing of any Confederate soldiers this side the Massanutts. They can hardly avoid being picked up by Federal scouts and quizzed for information. No suspicion will be directed toward them in case the information proves to be false, as it will be thought they merely gave heed to idle rumors which are constantly floating around. They will be completely in the dark as to your movements, unless information is brought them through persons passing through your own lines or fleeing before your troops as they advance."

"It will be impossible for either of these things to be done. Ashby is patrolling all the roads and byways along our line of march, and every one is being turned back, regardless of passports. Not a man, friend or foe, will come down into the Valley ahead of our army with news of our approach."

"In the event that I learn anything necessitating a complete change of your plans I will notify you through Porter, whom I will keep constantly near me for that purpose. From what direction do you intend to strike, General?"

Stonewall laid a finger on the map which Omahundry furnished him. "You see where this wooded hillside is indicated here on the map?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"My men will be sleeping there on their arms not later than twelve o'clock to-night."

"How will you inform me when you are in position, General? We do not wish to tarry any longer than is absolutely necessary, as we are badly needed in Washington at present."

Stonewall informed him how he would be notified that all was well.

Omahundry smiled. "That is a good way, simple and effective. With their lack of discipline it will be easy to do."

They shook hands and parted with mutual good wishes. As Omahundry untethered his horse from a tree near the headquarters a few moments later, he heard the bugles sounding far and near around him and realized with pleasure that the entire army was already astir.

"My God, what discipline!" he thought admiringly. "They'll be well on the march before an ordinary army would have begun to fall into line. No wonder they call them 'foot cavalry.'"

And Omahundry, who admired discipline and celerity above all things, feasted his eyes on the long lines of Stonewall's men forming their line of march on the slope of the Massanutts as he rode away to take his part in the events that were to occur in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

General Banks, U. S. A., greeted his confidential secretary very cordially when he reported for service at 6 P.M. "Where have you been all day, Carson?" he asked genially.

"I have been over in the guardroom taking a nap, sir," replied Carson.

"Are you sure you haven't been gambling with the soldiers a bit, too?" asked the General slyly.

"I may have ventured a wee bit on the game, sir."

"Where is your new dispatcher?"

"Here he comes now. Hello, Weatherby! Where have you been? You look tired."

Weatherby entered and saluted the General. "I took Prince and went for a long ride on horseback," he replied. "I

have never before seen such a beautiful country as this around here."

"Which road did you take?" inquired the General.

"The main road toward the Massanutts for about fifteen miles," answered Weatherby.

"Did you hear any news of the enemy?"

"No, sir, none whatever. They must have decided to keep out of our way after that last brush with them."

"I firmly believe that Jackson is in full retreat," declared the General. "None of our scouts have been able to get any information of his movements for the last two days, though they have ridden the country far and wide for thirty miles. Shields and Milroy are now making an expedition to the far side of the Massanutts in the hope of locating him. In a week or so it will be my pleasure to inform the world either that I have captured Stonewall Jackson or have driven him forever from the Valley of the Shenandoah."

"We have great confidence in you, General," Carson replied deferentially to the boast of the politician soldier.

The General waved his hand in assumed deprecation of the compliment, but it was plain to be seen that he was much pleased nevertheless. "I am glad you are here, Carson," he said, changing the subject. "I generally hold my dispatches back until you and Weatherby arrive. These other men seem to have difficulty with the code, and I receive complaints from Washington of the illegibility of their messages frequently. There never is any complaint of yours. You can scarcely realize how pleasant it is in a responsible position like mine, to have efficient men like you two for clerical and telegraphic work. It's a positive relief to me when you report."

"Thank you, sir," acknowledged Carson gratefully. "I am glad our service is satisfactory to you. We are always trying to do our best for you."

That night Weatherby's busy fingers scarcely left the key of his instrument as he transmitted pile after pile of messages the general had held back for him. Some of them made him smile as he wearily transmitted them, for he appreciated the humor of the egotism that lay revealed in the dispatches of the doughty warrior, who could write much better than he could fight. Carson was bringing him the dispatches for transmission by the handful.

"The old boy must think the government is hungry for information. He's feeding it by the bushel," he whispered jocularly as he laid a new batch on the transmission table. A smile wreathed Weatherby's face as he read the first of these. It was worded like this: "Milroy and Shields have not been heard from since noon. Our scouts have captured several countrymen who have come from the far side of the Massanutts, and these, when closely questioned, gave us information that reliably establishes the fact that Jackson's army is in full retreat. His capture, or dispersal, is now only a matter of hours."

"That is good news, old man," Carson remarked joyfully, as he read the dispatch to Weatherby.

The authorities at Washington, however, seemed only partially satisfied with this and other dispatches of a like optimistic tenor transmitted them during the evening. At 10:30 P.M. they wired and asked point-blank if the General had any definite and positive information as to the location of Stonewall Jackson.

"It seems rather strange that an army of such size could completely disappear from the knowledge of the entire world in so short a space of time," added the dispatch, with the naïve humor that characterized the official communications of the time.

Weatherby handed the dispatch to Carson. "Give him this one, Carson. It will make him feel good to learn how the government at Washington appreciates him."

Carson took it and presented it, as per instructions, to the General. He returned in a quarter of an hour wearing a huge grin and presented the General's answer to Weatherby. This dispatch was dated 11:45 P.M. One paragraph of it read: "Milroy and Shields have reported after turning over every foot of the country to the Massanutts. We have positive information that Jackson is not within a radius of sixty miles of this place."

"That seems to be pretty good news," observed Carson thoughtfully. "Milroy and Shields have just reported."

"Yes," agreed Weatherby, "it seems good. But Milroy and Shields only followed two of the roads leading to the Massanutts. I would have mentioned it at the time their expeditions set out, but the General is pretty harsh on officious subordinates, and I hardly felt it was my place to enlighten him. But I could have told him that Kenly is patrolling the main road only to a point a mile this side the crossroad by New Church. Stonewall can march his men down the main road, turn off at the crossroad, strike across country, and hit Kenly's division before he dreams they are anywhere near."

"That's a fact," sighed Carson. "Anyhow, I imagine that everything is all right."

"I hope so," agreed Weatherby.

"The General says you may retire for the night when you finish these dispatches," added Carson.

"Good for him; I'm tired anyhow."

When the last message had been forwarded he straightened up in his chair. A soldier was standing in the door of the tent regarding him with a friendly smile.

"Hello, Weatherby," he called. "I saw a light in your tent and came by to see if you and Carson were ready to turn in."

"I have just finished, Jenkins," answered Weatherby. "Have you any news of the enemy?"

"Only rumors, but everything is all right, I suppose."

A look of comprehension flashed between them.

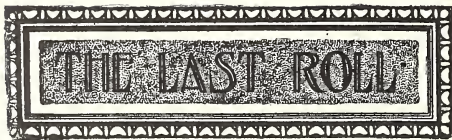
"Come on, Weatherby," called out Carson. "Let's be turning in. I'm dog tired."

As the three of them passed out of the tent they gazed a moment toward the dark slope of the wooded hill across the Valley. Mournful and gloomy, it loomed a darker patch against the blackness of the night. Not a fire burned along its forbidding front. No sound came wafted from its cloistral shades across the silent Valley. Yet over there the heroic legions of Stonewall were gaining a few precious hours of needed sleep, after a march unparalleled for its celerity in modern warfare. Weatherby folded his arms and gazed at the slope as though fascinated by something that was hidden there.

"They are practical," he mused, "those maxims of Stonewall." Then tossing a quick glance at the tent of the sleeping General Banks, he added grimly: "Somebody will receive a merry surprise about four o'clock in the morning or my name is not Omahundry."

Not ours but His the glory ever be,
While yet the ages run,
Who, that His favored people might be free,
Gave earth a Washington!

—John R. Thompson.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

THERE IS BUT ONE WHO CARES FOR ME.

I used to think when friends were near
That they were firm and true,
But in these days of grief and fear
My faithful friends are few.

For now I'm far away, I find
That those in Old Bertie
Who used to be so good and kind
Now never think of me.

I had kind friends in days gone by
In whom I could confide;
They watched me with a careful eye,
And all my wants supplied.

Alas! those happy days are gone,
Those days of youthful glee,
And now I have no friend, save One,
That ever cares for me.

But I am glad there still is One,
Who is a friend indeed,
Who has not left me all alone
In these dark hours of need.

That one is He who rules the skies,
And calms the raging sea,
Who all my greatest wants supplies,
And ever cares for me.

'Tis He who reigns in heaven alone
Who still remains my friend,
And he will ever faithful prove
Till transient life shall end.

And when the storms of life are past,
From want I'll then be free,
For He will take me home at last,
And always care for me.

—Calvin Pritchard.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND, OHIO, October 17, 1864.

[The author of this poem, Capt. Calvin Pritchard, died November 8, 1921, at his home in Holly Springs, N. C., in his ninety-first year. He commanded Company G, 32nd Regiment, North Carolina troops, in the War between the States, and this poem was written while he was a prisoner of war.]

DAVID C. COLLIER.

David Crockett Collier died at his home in Liberty Hill, Tex., on February 1, 1922. He was a native of Virginia, but came to Texas at an early age. He was born August 6, 1845,

and enlisted in 1861 in the 16th Texas Infantry, Company G, and served faithfully to the close of the war, participating in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Millikens Bend, and Jenkins's Ferry. He had been a member of Bedford Forrest Camp No. 1609, U. C. V. since its organization.

Comrade Collier was married to Miss Anne Branch in 1869. His wife and an only daughter preceded him to the grave a number of years. For more than a half century he had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. A good man, a brave soldier has gone "over the river to rest under the shade of trees," to be with the great host of those who wore the gray.

[J. H. Faubion, Commander Camp Bedford Forrest No. 1609, U. C. V., Leander, Tex.]

DR. T. J. MILNER.

T. J. Milner was born December 7, 1844, in Fulton County, Ky., enlisted in the Confederate army in 1863, joining Company I, 12th Kentucky Regiment, Lyon's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry; and was in all the engagements under General Forrest until the surrender.

After the war he returned to school to complete his education, attending the A. and M. College of Kentucky at Lexington. Concluding to take the study of medicine as his life work, he attended the Medical College of Kentucky in 1870. He came to Texas in 1871, practicing his profession until the winter of 1874, then attended the Louisville Medical College, from which institution he was graduated that winter, and from the Kentucky School of Medicine in 1875. He returned to Texas and practiced his profession successfully the rest of his life.

Dr. Milner was health officer of Hunt County for twenty-two years. For four years he had been adjutant of Joseph E. Johnston Camp U. C. V., and was lieutenant colonel on the staff of Gen. V. Y. Cook, former Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.

He attended the reunion at Chattanooga, anticipating great pleasure in meeting with old comrades, but was brought home in a failing condition and passed away on November 23, 1921, a truly good and great man.

Following is a short notice of his funeral, held on Thanksgiving Day, an excerpt from the published statement.

During the funeral service, Capt. J. P. Holmes, of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans, a long-time friend and comrade of Dr. Milner, gave a brief sketch of his life as he knew him, dwelling on his chivalry, and gentlemanly character in every day of his life.

He closed his eulogy, and truthfully so, as he pointed to the casket, and said: "Ah! his life was gentle and the elements so mingled in him, that Nature could stand up and say to all the world, here was a MAN."

Members of Joseph E. Johnston Camp attended in a body and concluded the services with the ritual of the Order.

[J. P. Holmes, Greenville, Tex.]

JOSHUA KIRBY.

Joshua Kirby, born in Spartanburg County, S. C., on the 28th day of December, 1846; enlisted in the Confederate army October 1, 1864, becoming a member of Company I, 4th South Carolina Regiment, commanded by Colonel Ferguson and Major Towns, of Smith County. He was a true and noble man through life and will be missed by the few remaining Confederate comrades of Benton, Mo., where he died. Only six are left in that county, as now known.

[James D. Rogers, Benton, Mo.]

W. A. CRAIGHEAD.

William Alexander Craighead, born near Knoxville, Tenn., February 22, 1837, died at the Craighead home place on Sandy Creek, near Breckinridge, Stephens County, Tex., on February 9, 1921, after a long illness. He was the son of Thomas T. and Rutelia Armstrong Craighead. He attended the college at Knoxville when it was in charge of the father of William G. McAdoo. As a young man he was a civil engineer, having surveyed the railroad from Jasper, Tenn., to Bridgeport, Ala. He also supervised the building of the highway from Chattanooga to Pikeville, or near there.

At the beginning of the War between the States, young Craighead enlisted in the 36th East Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., as a lieutenant under Captain Alley, was later transferred to the Quartermaster's Department and made captain, and served under Colonel Morgan, principally in East Tennessee, around Chattanooga. Captain Craighead was doubtless in the last battle of the war east of the Mississippi, in North Alabama, being with the forces under Col. Ben Hill, fighting a rear guard action and harassing the Federals until Colonel Wilson sent word to them under flag of truce that General Lee had surrendered and the war was over.

After the war Captain Craighead settled at Chattanooga and went into business. He married Elizabeth Cox Doss in February, 1868. In 1879 he went to Texas, locating at Breckinridge in 1880, and was postmaster there to 1884. He moved to Sandy Creek in 1885. In 1887 he helped to survey and establish the boundary lines of Stephens County.

Captain Craighead was of the old school Presbyterian faith. His ancestors were originally from Scotland, but at an early age they went to North Ireland on account of religious freedom and came to New England about 1715, taking part in the War of Independence.

Surviving him are his wife, three sons, and two daughters.

MEMORIAL BY CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

At the last annual meeting of Camp Lomax, No. 53, U. C. V., of Montgomery, Ala., a memorial was read in tribute to the nine members who had passed over the river during 1921. These comrades had all passed the threescore and ten years allotted to man; several had passed the fourscore; while one of them, the Rev. A. F. Dix, had passed his fourscore and ten years. The list follows: J. M. Boyd, private in Dawson Alabama Rangers, died January 25; W. S. Stokes, lieutenant Company K, 2nd Alabama Cavalry, died April 24; A. E. Stratton, sergeant major 13th Texas Cavalry, died April 27; W. J. Sellers, private Company K, 53d Alabama Cavalry, died July 7; J. G. Jones, private 5th Alabama Cavalry Battalion, died August 25; C. S. Johnston, lieutenant 21st Georgia Infantry, died September 21; W. W. Leak, private Company I, 3d

Alabama Infantry, died October 9; Rev. A. F. Dix, sergeant major 23rd Alabama Battalion, died October 25; W. H. Speigner, private Company C, 34th Alabama Infantry, died December 25.

(Committee: John Purifoy, W. B. Whiting, W. A. McBryde, George P. North, George W. Hailes.)

JAMES Z. MCCHESENEY.

James Z. McChesney died at his home in Charleston, W. Va., in January, in his seventy-ninth year. He was born in Rockbridge County, March 7, 1843, and was educated at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) from which he was graduated in 1861. Shortly afterwards he enlisted in the Confederate service as a private in Company F, the famous Bath Squadron, 17th Battalion Virginia Cavalry, and later the 11th Virginia Regiment, Robinson's Brigade. He was transferred August 9, 1863, to Company C, Jenkins' Brigade; invalided, by reason of a severe saber wound, he retired from the service March 31, 1865.

He had been Commander of Camp Robert E. Lee, U. C. V. from its organization some years ago. His loyalty to the Confederate cause was marked by the unswerving interest he took in all its organizations, attending and taking a prominent part in every Confederate reunion, except one, since the United Confederate Veterans was first brought into existence. He had many important positions in that body, and recently was appointed a brigadier general on the staff of the Commander in Chief.

He was married in 1865 to Miss Lucy Johnson, and in 1871 he located in Charleston and engaged in the mercantile business for some years. He then engaged in life insurance and continued in that till his death.

His wife survives him with two daughters and a son.

He was from early manhood a member of the Presbyterian Church.

He was also a Mason, a member of Kanawha Lodge No. 20, A. F. and A. M.; Tyrean Royal Arch Chapter No. 13; Kanawha Commandery No. 4, and a member of Beni-Kedem Temple Shrine.

In his death Charleston lost one of its oldest, best known, and highly esteemed citizens.

He was elected and ordained an elder of his Church in 1877 and has served the Church efficiently and faithfully ever since.

His disposition was sunny and amiable, always greeting his friends and acquaintances with a smile. He was truly a godly man. He dealt justly, loved kindness and lived it, walking humbly with his God and his Saviour. He fought a good fight, he kept the faith, and we feel sure he is now wearing a crown of righteousness.

DAVID C. BOGGS.

David C. Boggs was born March 15, 1834, and died January 10, 1922, at the Confederate Home of Missouri, of which institution he had been an inmate for a number of years, having long been deprived of his sight. He was a true and tried soldier of the South, having served through the entire four years of bloody war. He was a member of the 2nd Missouri Corps under General Forrest; was in the battles of Elk Horn, Iuka, Co. inth, Harrisburg, Fort Pillow, and many others. May his long sleep be the slumber of a faithful soldier is the wish of his old comrades.

[C. Y. Ford, Odessa, Mo.]



W. A. CRAIGHEAD.

REV. EDWARD WILLIAM TARRANT.

The death of Rev. E. W. Tarrant, best known as an educator, occurred at Bryan, Tex., November 19, 1921.

He was a son of the late Capt. Edward C. Tarrant, and was born in Jefferson County, Ala., September 14, 1842. His early education was at his father's training school at Taylorsville, Ala., near Tuscaloosa, from which he entered the University of Alabama in 1859. In April, 1861, he enlisted with the Warrior Guards (afterwards the 5th Alabama Infantry); was wounded in July, and, after a brief furlough, he reënlisted for service with Lumsden's battery; later he was transferred to his father's (Tarrant's) battery, with which he served as second lieutenant until the close of the war.

Through life he clung steadfastly to his patriotic ideals, took much interest in the U. C. V. organization, attending reunions and sometimes serving in an official capacity. A loyal member of the Methodist Church from early youth, his long life was spent in service for the betterment of humanity. As minister of the gospel, as soldier, as educator his works will live as enduring monuments to his memory.

In December, 1869, he was married to Miss Annie E. Spencer, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. She died at Brenham, Tex., in 1896; of their eight children, six survive, two sons and four daughters.

There are eighteen grandchildren, also a sister and brother surviving him. His second wife, who was Miss Emma Fisher, died in 1912.

Having retired from active work, he had lived with his children, for the past three years his home being with his youngest daughter, Mrs. Bradley, at Bryan, Tex. She accompanied him to the reunion in Chattanooga last October, and on the return trip they visited at the old Tarrant home near Tuscaloosa, Ala., and while there he became alarmingly ill, so they hurried back to the Texas home, where, two weeks later, he quietly passed away.

After services in the church at Bryan, his body was escorted by Knights Templar to Brenham, and he was laid beside his wife and son "to rest under the shade."

A man of sterling character, of deeply religious convictions, courageous, calm, and undismayed, his end was peace as he answered the roll call "up yonder."

GEORGE W. LEATH.

Departed this life on January 29, at St. Luke's Hospital in Richmond, Va., George W. Leath, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

He was born in Amelia County, near Dennisville. After the death of his father, his mother moved to her home, "Bacon's Hall," overlooking what is now the town of Crewe. This property was devised to Mrs. Leath by her father, Col. T. G. Bacon, a colonel in the Revolutionary War.

G. W. Leath lived at this place with his mother until the war of 1861-65. He had four brothers in all, five sons were members of Company C, 18th Virginia Regiment, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreets Corps, and T. G. Leath, was a lieutenant in this company.

G. W. Leath was wounded twice in battle, the last wound being received at Hatcher's Run on the 31st day of March, 1865, just nine days before Lee's surrender.

He returned to Nottoway County and lived there all of his life. He was married to Miss Laura H. Vaughan, a daughter of Jesse Nelson Vaughan, and took his bride to "Myrtlewood," about three miles north of Nottoway Court-house, where he resided until his death. Mrs. Leath died about twenty-five years ago. Surviving him are the following

children: T. Glenn Leath, of Crewe; Mrs. H. B. Phenix, Mrs. G. E. Lester, and Mrs. P. Jenkins, besides many grandchildren.

Mr. Leath loved his county and his neighbors, and always had a kind word of greeting for his many friends.

He served as deputy treasurer of Nottoway County for a number of years and filled other positions of public trust.

He was one of the oldest members of the Crewe Baptist Church and a regular attendant upon its services.

The interment took place in the Crewe Cemetery, witnessed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, among them being several faithful old negro servants of the family.

[Henry E. Lee.]

JUDGE WALTER A. MONTGOMERY.

Judge Walter Alexander Montgomery died at his home in Raleigh, N. C., on November 26, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He was born February 17, 1845, in Warrenton, N. C., the son of Thomas A. Montgomery, for many years a merchant of that town, and his first wife Darien Cheek, a member of one of the largest family connections of that section of the State.

While in preparation for his university course, at the age of sixteen, young Montgomery volunteered for cavalry service in the Confederate army; being rejected because of physical disability, he reënlisted as a private in Company F, of the Second North Carolina Infantry, known, after May, 1862, as the Twelfth North Carolina. As private, sergeant, and lieutenant, he participated in all the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia in which his command was engaged, from Hanover Courthouse, in May, 1862, to the surrender at Appomattox, where he was paroled. He was twice wounded, at Chancellorsville and the first day's fight at Gettysburg.

Returning to Warrenton, he resumed his studies, devoting himself especially to the classics, English literature, and history, as preparation for his legal studies. After securing his license in 1867, he practiced that profession until his appointment, in 1895, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. He retired from the bench in 1905 and was appointed Standing Master for the Eastern District of the United States Court; and he also devoted himself to literary study and historical research. He was especially versed in the causes leading up to its civil and military policies, the formation of the Southern Confederacy, and the part taken therein by his native State. As an active member of the State Literary and Historical Association, his contributions were marked by strict accuracy, clear reasoning, and scholarly style. He was noted as an orator, and especially in demand on Confederate memorial occasions, while his memory of men and events of more than sixty years of the State's history was remarkable and rendered him one of the most interesting of his day.

Judge Montgomery held the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of North Carolina.

COMRADES AT BEAUMONT, TEX.

The following report was made by A. P. Guynes, Adjutant Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No 75, U. C. V., of Beaumont, Tex., of members who had died during the past year:

Dr. B. F. Calhoun, died January 15, 1922, aged 73. He was reared in South Carolina, but had been a resident of Texas for forty years. He joined the Confederate army at the age of fifteen and went through the war.

L. A. Patillo, died January 17, aged 77 years. He was born in Orange County, Tex., and served through the war with the Texas troops. Had been sexton of Magnolia Cemetery, at Beaumont for twenty-four years.

CAPT. JOHN J. BRADFORD.

At Meridian, Miss., on October 11, 1921, there passed into the great beyond Capt. John James Bradford, Company G, 3rd Mississippi Regiment, the last surviving captain of those who made up the gallant 3rd Mississippi. Born March 12, 1838, Captain Bradford came of the lineage of the Old South, his great-grandfather having taken part in the French and Indian war, while his grandfather, John Bradford, a wealthy South Carolina cotton planter, fought for American independence under Gen. Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox." His father, Gabriel Bradford, moved to Alabama and took part in the Florida, or Seminole War, which terminated the career of Osceola, the famous Indian chief. On the maternal side was equally heroic ancestry.

John J. Bradford was born in Conecuh County, Ala., the son of Gabriel and Mary Wingate Bradford, and while he was yet an infant his parents moved to Gainesville, Miss., locating on Pear River in Hancock County, where many of the family connections had found homes. There he grew up in peace and plenty, and while attending school at Salem, Miss., he met Miss Kate Carter, a daughter of the Old South, whom he claimed as a war bride in 1864, at Augusta, Miss.

After leaving Salem, John Bradford studied law and had begun its practice when the war came on. He recruited a company from the boys of his community while an intimate friend, Captain Seal, made up a company along the Gulf Coast, and these two companies were known as the "Buttermilk" and "Mullet" brigades. Captain Bradford's "Buttermilk Brigade" afterwards became Company G, 3rd Mississippi Regiment, Loring's Division, and gave a good account of itself, taking part in the siege of Port Gibson.

In the late seventies Captain Bradford moved to Augusta, Miss., and settled on a tract of land inherited by his wife. There they made their home, rearing eight children and living happily. After the death of his wife, he made his home with his children, but a life of inactivity did not please him, and some two years ago, although over eighty years of age, he went into the real estate business in Meridian, Miss. It was there that he died most suddenly, his illness being of but a day or two after most excellent health. Surviving him are five daughters and three sons: Mrs. S. J. Ferguson, New Augusta, Miss.; Mrs. George Dennis, New Augusta, Miss.; Mrs. W. D. Griffin, Cedartown, Ga.; Mrs. R. P. Fikes, Saluda, N. C.; Miss Genevieve Bradford, Washington, D. C.; Abner G. Bradford, Philadelphia, Miss.; J. Roy Bradford, Sapulpa, Okla.; Robert Bradford, La Grande, Oregon. Captain Bradford also leaves a sister-in-law, Mrs. Rachel Fullilove, New Augusta, Miss.; eleven grandchildren also survive him and a brother-in-law, Ex-Lieutenant Governor Prentiss Carter, of Hattiesburg, Miss.

Captain Bradford took great interest in all Confederate affairs, attending all reunions, and he was a life-long subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

[His niece, Mrs. H. F. Lewis, New Orleans, La.]

TENNESSEE COMRADES.

The following list is of fifteen Confederate soldiers buried in Williamson County in 1921:

J. C. Smith, John A. Miller, A. F. Farmer, John W. Lee, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; E. M. Hearn, Tennessee Heavy Artillery; Nick P. Holt, 17th Tennessee Infantry; Col. S. E. Shannon, Newton Anglin, Joe D. Wilson, 24th Tennessee Infantry; John W. Alexander, Joseph H. Bowman, J. B. Marlin, 32d Tennessee Infantry; H. H. Cook, John Wilson, 44th Tennessee Infantry; Lewis Deadman, 5th Kentucky

Cavalry; also in 1922, Nathan E. Morris, 20th Tennessee Infantry.

Some of these had not connected themselves with Bivouac or Camp, but they were all good soldiers, loyal to the end. [W. W. Courtney, Secretary and Adjutant McEwen Bivouac and Starnes Camp U. C. V., Franklin, Tenn.]

Z. T. DAVENPORT.

Z. T. Davenport was born near Valley Head, Ala., November 17, 1845, and died January 6, 1922. Early in 1863 he enlisted in the service of his country and was a member of Company A, 1st Alabama Battalion Cavalry, in which he served faithfully to the end of the struggle. He was in the battle of Selma, Ala., under General Forrest, which was fought after the surrender at Appomattox.

He was married to Miss Amanda Alman, December 14, 1871. To this union were born two children, a son and daughter. The daughter, Mrs. Jesse Barnard, is still living.

In 1883 Comrade Davenport joined the M. E. Church, South. He and the writer became attached to each other when small boys and had been lifelong friends. He was a man of veracity, industry, economy—true to his family, true to his Church, and true to his country. He was always cheerful and spread sunshine wherever he went. He was a member of Camp Estes No. 1659, U. C. V., was regular in his attendance, and was always the life of the occasion. For several months prior to his death he was a great sufferer, but he bore it all patiently and died peacefully and triumphantly.

He leaves a daughter, two grandsons, several brothers, and a host of friends to mourn his loss.

Clothed in his Confederate uniform, he was laid to rest in the Valley Head Cemetery, there to await the resurrection morn.

[J. M. Price, Adjutant Camp Estes No. 1659, Fort Payne, Ala.]

WALLACE D. CABLE.

Wallace Daniel Cable was born June 3, 1844, in Jefferson County, Ky., and departed this life January 26, 1922, aged seventy-eight years, while visiting in Knoxville, Tenn., at the home of his niece, Mrs. Keenan.

Mr. Cable was united in marriage to Miss Nannie J. Williams, of Carter County, Tenn., and to them were born three sons and two daughters, of whom the following survive: L. H. Cable, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Robert B. Cable, Tellico Plains, Tenn.; Mrs. Ben F. Wood, Jackson, Tenn.; and Mrs. J. L. Griffiths, Glade Springs, Va.

Mr. Cable, his brothers, father, and grandfather had excellent military records. He enlisted in Company E, 14th Tennessee Infantry, in the spring of 1861 and served under Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson from start to finish of the war.

Two brothers, Charley and Henry Cable, also fought throughout the four years of war. His father, Albany Cable, enlisted with the three sons, but the father fell at the battle of Shiloh. His grandfather, Andrew Cable, was among the first white settlers where the city of Louisville, Ky., is now located and belonged to St. Clair's army and participated in the battle of Tippecanoe.

Mr. Cable spent most of his life in Knoxville, Tenn., but in recent years he had divided his time between his children and the Confederate Soldiers' Home, near Nashville.

The funeral was under the auspices of the U. D. C., and interment was in the Confederate Cemetery at Knoxville, Tenn. [Mrs. J. L. Griffiths, Glade Spring, Va.]

Confederate Veteran.

CAPT. WILLIAM ELZY POPE.

A loved, familiar figure was missed from the streets of Columbus, Miss., when Capt. William Elzy Pope passed into the better land. He had a long and useful life, and his activity and interest in affairs about him continued to the end. He was born in Florence, Ala., October 26, 1834, hence had passed into his eighty-eighth year.

Captain Pope located in Columbus in his early boyhood, and there spent the rest of his life except the four years when fighting for Southern rights. He volunteered for service and served with the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, under Col. Isham Harrison, and was a steadfast and courageous soldier of the South.

In April, 1860, Captain Pope was married to Miss Fannie Patterson, who died in 1901. The three children of this union survive him: W. P. Pope, of Columbus; Mrs. C. G. Barney, of New York; Mrs. Annie Tutwiler, of Rock Hill, N. C.

For seventy years Captain Pope had been a consecrated and loyal member of the Presbyterian Church, and in his Church relations, as in his devotion to his country, his family, and his friends, he was noted for strict fidelity. He was quiet, modest, and unobtrusive, pursuing the even tenor of his way without selfishness, but with hands outstretched in helpfulness to the needy and fallen. In all the relations of life—as husband and father, as a citizen, a neighbor and friend—he measured up fully to the highest. A Confederate comrade said of him: "He was a man you could always count on." He was one whose nature was perennially pleasant, whose voice carried kindly greetings and words of wise counsel.

To a friend who said to him, shortly before his death, that he was now on the shady side of eighty-five, he replied: "No, I am on the sunny side—the side next to the glory world."

He died on January 13, 1922, after a short illness.

A. D. RICHARDSON.

After an illness of several years, Alexander D. Richardson, seventy-seven years old, died at his home in Seattle, Wash., on October 9, 1921. He was a retired shoe manufacturer, going to Seattle thirty years ago from Waco, Tex.

Mr. Richardson was a veteran of the Confederate army and a member of the Confederate Veterans' Camp of Seattle. He was also active in Ionic Lodge of the Masons and the Myrtle Chapter of the Eastern Star. He was born in Sumter, S. C. He is survived by his wife, and a daughter, Mrs. L. E. Wheeler, of Seattle.

COL. E. C. McDOWELL.

Col. Edward C. McDowell, a veteran of the War between the States, is another loss in the membership of the Camp of Confederate Veterans at Seattle, Wash.

He was born in Frankfort, Ky., eighty-five years ago, and went to Seattle in 1904. He served in the Confederate army as a lieutenant colonel, and as a captain in the quartermaster

corps of the United States army in the Spanish-American War.

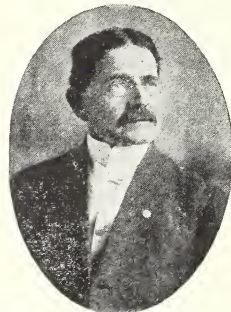
Colonel McDowell is survived by two sons and three daughters.

CAPT. W. C. DUTTON.

Capt. W. C. Dutton, a Confederate veteran, and for the past fifty years a leader in the temperance movement, died

on December 19, at Seattle Wash., in his eightieth year.

Captain Dutton came to Seattle in 1908, continuing a work as lecturer for the Good Templars, which occupied the mature years of his life. It is probable that he led the Good Templar lectures in this country in his years of continuous service, the number of States in which he labored, and the oratorical and persuasive talent that he commanded. Born in Gloucester County, Va., August 27, 1842, he served as a Confederate soldier from 1861 to the sur-



CAPT. W. C. DUTTON.

render at Appomattox. In Seattle he was affiliated with Lodge No. 6, Good Templars, and John B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans.

Captain Dutton married Mrs. Elizabeth Fitch, who, with her son and daughter, survives him.

JAMES H. HUGHEN.

James H. Hughen died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. B. Gentry, in Saline County, Ark. on January 18, 1922. He was born in South Carolina, July 21, 1826, but his parents moved to Georgia while he was young. He united with the Methodist Church at the age of eighteen, and was teacher and superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school sixty-one years. He was living in Jackson County, Ala., when the War between the States came on. He loved the Southland, and bared his breast against the invading foe. Joining the 4th Alabama Regiment under Captain Smyth, he followed General Forrest in many of his campaigns. When the war ended he returned to his home to find it almost completely destroyed. In 1871 he took his family to Arkansas and there made his home until the summons came calling him away from the trials of life. Slowly and peacefully he sank to rest. He was nearly blind for two years, but, during the last year his eye sight returned. He read the VETERAN, and read the Testament through six times.

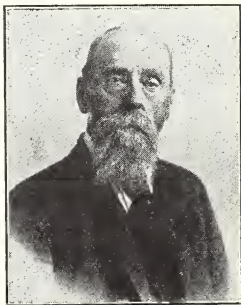
[Mrs. C. B. Gentry, Slocomb, Ark.]

HEALY-CLAYBROOK CAMP, SALUDA, VA.

The following members of this Camp have crossed over the river since our last report: W. G. New, W. H. Stewart, John W. Norris, 55th Virginia Regiment; John H. Fleet, captain Company H, 55th Virginia Regiment; J. W. Bennett, 24th Virginia Cavalry; R. T. Humphrey, Company H, 55th Virginia Regiment; James W. Mayo, 26th Virginia Regiment; James A. Wood, George F. Blackburn, 19th Virginia Battalion; John Hardy, Kirkpatrick's Battery; L. O. B. Major, Johnson's Battery.

These men were good citizens and beloved by their neighbors.

[Dr. B. B. Dutton, Commander.]



A. D. RICHARDSON.

CAPT. JOHN M. BROOKS.

Capt. John McMillan Brooks, Confederate veteran, founder of the military department of the University of Tennessee and former mayor of Knoxville, Tenn., died at his home in that city on December 12, 1921, after an illness of about a year, aged eighty-one years. In his death Knoxville lost one of the city's most prominent and beloved citizens, a man who has served the city with untiring energy, not only when a public official, but also in his private life.

John McMillan Brooks was born in Knox County, Tenn., October 28, 1840, son of Joseph A. and Margaret McMillan Brooks, of Scotch-Irish descent. In 1859 he entered the University of Tennessee, and he had the distinction of establishing the military department of the University. He organized the first two military companies of that institution and was its first commandant and instructor of military tactics. At the opening of the war in 1861 members of these companies entered both armies, some enrolling for the Union, others the Confederate. Captain Brooks cast his fortunes with the South and was assigned to duty in Company I, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, under Colonel Henry M. Ashby. The greater part of the time he was with the Army of Tennessee, but he also saw service in Kentucky, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama.

Captain Brooks was in the battles of Chickamauga, Fishing Creek, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Perryville, and Richmond, Ky. At Chickamauga he was dangerously wounded and nearly died; but after twelve months in the hospital he recovered and rejoined his company. He then served for some time on Colonel Scott's staff and did scout duty for Gen. Joe Wheeler. He surrendered near Charlotte, N. C., in the spring of 1865.

Returning to Knoxville after the war, Captain Brooks was in business there and in Bristol for many years. In 1889 he took charge of the Middlesboro (Ky.) Town Company, a real estate organization promoted with English capital, and he was for six years president of the company. He founded the city of Middlesboro, and was its first mayor.

Captain Brooks took an active part in Tennessee politics. He was one of the leading reorganizers of the Democratic party in East Tennessee after the war.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sophia Park, daughter of Dr. James Park, forty years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Knoxville. The second marriage was to Miss Amelia Irvine McDowell, daughter of Joseph McDowell. Three sons survive him. Captain Brooks was a member of the Presbyterian Church, a thirty-second degree Mason, a Shriner, member of the Royal Arcanum, Confederate Veterans, and Sons of the American Revolution.

JAMES A. MCDANIEL.

Private James Alexander McDaniel, born 1845, died January 16, 1922, at his home in the city of Greenville, S. C., seventy-six years old.

Seven months before he was sixteen years of age he ran off from home and walked ten miles to join Hampton's Legion. He was badly wounded at Seven Pines, and when recovered was transferred to Butler's Cavalry, participating in all the battles and hardships of that famous command until the remnants of Johnston's army "wound up" at Greensboro, N. C.

He was a great grandson of General McDaniel of Revolutionary fame, and as a mere boy was always as cool and deliberate under fire as any soldier who ever bit the end of a paper cartridge or pulled the trigger of an old muzzle-loader.

Private McDaniel was successful in business, and was clerk, of the court for several terms. He leaves a brother and

sister, a faithful wife and dutiful son to mourn his death, also a multitude of friends in all classes to speak his praises. He was long a member of the Methodist Church, a Royal Arch Mason, and all who knew him feel assured that his soul rests in peace.

[Henry Briggs.]

RICHARD B. BAYLY.

Richard B. Bayly, born in Front Royal, Va., October 23, 1844, died at that place on August 15, 1921, aged seventy-seven years.

When war broke out in 1861 he joined Company E, 7th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. Horace Buck, Laurel Brigade, Rosser's Division C. S. A., and he served in all the Valley campaigns throughout the war; was wounded at Cedar Creek in Early's fight with Sheridan.

After the close of the war young Bayly went to Washington and Lee College, graduated in law, and was elected commonwealth's attorney for Warren County, Va. When his term expired, he resumed his law practice. In 1870 he went to Philadelphia, Pa., and practiced there, but after the death of his partner he returned to Front Royal and continued in practice until his death. In 1876 he married Miss Mary Garrett, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., who died some years ago. He leaves one daughter, now in Washington, D. C., and a son in Philadelphia.

[R. M. Blakemore, Adjutant Morton's Battalion Artillery, Forrest's Cavalry.]

ALBERT C. SMITH.

Albert Church Smith, Confederate veteran, former editor of the Bristol (Va.-Tenn.) *News*, died at his home in Bristol on December 16, 1921, aged seventy-seven years.

His active career was marked by many years as a newspaper reporter, editor, and foreman, as a government official, court attaché, and soldier. His connection with the Masonic Lodge has been notable in the series of distinguished offices and honors bestowed upon him. He became a thirty-second degree Mason in Washington in 1895, was a past master of Shelby Lodge, No. 162, a past high priest of E. H. Gill, R. A. C. No. 50, and a past eminent commander of Johnson Commandery No. 14, a past district deputy grand master, district No. 40, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, 1887, and a past commander of St. Andrew Consistory, Scottish Rite. He was also a member of Kerbel Temple Shriners of Knoxville.

Mr. Smith entered the Confederate service in 1861, at Athens, Ga., and served throughout the war, surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox. He was a member of Company K, 3rd Georgia Regiment, Wright's Brigade.

He is survived by his wife, who was Mrs. Emma Jane Merrifield, of Elmira, N. Y. He was widely known in East Tennessee, and his passing was mourned by many friends.

LIEUT. GEORGE P. NORVELL.

Lieut. George P. Norvell, was born in Nicholasville, Ky., May 19, 1832, and died January 14, 1922, at Waverly, Mo. When two years old his parents moved to Lynchburg, Va., and he settled at Waverly, Mo., in the spring of 1869.

Comrade Norvell entered the Confederate army as a private in Company E, 11th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreets Corps, and at the reorganization in 1862 he was elected lieutenant. He was in the battle of Gettysburg, was taken prisoner, and kept in Fort Delaware for twelve months.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CHENSILAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Just after sending my last letter I learned of the serious illness of our Ex-President-General, Mrs. McKinney, and, as I am sure that this news has reached many, it will be a gratification to you to know that her recovery is now very nearly complete.

Confederate Women Relief Fund.—It has been my privilege during the last few months to send out regularly the checks for our pensioners. This work has made such a deep impression upon me I am not surprised that our Chairman of Relief, Mrs. Randolph, stated in a letter to me recently that her list of these dear women stood next to the Bible on her table. I feel that if you only realized the greatness of the benefit, the dollar that each Chapter is asked to contribute to this fund would be the first that each Chapter would pay to the Treasurer-General. It is a great thing to know that we are bringing some little relief to these women who have suffered so much.

Cunningham Memorial Scholarship.—There is just now a nation-wide drive being made on behalf of a great educational work. Can we not realize that the Cunningham Memorial Scholarship at the George Peabody College represents the same idea and is also a memorial to a man who did more to preserve to the South the truth of history than any other individual? Although the amount asked for was but \$3,000, I do hope and trust that we shall have at least \$5,000 in order to make the scholarship worthy of the man whose name it bears. Be as generous to this fund as Mr. Cunningham always was to our Cause!

The Jefferson Davis National Highway.—The work of the Jefferson Davis Highway is being pushed by our committee and the S. C. V. Committee, with Hon. N. B. Forrest, Director General. In accordance with plans agreed upon at the Ashville convention, six Daughters of the Confederacy will also assist actively on the Sons of Veterans General Committee. The distribution of maps, which are being sent by Mr. Forrest to chambers of commerce, highway associations, and other organizations of men, is giving the desired publicity, and each State Director has a supply of maps, which may be obtained by any Chapter. Chapters in States through which the highway does not pass may obtain some maps from the General Director, U. D. C., Miss Decca Lamar West, 624 Dutton Street, Waco, Tex.

You will recall that the convention voted unanimously to establish a permanent fund for the Jefferson Davis Highway, which shall be held in trust by the Treasurer General. At St. Louis this action was ratified after being amended to read that each State through which the highway passed should hold it's own permanent fund, and other Divisions and Chapters where no division exists might contribute either to a State or general fund as they pleased. This means that it is the

obligation of every Chapter and individual to contribute to this fund if we are to honor Jefferson Davis in the most practical way. The committee did not appeal to Chapters last year on account of the Monument and Hero Fund, but feel that they should now have the full coöperation of the entire organization. They request that every Division President will urge her State to have a special Jefferson Davis Highway drive whenever it suits their convenience. All contributions should be sent to Mrs. Amos Norris, Treasurer General, and amount reported to State Director of Highway, or General Director, Miss West. Further plans will be submitted by the committee.

The Lee Memorial Chapel.—Last month I told you of the gift by the Northern officer to this work. To-day I received from Mrs. R. C. Chesley, the founder of our Chapter in Boston, a letter which enclosed the following:

"77 BAY STATE ROAD, BOSTON, MASS.,
"January 30, 1922.

"My dear Mrs. Sayer: I see in the paper that you are to have an entertainment on Thursday for the benefit of the new memorial chapel to be built at Lexington, Va., in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee; and as I am an enthusiastic and devoted admirer and adherent of General Lee (though incidentally without a drop of Southern blood in my veins, nor having ever been farther South than Washington), I am venturing to inclose a check for one hundred dollars, if I may be privileged to swell the fund by even such a modest sum.

"Believe me, sincerely yours, E. R. THAYER."

Surely these letters show a spirit of fraternal coöperation and of admiration for the deeds of a Southerner which ought to spur us on and fill us with the spirit of emulation!

A later letter from Mrs. Chesley reports the receipt of two more checks for the Lee Memorial Chapel from Northern men—one from Robert L. O'Brien, editor of the *Boston Herald*, and that a Harvard Professor had called up and asked the privilege of contributing to this fund.

Increase of Membership.—Have you forgotten my plea for a membership drive in February? Do not let the work lag, but start new Chapters for the young women where, among folk of their own age, they may have a chance for self-expression and self-determination. I am proud to announce that here in New York we have just organized the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter, made up entirely of young members, whose special work it will be to build the Maury Monument Committee.

Faithfully yours, LENORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

MEMBERSHIP TROPHY.—In the list of special prizes awarded at the St. Louis convention U. D. C., the Alexander Allen Faris Membership Trophy went to North Carolina Division. This is given by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, former President General, in memory of her father.

U. D. C. NOTES.

New Division correspondents are:

Illinois.—Mrs. J. S. Dudley, 5447 Indiana Avenue, Chicago.

South Carolina.—Mrs. J. Frost Walker, 71 Church Street, Union.

Mrs. Frank Harrold, President Georgia Division, has issued a complete and interesting calendar for 1922. It gives Georgia Daughters a lot of work to do.

Texas.—Mrs. J. W. Wilkerson, State Historian, issued last fall for 1921-22 a most interesting program of study in observance of the Silver Jubilee of the Texas Division. It is commended to other Divisions.

U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIP AT VASSAR.

The Dean at Vassar writes that Miss Katherine Slinghiff, of Baltimore, Md., who won the scholarship at Vassar in the competitive examination last June, is doing satisfactory work, is interested and appreciative both of the college and her opportunity. Tidings have reached us of another U. D. C. scholarship girl from Vassar, Class 1916, Miss Ruth Walker, Cartersville, Ga. Miss Walker made Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar and was offered a position in the chemical department, but declined in order to serve her country by doing work in the chemical department during the World War. She is now instructor in chemistry at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

DIVISION NOTES

Louisiana.—A delightful social affair of the Division was the "get-together" luncheon on Wednesday, January 25, at the beautiful new Oriental Restaurant, at which more than one hundred and fifty Daughters of the Division were present.

Several interesting addresses were made on the work of the Division for the membership drive in February suggested by the President General. Mrs. Kolman asked that Louisiana select February 18, the birthday of General Mouton, for the Division to celebrate. A toast to the U. D. C., written by Mrs. Ida Goodwill, eighty-six years of age, President of Minden Chapter, and the Division's oldest active member, was read. Distinguished guests present and who made splendid addresses were: Mrs. C. E. Jenne, National President of the Daughters of 1812; Mrs. Davis, of Little Rock, representing Daughters of 1812; Mrs. C. M. Murray and Mrs. R. Bona, representing the Americal Legion.

The Louisiana Division will hold its twenty-third annual convention in New Orleans in May, and the local Chapters are planning extensive entertainment for the visitors and are working to make this one of the most successful and delightful affairs of the season.

Owing to the fact that the Gen. Alfred Mouton monument, which is being erected by the Louisiana Division in Lafayette, La., was not ready for unveiling on February 18, the birthday of General Mouton, the unveiling has been postponed until April 8, the anniversary of the death of General Mouton, he having been killed at the battle of Mansfield April 8, 1864.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday was fittingly celebrated on January 19 by the New Orleans Chapter with the other local Chapters as guests. Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Chairman of the Cross of Honor Committee, presided, and Hon. Henry M. Gill delivered the oration. A splendid literary and musical program was rendered, with short impromptu talks by officers and members present.

New York.—This Division is highly gratified over the

election of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter to the high office of President General, **United Daughters of the Confederacy**, especially as this is the first time that office has been filled by a member of a Chapter north of the Mason and Dixon line, though several other offices have been filled by Confederate women living in the North. Mrs. Schuyler resigned as President of New York Division on December 10. In this work her successor is Mrs. George E. Draper, another woman full of intense energy and zeal for the advancement of U. D. C. work. New York Chapter held its annual meeting on December 13. Reports of the year's work were most encouraging. There was, however, a note of sadness when memorials were read for Mrs. Augustus Jones, mother of the President, Mrs. James Henry Parker. On the afternoon of December 5, Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan tendered a reception to many prominent guests that they might meet the new President General and the members of Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter. A most distinguished company of Southerners was present. The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter has sent out a small pamphlet containing beautiful expressions of appreciation of Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan (Mary Mildred Sullivan), "The Virginians" of New York City, to Mrs. Sullivan at the reception given in her honor by that society at the Hotel Plaza on January 13, 1921, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. A beautiful tribute to a noble woman and her fine work in worth-while matters. James Henry Parker Chapter gave a card party recently to reinforce their educational fund. The receipts exceeded all expectations and will enable the Chapter to extend its work.

Ohio.—Officers for 1922 were elected at the State convention, held in Cincinnati October 13, 14, 1921, as the guests of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, as follows: Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, Dayton, President; Mrs. John J. Parker, Cleveland, First Vice President; Mrs. John B. Preston, Columbus, Second Vice President; Mrs. A. B. Davis, Covington, Ky., Third Vice President; Mrs. John Longwell, Cincinnati, Recording Secretary; Mrs. H. V. Dutrow, Dayton, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Leroy Rose, Columbus, Treasurer; Mrs. John L. Shearer, Lexington, Ky., Historian-Custodian; Mrs. A. R. Shaw, Columbus, Registrar; Mrs. Eli Pigman, Columbus, Custodian of Crosses.

South Carolina.—This Division held its annual convention at Batesburg, S. C., December 6-8, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, President, presiding. The marked achievements of Mrs. Lawton's administration have been the completion of the following funds: Hero fund; Davis Monument fund; Gen. Wade Hampton Portrait fund; Publicity fund for Jefferson Davis Highway; and remodeling the Confederate Infirmary throughout at Columbia, S. C. Mrs. Lawton enjoys the distinction of having been President of two U. D. C. Divisions, Virginia and South Carolina. Because this adopted Daughter had given such splendid service, the South Carolina Division presented her with a beautiful silver vase.

The Rose Loving Cup was won for South Carolina by Mrs. J. E. Ellerbe, of Marion, S. C., the second time this prize has been brought to South Carolina.

The Batesburg Chapter was hostess to the convention at a beautiful luncheon. The following officers were elected to serve two years: Mrs. Chapman J. Milling, President; Mrs. W. R. Darlington, Jr., First Vice President; Mrs. R. C. Sarrett, Second Vice President; Mrs. Monford Scott, Third Vice President; Mrs. W. F. Marshall, Fourth Vice President; Mrs. Janie B. Flowers, Recording Secretary; Miss Edythe Loryea, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, Treasurer; Mrs. J. H. West, Historian; Mrs. O. D. Black, Registrar;

Mrs. A. J. Sproles, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. L. M. Mitchell, Auditor.

Texas.—The recent convention at Paris, the twenty-fifth, was a celebration of Texas's "silver jubilee," and although Paris had just passed through another disastrous fire, there was no lack of hospitality and social entertainments, and this convention was a notable one, with a large attendance of delegates. Mary West Chapter, of Waco, went "over the top" in all her obligations. Texas is the first Division to raise her quota for the Jefferson Davis Monument. Miss Decca Lamar West, of Waco, was elected President of the Texas Division.

Washington.—The State Convention of the Washington Division was held in Spokane on October 12, with Mildred Lee Chapter as hostess. Reports showed that the Division had made substantial gains during the past year, for both Dixie and Robert E. Lee Chapters have gained new members and, while Mildred Lee Chapter has not added new members to her list, a number of old members have been reinstated and the Chapter has gained much in strength during the past year—a fact which was demonstrated by the efficient and hospitable manner in which the convention was entertained. The President reported twenty membership certificates signed during the past two years, fourteen of these being from Robert E. Lee Chapter and six from Dixie Chapter. Nine of these were registered in 1920 and eleven in 1921. Five Crosses of Honor had been bestowed by Robert E. Lee Chapter in January, 1921. Dixie Chapter still has first place in the Division for subscriptions to the *VETERAN*—twenty-one of the thirty-two members being subscribers. Miss Julia Fletcher, War Record Director for Washington, presented the Division with a handsome leather binder for copies of records to be placed in the State Historical Building in Tacoma. As new records are collected, one copy of each will be added to the file. The Division has responded generously to the President General's repeated appeals for the Hero Fund, the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, and sale of "Southern Women in War Times." To the Hero Fund the Division was asked to give \$101.20 and had paid at last report \$276.09. The twenty-five cents per capita tax for the Davis Monument Fund was paid in full by the Chapters and later, in a special effort to dispose of two hundred lithographed Souvenir Receipts for one dollar, the Chapters responded again with characteristic enthusiasm and sent \$111.25 through the State Director, Mrs. J. B. Maclin, to the Treasurer General—Robert E. Lee Chapter sending \$45.00 and Dixie Chapter \$66.25. Each Chapter paid \$1 to the Publicity Fund for "Southern Women in War Times," and the Division contributed \$5. The Division was asked to sell nine copies of the book, but at last report had sold twenty-seven copies. Our Director, Mrs. A. W. Ollar, has learned from Mr. Andrews that Washington Division is the first to sell three times its quota. During the year \$23 was contributed to the Cunningham Memorial Scholarship Fund—\$13 from Dixie Chapter and \$10 from Robert E. Lee. In addition to these generous contributions during the year to all of the work being undertaken by the general organization, Dixie Chapter gave \$37 for European Relief and Robert E. Lee Chapter gave \$32 to the Salvation Army. Robert E. Lee Chapter entered a historical float in the Fourth of July parade at a cost of \$176, and expended \$30 for a new flag pole at the lot owned by the Chapter in Lakeview

Cemetery, the only Confederate burial plot in the Northwest. It is the plan of the Chapter to place a suitable monument on this lot at some time in the very near future, and \$50 has already been set aside as a nucleus for this fund. The following resolution was adopted by the convention and ordered sent to the representatives of our State in Washington, D. C.: "We, the Daughters of the Confederacy in convention assembled, do most heartily indorse the Conference for Disarmament about to assemble in Washington, D. C. We pray that the deliberations and conclusions of its members may be so guided that the safety, honor, and welfare of all governments may be secured, and that peace and happiness, truth and justice may be established for all generations." The following officers were elected to serve the Division for the next two years: President, Mrs. F. G. Sutherland, Spokane; First Vice President, Mrs. Kurt Schlus, Tacoma; Second Vice President, Mrs. M. A. Wilkins, Seattle; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary McBride, Spokane; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. L. Turner, Spokane; Treasurer, Mrs. R. G. Kirk, Tacoma; Registrar, Mrs. H. D. Ferguson, Seattle; Historian, Mrs. H. A. Calohan, Seattle; Recorder of Crosses, Miss E. Florence Fletcher, Tacoma. The convention will meet next October, with Dixie Chapter, in Tacoma.

West Virginia.—October meetings in almost all of the Chapters in this Division were devoted to reports of delegates to the delightful State convention, held in Keyser, September 7, 8. The delegates brought home glowing accounts of the social features of the convention, during which Romney Chapter also entertained the delegates at a delightfully appointed dinner. A great deal of important business was attended to, and Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne was re-elected State President, this being her fifth, and (we very much regret to say) her last year in this capacity. Our gracious former President General, Mrs. McKinney, was with us at this convention, and on the way back to Kentucky was delightfully entertained by the Huntington Chapter.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Robert E. Lee at West Point. His marriage to Mary Custis. Describe the happy home at Arlington and mention the priceless relics which Mary Custis inherited from Martha Washington.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1922.

BOY SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Robert E. Lee, Jr., the son of the commanding general, who was a private in the ranks. Describe his home at Arlington and mention the battles in which he fought.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
 Memphis, Tenn.
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
 Fayetteville, Ark.
 MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
 Oklahoma City, Okla.
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
 7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
 MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
 Athens, Ga.
 MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
 College Park, Ga.
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Post Laureate General*
 1015 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
 MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
 Montgomery, Ala.
 REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
 Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
 GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
 MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
 OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
 TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
 VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

OUR MEMORIAL DAY.

My Dear Coworkers: To you, my dear Memorial women, has come again the message from the North, to your President General, an official communication asking that we merge our Memorial Day with the movement to create an International Memorial Day, participated in by all the peoples of the war, May 30, being the day designated. The letter follows, with the reply, which, as your representative, has been answered in a spirit, which I trust meets your approval.

ST. PAUL, MINN., JANUARY 31, 1922.
 147 KENT STREET.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Mrs. Wilson: Through the kindness of Mr. Nathan Bedford Forrest, of your city, I have your address, and ask you to very thoughtfully read my leaflet advocating an International Memorial Day, on May 30.

In taking this matter up with a view to having support in the South, a Southern lady wrote me saying that she did not see how I could expect much consistent support for May 30, because the South did not observe that day. I understand that you have in the South two or three different days.

In view of the World War and the thought-compelling vision of the entire world observing one Memorial Day, May 30, I was moved to lay the matter before you in the hope that ladies of the South would seriously undertake this question of changing their day so as to have May 30 for this country.

It just seems to me that if the Southern lady who started Memorial Day were consulted she would say "yes." Surely it would be a wonderful thing that her idea should spread all over the world.

I await your reply with deep interest, and would be glad to send you a supply of these leaflets upon your request.

Very sincerely yours, J. W. HAMILTON.

Mrs. J. W. Hamilton, St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton: I have the honor to acknowledge your letter of January 31, relative to Memorial Day in the South being merged with a movement to create an International Memorial Day on May 30, and in reply beg to say that the matter was taken up by our Confederate Southern Memorial Association Convention in Chattanooga last October, and the unanimous decision was that, having originated Memorial Day in the South, and having observed the day uninterrupted for more than half a century, we maintain and perpetuate our Southern Memorial Day. You are perhaps aware that Decoration Day of the North, May 30, was the outgrowth of our Southern Memorial Day, and was

the result of a visit of Mrs. John A. Logan to Virginia on the occasion of a Memorial Day celebration. So inspired was Mrs. Logan with the beautiful tribute to the South's dead, that she returned to Washington filled with admiration, and recounted to General Logan the beauty and impressiveness of the scene, and General Logan, then Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, replied: "We must have a day for our boys and call it Decoration Day."

We Southerners are a people largely swayed by sentiment and patriotism, and could you but see the wonderful outpouring of the masses and the mile long procession in Atlanta that wends its way to the resting place of our Confederate dead, you could readily realize that commemorating, as we do, no victory in war, but bending in eternal and sacred reverence above green mounds of our heroes, we could share with no others in the loving tribute which we pay them. There have been more Southern boys in the World War than from any other section, we shall naturally join you in any movement to pay tribute to them on another occasion, but for the heroes of the gray, the sacred privilege must remain ours to keep their graves green and our eternal shrine.

With appreciation of the courtesy extended our organization through the President General, I am very truly yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The letter by Mr. Hamilton, and the reply to it by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the C. S. M. A., have awakened many thoughts in the minds of the Memorial women. It is a matter that every Memorial Association should bring before its members and discuss freely. Then, when it has been discussed, each president of a Memorial Association should, without delay, report to Mrs. Wilson the outcome of the discussion. And remember, Memorial women, you who have tenderly nurtured this association, who have with the love of a mother for a child kept its purposes sacred on the altar of your hearts, remember that Memorial Day in the South is a day to be strengthened and kept with love and faith as your mothers and grandmothers kept it from the first day of its birth back in the sixties through all the years to come.

Would the coming generations keep the graves of the Confederate heroes green through an International Memorial Day. Would they lay, each year, flowers upon the mounds where our treasures rest. Perhaps, but with the swing of the great pendulum of change, it is more likely that the grass would run riot over the sacred mounds and the flowers die and be blown upon the winds of earth, dry as the dust of the sleepers in

their narrow beds. It would be a pleasure for each of you, I know, to plant a tree for the dead of the World War along some memorial highway, and to place flowers on their graves, as we all do whenever we pass them; but let us keep our Memorial Day sacred to the promise we made to the Southern women who left us the charge of caring for our Southern heroes.

Plans are materializing which will place the Richmond reunion and convention foremost among the many splendid patriotic gatherings to honor our immortal heroes of the sixties. The Hotel Jefferson has been selected as headquarters, and plans are being made to hold the convention in the ballroom of that handsome hotel. Experience in having the convention meetings in the ballroom of the hotels in Houston and Chattanooga have proved most helpful to the delegates and has made this plan desirable. A new departure that carries with it a fascinating allurements is "An Evening with the Old South." There will be a reception and ball on this occasion, probably on Tuesday evening, in the ballroom. Each guest will be asked to wear an ante-bellum costume. This will give opportunity for bringing out many old family heirlooms in jewels and dress and will lend to the convention the dignity and beauty of the Old South. Appropriate to the hostess city will be the dancing of the Virginia Reel, following the Grand March around the ballroom, led by the officers and distinguished guests. Every one who plans to attend this notable convention is requested to prepare for the "Evening in the Old South," which is expected to be one of brilliancy. Cards of admission will be sent out with credential blanks to delegates, and will be issued to visiting friends when properly indorsed.

Through the earnest efforts of the State President of North Carolina, Mrs. J. J. Yates, January saw the beginning of new work, a newly born Memorial Association in Asheville. A splendid charter membership of nearly fifty members started off the Association, which is already active and wide awake. The officers are: Mrs. J. J. Yates, President; Mrs. R. M. Wells, First Vice President; Mrs. C. G. Lee, Second Vice President; Mrs. L. W. Davis, Third Vice President; Mrs. P. H. Abernathy, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Thelma Smathers, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. A. Mathews, Historian.

A SOUTHERN NIGHTINGALE.

BY DR. DEERING J. ROBERTS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

A hundred years ago there was born in the beautiful city of Florence, Italy, of English parentage and rearing, one of the gentler sex who was given the name of the city of her birth, and who, thirty-five years later, indelibly placed her name and fame high on the pages of history by her earnest and sincere efforts in behalf of suffering mankind in the lethal wards of the hospitals of Scutari, adjacent to Balaklava's fatal field.

In 1806 there was born in this country, in the Old North State, another girl whose name deserves as well to be on fame's roll for a similar service to her countrymen in time of war. This girl, Ann L. Ferguson, came to Tennessee as a small child, when the family settled at Chapel Hill, in Marshall County. At maturity she married a man named Kenley, and their home was at Columbia, Tenn., where a son was born to them. The father died when this child was an infant, and the widow married Mr. Christopher Brooks, of Nashville, and to them were born seven children, four of them being boys. At the beginning of the War between the States she encouraged all of her sons of sufficient age to enlist in the Southern army, and all did so with the exception of the youngest, who was

then but eleven years old. The eldest son, T. J. Kenley, was commissioned brevet second lieutenant of Company G (Perry Guards), of the 20th Tennessee, Battle's Regiment, was later promoted captain of the company, and was killed near Rome, Ga., in 1864.

The second son, E. Foster Brooks, enlisted in a cavalry regiment in Mississippi. M. O. Brooks was commissioned second lieutenant in the Beauregard Grays, or "Bull Pups," as they were called by their comrades, and went with his regiment, the 11th Tennessee, to East Tennessee. H. Clay Brooks went to Virginia and served on Gen. H. A. Wise's staff.

After giving these four sons to the Confederate armies, Mrs. Brooks was actively engaged in the work of that noble association of the women of Nashville who did such efficient service in the hospitals there in the first year of the war, as well as later, in gathering supplies, medicines, etc., and she served faithfully and well in other Southern hospitals after the capture of Fort Donelson and the occupation of Nashville by the Federal army. She visited Camp Trosdale while her eldest son's command was encamped there for instruction in the science and art of war. Finding a large number of the boys with measles and other diseases incident to camp life, she and a neighbor, Mrs. Susan Alford, deemed it their duty to look after the welfare and comfort of these boys where there was such a need of woman's care. Colonel Battle placed a tent at their disposal, and until General Zollicoffer led his command away to East Tennessee, these two women were untiring in their care of the sick.

When the 20th Tennessee left Camp Trosdale, Mrs. Brooks devoted her services most assiduously to the hospitals in Nashville, which were filled with the sick from Bowling Green and Camps Trosdale and Cheatham. With some of her negro slaves she stayed on duty day and night at the old building previously used as the State Hospital for the Insane until and some time after the Federal occupation of Nashville.

Until the Army of Tennessee returned to the vicinity of Nashville in the autumn of 1862, Mrs. Brooks made her headquarters with a married daughter in Williamson County. By means of acquaintance with some of the leading Federal authorities in Nashville, she was enabled to go anywhere at any time she wished, and thus she was able to give most valuable and important service in smuggling through the lines quantities of morphine, quinine, and other medical and hospital supplies made contraband of war by the Federal government. Mrs. Brooks called on Gov. Andrew Johnson at one time to ask that her home in Nashville be given back to her, and he asked if she did not have four sons in the Confederate army. "Yes," she replied, "and," pointing to the young son with her, a boy of thirteen, "I shall send this one as soon as he is old enough."

During Bragg's occupation of Tennessee this patriotic woman again entered upon her self-assumed duties with the sick and wounded, and while the battle of Murfreesboro was raging, she was arduously engaged at the base hospitals from Wednesday morning until Saturday night, assisting at operations and bandaging and dressing wounds; and during the remaining three years of war she was just as actively and faithfully engaged in the hospitals of Chattanooga, Atlanta, Griffin, and other Southern towns. Distance was never too great, transportation methods never too difficult or unpleasant, the weather never too hot or too cold for her to go wherever she could be of service to a Confederate soldier. A true daughter of the South, it could well have been said of her, as was said by England's poet laureate of her prototype: "Flit on, cheering angel!"

SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

(Continued from page 92)

it was moving toward us and then men began to stand up and shout, "That is Stonewall Jackson!" And so it was, because in a very short time here he came at the head of his staff in a lively gallop. His gray cap was in his hand, while he smilingly bowed to our vociferously cheering officers and men on both sides of the road. And this was the first time I saw the great Stonewall Jackson. He was simply uniformed, but fine looking. His hair and full beard were rather dark, but his complexion fair.

Late in the day we reached our position in a body of large timber not far from Malvern Hill, and here we rested in quietness and peace during the night. From 8 to 10 P.M., McClellan serenaded us with a five brass band from the top of Malvern Hill. They played many pieces, including, of course, "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," and closed the very enjoyable concert with "Home, Sweet Home," which was beautifully rendered and, for the time being, captured our hearts.

Thus ended the awful seven days' battles in front of Richmond. About eleven o'clock next day we saw Stonewall Jackson, accompanied by a single officer, ride off on a road leading toward Richmond, and that was the last time I ever saw him, although I "just missed" him several times after that and before he was finally removed from us by death. By the defeat of McClellan at Richmond, the stock of the Southern Confederacy went up to a point above "par" and, therefore, the people of the South were much encouraged for the future success of their country.

GENERAL LEE ON TRAVELER.

In response to request for some of his recollections of General Lee, A. H. Plecker, of Lynchburg, Va., writes of the time he made the noted picture of General Lee on his faithful Traveler:

"Photography has been my profession since 1857 to the present time, except the four years I was in the Confederate army. I was what could be called a traveling photographer; had a car built for the purpose, and moved from town to town in the Valley of Virginia. In 1866 I was at Rockbridge Baths, where General Lee and his family were spending the summer. I approached the General as to giving me a sitting. 'Yes,' he said; 'I will. But how would you like to take me on my horse?' I said, 'Any way you like,' and in a few days the General reported, mounted. Traveler was then looking his best, about eight years old, a dapple gray, in good condition, well groomed—a very picture himself. It was midsummer, warm, and the flies very bad, so we had trouble in holding him still long enough, as there were no instantaneous pictures made at that time. After several trials I succeeded in getting a satisfactory picture, one of the General mounted and another with him standing by his horse. He then came into the car and I made some small bust photos, one of which Mrs. Lee said was the best picture she had of him to that time. I also made some sittings of his daughters, and later on, in the early fall, of Mrs. Lee at her residence in Lexington, Va. As she was an invalid, the picture had to be made at the home.

"The first thing I noticed on entering Mrs. Lee's room was a life-sized photo of the General, twenty-two by twenty-four, used as a screen to hide the fireplace. I remarked, 'Why, Mrs. Lee, why do you use that nice photo of the General in that way?' She laughed very heartily and said, 'It is the best use I can make of it, and it fitted very snugly in that

place.' This picture was in profile, a very fine photograph made by a Washington City photographer, and they are very rare, the negative having gotten broken before many prints were struck off.

"I found Mrs. Lee a very pleasant lady indeed. The General asked many questions about the photographic art, how it had improved since first discovered, and that it would continue to advance, as it was a chemical process.

"In the 'Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee,' by his son, on page 255, there is a letter to his daughter in Baltimore in which General Lee refers to the picture I made of her, saying: 'Markie has sent me a likeness of you on porcelain, from the negative taken by the celebrated Plecker, which she carried with her to Philadelphia. It is very good, but I prefer the original.'

"This picture of General Lee on Traveler I have enlarged to twenty-six by thirty-six, in water colors; the one standing by his horse to ten by twelve, done in oil. They hang in my studio, and I prize them very highly. I have post cards of that of the General mounted which I will send to any one writing me, inclosing two cents for postage; have also large sizes. My recollections of the short acquaintance with General at the Baths, with his daughters in the ballroom, and of Mrs. Lee at her home in Lexington, Va., are very pleasant memories."

ONE OF THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET.

Porter Johnson, who died in Richmond, Va., in 1917, was one of the few remaining of those heroic boys who played such a gallant part in the battle of New Market. He was born October 19, 1845, and was a volunteer in the Confederate army in 1861-62, serving then in West Virginia, where he was born, and taking part in the battles of King's Mountain, Cheat Mountain, and Philippi. He entered the Virginia Military Institute in 1863 and fought with his corps in the historic battle of New Market. In the latter part of March, 1865, he joined Company A of the 8th Virginia Infantry, Col. Garnett Andrews, with which he served as lieutenant. He was captured at Salisbury, N. C., and sent to Camp Chase, where his uncle had died shortly before. Porter Johnson was released June 13, 1865, and returned to his home in Rockbridge, Va. In 1867 he was married to Miss Rose M. Brown, daughter of Ludwell H. Brown, of Richmond, and Margaret Cabell McClelland, of Nelson, and seven of their ten children survive him.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The Managing Editor is writing this report far away from headquarters in Baltimore; hence he cannot give many details of returns.

Apparently, the Divisions which have been most active since November 1 are Alabama (chiefly the Sidney Lanier Chapter at Alexander City), Maryland, North Carolina, and West Virginia.

Mrs. R. Philip Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C., Chairman of the Publicity Committee, urgently requests all the Division Directors to write to her about their work or plans to reach the sales goal set for 1922.

All Chapters in each Division have a chance to win the Chapter prize for their respective Divisions; and each Division has a similar opportunity to win the Division award, all of which will be announced at the general convention in Birmingham next November.

"AMERICAN HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT."

"American History and Government," recently issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is a volume of some five hundred pages by Matthew Page Andrews. It is attractively bound in red, with a jacket giving an unusual airplane picture of the United States Capitol. It contains many illustrations, and retails at \$2 the copy.

Beginning at the attempted settlements by Sir Walter Raleigh at Roanoke Island and the successful settlement founded by Sir Edwin Sandys at Jamestown, the author presents a number of interesting facts which, as far as we know, have never been brought forth in popular form in any other such narrative. We are informed, for example, that Thomas Nelson Page referred to the author's work as the beginning of the popularization of records which have never been fully utilized by our historians. Further than this, from the standpoint of another scholar of international distinction, we are also informed that Lord Bryce recently declared that Mr. Andrews was throwing an entirely new light on American colonial foundations.

"American History and Government" depicts the real romance of the origin and earliest development of American institutions. Mr. Andrews tells in the first chapter of the deliberate planning of our earliest forms of government by a great group of Elizabethan statesmen, who, in defiance of an autocratic sovereign, foresaw on the virgin soil of America "a free popular State," whose inhabitants should have "no government put upon them save by their own consent."

We can learn from this volume the name and story of the great founder who used the expression just quoted, and who was chiefly responsible for the beginnings of America and the formation and final establishment of not only the colony at Jamestown, but that at Plymouth Rock, on the twin bases of political liberty and freedom of conscience.

This chapter also tells of the interest taken in the first colony by William Shakespeare and of his knowledge of its progress, which at present is furnishing the theme for an animated discussion on the part of the greatest Shakespearean scholars of the world. Mr. Andrews briefly tells of the way Shakespeare knew of the wreck of the *Sea Venture* carrying to Jamestown, in 1609, the first charter of American liberties. He tells of the saving from the wreck of the crew of the *Sea Venture*, including Governor Gates and Admiral Somers, and the construction in the "still-vex'd Bermoothes" of two vessels, the *Patience* and the *Deliverance*, by which all the survivors ultimately reached Jamestown.

This history of the United States depicts the true characters of the first settlers and gives something about them and their work as individuals. In this Mr. Andrews has taken an even more advanced stand than in his previous books, a stand which has met with the approval of critics and reviewers, apparently without a dissenting opinion.

We have not the space to go into the original treatment of other points; such as, for example, that the Pilgrim Fathers owe their beginnings in America to the same group of men who founded Jamestown, and that they were warmed, fed, and saved from possible annihilation by succor from Virginia. The author makes a marked and proper distinction between the Pilgrims and their small settlement at Plymouth and the overwhelming immigration of Puritans which followed thereafter.

In regard to all matters of sectional import, the author apparently aims to interpret all parts of this country in terms of the whole. It is a national history which is fair to the South. It is not a mass of unrelated or semirelated facts,

figures, dates, and data, but a story of the development of this country in which proportionate and proper credit is given to the South, North, East, and West for their respective shares in this development.

Of particular interest, perhaps, to those who are interested in preparing a national memorial to our greatest scientist, Matthew Fontaine Maury, it may be noted that Mr. Andrews does justice to the memory and achievements of this great American, whose name is not even mentioned in many of the textbooks taught throughout the length and breadth of this great country.

An interesting program was rendered by the pupils of Stephens University, at Crawfordsville, Ga., in commemoration of the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birth of Alexander H. Stephens, February 11, 1812.

At the conclusion of the program, pupils and visitors marched to Mr. Stephens's grave, which, together with his monument, was beautifully decorated with Confederate flags and bunting, the children decorating the grave with violets, buttercups, and narcissus. It was a sweet and impressive scene that meant much in the future history of the State and South.

OFFICERS OF FORT WORTH CAMP.—At its regular meeting on January 1, the R. E. Lee Camp of Fort Worth, Tex., elected the following officers for 1922: Commander, W. L. Armstrong; First Lieutenant, William Barr; Second Lieutenant, J. W. West; Adjutant, George E. Estes; Historian, George R. Allen; Quartermaster, W. T. Shaw; Surgeon, J. T. Fields; Chaplain, W. R. Matthews; Librarian, John Stewart; Sergeant at Arms, J. M. Ferguson; Color Sergeant, J. B. Castleberry.

Mrs. M. E. Davis, of Houston, Texas, writes of the novel way the Oran M. Roberts Chapter, U. D. C. has of giving the veterans a little pleasure. "Once a month," she says, "we give a birthday party at the Dick Dowling Camp Room, and in this way we celebrate the birthdays of all the veterans there who were born in that month, and invite all the rest. We have a twelve o'clock dinner, old Southern style, get some one to deliver a little talk, and have a good time generally. The Cheek-Neal Coffee Company makes the coffee for us, as they do for all our other meetings. The old boys get a great deal of enjoyment out of these birthday parties."

A CORRECTION CORRECTED.—J. T. Eason, Adjutant of Dick Dowling Camp, 197, U. C. V., of Houston, Tex., and Adjutant and Chief of Staff, 1st Texas Brigade, U. C. V., writes that G. W. Carmical is mistaken in saying (page 364, October VETERAN) that the 7th Georgia Regiment was the only command of Georgia troops fighting in the neighborhood of the Henry House at First Manassas, "as the 8th Georgia Regiment was there and Col. F. S. Bartow was killed there, and his Company B erected a marker where he fell, but this was afterwards destroyed." Comrade Eason was in the fight as a member of Company E, 8th Georgia, in the first and second Manassas and other engagements of the regiment.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.—I. E. Trotter, Brodnax, Va. \$2.00; Mrs. J. R. Gibbons, Bauxite, Ark., \$4.00; W. A. Everman, Greenville, Miss., \$1.00; R. E. Cole, Portland, Tex., \$1.00.

WANTED.—The book on "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," by Mrs. Susan Hull. Let the VETERAN know your price for a copy.

Mrs. A. J. Prater, 1703 Gieffers Street, Lake Charles, La., would like for any survivors of Company F, 8th Louisiana Infantry, to write to her.

R. M. Blakemore, Adjutant Morton's Battalion of Artillery, would be glad to hear from any surviving friends and comrades who served with him under General Forrest during the war, 1861-1865. Address him at Front Royal, Va., P. O. Box 294.

T. C. Wallace, Tuskegee, Ala., wants to know if there is a veteran now living who belonged to Capt. Joe Keiser's Company of the 6th Alabama Cavalry. He also wants to know of any survivors of those who were serving on Battery A, below Mobile at the surrender.

Mrs. Walter B. Shaw, 215 Cherry Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., wants information of the record of her grandfather, James E. Paul, who belonged to Company C (J. A. McKamy, captain), of Walker's Battalion, Thomas's Legion, North Carolina Volunteers. Any surviving comrades will please respond.

Mrs. Ida Thompson Hawes, 1817 Valence Street, New Orleans, La., writing in behalf of the widow of Robert West Young, asks that surviving comrades will communicate to her any information of his service in the Confederate army. It is told that he enlisted in a Louisiana regiment under Kirby Smith and was later made courier to that general, his eyesight being poor. He surrendered at Shreveport, La., and later located in New Orleans.

Mrs. J. M. Fulton, of Richland Hill, La., now eighty-one years old, appeals to surviving comrades of her husband, J. M. Fulton, to help her establish his record as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted from Winston County, Miss., at the beginning of the war and served to the close, but she does not remember the command with which he served. She is trying to get a pension.

Information is wanted of the record of Granville J. Grimes, who enlisted in Clarksville, Tenn., under Capt. Bob Wilson in the 49th Tennessee. Also of the record of George Cherry, of Company B, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Malone's Regiment. Comrades or friends who can give the information wanted are asked to write to C. Smith, at Detroit, Tex., in behalf of the widows of these men.

The widow of Angus Artury Chysiam would like to hear from any comrades or friends of her husband who can give information of his enlistment and service during the War between the States. His home was in Haygood County, N. C., but he enlisted at Manning, S. C., serving under a Captain Dunbo and Sergeant Kershaw. Address Mrs. A. A. Chysiam, care D. S. Danner, Washington, Ga., R. No. 3.

Surviving comrades of Dr. L. S. Smith, of Edgefield, S. C., who enlisted in October, 1862, as a member of Captain Gennett's company of the engineering corps of South Carolina, C. S. A., and served until the surrender, are asked to communicate with his daughter, Mrs. Thomas O. Baker, 148 Hill Street, Atlanta, Ga., who wishes to establish his record as a soldier of the Confederacy. This engineering corps was under General Beauregard.

Rhea Kuykendall, 11 West Akard Street, Weatherford, Tex., wants to learn the battles participated in by his grandfather, John L. Kuykendall, from Green County, Ark., a veteran of the Mexican War. He was captain of Company H, 5th Regiment Arkansas Infantry, C. S. A., also captain of Company F, 5th Regiment Trans-Mississippi Arkansas Infantry, known as the 30th Regiment, recruited at Pineville and paroled at Wittsville, Ark., May 25, 1865.

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Mrs. John A. Cowling, 733 South Third Street, McAlester, Okla., seeks information on the record of her grandfather, William Wright Parks, in the Confederate army. He was a lieutenant, a native of Texas, enlisting from Limestone County, and served four years most of the time in the Indian Territory.

H. L. Isley, Burlington, N. C., wants to trace the war record of his grandfather, Martin V. Clayton, who went out from Person County, N. C., at the beginning of the War between the States. It is thought that he was wounded in battle and died in a hospital, but nothing definite is known.

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Books Old and Rare

The demand for the earlier works on Confederate history grows as it becomes more and more difficult to supply them. In the list here given are some books not before offered, procurable only now and then, also some that have been supplied from time to time. All are now out of print. Give your second and third choice in case your first choice has been taken.

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|--|--------|
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| Four Years under Mars' Robert. By Maj. Robert Sules | 3.50 |
| Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieutenant Sinclair | 4.00 |
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| General Beauregard. By Alfred Romans. Two volumes. Cloth. Good condition. | 8.00 |
| Memoirs of the War of Secession. By Johnson Hapgood | 2.50 |
| Four Years in Rebel Capitals. By T. C. DeLeon. Autographed copy, but title page is missing. | 2.50 |
| War Poetry of the South. Compiled by William Gilmore Simms Binding worn. | 2.50 |
| The Southern Amaranth. A collection of war poems compiled by Miss Sallie A. Brock, of Richmond, Va., 1869 | 4 00 |
| Lindsley's Military Annals of Tennessee, half morocco, scarce | 5.00 |
| Johnson's Narrative. Original edition. Good. | 3.25 |
| Quantrell—Under the Black Flag. By Captain Kit Dalton. | 1.50 |
| Butler and His Cavalry. By Capt. U. R. Brooks of South Carolina. Cloth. | 2.00 |
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The following works by John Esten Cooke are offered in different editions, only one copy of each, but all in good condition, and the price is \$2.00 each, postpaid Stonewall Jackson, Fairfax, Leather Stocking and Silk. Beatrice Hallam, Captain Ralph. Colonel Ross of Piedmont, Her Majesty the Queen, Miss Bonnybel.

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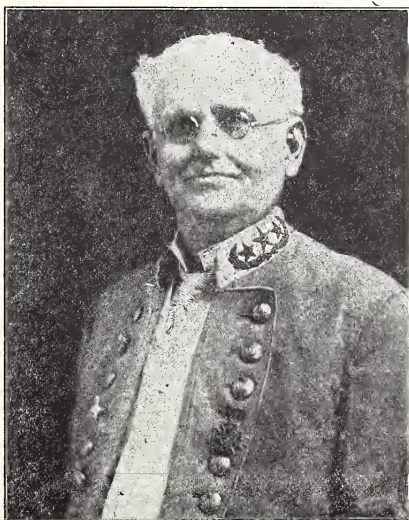
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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

APRIL, 1922

NO. 4



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WANTED.—A copy of "The Ku-Klux Klan, Its Origin, Growth, and Disbandment," by J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson. Please reply to the VETERAN, giving condition and price wanted.

WANTED.—A copy of the "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis." Anyone having for sale a copy in good condition will please write to the VETERAN, stating price asked, etc.

Who has the old McGuffey's school readers for sale? Good copies wanted. Reply to the VETERAN.

Capt. P. A. Blakey, of Alto, Tex., is interested in securing the record of an old comrade, D. D. Banks, who needs a pension, and any information that can be furnished by surviving comrades will be appreciated. He served first in Company A, Matlock's Regiment of Cavalry, later being transferred to Company B, 29th Arkansas Infantry. He was mustered into service at Searcy, Ark., about February, 1862, and served to the close of the war. The captain of Company B was Jep C. Johnson.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

COL. V. Y. COOK—IN MEMORIAM.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

At Batesville, Ark., on Sunday, March 12, Col. V. Y. Cook answered to the last roll call and joined his comrades on the eternal camping ground.

In the death of Colonel Cook, the VETERAN has lost a devoted friend and wise counselor, the Confederate organization has lost one of its most active and loyal members, while his family and countless friends are bereft of that ready sympathy and spirit of helpfulness which ever animated his being. Among the youngest of our veterans, he answered the sudden summons in possession of that vigor and force which had made his life one of purpose and usefulness. A close friend of the VETERAN's late editor, he was chairman of the board of trust appointed to carry on the publication, and had given a cheerful and helpful service, ever ready to respond to any demands that affected its interest.

Virgil Young Cook was born at Boydsville, Graves County, Ky., and as a very young boy he entered the Confederate army. His home was within the Federal lines, and early in 1863 he ran away and tried to join a company of Kentucky troops. But his father went after the would-be soldier and took him back home. However, in July of that year he yielded to the boy's persistency and consented to his joining the army, so Virgil Cook was mustered into the ranks of Company E, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, later being transferred to Company H, 7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, with which he served to the close of the war. Both these commands were under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and he was paroled with other soldiers of the famous leader at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865, when not more than sixteen and a half years of age.

Late in 1866 young Cook left his native Kentucky and went to Arkansas, where he engaged in merchandising, in Jackson County, until 1874, when he removed to Olyphant and there conducted a large and lucrative business. During that time he began his accumulation of real estate in Oil Trough Bottom, on the Upper White River, in Independence County, and by 1884 his holdings had become so large that he moved onto these lands, taking his merchandise business with him to Elmo. Near there was his residence, "Midland Holm," a country site of 5,000 acres. In 1908 he removed to Batesville and built the handsome residence where he lived to the end.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Ophelia Lamb, of Jacksonport, Ark., to whom he was married in 1871, and who died in 1916. Two sons and four daughters were born to them, of whom three daughters survive. His second marriage was to Mrs. Sarah Wyse, of Forrest City, in April, 1920, and she also survives him.

His service for the Confederacy was not the only experience of Colonel Cook as a soldier. At the beginning of our war with Spain, he was a major general of the Arkansas National Guard and reserve militia, and when that State was called upon for its quota of troops, he was appointed by Governor Jones as colonel of the 2nd Arkansas Regiment, the highest office within his gift; and though this regiment did not have an opportunity to show its mettle in that war, its colonel won distinction for bringing it to such a high state of efficiency while held in camp at Chickamauga.

Ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought in the days of his youth, Colonel Cook was doubtless the most liberal man of his State in giving his time and thought and means to keep up interest in Confederate history and memories. He was a student and writer of that history, and contributed many articles on his experiences and the service of his own and other commands. While adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Robert G. Shaver, commanding the Arkansas Division U. C. V., he vigorously pushed the organization of Camps all over the State, and continued those efforts after he became commander of that division, later still extending those efforts throughout the Trans-Mississippi Department, which he commanded three years, retiring voluntarily at the Chattanooga reunion in 1921. He had also commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Forrest Cavalry Association.

Always a liberal supporter of the Churches, in late years he experienced deep religious conviction and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Batesville, of which he was a consistent member and a regular attendant on its services to the end.

Confederate comrades were the honorary pall bearers at his funeral, and, with many relatives and friends, laid him to rest in Oaklawn Cemetery at Batesville, there to await the reveille which shall awake him to the glories of the kingdom.

HISTORY THAT SHOULD BE WRITTEN AND
REWRITTEN.

BY D. C. PAYNE, LITTLE FALLS, N. J.

I wonder that those who are interested in the story of the South, those who have the time and means for serious, valuable work, do not present to the readers of the *VETERAN* the work of Alexander Brown on "The Genesis of the United States." Brown says our Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World should be one to Sir Edwin Sandys, at Jamestown. He wonders why liberty-loving Americans make no pilgrimage to the tomb of Sir Edwin Sandys, why there is no spirit impelling them to ferret out the haunts of the old London Companies. Sir Edwin Sandys, like a general without an army, could do nothing alone, but he was the foremost and the most influential man in the movement to plant republican liberty in the New World, despite Stuart bigotry and tyranny. The Spanish minister admonished James that there was something brewing in Virginia besides tobacco raising.

"The Genesis of the United States" is not only a history, but a genealogy of colonial people, particularly of Virginia; so is "Hening's Statutes." I think those engaged in editing historical magazines would certainly do valuable service by making notes from such books in a way to incite curiosity for further acquaintance with the authors. Brown's "First Republic in America" is worthy of notice; so is "Significant Colonial Personages," by Rev. Dr. George Hodges.

It is interesting to note that Sir George Sandys, in 1624, was translating Ovid at Jamestown, the first contribution to English literature in the New World.

Brown tells us that the Virginia Company, 1605, planted the first English speaking race in the New World, and with it the germs of political liberty. There were three charters, 1605, 1609, 1611. He gives the three in full.

Another author who should be cultivated throughout the country is John Fiske. He is conscientious, painstaking, and impartial.

[The historical contributions of Matthew Page Andrews should be included in this communication. Mr. Andrews has written much of the part taken by Sir Edwin Sandys in founding this republic of liberty.—Ed.]

IN THE MIDST OF WAR.

B. F. Brown writes from Augusta, Ga.: "I served in Company L, 1st Regiment S. C. Volunteers, A. N. V., from 1861 to 1865, surrendering at Appomattox. In May, 1895, I wrote to Gen. G. W. C. Lee, then President of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., for an autograph of his father, and he sent me the original letter, of which a copy is given here. With this letter was one from his private secretary, who wrote for General Lee, saying:

"Dear Sir: The president of this institution (G. W. C. Lee), who writes with difficulty owing to a disabled hand, desires me to answer your letter of the 6th, as follows: He sends you herewith an autographed letter of the late Gen. R. E. Lee, and an autograph of his own. As he has been steadily giving away his father's autographs for nearly twenty-four years, you can understand that he has but little of his father's writing to part with."

"Respectfully,
THOMAS E. MARSHALL, JR., *Private Secretary.*

"The letter from General Lee was to his son during the war, and is here given:

"CAMP, 30 April, '64.

"My Dear Custis: Nothing of much interest has occurred during the past week. The reports of scouts all indicate

large preparations on the part of the enemy and a state of readiness for action. The 9th Corps is reported to be encamped (or rather was on the 27th) on the O. & A. R. R., between Fairfax Courthouse and Alexandria. This is corroborative of information sent the President yesterday, but there may be some mistake as to the fact or number of corps. All their troops north of Rappahannock have been moved south, their guards called in, etc. The garrisons, provost guards, etc., in Northern cities have been brought forward and replaced by State troops. A battalion of heavy artillery is said to have recently arrived in Culpeper, numbering 3,000. I presume these are the men stated in their papers to have been drawn from the Forts in New York Harbor. I wish we could make corresponding preparations. If I could get back Pickett, Hoke, and R. Johnston, I would feel strong enough to operate. I have been endeavoring for the last eight or ten days to move Inboden against the B. & O. R. R., in its unprotected state, but have not been able. I presume he has his difficulties as well as myself. I am afraid it is too late now. I can not yet get the troops together for want of forage and am hoping for grass. Endeavor to get accurate information from Peninsula, James river, etc. My scouts have not returned from Annapolis and may get back too late.

"Very aff'y, your father,

R. E. LEE."

Note: Five days after the above letter was written—May 5, 1864—General Lee became engaged in that death grapple with General Grant which commenced in The Wilderness and ended at Appomattox, April 9, 1865—eleven months after. The letter is vastly interesting as showing the straitened circumstances under which General Lee entered upon his final Campaign—a campaign in which his great military genius was demonstrated as at no other period of his marvelous career.

WAR MANUFACTORIES AT COLUMBUS, GA.

George J. Burris writes that a very important city was omitted from the list given in the story of how the Confederate States armed their soldiers, January *VETERAN*, and that was his native city of Columbus, Ga., which was largely engaged in that occupation. He says: "Here Louis Haiman & Bro. were engaged in making swords for the cavalry, also revolvers, harness for teams and artillery horses, besides accountermints for the infantry. Greenwood & Gray manufactured rifles and swords. The Naval Iron Works, as well as the Arsenal, made brass cannon and many other useful articles needed by the army. Our mills turned our thousands of yards of jeans for uniforms, which were cut out and made here. A large shoe factory was also maintained here, besides various other smaller industries making army supplies."

INCREASE IN VIRGINIA PENSIONS.

The following comes from Mrs. H. F. Lewis, of Bristol, Tenn.-Va.: "The article in the *VETERAN* for October as to the amount of pensions paid to the Confederate veterans of each State showed that Virginia was not doing as well as she should. This aroused my interest, so I began to work to remove this blot from the fair escutcheon of the Old Dominion. When I appealed to the legislature, I found warmest sympathy and hearty coöperation, and by a decisive vote there was an increase of over fifty per cent. While the pensions are still not so large as some States are giving, Virginia having so many more pensioners, the amount appropriated ranks favorably now. I am writing of this so that those who saw the article mentioned may know that we have seen the error of our ways and will do better in 1922."

DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER AND CITIZEN.

Col. George W. Imboden, noted lawyer, soldier, and public citizen, departed this life from his home at Ansted, Fayette County, W. Va., on January 8, 1922, in the eighty-seventh year of his life.

He was born in Augusta County, Va., and practiced law at Staunton till the breaking out of the War between the States, when in April, 1861, he enlisted and was elected first sergeant of the Staunton Artillery, and second lieutenant in November. On its reorganization, he was chosen major of the 62nd Virginia Infantry, and in December, 1862, was elected colonel of the 18th Virginia Cavalry, with which he served till the close of the war.

He and his four brothers—Gen. John D. Imboden, Capt. F. M. Imboden Capt. J. P. Imboden, and Maj. James A. Imboden—all gained distinction for bravery in the Confederate service, and all continued in service till the surrender of General Lee.

Colonel Imboden was a gallant soldier, leading in many battles in a quiet way and with sound judgment. He kept his own counsels and often sprung surprises on the enemy. At one time he captured a wagon train of fifty-four mule teams, newly equipped and loaded with provisions and corn. When the front wagon was upset and caused a stampede, he ordered all to turn, and at Summersville they ran an old grist mill all night and had a royal feast in the morning. In June, 1863, he surprised and entered Cumberland, Md. Through his noble example of faithfulness, courage, and self-sacrifice he won the respect and confidence of his followers, and with honor and humanity he was always kind to his captured prisoners. He was wounded at Gordonsville in December, 1864, had his jaw broken and was shot in the shoulder. He ever had the confidence of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson, who could safely rely on him to carry out the plans intrusted to him.

In December, 1869, Colonel Imboden married Miss Mary

Frances Tyree, of Fayette County, Va., and removed to Crittenden, Ky., but in 1870 he came to Fayette County, W. Va., and engaged with the Ganley Coal Company till 1878 as their attorney, also practicing law at the Fayette County bar. He was elected to the legislature when the capital was at Wheeling, was president of the county court for four years, mayor of Ansted, recorder, and was also connected with the Ansted National Bank as president or director from its beginning in 1907.

Several years after the death of his first wife, in December, 1889, he married Miss Angia Mildred, daughter of Col. Hudson M. Dickinson, one of the pioneers of the county and a prominent citizen, with whom he lived in happy companionship for thirty-two years in their home, "Contentment," at Ansted, and who is left to mourn her loss. Politically, Colonel Imboden was a staunch Democrat and a great admirer of Woodrow Wilson and his administration. He was always interested in the development of his State, his county, and especially his own home town, Ansted, where he lived fifty-one years. He was a student, well posted in ancient and modern history, a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which he always read with great interest. He was a member of the Jeb Stuart Camp, U. C. V. and Commander of the Camp from 1913 until failing health caused him resignation. In faith he was a Presbyterian, and in early life gave his heart to God and became occupied in Church work. He was elected a ruling elder in 1867 and served faithfully in his duties in Kentucky and in Virginia. He was a Sunday school superintendent for forty-seven years. He was not a sectarian, loved all of God's children and joined heartily with them in advancing the kingdom.

At his funeral ministers of the Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Baptist lovingly joined in paying tribute to his memory, after which he was laid to rest, dressed in his Confederate gray, in a gray casket, at the Ansted Cemetery, near the tomb where lie the remains of the sainted mother of Stonewall Jackson.

Soldier of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, thy victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

CONFEDERATES OVER EIGHTY.

J. E. F. Matthews of Thomaston, Ga., gives the names of Confederate veterans of Upson County, Ga., who are now more than eighty years of age, as follows:

T. C. Pearce, 87 years, March 31, 1922, served in Company A, 46 Georgia Regiment Infantry.

K. D. Ruffin, 86 years, April, 1922.

J. M. McFarlin, 82 years, January 31, 1922.

Nat Self, 81 years, May 2, 1922.

G. T. Morgan, 84 years, July 29, 1922; was in Company I, 32nd Georgia Regiment Infantry.

E. B. Thompson, 85 years, February 22, 1922; Company D, 13th Georgia Regiment Infantry.

A. C. C. Howard, 81 years November, 3, 1922.

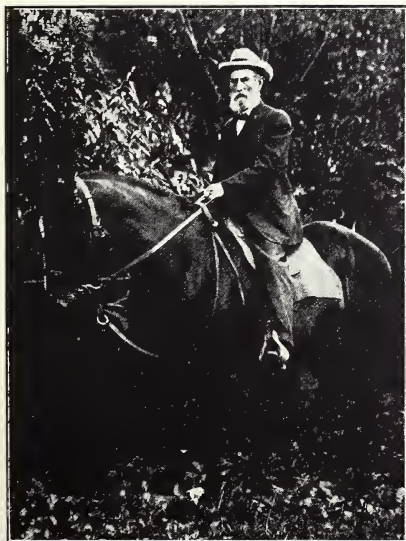
J. F. Lewis, 83 years, June 16, 1922; Company B, 2nd Georgia Regiment Infantry.

J. L. Smith, 83 years September 9, 1922; Company H, 53d Georgia Regiment Infantry.

W. P. Pasley, 81 years, June 14, 1922; Company I, 11th Georgia Regiment Infantry.

P. C. King, 80 years, January 9, 1922; Company K, 5th Georgia Regiment Infantry.

"The benediction of the o'ercoming heavens fall on their heads like dew, for they were worthy to inlay heaven with stars."



COLONEL IMBODEN ON A FAVORITE MOUNT.

"COTTON AS A WORLD POWER."*

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

The most important books of recent publication are those interpretive of the economic factors in social and political history and more particularly of the economic causes of wars. One touching upon all these phases of the subject and of vital interest at the present time is "Cotton as a World Power," a scholarly work giving illuminative treatment to matters too long obscured by writers of political or military bias. For the future there is no approach to world peace except through honest recognition of economic rights of peoples, and in the past the underlying motive for making war has been dishonest violation of such rights by intriguing powers against the people of different nationality or section of country.

No war of the world's history was more truly illustrative of this principle than was the sectional war between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union. The causes that led to this war were economic, and the war conspiracy, enshrouded as it was in false propaganda to serve political purpose, was based on the proposition of "Where shall we get our revenue if the Southern States are allowed to gain independence?" The broad and sane understanding of the real forces that were at work to bring about the subjugation of the South has awaited the study of the true historian, and it is a matter of profound satisfaction that "now it can be told." We of Southern birth and breeding have waited long for a calm and just interpretation of history, and there is all reason for pride in the work of Dr. Scherer, informative, fair, and of indisputable authority.

The author tells us in a prefatory note that the core of this book was used as a lecture at Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the spring of 1914, with the caption, "Economic Causes of the American War." The opening chapter relates that while in the Bodleian Library rummaging among the quaint and musty index papers of the Upper Reading Room, one capped and gowned librarian muttering to another, as with an air of offended dignity: "Writing on Cotton! Why on earth should he want to write on such a subject as that?" The question is well answered in the published volume, the result of wide and painstaking research. Academic limitation is often astonishing, and it was indeed a happy genius that this Southern educator brought to the task of writing the history of one of the most important products of the earth and showing the influence our staple commodity has had in shaping civilization and industrial life of nations. It is amazing that this should be a new task, that we should have had in the past no intelligent collection of data and no such interpretation of the events of history. Generations have lived and passed away in the cotton belt with no conception of the important contribution of this section to world affairs; and ignorance is perpetuated by a public school system which neglects the teaching of the history of our own people in any comprehensive way. This book on cotton is no doubt studied by bankers and financiers; it should be taught in every high school in the United States.

The table of contents shows the range given the subject of cotton in this study; beginning with "New Golden Fleece" and the "Vegetable Lamb," the story has all the fascination of ancient lore and romance. From India to England came this marvellous fleece, working transformation; then "Cotton in American History," with the "Sectional Evolution and the

Great Controversies," political and industrial. We are pleased to find a clear account of Whitney and the cotton gin, in which the facts covering this invention are for once given proper setting; we should be grateful for the chapter entitled "Eli Whitney vs. Hodgen Holmes." Any one who has read E. E. Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years," published serially in the *Outlook* some years ago, about "Poor Whitney" and the villains in Georgia, should face the facts in this chapter with keen relish. Briefly stated, Whitney's model, patented in 1794, was a *spiked* gin that "tore open the seed and mangled the fiber;" Holmes's invention, patented in 1796, was the practical *saw* gin. Whitney tried to claim and appropriate the improved model and to form a manufacturing trust for the monopoly of the cotton industry. The Southern planters would not allow this, and set an example their descendants would do well to follow in destroying attempted monopoly. Neither Whitney's invention of a gin nor his schemes would work. Hodgen Holmes deserves credit for the saw gin in use to this day, though all reference books erroneously give the invention to Whitney.

Passing on to the power of cotton as economic cause for political propaganda and the stirring of war forces, we come to "Cotton Is King," the "Impending Crisis," "Senator Hammond on the Power of Cotton," "Secession and the Constitution," and "Cotton Localizes Secession"—topics which bring us to the formation of the Southern Confederacy. How delightful to find in the pages of economic history Senator Hammond's historic speech of March 4, 1858, well called the South's valedictory. Every young Southerner should know the truth of this impassioned summing up of our great past as the shadows of coercion fell darkly over that republic founded by Washington and glorified by Lee.

Thus we come to "Cotton and the Sineews of War," without space to touch upon the thrilling narrative of the industrial development following the uses of cotton in English factories and the various inventions, beginning with Watt's steam engine. The cotton famine in England and its connection with the rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy is a subject worthy careful consideration in the study of war. Our statesmen were wise and brave to stand for the economic independence of the South. No people more deserved an honorable place among nations; that the republic of our forefathers should be destroyed by a sectional war was no fault of Southern statesmanship or valor at arms. Knavish politicians on both sides of the Atlantic plotted and schemed to put our section into economic servitude, for revenue on one side and a cheap raw commodity to manufacturers on the other. Cotton was the power behind all diplomacy. The inhumanity of the Lancashire famine, when the English government allowed thousands of mill operatives to starve rather than accord recognition to the Confederacy, gives insight to the tragedy of economic war. The cruel policy of starvation, used as a means to conquer the South, was carried out at Andersonville prison in Georgia, when the Federal government starved its own soldiers and made medicine contraband of war and well matched in atrocity the sacrifice of the working class in England.

We have lived to learn that the Confederate cause was not lost at Gettysburg, nor by any failure in strategy. Because of economic conditions growing out of the manipulation of cotton as a world power, the manufacturing class won. It was not the surrender at Appomattox that made defeat calamitous to the South, but the signing away of her birthright to industrial independence and entering upon servitude to money powers and speculators in the staple product of our land.

*"Cotton as a World Power: A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History," by James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Throop College of Technology, author of "The Japanese Crisis," etc. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers.

I can but wonder, in studying cotton as an economic power, if the South could not have saved her rights in another way. If such statesmen as Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs, Alexander Stephens, with the Yanceys, Rhett, and Hammonds of South Carolina, had formed an agricultural bloc in the United States Congress against the exploitation of the industrial South, what might have been the result?

The author of this book writes with poetic appreciation of the beauty of the cotton fields, and quotes Timrod on the "Cotton Boll." The work has the charm of fancy as well as the weight of fact. Let us seek practical understanding of our opulent land and resources and apply brain power to the solving of agricultural problems; this way education lies.

"Let history enlighten economics with the torch of the past, so that history may hereafter yield an interpretation of intelligence."

AS TO AFRICAN SLAVERY.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Ofentimes it is complained that we of the South are unwilling to accept the results of the War between the States and are discussing still the great questions involved in that war.

It was around African slavery as a domestic institution that the antagonism between the North and the South gradually crystallized until it ended in war. There were some strange contradictions in this antagonism. It was the Northern commercial interests, protected and defended by the mother country, that had introduced and defended that system which tore the negro from his home in Africa, separated him from his dear ones, and brought him to this country to be sold into slavery, while the Southern colonies protested against the trade and sought by legislation to bring it to an end. In the following years, as public sentiment was more and more aroused on the question of the moral quality of slavery, it was in the South that the strongest efforts were made for the correction of its abuses and the final overthrow of the institution. In the North, on the other hand, opposition to slavery was very largely confined to the abstract discussions of the rights of man and the demand for immediate abolition, irrespective of conditions.

As a result of these conditions, the South was led more and more to justify the institution and excuse or ignore the wrongs done to a race, and by making it a domestic institution, instead of a mere chattel slavery, not only were its abuses modified, but it became largely a benefit to both master and slave. Still, in and through all, there was a tendency to forget the essential rights of man as a human being, and so there were instances, comparatively rare it is true, of cruelty and oppression; but we are to bear in mind the inherent difficulties of training an alien and savage race into the habits of thrift and industry.

However, throughout the North opposition to the institution degenerated into a fanatical demand to free the African from bondage and confer upon him the rights of citizenship, utterly regardless of the rights of the Southern States, guaranteed by written Constitution, and also regardless of the negro's lack of preparation for freedom. A great deal of this bitterness was founded on ignorance, for the exaggerated statements of every runaway negro as to the cruelties inflicted on slaves was accepted as the truth of the Gospel.

And so on both sides there was misjudgment, bitter criticism, and harsh condemnation where there should have been patience and effort to do justice to all parties. Let it be understood that we of the South are not called upon to uphold slavery as an ideal social institution, but only to make the

most, morally and spiritually, of conditions forced upon us. Critics of the institution are called upon to give due credit to men and women seeking to make the best of a difficult situation.

Now that the purpose of the abolitionist is accomplished and that the negro has been free for fifty years, it is still a serious question, with all thoughtful minds, whether freedom has been a real benefit, morally and spiritually, to the race, although most Southerners are glad that they are freed from the responsibilities of the old days. Still, we recognize that there are elements of danger along social lines that threaten serious conflicts and ultimately a war of races. To some of us, at least, it seems that a restoration of the sovereignty of the States according to the old idea is the only safeguard against the tragedies of social strife.

In books on moral philosophy, prepared and published in the North, the question of Southern slavery is presented as a violation of human rights, and the South is condemned unsparingly. One of the few authoritative works on moral philosophy prepared by Southern authors was issued by the Rev. R. L. Dabney, D.D., Professor of Theology in Union Theological Seminary. It presents in brief one of the most complete answers to these criticisms of Northern writers, and I have, therefore, deemed it wise to present in the columns of the *VETERAN* this answer, taken from Dr. Dabney's "Practical Philosophy."

"Among the questions of civic rights and duties, that of the recent domestic slavery in the United States holds a very interesting place. It is not debated with any view to restoring that form of labor; no intelligent man among us expects or desires this under existing circumstances. But we should understand it for three reasons. The first is, that the disputes concerning the relation of bondage, whether it is righteous or intrinsically unjust, involve and illustrate the most vital principles of civic morals and legislation. The second is, that the assertion of its intrinsic injustice, now so commonly made, involves the credit of the Christian Scriptures; and the discrepancy disclosed has become the occasion of widespread and perilous skepticism. Unless we are willing to give up the authority of the Bible as God's word, it is unspeakably important that this supposed discrepancy shall have a better adjustment than it has yet received. Nothing is more certain than that in its essence human bondage, which is the involuntary subjection of an inferior part of the human race to the will of superiors, has not been abolished and never will be until the millennium; but the relation will reappear in civilized society under many new names and forms, often less beneficial than the one lately overthrown. But African bondage, under that name, belongs to the past. Notwithstanding our educated young men can but feel a living interest in the question, whether their honored fathers lived and died in a criminal relation. And this is the third reason which demands his discussion.

"It having been shown that the essential immorality of the relation of master and bondsman does not inhere, then the question as to the propriety or humanity, as one of connecting labor and capital and of protecting civil society against the abused license of its own vicious classes, is simply a question of fact and testimony. And when these facts were justly arrayed, they constituted a splendid vindication for the Southern master.

"In 1861 agricultural Africans of the South were unquestionably the best fed, best clothed, healthiest, most increasing, most contented and cheerful, most religious, most courteous, most reading, most churchgoing, most well bred peasantry in the world; and, low as their moral tone was, especially as to chas-

tity, probably the most moral peasantry in the world. This is stubborn fact.

"Especially in regard to religious privileges, the evangelization of the African in slavery brought about larger results than all the foreign mission agencies of the American Churches. From the middle of the eighteenth century the Churches recognized their religious obligations to the slaves. At the close of the War between the States there were more than one-half million slave communicants in the white Churches, and in thirty-five years, the era of plantation missions in the Methodist Church, it is estimated that one million of negroes were received into the Methodist Churches."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL AT BRISTOL, TENN.-VA.

The addresses made at the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Bristol, Tenn.-Va., on May 27, 1920, are here published by special request. The monument was the gift of Col. J. M. Barker to his home city, and in presenting it, Colonel Barker said:

"Daughters of the Confederacy, Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: For a great many years I have been intensely interested in a memorial for our city to commemorate and perpetuate the glorious achievements and suffering of the Confederate soldiers and of those noble, sacrificing women of the South from 1861 to 1865. It has been the desire of our splendid U. D. C. Chapter here to secure sufficient funds to erect a monument to their fallen and aged heroes, but their efforts have not yielded results from the people of our city. More than four years ago that splendid Christian and Confederate soldier, Dr. Lynn Bachman, now deceased, made a ringing appeal asking for and urging the importance of such a memorial but his eloquence and sincerity of purpose failed to arouse the people of Bristol to action. A few years ago I decided to erect this monument myself and present it to you Daughters of the Confederacy. I wrote numerous letters to all parts of the South making inquiry for a statue of a Confederate soldier of Italian workmanship. I finally located one at Marietta, Ga., made a trip to that city, purchased the statue, and contracted for this monument.

"We needed this monument for the sake of our children and grandchildren as well as ourselves, that it may be a reminder to them of the devotion to duty, the struggles, and the sacrifices that our people cheerfully underwent for that cause of righteousness and justice. The Confederate soldier fought and suffered in defense of his home without hope of reward, but with a burning patriotism and devotion to country. The Federal army was able to enlist forces five times as large as ours, and, besides, had hired Hessians from Germany and other foreign countries totalling the strength of the Confederate army. Our army was never whipped, but overpowered by brute force of numbers. Especially the last two years of the war, our soldiers were poorly clad, even having to resort to wearing Yankee uniforms, and their shoeless feet left their blood-stained imprints as they forged on, hungry, sick, and ragged, but with a loyalty and devotion that could not be extinguished.

"In presenting this monument to you noble women, I realize that it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life. I give it with reverence and humility, and feel that in so doing I need no special encomiums from you women of the Chapter for that which I consider a happy privilege. I give it because I, too, was a Confederate soldier and because I know the cause I fought for and loved was a just one. I give it to keep

alive that spirit and love of the cause for which the Confederate soldier fought and died.

"May the Daughters of the Confederacy keep the faith and continue in their noble work and transmit to future generations the knowledge of the sacrifices of the Confederate soldier and of the glorious womanhood of the South, who gave freely their husbands and sons to protect their firesides and the sanctity of their homes and country. Daughters, let us all be true, kind, and loving, and so live that in the end we may pass away as sweetly as a sleeping child from a world of strife and suffering to a blissful home where Jesus is welcoming us home."

In accepting the monument, Mayor W. H. Rouse, of Bristol, Va., said:

"Colonel Barker, Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederate Veterans, Citizens: I am speaking for Mayor King and his people of the Tennessee side, as well as for Bristol Virginians, in accepting this monument for our people.

"Out of the depths of a great emotion, out of the warmth of a keen appreciation, out of a sense of spontaneous gratitude, do we recognize the generosity of Colonel Barker in donating this marbled emblem to the people of his city.

"It was not intended to be his own monument; nevertheless, there is no power on this earth that can prevent these and succeeding generations from enshrining him in grateful remembrance as they look upon its shining surface, read its inscriptions, and feel its inspirations. The thought and spirit that conceived and gave this costly memorial are as beautiful as the charming daughter of the donor and her assistants, who are about to unveil it.

"Fitting is it that the memory of the great deeds and heroic sacrifices of the marvelous men and women of the Confederacy should be quickened on this May day, when grass and grain and leaf and flower are attesting the resurrection and the life.

"It is fitting that here, amid the perfumes and breezes and stimulations of the springtime, this occasion should be directed and sponsored and hallowed by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Impressive is the stillness resting upon your souls as this monument is unveiled here in the very presence of a remnant of those veterans to whom it is dedicated, who passed through those dread days of war, all of whom are now wearing a coat of gray bestowed by friendly years and will soon be telling the story of this day's event to that host of their comrades who have laid aside knapsack and sword and musket and hardship and are bivouacked on the fields of a lasting peace and glory.

"Monuments are never needed by those for whom they are erected. It was regarded as necessary to inscribe on the Bunker Hill Monument only the word 'Here,' indicating the place. No word of praise or recital of deed was needed to perpetuate knowledge or memory of the great event. Can any luster be added to the name of Washington, Lee, Jackson, John Howard Payne, to Confederate armies, or to the mothers of the Confederacy by monumental shaft? O no; their lives and deeds and sacrifices and services are recorded in history and country and character and memory more lasting than if in marble and carved word. Yet monuments are erected as a visible, tangible mark of our recognition and veneration of high enterprise and in the hope that little children will stop and ask and learn the story and emulate and grow in mental and moral stature. A monument, after all, is history and love and admiration and inspiration.

"That figure of the lonely rebel up there at the top is tongueless and voiceless and silent, yet so eloquent that across the stretch of almost sixty years we hear the tramp of serried

(Continued on page 157a)

CADET COMPANY OF ALABAMA.

One of the romantic stories of the War between the States is the history of the cadet companies, boys who rendered the service of men on many hard-fought fields; and their deeds will not be forgotten. On the campus of the University of Alabama stands a memorial in bronze and stone giving the record of a company of cadets going from that institution in defense of the Southland. And this was but one of a number of such companies of boys who gave their youthful enthusiasm and faith for a beloved cause.

It was in May, 1863, that a group of students at the University of Alabama, ranging in age from sixteen to eighteen, decided that the War between the States might be over before they could finish their college course, and that the Confederacy needed men anyway, so, constituting themselves a cadet company for service, which was afterwards enlarged, they left the university and entered the army of the South. After two years of arduous service and hard fighting, in which they suffered many casualties, they returned home, the war being over, some of them veterans of many bloody fields at the age of eighteen.

The company as it left the university numbered fifty-two, but it was afterwards recruited, mainly at Montgomery, from the sons of wealthy families until it numbered one hundred and twenty-five. Many counties in the State were represented in the original enlistment, but Montgomery County contributed more members than any other.

When these young fellows left Montgomery after their training service, they were followed by eighty negro servants,

each of whom had been designated by his owner to wait on "Young Marster." When General Forrest, under whom the company served, saw this group of servants, he said: "Well, this is the first time I ever knew I had any nigger troops in my command." Later on, when times got harder and the pressure for food greater, these negroes were sent home.

The officers of this company were: captain, C. P. Storrs; first lieutenant, Drayton Neighbors; second lieutenant, Clay Vaughan; third lieutenant, Ben Fitzpatrick (killed at the battle of Nashville); orderly sergeant, William Whiting.

After its training period in Montgomery, the company went to Pollard, Ala., and from there marched to Mobile, where it became Company F, of the 7th Alabama Regiment. For several months they did picket duty on Mobile Bay. Survivors admit that this was a lively crowd of boys, and that discipline sat lightly upon the young soldiers who had come to fight and not to walk posts. But at last they were sent to join Forrest in West Tennessee, and attached to the fighting brigade of General Rucker, with which they made a record as men of valor. In his history of Forrest's command, Colonel Jordan says of the cadet company at Nashville: "It stood the shock of a heavy attack, fought until it was cut to pieces, and won honorable praise in Forrest's cavalry."

The above was taken from the *Montgomery Advertiser*, and the picture of the four survivors living in Montgomery is used by courtesy of that paper. The following was contributed by George W. Halls, one of the survivors, as some of their experiences:

"In January, 1861, immediately after the State of Alabama seceded from the Union, Governor Moore ordered Colonel



FOUR SURVIVORS OF THE CADET COMPANY LIVING IN MONTGOMERY, ALA.,
Left to right: John B. Metcalf, William B. Whiting, George W. Halls, A. P. Tyson.

Lomax to take the 2nd Alabama Regiment to Pensacola, Fla., to take possession of the navy yards and forts. This took away the four Montgomery companies, leaving but a few companies in the State to honor Mr. Davis upon his inauguration on February 18. A company of boys from the military school in Montgomery was selected to take part in the parade, and among these boys were A. P. Tyson, aged sixteen years; W. B. Whiting, aged fifteen; John Metcalfe, fourteen years and nine months; and George W. Hails, fourteen years and one month. Their arms were flint-and-steel muskets, the same that their fathers fought with in the Seminole War. While Mr. Davis was making his address a dog fight occurred on the Capitol grounds between a large Newfoundland dog and a bull terrier. The boys threw down their guns and went to the fight. To the small dog was the victory, and we thought it prophetic as to the coming battles, and 'twas then the first 'Rebel Yell' was heard at the birth of a nation.

"The 2nd Regiment had come back for the inauguration and went soon after to Virginia; Colonel Lomax was killed the next year. The citizens asked the boys to continue their organization, as all the troops were gone, and by request of the Ladies' Aid Association they helped to bury the first soldier dead in Oakwood Cemetery, firing a salute over the grave.

"In the spring of 1863 a company of university cadets was organized at Tuscaloosa and rendezvoused in Montgomery for a couple of months, then went to Pollard, Ala., and from there to Mobile, but saw little service until 1864, when the company was sent to Corinth, Miss., and placed in Rucker's Brigade, Chalmers' Division, of Forrest's Cavalry; soon they were taken as an escort by General Rosser. These boys were on the raid with Forrest to destroy the gunboats on the Tennessee River, helping to capture two gunboats and two steamers, which were tied up at Paris landing. A little later another gunboat came down the river and opened fire on the captured boats. It was in the middle of the river, just where a big creek emptied. General Chalmers ordered Lieutenant Fitzpatrick to take a squad of boys and go down the creek and shoot into the port holes of the steamer. The lieutenant divided us, eight to each port, waited until the iron apron rose, when he ordered: 'Fire!' We heard our bullets ricochet and the enemy scream, showing that we had done some damage. We reloaded, and soon up came the apron, then another volley, and other screams. Six times they tried to shoot, but our volley would make them drop the apron. At last they turned and went up the river, followed by us for a quarter of a mile, shouting and yelling, so proud that we had whipped a gunboat.

"We then went to Johnsonville, and saw it burn, then to Perryville and crossed the river at midnight in a cold, sleeting rain. We led four horses by the side of each boat, and almost froze. As the horses reached shoal water, we jumped into the river to get warm, as it was so much warmer than the sleet. Going on to Florence, Ala., we joined Hood's army with one regiment and the escort. When we joined the infantry at Florence they gave us a cheer, and exclaimed: 'We thought Forrest had men, but these boys look like school children.' We did picket duty on Shoal Creek until Hood's advance on Nashville. Then it was that we found the enemy at Henryville. Forrest asked for a company to charge the Federal pickets; the cadet company was sent by General Rucker, and captured all the outposts and opened up the fight. Captain Storrs was shot in the hand, Lieutenant Neighbors had his leg broken, and several of the boys were wounded.

"We were up early and had a running fight to Columbia; two days later were at Spring Hill; the next day at Franklin, where the company was used as sharpshooters; then on to

Nashville. There we waited two weeks for the enemy to collect an army and defeat us. We were driven back from the Franklin Pike the first day and again on the second day, crossing the Granny White Pike just before sundown. An officer rode up and told General Rucker to go back and attack the enemy to save the wagon train. He put his men to fighting, and then ran us back to the crossing of the road to Brentwood. We tried to make a barricade of rails, but before we could do so our men came running back, and Rucker told us to stand and rally the men. The enemy was about five to one of us, but we stood the shock, fighting hand to hand, and were badly cut up. Lieutenant Fitzpatrick was mortally wounded and had to be left, but the enemy carried him into Mrs. Sligh's home, where he died. Joel Barnett was also wounded, and one of the cadets helped him to Mrs. Johnson's home; he was shot in the stomach and was bleeding at the mouth and ears.

"About fifteen of us got together down the pike after the fight and ran into our brigade, which had rallied; it was very dark. We were halted and asked, 'What troops?' 'The remnant of the escort.' Colonel White, then in command, said to us: 'God bless you, boys. You have fought enough to-night. Go to the Franklin Pike and wait for me.'

"Joel Barnett had been taken off the rolls as dead, but he was nursed back to health by Mrs. Johnson, and came back from Camp Chase in July after the surrender. He was a great joker and mimic, and became a great friend of Gov. Bob Taylor.

"Our company was sent to South Alabama in March, 1865, and was ahead of Wilson's raid, and fought its last battle at Columbus, Ga. We were then ordered to go to Gainesville, Ala., to surrender with General Forrest."

THE SOUTHERN PROTEUS.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

PART V.

The Chief finished the memorandum he had been writing and turned to his visitor, who had ensconced himself in a comfortable armchair and was gazing unconcernedly around the room.

"So you have a plan, Weston, whereby you think that we can lay our hands on this infernal fellow, Omahundry?"

Weston smiled tolerantly. "I don't *think* anything about it, Chief. If my plan is adopted, I *know* we can capture him."

The Chief had heard this sort of talk before, but Weston was one of his best men, and he was impressed in spite of the failure of his former efforts to rid himself of his dangerous enemy.

"He is the shrewdest man in the Confederate secret service to-day, Ed. He gave Stonewall Jackson the information that enabled him to drive Banks from the Valley. I would give anything in reason to be rid of him. What is your plan?"

"As you will recall," explained Weston, "our men yesterday apprehended a rebel agent by the name of Hardin, who for some reason, was leaving the service in the West and going to Richmond. We believe he sought the transfer because he is a Kentuckian and feared the risk of detection in spying on our Western army, where Kentuckians from his own neighborhood are numerous, whereas, in the East he would be among strangers and the risk would be much less. Be that as it may, however, he bore letters from his superior in the West recommending his transfer and praising him in the highest terms to the chief at Richmond. The Confederates know nothing of Hardin's fate. It would be comparatively

easy for me to take the credentials we have found on him and palm myself off on the Confederate service as Hardin. I could thus insinuate myself into the good graces of the department and learn how and where their emissaries meet Omahundry here in Washington."

"Your plan is open to one serious objection," said the Chief, thoughtfully. "If you seek to pass through their lines, from this side, after having passed through ours, your story will be bound to arouse suspicion, as Hardin's natural course would have taken him to Richmond from the south. Such a suspicion would be fatal to you, as any investigation would clearly reveal that you were not Hardin. Two of our men have been shot in similar attempts during the last two weeks."

"Your view of the impracticability of my entering Richmond from this side, as Hardin, is correct," agreed Weston. "This difficulty would, at any other time, render the plan improbable of success. As luck would have it, however, I have just stumbled by accident upon means of entering Richmond from the south."

"Explain yourself," directed the Chief.

"About two weeks ago," resumed Weston evenly, "I met a country fellow by the name of James Brown. He is one of your simple, credulous, and easily deceived farmers, who, nevertheless, knows every foot of land for seventy miles around Richmond. In a casual, roundabout way, I succeeded in learning from him that he frequently wiggled through our lines and those of the Confederates and entered Richmond from the south, which he found to be the easiest way. He goes there to see a girl who is an ardent Union sympathizer, like himself. She wishes to leave Richmond, but he is afraid to try to run the lines with her, as the hardships to be endured are too great. So, instead, he visits her regularly, taking her money, and, sometimes, provisions to enable her to be as comfortable as circumstances will permit."

"Have you informed him of your scheme?" shrewdly inquired the Chief.

"Lord no," laughed Weston, "he is much too ignorant and countrified a clown to be intrusted with a secret like that. He doesn't dream that I am interested in the war, and, while he is an ardent Unionist, I have given him no intimation whatever of the real object of my visit to Richmond."

"How did you go at him?"

"After learning that he could run the lines and enter from the south, I interested him in a proposition to smuggle into Richmond such merchandise as we could carry on our backs and of a kind for which we could realize a high price in that city. He became quite willing, after I had offered buy to the merchandise and to divide the profits."

"When can you leave here?"

"To-night."

"And when, and how, may I expect to hear from you? Once you enter their service, you will not be able to leave Richmond whenever you choose, you know."

"I realize that fact and have provided accordingly. When I discover how they communicate with Omahundry here in Washington, I will write the name by which he is known and the address where he may be found on a slip of paper and secrete it under the works of my watch, where it will not be seen and where it will not interfere with the running qualities of the watch. I will then learn from Brown when he is returning to Washington and ask him in a casual way to take the watch with him and deliver it to you at your hotel, which he will be glad to do, I am sure."

"You know in what name to leave it?"

"Sure."

"I'll see you are not molested in passing through our lines,

I wouldn't want to arouse Brown's suspicions by giving you a passport, though."

"Another thing," added Weston, "that I wish you would attend to. I had almost forgotten. There is a fellow who seems to be around every time I meet Brown. He apparently pays us no mind, but I feel that he is keeping one or both of us under surveillance all the time. If he is one of the enemy's agents, he might follow us and make it warm for me. I wish you would detail Blake and Elliott to follow us past our lines without seeming to notice us. If this man follows us, I will pass the signal to Blake and Elliott, and they can arrest and hold him on some pretext while we go on."

"I will do that, as you suggest."

"Good-by, old man; luck to you."

They shook hands gravely, in parting, and Weston hurried out to make arrangements to leave Washington that night.

As he had surmised, when he boarded the train that night on his way to the Union lines, he discovered among his fellow passengers the suspicious person of whom he had spoken to the Chief. He was a neatly dressed man of medium height and wore a light felt hat. He occupied a seat with another man, who was evidently a stranger, as they did not converse with each other. He did not, in fact, appear to notice anyone in the car, but was so seated that he could constantly observe Weston and Brown.

"It's a good thing I had the Chief to detail Blake and Elliott to take care of that fellow," thought Weston; "I believe he is watching us for a purpose."

Very quietly and unostentatiously he passed Blake and Elliott the prearranged signal to take care of the well-dressed man. When the train stopped at the station where he had arranged to get off, and he arose with Brown to leave the car, he noticed with satisfaction that Blake and Elliott had jammed themselves in the aisle of the car in such a manner as to compel both the well-dressed man and his seat mate to be the last to leave the car. This would enable them to arrest him without exciting any notice whatever.

Thus relieved of the unwelcome company of the well-dressed man, he put himself in the hands of his simple companion and melted through the lines of the two armies in a fashion it bewildered him to think of afterwards. He had the satisfaction of entering from the south without any mishaps. After entering the lines, he left Brown and retraced his steps until he found himself again outside the lines. He then advanced again and made himself known to the sentry and, in due course, was sent under escort to headquarters, where he presented his credentials and, to his great delight, was assigned almost immediately to service in the office of the chief of the secret service.

"The work is not very exciting," explained that dignitary, "but it will enable you to get an insight into our methods and may be of incalculable benefit to you when I place you in active service, as I hope to do soon. We always like to have our men work under our eyes for a time before sending them out. The experience they gain in this manner helps them greatly to avoid the traps the enemy sets for them."

"It is a good system, then," complimented Weston.

"I have been needing a man of your caliber for some time," confided the chief. "It is becoming necessary for me to use more secrecy in my personal movements than I have done heretofore. This prevents me from giving the same attention as formerly to certain details of the service. While we are very careful in such matters, it is not impossible that one of the enemy should work into my presence as one of our own spies. There are times when such a man could cause irreparable harm to the South by shooting me, as I often have infor-

mation of extreme importance that would perish with me. There are men daring enough to do this and die for it without a whimper. To avoid such an occurrence, and for the good of the service, I have decided to use you as a buffer between myself and some of our agents here and in the North. I will have them report to you and you will report to me. You will have charge of those in Baltimore and Washington."

Weston's heart leaped as he realized that the enemy was playing into his hands. He controlled himself with an effort, however, and answered dubiously: "Don't you think you should have a man with more experience along this line, Chief? Of course, I'm willing to do my best, but I'd hate to have any of your plans upset by a blunder of mine."

The Chief beamed upon him graciously. "Your answer makes me more determined than ever," he declared; "it shows your devotion to the cause. You have plenty of experience for the place. Anyway, I'll give you a trial."

"Very well," agreed Weston, laughing in his sleeve at the ease of his success. "What will be the nature of my duties?"

The Chief tapped with his fingers upon the desk. "You will take a room at the Southern Hotel, where you will receive reports from our agents in Washington and Baltimore. You will also deliver to the proper parties such messages as we care to forward to our agents in those cities. Report to me in person at two o'clock each afternoon."

"Yes, sir," and, restraining his elation with difficulty, Weston left the room, sure of the success of his plans.

This feeling of joy received rather a shock, however, as he strolled carelessly along toward the Southern Hotel. For, looking casually ahead, he observed, a hundred feet away, the figure of the well-dressed man whom he thought he had left behind him in Washington.

"Blake and Elliott must have arrested the man who was sitting by him, and let this one go," he thought irritably.

To escape detection as best he could, he turned his back to the approaching foe and looked over the wares in a merchant's window. He could note the approach of the man by his reflection in the glass of the window. Much to his relief and joy, the unwelcome stranger passed without an apparent sign of recognition or notice.

"I'll have to be more careful how I go about the streets as long as that fellow is here. I don't like his ways at all," thought Weston, as he made his way to the hotel.

Entering actively upon his duties, he worked with a zest, receiving information and transmitting messages to various agents. On the fourth day he discovered that which he sought. In the privacy of his room that night he wrote upon a tiny slip of paper the following words: "Thomas Parker, 431 Colonial Avenue." The meaning of this address was: "Omahundry is known as Thomas Parker and resides at 431 Colonial Avenue, Washington, D. C." He carefully inserted this slip of paper under the works of his watch, as he had prearranged with the Chief at Washington, and replaced the timepiece in his pocket.

"Thank God, that part is over," he muttered. "All I'll have to do now is to start Brown back to Washington. The watch will be safe by to-morrow night."

He took dinner with Brown the next day and managed to have a private talk with him afterwards.

"When will you return to Washington?" he asked, puffing at his cigar.

"Whenever you want to go," answered Brown.

"I will be detained here a month," explained Weston.

"Gee whiz," moaned Brown. "I can go to Washington and back again in that time."

"I wont mind your doing that if you want to make the trip, although it will be lonesome here without you."

"I expect I'll have to go," answered Brown reluctantly. "I have some important matters to attend to there. I'm sorry to leave you, but I'll be back soon."

Weston drew the watch from his pocket with an air of carelessness that completely deceived the countryman.

"Brown," he remarked nonchalantly, "here is a watch I borrowed from a friend before leaving Washington. In the haste of our departure I forgot to return it. His name is James Carr, and he lives at the Willard Hotel. I wish you would accommodate me by delivering it to him at that place when you return to Washington."

"I'll be glad to do it," agreed Brown, stowing the timepiece away in a pocket. "But you'd better write down the name so I'll not forget it."

This Weston did.

"Give Carr my regards and thank him for the loan of the watch," he again admonished as he parted from Brown.

"Another day or so and my work will be done," he reflected happily as the door closed upon the countryman.

That night he slept soundly and also the two following nights, slept, indeed, as he had not done before in Richmond.

Several days later when he reported to the Chief, that personage seemed preoccupied.

"Take a chair, sir," he commanded.

Weston sat down.

"I have some important matters I wish to talk over with you and two of your subordinates," explained the Chief, as he rang a bell on the desk. The door opened and two men of powerful stature entered the room. Instinctively Weston felt what was coming.

"Arrest this man," directed the Chief, pointing to Weston.

The men seized him securely and pinned him to his chair.

"There's no use resisting, Weston," advised the Chief.

"We are on to your spying game. The jig is up with you now."

Weston simulated intense amazement. "You must be dreaming, Chief," he laughed. "I wonder who put such a notion into your head."

"Do you mean to deny that you are Ed Weston, of the United States Secret Service?"

Weston laughed heartily. "It's almost too rich a joke for me to deny it, Chief. But I would like to know where you ever got such a notion."

"That wish shall be gratified," said the Chief coldly, as he again rang the bell. Weston's eyes lighted in surprise as the door opened and a man entered leading Brown by the arm. His heart grew cold at the sight of the latter. He had thought the countryman was in Washington by this time.

"They captured him," he thought. "Well, I'll bluff it out anyway."

The Chief pointed toward Weston, who was still held by the two men who had first come into the room. "Who is this man, Joe?" he asked familiarly of Brown.

"His name is Mr. Ed Weston," replied Brown, simply. "He came to Richmond with me."

Weston's iron nerve stood the ordeal magnificently. "I never saw you before," he declared coldly. "Who the devil are you, anyway?"

Brown laughed softly.

"Ordinarily," he replied, "I do not care for one of the enemy to know both my name and my person. But, being as you are to be shot in a couple of hours, I'll make an exception to the rule in your favor. I'm Omahundry."

THE STRATEGY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY COL. MAGNUS H. THOMPSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Continued from March number.)

It is interesting and highly instructive to review this campaign, which closed with the battle of Cross Keys and Port Republic. It occupied just three months from the evacuation of Winchester, March 11, when Jackson fell back with about 4,500 badly armed and equipped men before Banks with 30,000, to the 11th of June, when Fremont and Shields were in full retreat for the lower Valley and Jackson was resting in the triple forks of the Shenandoah, the acknowledged hero of one of, if not the most, famous campaigns in history. Attacking Shields's Division at Kernstown with but 2,700 men forced the recall of Banks's main force, then moving to reinforce the army moving toward Richmond, and thus delaying its operation. During these operations Jackson had marched more than 500 miles and fought five pitched battles, besides numerous engagements. On June 11, General Lee wrote to Jackson: "Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country; the admiration excited by your skill and boldness has mingled with solicitude for your situation." So impressed were Fremont and Banks with the idea that Jackson, with 50,000 men, was preparing to attack them again, that they wired to the authorities at Washington on the 12th: "Jackson is heavily reinforced and advancing." On the 19th, "No doubt a movement down the Valley with 30,000 or more is intended;" and on the 22d, "We are still on the lookout for Jackson and Ewell," and on the 28th, when Jackson had joined Lee in front of Richmond and was actually fighting McClellan, Banks still believed Jackson meditated an attack in the Valley. McDowell remained in the Valley, owing to the defeat at Cross Keys and Port Republic, not knowing what Jackson might again do.

The object of his delay in the Valley being accomplished, Jackson left on June 17, leaving his cavalry there and ordering it to continue its demonstration down the Valley. He reached Richmond on the 26th, and on the 27th was in line of battle ready to fall on McClellan's right and participate in the great battle of Gaines's Mill and become a potent factor in winning the victory of the seven days of battle around Richmond.

As evidence of the estimate our foes put upon Jackson, it is worth quoting Swinton, the Federal historian, on Jackson in this campaign: "Jackson made great captures of stores and prisoners, but this was not its chief result. Without gaining a single tactical victory, he had yet achieved a great strategic victory, for by skillfully maneuvering 15,000 men he succeeded in neutralizing a force of 60,000. It is not too much to say that he saved Richmond, for when McClellan was expecting McDowell's aid with 40,000 men, Jackson's victories in the Valley necessitated McDowell's return to the Valley."

On July 1, the last day of the seven days' battles around Richmond was fought at Malvern Hill. On the 2nd McClellan began his retreat to Harrison Landing, where he would rest under the protection of the gunboats. Passing to the next stage of operations, on July 13, 1862, Lee ordered Jackson to Gordonville, the same day that Maj. Gen. John Pope took command of the armies of Fremont, Banks, and McDowell and organized it as the "Army of Virginia." These forces had left the Valley of the Shenandoah and were encamped near Sperryville, located in the lovely cove of Piedmont, Va.

Ewell's and Winder's Divisions joined Jackson, and on the 27th 12,000 of A. P. Hill's were added. Pope's strategic force on August 7 was 36,500 men, but his tactic force was but a

part of that, and Jackson knew it; this partial force was 8,000 men of Banks, (an old Valley acquaintance of Jackson's men), in an advance camp across the Rapidan by a concealed road. The following morning Jackson opened battle, and one of the most hotly contested fights ensued, the advantage oscillating from one side to the other until, late in the day, the enemy gave way with fearful loss, and Jackson, as usual, became the victor. Thus ended the battle of Slaughter Mountain. On August 9, Jackson telegraphed Lee: "God blessed our arms with another victory." Jackson's loss was 1,314, and that of the Federals, 2,393, Pope's progress having been effectually checked by Jackson. The pressure from Washington was so great that Pope had to respond, and on August 14, General Reno having reinforced him, giving him a total of 50,000 men, he disposed his army from the crossing of the Robertson River to Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan. Lee, expecting this, on the 13th of August ordered Longstreet to Gordonville and R. H. Henderson to follow, McClellan having moved from Harrison Landing toward Fort Monroe. On August 16, Jackson, moving secretly, put his command behind the outlying Clarks Mountain Range, covering Raccoon and Somerville Fords of the Rapidan.

On the 19th, Lee determined to strike Pope and defeat him before the great force of McClellan could join him. It was decided by Lee and Jackson that we should turn Pope's right and put our army between him and Washington, cutting his line of communication, supplies, and retreat. On the 25th, Jackson's command, with the addition of Walker, McLaws, and D. H. Hill's divisions, began his march, taking only ambulances and ordnance wagons, the troops carrying scant three-day rations, and they covered twenty-five miles the first day, reaching Salem. On the 26th they reached Bristoe Station after a march of twenty-four miles. Jackson, with his 2,000 enthusiastic men, was then in Pope's rear and within four miles of Manassas Junction, which was soon reached and a harvest of good things and train loads of supplies were captured; those they could not remove were destroyed. Pope's communication with Washington was cut off, and he was in a box. Longstreet, on the 28th, was slow in getting under way, as usual, so did not reach Thoroughfare Gap, but seven miles from his camp, until three in the afternoon, to find that important way, the gate he must pass though to reach Jackson's right, held by Rickett and a Federal division. After quite a contest, the way was cleared and Longstreet passed through, encamping east of Bull Run Mountain and in eight miles of the battle field of Groveton Heights, where Jackson was hotly engaged with King's Division of Pope's army, and anxiously awaiting the coming of Lee and Longstreet. Fitz-John Porter could not find his way through the darkness of the night to Manassas to bag Jackson, even with lighted candles, but Jackson and his men somehow found the way to their destination. Following this expedition came the severe battle fought almost entirely by Jackson's army, Longstreet on three occasions during the battle positively refusing to obey Lee's order for him to relieve the pressure on Jackson. The losses from the Rappahannock to the Potomac were reported by Jackson as 805 killed, 3,574 wounded; and 35 missing, total 4,387. The battle of Groveton was a great victory for the Confederates, the Federals in the same campaign reporting their losses as 1,747 killed, 8,452 wounded, and 4,263 captured; total 14,462.

The Federals, defeated at the next move by Jackson at Chantilly, retired from the field and sought safety with the rest of their army within the fortifications of Washington. In four short months the Army of Northern Virginia had, with its 80,000 men, met and driven Banks, Fremont, McDowell,

McClellan, and Pope, with their 200,000 veteran troops, from far within the bounds of Virginia in disastrous defeat and retreat beyond its borders.

Resting on their laurels until September 3, the invasion of Maryland was decided upon, and the army, with Jackson in advance, moved to Leesburg and thence to Frederick, Md., to the martial strains of "Maryland, my Maryland," the men cheering and shouting with delight. In the meantime McClellan was reinstated in command of the Federal army and had collected some 90,000 men and began his march to attack Lee. Banks, with 75,000 men, was retained at Washington, not knowing what Lee and Jackson might do. Desiring to draw McClellan farther from his base, Lee crossed the South Mountain and moved toward Hagerstown, sending Jackson by Williamsport and Martinsburg to fall upon and capture a force of 11,000 men holding Harper's Ferry, which was done in schedule time. In the meantime the much talked of "lost dispatch" gave McClellan a clue to the situation, and he moved to attack and destroy Lee's army in detail, attacking D. H. Hill, Lee's rear guard, and forcing the gap. Thus Lee was compelled to recall Longstreet as well as Jackson, who, upon the surrender of Harper's Ferry, left A. P. Hill to parole the 11,000 prisoners and send the captured stores and ninety pieces of artillery up the Valley, while he, but a few hours at the ferry, rushed to Lee's relief, who was preparing to give battle at Sharpsburg, reaching the field the evening of the 16th and taking position on Lee's extreme left near the Dunkard Church. The battle opened with the light of day on the 17th, and for fierceness and sanguinary results equalled if not surpassed, for the time of its duration (being but one day), any in the annals of war.

The following day, September 18, was spent quietly, the armies facing each other, with Lee anxious to renew the fight, but McClellan declined a further contest, and, when night closed, Lee's army quietly retired to the Virginia side of the river. Longstreet left the Valley November 6 to confront McClellan, who was undertaking a new "On to Richmond," McClellan then being at Warrenton. Jackson was left in the Valley as a menace to McClellan's right, as he would hesitate to push far into Virginia so long as that ever-ready fighter and unconquerable leader remained in the lower Valley, to him the land of victory, to McClellan that of defeat and disaster.

At this date the Federal force behind the Rappahannock numbered 125,000 men, 80,000 held the defense of Washington, and 22,000 watched the portals of the Shenandoah Valley at Harper's Ferry. Lee at this time had less than 72,000 in the two corps, including his cavalry. Not satisfied with McClellan's tardiness, Lincoln supplanted him in command at Warrenton by Burnside, who at once hastened to execute an "On to Richmond" by way of Fredericksburg. Lee at once moved Longstreet to Fredericksburg. Jackson was ordered to follow Longstreet and, deceiving his enemy in the Valley, he crossed the mountain at New Market, thence to Orange Courthouse, and thence to Fredericksburg, where they began to fortify and prepare for battle. On the 12th the enemy advanced, the engagement began, and a fearful battle was waged, but victory perched upon our banners, and Burnside retired to the north bank of the Rappahannock. "They went as they came, in the night." This ended the campaign of 1862.

On January 26, 1863, Major General Joseph Hooker took command of the Federal army, displacing Burnside, and speedily restored the army's efficiency and brought its strength up to nearly 134,000.

On April 13, the Federal general began to open up the campaign. Jackson's forces moved within four miles of Chancellorsville on May 1, and drove back Hooker's skirmish-

ers, who were in the act of opening the way to Fredericksburg. When Jackson reached Tabernacle Church, he found Anderson and ordered an advance to meet the one he shrewdly supposed Hooker was already making, and the issue of battle was joined in the field between Chancellorsville and Tabernacle Church.

Sykes's Division was flanked by Jackson and repulsed by McLaws, while Anderson turned back Slocum's Twelfth Corps with loss, compelling Hooker to seek protection behind Sickles's line in front of Chancellorsville, and that night Lee and Jackson bivouacked together. The following morning Jackson, with his entire corps, started his flank movement first southward, then southwestward, to the Brock road, thence northwestward to the plank road, thus traveling nearly the entire front of Hooker's position, and, turning to the right, formed his command in three lines of battle. The audacity of Jackson's flank movement, by which Lee was entirely detached from the larger part of his army, was only equalled by the audacity of Lee himself in his willingness to confront and attempt to hold in place the great mass of Hooker's army with only the two divisions of Anderson and McLaws. The dense forest in Hooker's front prevented his seeing the small force that was opposed to him.

Thus he was held by this small force all day while Jackson was eagerly and swiftly marching around his right flank. At sunrise on May 2, Jackson began his march with Rodes commanding D. H. Hill's old division in front, followed by Colston and A. P. Hill's 26,000 war-hardened veterans, led by Jackson in person, with four regiments of cavalry led by Stuart and Fitz Lee protecting his flanks. Reaching the flank and surveying the ground at 5 P.M. Saturday, May 2, two hours before the setting sun, just as a magnificent rainbow sprang its prismatic arch across the western sky in rear of his line of battle, Jackson ordered an advance. With a wild "rebel yell" that startled the silence that reigned in the wilderness, his veterans rushed forward and fell upon Howard's Corps holding Hooker's right, at that time engaged in cooking supper. A panic ensued, and Howard's men rushed along the turnpike toward Chancellorsville, sweeping all organization along with them.

Nothing could stand against Jackson's assault, and they fled en route to Chancellorsville, two miles away. Our line advanced to the crossroad within one mile of Chancellorsville, and rested to reorganize the command and form a new line with A. P. Hill's men. Jackson, with his staff and escort, rode forward along the turnpike through the twilight, intensified by the heavy forest on each side, and up to his skirmish line to reconnoiter. The accompanying engineers even rode up to a Federal battery, which had halted in the road and where one of them was captured, so Jackson and staff turned back and rode in a trot toward his lines, newly formed by A. P. Hill's men, when one called out, "A Yankee cavalry charge!" Without orders, the 18th North Carolina fired a volley which desperately wounded Jackson and killed Captain Boswell and one of his escorts. General Jackson was removed at once to the field hospital near "Old Wilderness Tavern," where his arm was amputated. When General Lee was informed of Jackson's wound, he sadly remarked: "Any victory is dearly bought which deprives us of the services of General Jackson, even for a short time."

After the close of the fighting on May 3, at Chancellor's burning house, Colonel Marshall handed Lee a message of congratulation from General Jackson. With a trembling voice General Lee said: "Say to General Jackson the victory is *his* and congratulations are due to him. I forget the genius that

won the day in my reverence for generosity that refused the glory."

Lee's losses during the Fredericksburg-Chancellorsville campaign were 13,000, among whom were the flower of his veteran army officers. The brave Paxton fell leading the Stonewall Brigade, and, above all, the matchless Jackson, Lee's "right arm," as he called him, and the main reliance of the Confederacy for the success of its cause. While the great hero lingered in life near Guineys, Lee sent him many messages and, when informed that his wound would probably prove fatal, he said: "Surely General Jackson must recover, God will not take him from us now that we need him so much." Jackson died on Sunday, May 10, 1863.

The zenith of his achievements that bespoke the dawn of success was closed by his untimely death. The flank attack made by Jackson on Hooker's army at Chancellorsville, the last of his remarkable achievements, is recognized by military experts as the greatest tactical masterpiece of the nineteenth century. When he passed away the hope of success vanished. Had he lived, the independence of that "new-born nation" would have been realized and to-day our beloved Southland would be revelling in the enjoyment of unalloyed peace and happiness. He is dead, but his marvelous achievements will never die.

There was but one *Stonewall*.

BOY SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Some of the unique and distinctive incidents of our Confederate history are slipping into oblivion. Shall we let them go and allow the gallant names which are associated with them to be forgotten, or shall we realize that all the South gained by four years of bitter war is the record of its heroes? Some of these stories, which the boys and girls cannot find this year for their programs because the books in which they are written have become rare, would fit so perfectly into the tales of chivalry, that *Cœur de Lion* would have enjoyed telling them on some starry night in Palestine; and if we found them in the pages of Sir Thomas Mallory we would all prize them and tell them to our children. No one knows the exact date when King Arthur ruled in Britain, but it was certainly before the Roman Conquest, which places it in the vicinity of two thousand years ago. If I had chosen for the Children of the Confederacy program twelve subjects from the lives and adventures of the Knights of the Round Table, all the data would have been perfectly accessible. If I had chosen that great classic of antiquity, the Trojan War, any good encyclopedia would have supplied sufficient details for those who did not care to consult the many translations of Homer and Vergil; but when I chose a few names of boy soldiers of the Confederacy, heroes of a conflict which closed just fifty-seven years ago, a great and mighty wail comes to me per post, and I have a presentiment that the wailers are probably the only people who are conscientiously willing to attempt that difficult, and it would seem, impossible, thing of finding out a few facts about events which are familiar to veterans now living.

First comes the question: Is the Historian General aware of the fact that "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," by Mrs. Susan R. Hull, is out of print? Anyone who knows anything about books of that kind will hazard two guesses: they are either out of print or going out of print, and they are never, never going back into print. This is pretty nearly an axiom in Southern literature. But the fact that a book cannot be

bought except by the patient booklover does not mean that it has disappeared. Somewhere those books can be located, sometimes in private libraries, often in State libraries, and frequently in the lists sent out by those who specialize, like the Ruebush-Elkins Co., of Dayton, Va., in certain lines of historical work. The real object of the Historian General was to call attention to the fact that we are permitting the young people of our country to seek their inspirations in alien lands. Their spiritual homes will be across the sea in New England. There is not now, and there has never been, in the entire South any periodical which ranks with *The Youth's Companion* or *St. Nicholas* for juveniles. Even the little Sunday school papers we use are apt to carry the Chicago postmark. The inevitable result is that stories of the boys in gray are conspicuously absent from current literature. If we can call them back from this mental exile and teach them that honor and courage have always been the high virtues of the South, we establish for them a standard by which they can estimate the true values of life, and we implant in their hearts the compelling tradition of a hereditary knighthood whose accolade is won by character, and by character alone.

With this preamble, explaining the wherefore of the C. of C. program, I shall briefly relate the stories which compose the May and June subjects, and in succeeding numbers of the *VETERAN* I shall take up "Jack Jouet's Ride" and the "Immortal Six Hundred."

When Arkansas seceded, as a result of the call for troops by President Lincoln to coerce the seven Confederate States to return to the Union, the boys of St. John's College, at Little Rock, in age from fourteen to nineteen years, enlisted in the 1st Arkansas Regiment, and their teachers became officers in the regiment. Virginia seceded for the same reason, and the capital of the Confederacy was moved from Montgomery to Richmond. Very soon it was apparent that Virginia would be invaded, for the cry, "On to Richmond," was the slogan of the Federal armies which were rapidly assembling. The 1st Arkansas entrained for the Virginia camps and became a part of the command which Stonewall Jackson made immortal—perhaps he would say which made him immortal—for Jackson always insisted that the name Stonewall belonged to the brigade. The first real battle of the war in which they took part was on July 20 and 21, 1861, at Manassas, sometimes called Bull Run. The best account of Jackson's campaigns is found in "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," by Col. G. F. R. Henderson, of the British army.

Jackson was the most truthful of men, but when it came to military tactics he could deceive in a way to make a confirmed liar feel paltry. For instance, on July 18, he marched out of Winchester in exactly the opposite direction from his real destination. After advancing a few miles, the men were halted, and the following order was read to them: "Our gallant army, under General Beauregard, is now attacked by overwhelming numbers. The commanding general hopes that his troops will step out like men and make a forced march to save the country." It was on that night, when the men sank to sleep exhausted, that Jackson's attention was called to the fact that no pickets had been placed around the bivouac. "Let the poor fellows sleep; I will guard the camp myself," was the reply, and through the long night watches he was the sole sentinel on duty.

The celerity with which the 1st Arkansas marched earned for them from President Davis and General Beauregard the proud title of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry," and they were allowed to inscribe it upon their banner. While the brigade lay awaiting attack, in the hot July sun which shone upon

Manassas, the boys from Arkansas noticed a spring not far from the lines, right under fire of the Federal batteries. Three of them, under sixteen, names unknown, volunteered to fill some canteens with water. Cautiously they advanced, but not so cautiously as to escape the eye of the Federal gunneis, and there was a flash and a roar from the cannon. The spring was safely reached, the canteens filled, and there remained the simple little matter of returning through a barrage aimed at them. But the firing had ceased, and from the battery a blue rider advanced, waved his hat at the boys, and, accompanied by the cheers of friend and foe, the boys regained their lines and the thirsty Confederates drank the water, which must have reminded them of another soldier, centuries ago, who wished for the water from the well in Bethlehem, and poured it out as an oblation because his three valiant men had put their lives in jeopardy to obtain it.

After three years the 1st Arkansas Regiment had their revenge, the kind which is sweetest. At the battle of Kenesaw, on June 27, 1864, their colonel, W. H. Martin, observed that the woods in front of his position were on fire and the wounded Federal soldiers lying in them would be burned. He tied a handkerchief around his ramrod, and, mounting the parapet, he waved this miniature flag of truce and shouted to the enemy: "Come and remove your wounded; they are burning to death. We will not fire a gun until you get them away. Be quick." Confederates and Federals mingled in the work of rescue, and a Federal major was so impressed that he drew from his belt a brace of pistols and presented them to Colonel Martin, saying: "Accept them with my appreciation of the nobility of this deed. It deserves to be perpetuated to the deathless honor of every one of you concerned in it; and should you fight a thousand other battles, and win a thousand other victories, you will never win another so noble as this."

There was a battery known as Parker's Boy Battery, composed of boys from Maryland and Georgia, which advanced into Pennsylvania with Lee, and, when the retreat began after the battle of Gettysburg, they remained in position, holding back the enemy because it never occurred to them that an unsupported battery had been left. A Confederate officer rode up and asked Captain Parker why he had not retired. He replied that he had no orders to do so. Immediately giving the order, the Boy Battery slowly obeyed and followed the long gray lines, the officers still facing the foe until distance hid them from view. This was not any burning deck and has not inspired poetry, but it was just as fine a proof of fidelity and discipline.

John Krenson, of Savannah, was the boy who could not leave before the battle. In this day of evasion and side-stepping, it is good to remember this Georgia boy, who was a true bondsman of duty. John Krenson fought in the battle of Manassas, was wounded, and returned home on furlough. Learning that McClellan was in sight of Richmond with a great army, he went back, but was given an honorable discharge, because he was not strong enough for active service. He reported to his regiment just the same, for he wished to help in the battle, and died on the skirmish line at Mechanicsville among the first who fell.

Henry Albert Roby, of Baltimore, like many another Maryland boy, slipped across the Potomac and joined the Confederate army. He was just eighteen. He was assigned to the 1st Maryland Regiment, and at Gettysburg he distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry. The caisson to the gun had been lost, and Roby got ammunition for it under fire. He fought to the end of the war, and when the Spanish-American war came he wrote a poem calling on blue and gray

to fight together. One does not worry about the meter of that kind of a war poem.

Thomas Jackson Waters, also of Maryland, joined the Virginia cavalry when he was eighteen years old. He was captured and sent first to the old Capital Prison and then transferred to Point Lookout. How to escape is the perennial thought of all prisoners. Two of his companions were discussing plans to get away by swimming the Potomac. Waters said he could not swim. They offered to help him, and so the trio eluded the guard, concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and when night came each secured a plank and started across the darkling waters. About halfway over the two men said: "Well, good-by, Waters; every man for himself." There he was, with a plank between him and eternity. He held on, however, in a prayerful frame of mind, no doubt, and was washed ashore about dawn on the secession side of the river. The two companions landed almost simultaneously, and all rejoined their commands. Waters fought through the war and lived many years afterwards, always loyal to the cause he had chosen.

These are just a few flowers gathered in the asphodel fields of Memory and should not be allowed to fade. There are hundreds more which establish an unsurpassed roll of valor.

A boy soldier lay ready for a dangerous operation in a hospital where Miss Emily V. Mason was nursing. She was a Christian and spoke to him of his condition, adding, "Don't you think you had better make your peace with God?" He answered: "When a boy dies in defense of his country, he has made his peace with God already."

So we would fain believe, and as these warrior saints, crowned with eternal youth, pass beyond our ken, we picture them as faring forth with Percival and Galahad upon some nobler quest beyond the walls of paradise.

THE ROLL OF HONOR, C. S. A.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

The Confederate soldier up to 1864 was magnificent, and from then to the finish he was sublime, and, in my opinion, not only those mentioned but every "ragged rebel" who was killed, disabled, or stayed to the bitter finish should have his name written on a "Roll of Honor," to be carried down to futurity to prove that in those days there were *men*.

Realizing that there should be some award for special acts of gallantry on the part of officers and enlisted men of the Confederate army, the following order was issued:

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 93.

"The Congress of the Confederate States do enact that the President be and hereby is authorized to bestow medals upon such officers as shall be conspicuous for good conduct and courage on the field of battle, and also a badge of distinction upon one enlisted man of each company after every signal victory it shall have assisted to achieve. The enlisted men of the company who may be present on the first dress parade thereafter may choose, by a majority of their votes, the man best entitled to receive such distinction and whose name shall be communicated to the President by the commanding officer of the company. If the award shall fall on a deceased soldier, the badge then awarded him shall be delivered to his widow; and if there is no widow, to any relative the President may adjudge entitled to receive it.

"Approved October 13, 1862.

S. COOPER,

"Adjutant and Inspector General."

For various reasons, principally the lack of funds I presume, the above order had not been carried out, and as it was causing some dissatisfaction in the army, the following order was issued:

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., OCTOBER 3, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 131.

"Difficulties in procuring the medals and badges having delayed their presentation, and to avoid postponing the grateful recognition of their valor until it can be made in enduring form, it is ordered:

"1. That the names of all those who have been, or may hereafter be, reported as worthy of this distinction be inscribed on a Roll of Honor, to be preserved in this office for reference in all future times, for those who have deserved well of their country, as having best displayed their courage and devotion on the field of battle.

"2. That the Roll of Honor, so far as now made up, be appended to this order and read at the head of every regiment in the service at the first dress parade after its receipt and be published in at least one newspaper in each State.

"S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General.*"

Finding that there was some misunderstanding in regard to making the selection for the roll, the following order was published:

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., AUGUST 10, 1864.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 64.

"Should more than one soldier be hereafter selected by a company as equal in merit, the name to be announced upon the Roll will be determined by lot. Commissioned officers are not to be selected by vote, but a statement of their special good conduct should be made by their immediate commanders and forwarded to this office.

"S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General.*"

The commissioned officers, according to the last order, were chosen by the same method as the British use in awarding their Victoria Cross, and, as there are several noncommissioned officers on the Roll, such as sergeant majors and color bearers, not belonging to any company, they must have been chosen by the same method. Gen. Johnson Hagood recommended his orderly, Private J. D. Stoney, 27th South Carolina Infantry, for gallantry at Petersburg, Va., and General Ripley recommended five enlisted men of the South Carolina troops—Sergeant Edgerton, Privates Martin, DuBarry, Grimbail, and F. K. Higer, acting as signalmen—for bravery in carrying out their duties under a severe fire at Fort Gregg, S. C.

The law in regard to the enlisted men, shared in under certain conditions by the British army with their Cross, is, I think, open to some criticism, as it might have given rise, at times, to some politics, and no doubt there are the names of some of this class on the Roll. There are a large number of sergeants mentioned while the corporals are fewer, which might lead us to think that the rest of the company not only recognized the sergeant as a hero, but also as one who attended to guard details. One company elected their sutler, who was, no doubt, a very gallant man and well deserved the honor; but as Confederate pay days were few and far between, some might think that a good line of credit might be established on this basis. But in any event, the man elected was a good enough fellow to have his name perpetuated.

The first name on the first roll published is that of Sergt. W. D. Sumner, Company A, 22nd Alabama Infantry, for the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., Roll, published October 3, 1863; although Private William H. Duke, Company A, 8th Alabama Infantry, has the honor of being the first man on the list for the first battle in which the Roll figures, that of Williamsburg, Va., but the Roll was not published until August 10, 1864. The last man on the list is First Lieut. John M. Galbraith, 1st Company, Washington, La., Artillery, for Drewry's Bluff, Va., Roll, published December 10, 1864.

The most prominent feature of the Roll is that from the first name, Abbott, to the last, Young, ninety-five per cent are true American. Smith, with thirty-four names, heads the list; with Jones, Moore, Williams, Brown, Johnson, and Wilson in the order named. No less than forty have the given name of George Washington.

The total number of names on the Roll is two thousand and sixty-six, but as forty-three persons are mentioned twice, one three times and S. L. Neely, corporal of Company A, 2nd Mississippi Infantry, five times, there are only two thousand and seventeen individuals honored.

There are three hundred and twenty-nine names of those killed in the battle they were mentioned for, which shows that the Confederate soldier chose rather to honor the dead than the living, in that many instances at least. Of nineteen Joneses on the Roll, none were killed; while of two Copelands, two Fielders, two Littles, two Shufords, two Harmons, two McCartys, and three Looneys, all were killed; Deathrage and Killian also were killed.

It is not generally known that the Confederacy had its regulars, and this roll contains the names of forty-two of these men. About fifty per cent of these are clearly of Irish origin, which shows that "Pat" took both sides of the argument in our war, as well as in all others he could reach.

The infantry, which always bears the hardest knocks, comes first, of course; and, as it was said that no one ever saw a dead man with spurs on, the cavalry did well to come second. The fancy branches, such as mounted riflemen, rifles, and sharpshooters, are represented in the order named. Every branch of the service is on the Roll, with the following exceptions: Chaplains, who were a superfluity, as the Confederate soldier was good enough (?) without them; paymasters, whom they had no use for; commissaries, who had nothing to issue; and the legal department, which no one would recommend for anything but dismissal; but the one man who never failed under any circumstances to stay with his wounded to the last ditch, the man who above all deserved the highest honors, the surgeon, is also not mentioned. The 2nd Mississippi Infantry heads the list with sixty-seven names, and the 8th Alabama Infantry comes second.

This is the order in which they come and the number credited to each: Infantry, 1,894; cavalry, 69; mounted rifles, 39; artillery, 27; sharpshooters, 18; A. A. G., 6; Signal Corps (acting), 5; A. D. C., 3; rifles, 2; engineer, 1; ordnance, 1; quartermaster, 1. Total, 2,066.

As a commissioned officer, to get on the Roll, had to be recommended by a superior, the higher ranks are few, as will be shown by the following list: Colonel, 10; lieutenant colonel, 14; major, 10; captain, 77; adjutant, 11; lieutenant, 107; sergeant major, 3; color bearers, 26; sergeant, 370; corporal 204; private, 1,233; sutler, 1. Total, 2,066.

Every State in the Confederacy is represented, Alabama heading and Texas bringing up the rear: Alabama, 352; Arkansas, 192; Florida, 56; Georgia, 127; Kentucky, 75; Louisiana, 83; Mississippi, 350; Missouri, 80; North Caro-

Iowa, 210; South Carolina, 78; Tennessee, 306; Texas, 50; Virginia, 103. Total, 2,066.

The law states that, as far as enlisted men were concerned, the Rolls were to be published for a signal victory only, and Chickamauga, certainly a signal victory, and the bloodiest battle of the war, heads the list. I note that fifty-two names were turned in for Gettysburg also, which has never been called a signal victory for the South, but I presume that they were turned in for the first day's fight. The Roll was published three times only—October 3, 1863, August 10, and December 10, 1864. After that time the Confederate soldier was too busy holding the invader back to bother with anything but stark fighting, and, as every man was a hero, it would have been impossible to make any distinction. The following list gives the number issued for each battle and the date the Roll was published in Richmond:

Bethesda Church, Va., December 10, 1864, 24 names.
Boonsboro, Md., December 10, 1864, 11 names.
Brandy Station, Va., August 10, 1864, 3 names.
Bristoe Station, Va., December 10, 1864, 4 names.
Chancellorsville, Va., October 3, 1863, 290 names; August 10, 1864, 7 names.
Chickamauga, Ga., August 10, 1864, 703 names.
Darbytown Road, Va., December 10, 1864, 13 names.
Falling Waters, Md., December 10, 1864, 4 names.
Frazier's Farm, Va., August 10, 1864, 7 names.
Frederick City, Md., December 10, 1864, 4 names.
Gaines's Mill, Va., August 10, 1864, 9 names; December 10, 1864, 11 names.
Gettysburg, Pa., October 3, 1863, 10 names; August 10, 1864, 21 names; December 10, 1864, 21 names.
Gregg, Fort, S. C., August 10, 1864, 5 names.
Hanover, Junction, Va., December 10, 1864, 4 names.
Harrison, Fort, Va., December 10, 1864, 9 names.
Jenkins's Ferry, Ark., August 10, 1864, 38 names.
Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., August 10, 1864, 4 names.
Locust Hill, Va., August 10, 1864, 4 names.
Malvern Hill, Va., December 10, 1864, 9 names.
Murfreesboro, Tenn., October 3, 1863, 501 names.
Payne's Farm, Va., August 10, 1864, 13 names.
Petersburg, Va., December 10, 1864, 20 names.
Pillow, Fort, Tenn., December 10, 1864, 3 names.
Pleasant Hill, Mo., August 10, 1864, 42 names.
Reams's Station, Va., December 10, 1864, 11 names.
Second Manassas, Va., August 10, 1864, 2 names; December 10, 1864, 11 names.
Seven Pines, Va., August 10, 1864, 9 names; December 10, 1864, 10 names.
Sharpsburg, Md., August 10, 1864, 10 names; December 10, 1864, 10 names.
Spottsylvania, Va., December 10, 1864, 10 names.
Talley's Mills, Va., December 10, 1864, 18 names.
Upperville, Va., December 10, 1864, 10 names.
Wagner, Fort, S. C., August 10, 1864, 5 names.
Weldon Railway, Va., December 10, 1864, 58 names.
Wilderness, Va., December 10, 1864, 55 names.
Williamsburg, Va., August 10, 1864, 4 names.
Various battles, December 10, 1864, 49 names.

"For the laurels of triumph are lost like the wave,

Like the foam of the billows that break on the shore;
But the laurels of love men cherish and save

Whils' truth shall endure.

They will garland the home, though the fallen and brave
Have passed through the door "

IN THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY JOHN COLE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

A few days after the battles before Richmond, Hood's Brigade retired to higher ground near the city and went into permanent camp in a fine woodland on both sides of the Virginia Central Railroad. Here we had good water and plenty to eat, including fruits and vegetables, but these two items we bought with our own money. Hood, well known as a military martinet, soon inaugurated a campaign of his own in severely drilling the brigade. The weather was very hot, and many of us felt that this twice-a-day drilling was a little too much for us, who had just ended a campaign of hard marching and fighting, extending from March to July, and, therefore, some of our hearts got a little rebellious. This was the first and only time during the war that I agreed to and joined in disobedience to orders and violation of discipline. But I was encouraged to do so by one of my messmates named Hunter, who was older than I and should have known better. One hot afternoon Hunter and I decided not to "fall in" when the drum sounded for the regular drill. After the drill was over we were promptly arrested and put into a tent under guard.

Our officers admonished us that we were on the rim of serious trouble, but we continued to be pacifically obdurate. The next morning, however, our officers visited the guard tent at an early hour and read to us written charges covering our offense, and then informed us that unless we "changed our minds" within the next hour they would present their charges to Colonel Gary. And then we "changed our minds" very quickly and went back to our duty.

About the middle of July I fell sick of a troublesome dysentery. I lay about camp and in the tent hospital, refusing to go to a city hospital. Meanwhile Gen. John Pope was organizing a Federal army south of Washington to attack Richmond from the north, and, about the middle of July, Stonewall Jackson had been sent to Gordonsville to be in position to meet him. In August we got news of the bloody battle of Cedar Mountain, in Culpeper County, north of the Rapidan, where, on the 9th, Jackson so severely smashed Pope's advance. In a few days word came that "Little Mack" was leaving his position on the James to reinforce Pope, and then Lee began to march north to join Jackson. Though sick, I fell in and went along. Most of the army was transported on the railroad, but Hood's Brigade marched on the dirt road. Surgeon Mosely advised me not to try to go, but I persisted and went on. But at Gordonsville a peremptory order was issued to send back to Richmond all sick and ailing men, and I decided to take advantage of the exemption law and get a discharge. This was easily done, because I wouldn't be eighteen till April 27, 1863. Armed with my discharge, I made my way to Richmond, where I got my transportation and went to one of my grandfathers in North Georgia. But the farther south I went the sicker I got, and on the way narrowly escaped death in an accident at Lynchburg. In a weak and worn condition, I reached grandfather's in September, found the two old people entirely alone except for servants. All my uncles—Stephen, James, and George—were in the army. But, dear me! how glad the old people were, O so glad to see me! They at once took me to their hearts, for, since my orphanage, I had always been as one of their sons. They were blessed with great plenty, and the good food, water, and salubrious mountain climate soon brought me to victory over my distressing ailment, so that by the middle of October I was nearly my tough old self again.

I remained in Georgia until March, 1863, and was then

strong and well. I didn't wait for the expiration of my exemption on April 27, but at once returned to Virginia and joined the Butler Guards, of Greenville, S. C., nearly every member of which I knew, as they were from Greenville Courthouse. This was Company B of the 2nd South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, of Kershaw's Brigade. I found the company in winter quarters in the snow near Fredericksburg, and immediately joined a mess of my old friends—Henry Rowe, Earl Bowen, Girard and Wash Dyer, and John Pickett. We remained in that camp and had a good time till the last days of April, when we moved to a new camp nearer Fredericksburg and not far from Stonewall Jackson's headquarters. But, early on the morning of April 30, we were called up by a furious cannonade down at the city, and during the day the whole army took positions on the same lines occupied during the battle of the previous December. We found that during the previous night the Federals, in some force, had crossed the river on a pontoon bridge about a mile below the city. We lay about Marye's Heights all day. Henry Rowe showed me over the battle ground of the Stonewall and where the Federal dead were buried in trenches.

Meantime, we could see lines of the Federals on the heights beyond the river, marching back over the Stafford Hills. Late in the afternoon there was a sharp artillery duel between Jackson, on the right, and the Federal corps on our side of the river. After dark we made bonfires by orders, and we noticed that Jackson did the same on the right, so we privates thought this meant something. And we soon found that it did, for shortly afterwards we took up the line of march northward. We passed through our camp ground, but there was no halt there. Getting on the Plank Road, we headed up the river toward Culpeper. The road was good, and we went along till some time after midnight, and then halted at Zoar Church, on the Plank Road, and bivouacked. The next morning we heard skirmishing ahead, and some said it was at Chancellorsville, a few miles in front on the Plank Road.

While lying here, several bodies of our troops, with cavalry and artillery, passed us, going to the front. Shortly afterwards we followed them. While passing some infantry lying on the side of the road, some of our fellows sang out, "Where is Stonewall Jackson?" And the reply to this was: "He has just passed up the road." Until late in the afternoon we did little more than march and countermarch. About 4 P.M. a heavy infantry fire opened not far in front, and we were ordered forward. This noise of battle was soon over, and directly we came to Semmes's Brigade, of our division, in the woods on both sides of the road. It had driven a Federal force out of the woods and across a field, reaching nearly to Chancellorsville, which was a large country tavern. There were some Federal dead in the field, and a few of our dead on the side of the road in the woods. Semmes formed his brigade in column of regiments and went forward across the field. As it went along, the brigade, under the eye of Semmes, executed some fine evolutions, as if on dress parade. Our brigade followed and halted in plain view of some of the buildings at the tavern. Some of our artillery was in front and exchanged a few shots with some Federal guns in earthworks round about the tavern. One of the Federal shots hit one of our caissons, blowing it up, a very exciting spectacle.

Night coming on, things quieted down, and we bivouacked on the spot, enjoying a hearty supper on Federal crackers and ham. The next morning was quiet. We lay in bivouac and from vantage points could see much of the Federal army at and near the tavern. They seemed to be well fortified by breastworks and some redoubts. The general quietness

prevailed till rather late in the afternoon, which seemed strange to us who didn't know what was going on at headquarters. But about 4:30 P.M. the order was given for battle formation, and we advanced through the woods against the enemy at Chancellorsville. The Federals were ready for us, and the fighting was fierce and bloody. When our line got well under the Federal fire, we were halted and told to simply hold our ground, protect ourselves as much as possible behind trees and by lying down, but to keep up a steady fire. Doubtless the Federals thought our object was to carry their lines by assault, and we private soldiers believed so too. Consequently, their fire of all arms was fierce and well sustained. But near sunset the Federal fire suddenly stopped, and soon after we were ordered to cease firing. Then immediately we heard a great commotion in the Federal lines, such as giving hasty orders and changing positions. And we could just hear cheering directly on the opposite side of the Federal position at Chancellorsville. We were all attention and listened with bated breath. The great cheering got louder and nearer, and at last we recognized the "rebel yell." Then we knew and began to say with great enthusiasm: "That is Stonewall Jackson in the rear of the Yankee army." But we were not allowed to make any noisy demonstration. The "rebel yell" came nearer and nearer till quite after dark, when it gradually quieted down. But the confusion in the Federal lines continued some time longer and until they let loose a great artillery fire all in the direction of where we supposed Jackson's position then was. This lasted about half an hour, but the confusion in the Federal positions continued sometime longer. After the noise ceased, we established our picket posts for the night, and our entire regiment was on duty all that night.

There were many men among us who expressed the opinion that the next day would witness the capture of Hooker's entire Federal army, but they were too optimistic and didn't take into consideration that Lee was really weak at Chancellorsville, because two of the finest divisions of the army, Hood's and Pickett's, were absent in North Carolina and Longstreet himself with them.

Our regiment had a good time on the picket line that night. The posts were numerous and near together, and we had all the ham and crackers we needed. Only one exciting incident occurred during the remainder of the night. About 11 P.M. we heard a noise in our rear front like the cracking of dry brush. Several voices called out, "Who goes there?" There was no answer, and then quickly followed a fusillade from our line, during which a man, thought to be a Federal soldier, rushed into our lines. He was seized by one of our officers, but he was unarmed, and it was found that he wore civilian clothes. We at once concluded that he was a spy, and some thought we ought to kill him on the spot. However, on being questioned, it was found that he was a foreigner, evidently German, and couldn't speak much English, but we were able to understand that he was a small merchant of New York City, and had a brother, an officer, in one of the Federal regiments then before us. He said he had come on a visit to his brother a few days before, and when the battle opened that afternoon, he was in his brother's tent. His brother had to join his command at once, but enjoined our prisoner to remain in the tent till he returned. He did so till some time after dark, but as his brother did not return, he had started out in the dark to hunt him and thus got into our lines. We thought his story rather "fishy," and immediately sent him back to General Kershaw for his further disposition.

At an early hour the next morning we were relieved by another regiment of our brigade, and then we retired to the

rear through thick woods. But we hadn't gotten far when the battle opened all along the line. We could plainly hear Jackson's guns pounding away beyond the tavern. In a short time the din of musketry and artillery was so loud and well sustained that we couldn't hear anything beyond our own immediate section. We entered a ravine and were told to cook and eat as fast as we could. Just then several of our batteries galloped forward, quickly took position a few hundred yards in front, and opened a heavy fire on the Federal lines and buildings at and about Chancellorsville. Soon the great hotel and other buildings were in flames. Some of us climbed trees to see the lurid and confused scenes about the tavern and all along the front as far as we could see. While hastily cooking and eating breakfast, it was announced that the Federals were giving way about the burning tavern, and, shortly after this, our brigade was thrown into line of battle and marched forward in quick time.

As we reached the vicinity of the burning buildings, we saw the Federals falling back into the woods on the right of the Plank Road, but still firing back at our pursuing troops. At the same time our artillery was firing into the woods. This was sharply replied to by the Federals, our brigade getting a taste of some of their shells. It was understood that the Federals were retreating to a nearby crossing of the Rappahannock River. Evidently they were whipped and trying to get away. Many prisoners came out of the woods. Our whole division under General McLaws seemed to be present as we started into the woods, and we could hear heavy firing of all arms over on the left of the Plank Road. This we figured was Jackson's fight. We had already heard that Jackson had turned and smashed Hooker's right flank and was doubling up the Federals in that quarter and driving them back on Chancellorsville. After entering the woods our whole line was halted and, almost at once, about faced and went back into the open space in front of the burning buildings. Then the whole division was put into column and started back down the Plank Road toward Fredericksburg at a lively step. We privates were puzzled at this movement, but our puzzle didn't remain long unexplained. Soon after passing Zoar Church we heard picket firing to our front, then shortly we were in sight of another brick church building, called Salem. And now our riddle was solved. On heights beyond Salem Church, on the Plank Road, we saw a Federal bivouac, line of battle, and many cannon unlimbered and pointed in our direction. This was Sedgwick's Federal corps, which had defeated our weak right flank at Fredericksburg and essayed to cooperate with Hooker at Chancellorsville, thus between the two putting Lee in a sort of trap and so crush him. But it was too late. Hooker was already defeated at Chancellorsville, and we of McLaws' Division, and our troops driven back from Fredericksburg, were holding Sedgwick in check. Our division quickly deployed and took position in line of battle in front of Sedgwick, our line beginning at Salem Church, on the Plank Road, and extending to the right along a country road mostly in thick woods. The Federal batteries on the heights opposite shelled us severely, but did little damage except about the church, where the ground was more open.

Night coming on, we bivouacked in line. The forenoon of next day we skirmished some with the Federals. The position of our regiment was not far from the church, an Alabama regiment occupying the space between. About noon we became aware that the Federals were organizing an assault on us. Presently their skirmishers crossed the little ravine between us and started up the timbered slope that led to our position. It was soon observed that following closely their skirmish line was

a very large regiment of infantry in line of battle. It was further observed that if this line of battle kept on advancing, it would fully and a little more than cover the front of the Alabama regiment on our left. Then orders were given to lie down and not fire a shot till the Federals got to the country road, a little in rear of which our line was formed. The Federals came up the slope with a rush and a great shout. But, dear me! When they got to the road a solid volley from the Alabamians and an oblique front fire from our regiment, only a few steps from them, so wiped them out that few got away. Only one of the Alabamians was killed and none of our regiment hurt. For the forces engaged and the time employed, I didn't witness during the whole war such slaughter. In that little old road the Federal dead and wounded lay side by side and across each other; but the most of them were dead or died very soon afterwards. Brains and blood stood in pools all over the small battle ground. We found we had been engaged with a full Pennsylvania regiment, and that it had been sent forward as preliminary to a greater and more general assault; but as that more general assault did not come, we concluded that John Sedgwick thought we were a little too numerous on our side of the ravine.

About an hour after this bloody fight, we got hurried orders to march back to Chancellorsville. I know our brigade started back, but don't know that the whole division went. It was extremely hot and sultry, and, after passing Zoar Church, a furious thunderstorm struck us. The thunder and lightning were tremendous and the rain shot down in great torrents. In a short time great pools and streams formed on both sides of the road, but the planks on the road kept us from floating away. While this storm lasted our progress was slow, and it didn't fully hold up till a little after dark. We kept on the Plank Road to a point about a mile beyond ruined Chancellorsville, and then turned off to the right in the woods, and in the direction of the Rappahannock, which now we could plainly hear booming as the result of the great storm. And we could hear something else, too—namely, the Federals retreating across the river by two pontoon bridges as fast as they could.

We got into the debris of an old camp and halted in line of battle. The storm was over, but it had brought cold weather, and we stood there the rest of the night soaked to the skin and shivering with cold, as we had been cautioned to build no fires nor make any noise. We were near the Federals and the river, and heard very plainly the commands of the Federal officers and the general noise of artillery and so forth of crossing the river. We heard that Lee had planned to attack Hooker while the latter was bunched up at and crossing the river. If so, he probably changed his mind after the coming on of the big storm and the darkness of the night. Besides, being still weak, Lee had to be cautious. Though Longstreet, with two strong divisions, was marching to us from North Carolina, nevertheless he was not yet in supporting distance. And then Lee had, for the time being, lost his right arm, when Stonewall Jackson was badly wounded and taken from the field of operations. We private soldiers heard the sad news that very day, but hope was held out that Jackson would be in the saddle again soon.

By daylight the last of the Federals under Hooker, who himself had been wounded, had passed the river, and nothing else was left General Lee but to deal with and dispose of Sedgwick, who was still on the heights near Salem Church. We cooked rations, ate, and dried our wet clothing till near noon when we took up the line of march back to Salem Church, where we arrived about the middle of the afternoon. The plan seemed to be to either surround and capture Sedg-

wick's forces on the heights or drive them into the swollen river, and General McLaws was put in charge of the job. Many movements had to be made in order to surround the heights. Fortunately that part of our army was in and covered by dense woods. Sedgwick was not sleeping and soon discovered our designs. Consequently, he opened all his batteries upon us. Shells burst all about us, but little damage was done, because we were on lower ground and well protected by the timber. But it was nearly dusk when McLaws got ready and launched his great charge or "swing," as we privates called it. But at the end of our "swing," it was found that Sedgwick had escaped through a "hole" on that side of the heights next to the river, not far away, and by the time our brigade and Wofford's sent after him, got down to the river, we found only some prisoners and a small rear guard crossing on a pontoon, which evidently had been thrown across the river at that point by Hooker precisely to succor Sedgwick. Our enemy was very resourceful and had plenty of backing of money, materials, and men. But many of us always thought that Lee, on account of his weakness at Chancellorsville, felt a little more interested in driving the Federals back north of than he did in detaining them south of the Rappahannock.

History tells us all about the casualties of this great battle. Both armies marched back and resumed their former camps, respectively. In a few days the whole army and whole South received the sad and depressing news that Stonewall Jackson was dead. It was hoped that some other giant of the South would be found to replace him, but, alas! that was not to be.

After returning to camp, we suffered a few days for supplies. During the days of the battle the Federal cavalry, under Stoneman, raided our rear and destroyed some bridges, and thus temporarily separated us from our base of supplies at Richmond. We then settled down and began preparations for the Pennsylvania campaign, which opened early in June, 1863.

ON THE ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND.

BY A. R. TOMLINSON, BENTON, ARK.

With Company H, of the 4th North Carolina Regiment, Ramseur's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, A. N. V., I was in most of the battles from Yorktown to Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va. When Lee's army marched into Maryland and Pennsylvania, we had orders not to molest anything. General Lee impressed provisions and hauled them into Virginia with the fine teams of citizens, after which the teams were returned to their owners. My regiment went on provost duty at Hagerstown the first day we arrived there. The town, I think was about fifty-fifty in Northern and Southern sympathy. We cut the Union flag down, and many of the citizens split the flag pole into pieces for souvenirs. When we left Hagerstown the old town hall was full of rations that our regiment had drawn, but our Southern friends there had us do most of our eating at their tables. The hospitality of the people of Hagerstown was equal to that of Virginia, and the ladies of Virginia were the most hospitable on earth, so we did not have to beg them for bread; if they had anything to eat, they gave it freely.

Leaving Hagerstown, we marched up the Cumberland Valley to Carlisle and Gettysburg, Pa., and the Valley was full of Dutch ovens, apple butter, cherries, and vegetables. Every fence corner for miles had its cherry tree. The command, "Halt, stack arms, cherry trees, charge!" would be given, and it was interesting to see hundreds of soldiers climbing the trees at the same time.

My brigade was the first to enter the streets of Gettysburg. That night the watchword was: "North Carolina to the Rescue." Here every man got a crock of apple butter, but I

did not find any when I was at the reunion there in 1913. If I am not mistaken, it was on this march that our raiment was very limited—only one suit of underwear to a man. We came to a creek and the officers told us it was wash day, so we washed our rags—no soap—and hung them on the underbrush to dry out. Now the washing only made the lice bite worse; it takes hot water, fire, and brimstone to exterminate them. We made fires and held our shirts over the embers and, when inflated with steam and smoke, the lice would fall into the fire; and we could hear them thump equal to a corn popper, but not so loud. This is no lie; many old soldiers now living could tell you the same.

I was wounded on May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., and was in Winder Hospital, Richmond, when the city was surrendered. I was sergeant of the Winder Guards. General Ewell was commander of the post at Richmond and issued orders for the soldiers in the hospitals not able for field duty to organize to defend the city against the Yankee cavalry. Winder and Jackson Hospitals each organized a white and a negro company, making a battalion. The negroes were helpers in the hospital—and Dr. Chambliss, of Winder, was commander of the battalion. The Winder Guards elected me captain of the white company. The negro helpers of the two hospitals made two companies. We had dress parade several times on the Capitol grounds, and the city papers praised our manual of arms and drill. These were the only negroes to take arms in defense of the South, so far as I know, and, if living, I believe they should be pensioned.

The day that President Davis and his cabinet left Richmond our battalion was on the line at Seven Pines, and we were ordered back to the city that afternoon. General Ewell told us the President and cabinet had gone, and ordered us to take all papers and documents out of the Capitol and burn and destroy all government supplies and liquor. "The Yankees," he said, "will occupy the city to-morrow morning." We obeyed the order. The Yankees had planted their flag on the Capitol before I left next morning. I made my escape by going up the James River Canal and crossed the river at Manicans Ferry, seventeen miles above Richmond. I found an old raft, two logs nailed together, on which I crossed. I was near Appomattox Courthouse when General Lee surrendered.

The morning I left Richmond the magazines and arsenal were blown up—thousands of shells exploding in the air. The Spottswood Hotel and the fine mills on Cary Street were burned. I know there are old citizens living in Richmond to-day who remember all this.

If there are any now living who remember anything I have written, I would like to hear from them. I was in General Hospital No. 24 before being transferred to Winder.

The General Hospital and Libby Prison were in the same block. I was there when the prisoners escaped and saw the tunnel the morning following the escape. There were sixty, I believe, who got out, but the most of them were recaptured. The surgeons and matrons of Winder Hospital ate rats and said they were as good as squirrels, but, having seen the rats in the morgue running over the bodies of the dead soldiers, I had no relish for them.

"Ah! the world has its praise for the men who prevail,

For the victors who triumph by wrong and by might;
But the heart has its love for the vanquished who fail,

Yet battled for right.

And their names they will shine, when the conquerors pale,
Like stars in the night."

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY JOSEPH F. WHITE, NEW YORK CITY.

[Essay which won the \$100 prize offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to a student of Columbia College, New York, in 1921.]

On the sixth day of May, 1861, the tocsin of war was sounded in every Southern community, for on that day the Congress of the Confederate States of America recognized a state of war as being in existence. While the stalwart soldiers of the South marched forth from their homes for the battle fields, measuring their steady tramp by the beat of the drum and the clash of the cymbals, in every Southern heart there was enkindled an emotion of high enthusiasm and patriotism. The martial music, the newly unfurled banner of the Southland, fitfully moving to and fro in the balmy breezes of springtime, the solid ranks of youth in gray, filled every one with hope and confidence. But alas! within four years the high enthusiasm of 1861 was changed to utter despair, the hopes cherished by every patriot of the Confederacy were dashed to the ground without mercy. What wrought these changes is not difficult to discover. The Southern army was of unexcelled valor, the Southern citizenry of undaunted courage, but the nation was unprepared for war and could not hold intact its social fabric. A study of the social conditions prevailing throughout the Confederacy reveals to us its outstanding weakness and one of the causes of its ultimate defeat.

The South, according to the census of 1860, had a population of 9,000,000, of whom 3,500,000 were slaves; while the North had 22,000,000. Agriculture being the predominant industry of the South, manufactured articles and many of the necessities of life had to be imported, either from the North or from Europe. The problems before the government of the Confederacy were (1) to put an army in the field for defense and (2) to provide for the sustenance of life throughout its domain. The formation of the army was easily accomplished. Volunteers were called at first, and later conscription of all males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was put into effect. The enrollment of men for the army depleted the population to a serious extent, leaving in some localities only women, children, old men, and slaves, together with such exempted persons as public officials, clergymen, editors, and workmen in essential industries. The securing of supplies and the maintenance of the ordinary activities of life perplexed the Confederate officials to a greater extent.

LACK OF SUPPLIES.

The Confederacy, hemmed in on every side, had little means to produce the necessary supplies to support the army, maintain standards of living, and to sustain the morale of the people. A strenuous effort to thwart the Northern blockade was continually made from such ports as Wilmington, Charleston, and Mobile, where one could espy many steamers, painted the color of water, riding quietly in the harbor and waiting patiently for a cloudy night on which to depart for some foreign port. Encouraged by the profits and the attitude of the government, many enterprising merchants undertook this venturesome business of blockade running, and, as a result, munitions, machinery for industries, such as munition making and textile manufacturing, medicine, and dry goods were imported and some of the huge stock of cotton in Southern warehouses was exported.

The supplies obtained through the blockade were supplemented by those made in factories established with government aid after the outbreak of the war. Munition plants were built at Augusta, Atlanta, Salisbury, N. C., Columbus,

Ga., Macon, Richmond, and various other cities. A Niter and Mining Bureau was organized for the purpose of promoting the production of iron, copper, lead, and coal. In all this work the South encountered a serious obstacle in the lack of competent mechanics, for most of the inhabitants had always been engaged in farming. Cotton, shoe, and clothing factories began operation as a result of government encouragement and some of the factories operated day and night. Great as was the effort to secure supplies, the measures taken by the government were entirely inadequate, with consequent hardship to many of the people.

To stimulate the production of food, President Davis, in a proclamation dated April 10, 1863, urged planters not to sow cotton in anticipation of an early peace, but to hasten victory by devoting their fields "exclusively to the production of corn, oats, beans, peas, potatoes, and other food for man and beast." In some districts the cultivation of cereals had never been undertaken before the war. The government's policy of impressing food supplies for the army at less than market prices was a deterrent to increasing the food supply, for the injustice of the policy discouraged production. Several States, in order to conserve their grain, forbade the distillation of grain into whisky.

Great salt works were established at Saltville, Va., and at various other places. Five thousand dollars was offered at one time to any person who would discover a salt spring or well, ten miles inland, yielding three hundred bushels daily. Salt was so scarce early in the war that the salty soil under old smokehouses was dug up and placed in hoppers.

The railroad system of the South interfered with the proper distribution of supplies and with communication. The system, comprising fifteen thousand miles of lines, rapidly deteriorated under the stress of war. The government encouraged the production of iron, for formerly all railroad equipment came from the North, and in 1863 there were eighteen furnaces in operation in Virginia and many elsewhere. As the supply furnished by the furnaces was not sufficient, iron was removed from the less important railroads and street car lines and was used in repairing and extending the more widely used roads. Colonel Wadley, in charge of railroads, reported to James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, that the roads had deteriorated twenty-five per cent, and that thirty-one engines, nine hundred and thirty cars, and other equipment were needed. This report was made in the spring of 1863. The railroads were inadequate; the wagon roads were worse. The state of the transportation facilities interfered with the distribution of supplies. Delays were frequent. The agent of Alabama at Saltville wrote to his governor that he could not obtain cars in which to send salt to Alabama. Governor Vance complained that his salt trains were interfered with. Supplies badly needed in Richmond could not be transported from Georgia on account of the condition of the railroads. It seemed that while at times certain food supplies abounded in Georgia, in Virginia there was want.

The efforts of the government to sustain the army and the civil population were unsuccessful. The supplies that leaked through the blockade were few, and the articles manufactured in the new factories were insufficient. The food supply, as the war advanced, became a matter of grave concern. General Lee complained to President Davis of the dearth and poor quality of the supplies. The army was poorly fed. The rations had to be reduced. Lee, in speaking of his army, said: "Thousands are barefooted, the greater part partially shod, and nearly all are without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing."

The civil population was hard pressed. "We see men and women in the streets in dingy and dilapidated clothes," reads Jones's Diary. "We had long before been reduced to the coarse stuffs made in the Confederacy," writes LeConte, "and the ladies were nothing but homespun." According to Mrs. McGuire, women occupied themselves during the week making old clothing look like new. Many expedients were resorted to in order to obtain needed articles. Ingenuity was not lacking. The old loom house, common to many Virginia plantations, was again opened, and the weaver was installed upon her high bench.

Shoes and leather were very scarce. Planters had to tan leather for their own use in making shoes and harness. Hides were taken even from pigs. Shoes for women and children were often made of cloth. "Attics were explored," we learn from Miss Hague, "and contents of old trunks overhauled in search of cassimere, merino, or broadcloth to make Sunday shoes." Writing ink was made of soot mixed with vinegar. Blankets were made of carpets, and the floors were left bare. Buttons, pottery, baskets, and hats were other products of the new home industry.

Food became scarcer as the war progressed. The *Richmond Examiner*, February 5, 1864, stated that "the quantity of meats in the markets, for several days past, has not been sufficient to supply one-tenth of the demand." Jones, the diarist, confessed that his family dined four or five times a week on liver and rice. Grain, salt, and bacon were difficult to obtain. The *Daily Avalanche*, of Memphis, as early as 1862, said that "sugar and molasses are already out of the reach of the poor man." Tea and coffee were luxuries. Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle, in his account of his travels, stated that he called on Mrs. Jefferson Davis and "had tea there, and uncommonly good tea, too, the first I had tasted in the Confederacy." LeConte, describing his return to Columbia, S. C., in 1865, mentioned that he stopped at the home of a friend and had "coffee, real, genuine coffee, the first I had tasted for two years."

Coffee substitute was made of peanuts or potatoes; black tea was made of blackberry leaves; and green tea of holly leaves. Coffee was also made of parched sweet potatoes, parched corn, and in other ways. For sugar, sorghum syrup was used. The ingenuity of the people was developed to a great extent. Means to supply deficiencies in various foods were devised.

Fuel was also lacking. Jones stated that on a very cold night his "wood house was broken into . . . and two (of the nine) sticks of wood taken." Officials were at times without fuel. The gas works of Richmond were unable to supply the demands made upon it, and at various times the streets of the city were not lighted at night.

The scarcity of supplies upset society, with the result that there was much want and suffering throughout the land. The lack of supplies, coupled with the high prices prevailing, made the lot of the Southerner a hard one. Social conditions were affected adversely. The standard of living was lowered.

HIGH PRICES.

The financial system of the government was another cause of disturbance in society. To finance the war, loans were floated, gifts from various States and individuals were accepted, and taxes were imposed by the central government as well as by the several States. Farmers were required to pay a tax in kind to the amount of one-tenth of their crops not needed for their own use. The main reliance for war funds, however, was placed upon the issuance of treasury notes.

There was no specie basis for the issues of notes, which made them depreciate rapidly, causing an upward trend in prices of commodities. Notes of States, cities, banks, and even private firms, also circulated. The following figures point out the depreciation of Confederate currency:

One dollar in gold would obtain \$1.10 to \$1.15 in Confederate currency in October, 1861; \$1.75 to \$2 in Confederate currency in October, 1862; \$13 to \$14 in Confederate currency in October, 1863; \$26 in Confederate currency in October, 1864; \$60 in Confederate currency in March, 1865.

The chaotic state of the currency, together with the existing lack of many supplies, sent prices up very high, with resulting misery. Corn meal advanced from 75 cents per bushel in 1861 to \$45 per bushel in 1864; flour from \$5 to \$225 per barrel; Irish potatoes from \$1 to \$18 per bushel. In 1864, pork was sold for \$5 per pound, fresh beef and veal for \$3 to \$4 per pound, cheese for \$4 to \$6 per pound, tea for \$20 to \$35 per pound, molasses for \$42 to \$45 per pound, and milk for \$4 per quart. Flour is said to have advanced to \$1,250 per barrel before the end of the war. A comparison of the prices prevailing in 1861 with those asked in 1864 is given below as taken from the market report of the *Richmond Dispatch* of April 26, 1861, and that of the *Richmond Examiner* of March 31, 1864: Bacon, 11 cents per pound to \$6.50 and \$7 per pound; beeswax, 27 cents per pound to \$5 and \$5.50 per pound; butter, 20 cents and 25 cents per pound to \$10 per pound; tallow candles, 13½ and 14 cents per pound to \$6 per pound; coffee, 14½ and 20 cents per pound to \$12 per pound; corn, 80 cents per bushel to \$40 per bushel; dried apples, 40 and 50 cents per bushel to \$2 per bushel; hay, \$1.20 and \$1.25 per hundred pounds to \$25 per hundred pounds; lard, 12 cents per pound to \$80 per pound; oats, 45 cents per bushel to \$20 and \$25 per bushel; onions, \$2 per barrel (3 bushels) to \$30 and \$40 per barrel; rice, 5 cents and 5½ cents per pound to \$1 per pound; sugar, 7 and 11 cents per pound to \$8.50 and \$11 per pound.

To combat high prices, many States and cities and individual societies undertook to buy goods cooperatively. By taking hold of the salt question, the price of salt dropped from \$7 in 1861 to 40 cents per pound in 1864.

Clothing was almost unobtainable. In reference to the prices charged for clothing, the *Richmond Whig* of October 29, 1863, said that the "tailors . . . and clothiers. . . of all the extortioners, harpies, and bloodsuckers are the most heartless and unscrupulous." The following prices are of interest: Boots, \$50 per pair; shoes, \$18 per pair; cotton thread, 50 cents a spool; soap, \$1 a pound; box of blacking, \$4; one pair of shoe strings, \$1.50.

Fuel was also high. Coal and wood being scarce, the prices soared. In the winter of 1863 coal was \$20.50 per ton and wood was \$30 to \$35 per cord. Under date of January 27, 1865, Jones stated in his diary that "wood is selling at \$5 a stick this cold morning; mercury at zero." A facsimile of a gas bill, printed in Jefferson Davis's "Memoirs," shows that gas was sold at \$6 per 1,000 cubic feet.

The currency was so uncertain that barter was often resorted to. An advertisement in the *Savannah Republican*, July 9, 1864, reads: "I will barter salt from my own manufactory for produce on the following terms: Salt, 50 pounds per bushel; 4 bushels of salt for 5 bushels of corn and peas; 1 bushel of salt for 5 pounds of lard or bacon; 2 bushels of salt for 7 pounds of sugar; 10 bushels of salt for a barrel of 'super' flour; 2 bushels of salt for 1 pair of shoes."

The Richmond Iron and Steel Works offered to give horseshoes, nails, etc., in exchange for farm products. The

New London Academy, Bedford County, Va., a boarding school for boys, stated that board and tuition for twenty weeks, \$65, was payable in advance in wheat, corn, flour, meat, butter, wool, cotton, etc., at prices of 1860. The Hampden-Sydney College of Virginia also stipulated that tuition be paid in food products.

Stephens wrote from Richmond on December 5, 1864, that he was paying \$30 per day for room rent and board. House rents were also high, and in some cases they were doubled within a period of one year. The *Richmond Examiner*, in its issue of January 23, 1864, asked how was it possible for a soldier earning \$11 per month to pay \$1,800 to a greedy landlord who raised his rent while he was serving in the army.

Wages advanced during the war, but not in proportion to the increase in prices. The advances made were not adequate to meet the increased cost of living. This was especially so in the case of salaried workers. Shoemakers in 1862 received \$5 per day; soldiers received \$11 per month, but later on their pay was raised to \$18 per month; in the days of high prices for foodstuffs, mechanics received \$16 per day. On January 30, 1864, it was provided that government clerks on a salary of less than \$2,000 per year receive a one hundred per cent increase in wages on condition that no one in this category be paid more than \$3,000 per year under the new schedule of pay. Those who were formerly paid between \$2,000 and \$3,000 per year received an advance of fifty per cent in wages under the new schedule. A clerk getting \$125 would, as a result of the new schedule, be increased to \$250 per month. But flour was at \$300 per barrel! State governments also raised salaries, but not sufficiently.

The absence of many soldiers at the front, the economic situation, the pressing need of supplies and necessities of life, the disordered currency, the high prices demanded for food, clothing, and shelter, and the inadequate wages paid to workers were factors in the disturbance of social conditions throughout the Confederacy. Under the circumstances that existed, standards of living could not possibly be maintained. The normal activities of life were interrupted. Suffering and want, and even destitution, stalked about unconcealed in many communities.

THE ZONE OF WAR.

The zone wherein actual hostilities took place presented a desolate picture. Charred remains of homes, ravaged fields, and poverty-stricken families cast a lugubrious shadow over the land. Extensive tracts of land devastated and large cities leveled to the ground, in ashes, uprooted the established ways of life. Travel-stained and wayworn refugees, herded together in a common woe, hurrying before approaching armies, plodded their way along the roads in search of security. Everywhere it was desolate, gloomy, and forlorn.

Few sections of the Confederacy escaped the wrath of war. Fire and sword swept the interior of Mississippi, wrecking towns and destroying crops and materials needed by the Confederacy. The long siege at Vicksburg, lasting forty-seven days, caused many disquieting experiences, hardships, and trials among the civilian population which remained there, having no place else to go. For shelter, caves were dug in the high clay hills and were propped up with timbers. Many people lived underground in darkness, while the shells were whistling in the air above. In their dark caves, by the dim and flickering light of lamps, the noncombatant women mended, patched, and darned for the soldiers and nursed the sick and wounded. The besieged ate horse meat and mule steaks, which, according to a Vicksburg editor, were sweet,

savory, and tender. Bread was made of spoiled flour, and parched corn was boiled for coffee.

Foraging parties and scouts of the Union army were always feared, for they would seize fowls, stock, and crops. In some instances, looting would occur. Miss Gay described her experiences upon the approach of Sherman's army thus:

"Garrard's cavalry selected our lot . . . for headquarters, and soon . . . an immense train of wagons commenced rolling onto it. In less than two hours our barn was demolished and converted into tents . . . for privates and noncommissioned officers; and to the balusters of our portico and other portions of the house were tied a number of large ropes, which, the other ends being secured to trees, answered as a railing to which . . . a number of smaller ropes were tied, and to these were attached horses and mules, which were eating corn out of troughs improvised for the occasion out of bureau, washstand, and wardrobe drawers."

Upon the capture of Atlanta, Sherman, for military reasons, ordered the inhabitants to leave. The mayor, in a very courteous and respectful petition of protest, set forth forcibly the status of the refugees. He related that many women were invalids, numbers were burdened with little children, many persons were sick in bed, too ill to move, while others were old and infirm. Very politely he asked, "Where are these people to go?" The country south of Atlanta to which the inhabitants were to go, according to the mayor, was already crowded with refugees, and people were living in barns and churches. He further inquired, "And how can they live through the winter in the woods, no shelter or subsistence, in the midst of strangers?" Sherman was adamant, for, while he realized the deplorable conditions, he felt that his military position required the execution of his original orders.

After having stayed in Atlanta for a time, Sherman proceeded to Savannah. Before doing so, his engineers set the great railroad depot on fire, which later spread and destroyed the heart of the city. Sherman, describing his departure from Atlanta, said: "Behind us lay Atlanta, smoldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air and hanging like a pall over the ruined city." The story of his march to the sea is well known. In his account to General Grant, he said: "We have consumed the corn and fodder in the region of country thirty miles on either side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah, as also the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry, and have carried away more than ten thousand horses and mules, as well as a countless number of their slaves." The inhabitants of this area, facing starvation, had to make every effort to subsist. Grains of corn were even picked out from cracks and crevices in bureau drawers and other improvised troughs used for Federal horses. What was left on the ground at the army camps was gathered up. Sherman's march northward from Savannah produced "consternation and panic flight of women and children in front" and left "a blackened ruin behind." Columbia, S. C., was given to the flames.

Havoc was wrought in Virginia by the warring forces. The Conscription Act was not enforced in certain cases, so that the men might be able to prepare their war-ruined families for the winter. Richmond was full of refugees. Fremantle observed that all fences were destroyed and numberless farms burned, the chimneys alone left standing. The Valley of the Shenandoah was a mass of ruins. Sheridan credited himself with having destroyed two thousand barns filled with wheat, hay, and farming implements, seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, and with having driven in

front of his army over four herd of stock. He killed and issued to the army not less than three thousand sheep.

Such desolation as occurred throughout the South in connection with foraging and military operations caused untold misery. Without homes, the people sought whatever shelter was obtainable. Their food was scanty and the diversions of life unknown. Stephens, returning from a Northern prison in October, 1865, to Atlanta, said that the war "left a terrible impression on the whole country to Atlanta. The desolation is heart-sickening. Fences gone, fields all a waste, houses burned."

(Concluded in May number.)

ARIZONA IN THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. M. M. LONGAN, TEMPE, ARIZ.

To many Southerners it is a matter of considerable surprise to find that after traveling as far west as Arizona they are still on Confederate soil. Arizona, then a part of the vast territory of New Mexico, was made a Confederate territory by a special enabling act of the Congress in Richmond, which act took effect upon proclamation of President Davis, February 14, 1862. Just half a century later, February 14, 1912, Arizona was admitted to statehood in the American Union, thus acquiring the title of "Valentine State."

In the sixties settlers were few and widely scattered in Arizona, and all the men the Territory could muster at that time would have made but a small showing. Southern sentiment was strong among the citizens, but treacherous and exceedingly hostile Indians roamed the country, venturing even to the outskirts of Tucson itself, then the only important white settlement in Arizona; so it behooved all Arizonians, however diverse their sentiment, to hold together for mutual protection. In order to accomplish their conquest of Arizona, the Confederates would have been obliged to capture and hold the various forts. A successful campaign against the Union forces in New Mexico was waged under the command of Lieut. Col. John R. Baylor, 2nd Mounted Rifles, C. S. A., and by December 1861, Baylor's forces numbered eight hundred Texans and two or three hundred Mexican volunteers.

In 1861 a convention was held in Tucson which formally declared the territory of Arizona a part of the Confederacy, and in August of that year, Granville H. Oury was elected delegate to the Confederate Congress. For some reason not now on record, however, he was replaced on March 11, 1862, by Marcus H. McWillie, who held the position until the close of the war. By one historian it is stated that Mr. Oury resigned, at least he at once attached himself to the military arm of the Confederacy. He made his way back to Mesilla, Confederate headquarters in the Territory, in May, and organized and equipped a battalion of Arizona and California men, which was known as the 1st Arizona and attached to General Sibley's command. The 2nd Arizona is said to have escorted Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to Louisiana, and, after the surrender of General Lee, Colonel Oury and others accompanied General Shelby and Judge Terry into Mexico, in June, 1865.

Colonel Baylor issued a proclamation on August 1, defining the boundaries of Arizona and declaring all offices under the laws of the "late United States, or the Territory, vacant, with the exception of some not inconsistent with those of the Confederate States." He then organized a military government with himself as governor.

In 1862, Captain Hunter, with two or three hundred Texans, marched westward and, with the loss of only one man, (Benjamin Mayo, who died of natural causes), reached Tucson and raised the Confederate flag, February 28. He was enthusias-

tically received by practically the entire population, many of whom were preparing to return to the South, due to the approach of the "California Column," one thousand eight hundred strong, of Union troops.

Captain Hunter restored order in Tucson, which, in the unsettled state of the entire country, was sadly needed, and the property rights of both Northern and Southern sympathizers were as fully protected as could have been done by General Lee himself. When we consider that Arizona was then a part of our most western frontier, and any acts could have been committed therein with little fear of detection or punishment, we may well feel proud of the conduct of our Confederate force which marched farthest west.

Hunter's next objective was Fort Yuma, but the invasion of Arizona by the "California Column," under Lieutenant Colonel West, prevented its capture, though the Confederates reached a point only fifty miles from the Colorado River. In February, 1862, one Jones, of the California troops, was sent out with dispatches. He fell into the hands of the Confederates, who released him that he might carry the news of the capture of Tucson. Captain McCleave was ordered to search for Jones, but was also captured, with three others, at a point known as the Pima Villages, where the Confederates confiscated some United States government wheat, which an agent had purchased from the Indians, and which the Confederates returned to its former owners. Captain Calloway then marched up the Gila River, with a heavy force, to McCleave's rescue. He heard of a Confederate detachment under Lieut. Jack Swilling and sent a skirmishing party to capture them. The Confederates were encountered in a thicket of chaparral, where the Union lieutenant and two of his men were killed. One or two Confederates lost their lives and three were taken prisoners. This, the only fight between Confederate and Union troops on Arizona soil, occurred April 5, 1862, at Picacho Pass, through which the Southern Pacific Railroad now runs. It is an interesting fact that Lieutenant Swilling became one of Arizona's pioneers, leading the first white settlers into the Salt River Valley, where he superintended the building of the first canal, the foundation of that great irrigation system which has made Maricopa County rank twelfth in agricultural wealth among all the counties of the United States.

The advance of the "California Column" in force necessitated the evacuation of Tucson by Captain Hunter, as his little band of two or three hundred could not hope to successfully oppose the one thousand eight hundred Union troops.

As the war drew to its close, Colonel Baylor became more or less prominent by insistently demanding that troops be recruited in New Mexico and Arizona, and even in Southern California, where Southerners were in the majority, to assist the fast failing Confederacy. Little heed was paid him, however. No doubt President Davis and his advisers thoroughly realized that the government must fall and that all attempts then to save it were futile.

NOTE.—The facts stated in this article were taken from Farish's "History of Arizona," a book compiled by him while Arizona's State Historian, and from J. H. McClintock's "Arizona, Our Youngest State." Colonel McClintock is now our State Historian, having succeeded Mr. Farish, who died two years ago. The two historians do not entirely agree; they evidently derive their information from different sources. This article contains only a few incidents connected with the Confederate invasion of Arizona, as given in these histories. Colonel McClintock is still searching for Arizona Confederate history, however, which some of our Confederate veterans may be able to supply.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

Heaven! shed thy most propitious dews around!
Ye holy stars! look down with tender eyes,
And gild and guard and consecrate the ground
Where we may rest, and whence we pray to rise.

JOHN E. HARDING.

In the death of John Emory Harding, of Northumberland County, Va., another of our veterans of that incomparable body of men, the glorious cavalry of Northern Virginia, has gone to join the great majority "over there."

John E. Harding was the son of James Harding, Sr., and was reared at their beautiful home, La Grange, in Northumberland County. He joined the Confederate army in 1861 and followed Lee and Jackson through the entire war, surrendering at Appomattox. Returning home, he married Miss Laura Hughlett, an elegant Southern woman. He died at his home on January 21, 1922, after a long illness, and is survived by his devoted wife, four sons, and four daughters.

John Emory Harding and his brother James O. Harding belonged to the 9th Virginia Cavalry, Company D. No truer, better, or braver soldiers ever took up arms in defense of their beloved Southland; no sacrifice was too great for them to make.

[Committee: Mrs. Bettie Harding, Mrs. Edgar Blackwell, Mrs. R. B. Brown, Wiconico Church, Va.]

DEATHS IN CONFEDERATE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION OF SAVANNAH, GA.

John David Leigh, a member of our camp, departed this life on February 1, 1922, after some months of failing health. He is survived by two sons. Our comrade entered the service of his country when a lad of sixteen, enlisting on March 4, 1863, as a member of the Savannah City Light Guards (Company D), Regiment Georgia Infantry. He was assigned to duty at Hill Hospital, Cuthbert, Ga., by the Medical Board, as a clerk, in December, 1864, after having been wounded on July 3, of the same year. He was paroled at Macon, Ga., in May, 1865.

William G. Vaughn, who died on February 17, 1922, entered the Confederate service in January, 1862, as a private in the Republican Blues (Company C), 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia Infantry. At Fort Jackson, near Savannah, Ga., during September of the same year, by order of the Secretary of War, he was detailed to serve in the ordnance department at Macon, Ga., under Colonel Cooper, as a machinist. In April, 1865, he was surrendered with the other men of that department when Gen. Howell Cobb turned the city over to General Wilson, representing the United States army. Returning to Savannah, comrade Vaughn went to work at the Central Railroad Shops in the machine department, remaining there many years, as faithful an employee of the company as he had been a good soldier. Four daughters survive him.

[Reported by D. B. Morgan, Secretary.]

JUNIUS L. MCGIMPSEY.

J. L. McGimpsey, who died November 14, 1921, at his home in Morristown, Tenn., was born June 17, 1849, in Burke County, N. C. He enlisted when he was only a lad (barely past fourteen years old), in the Home Guard Reserves of North Carolina, serving faithfully in his soldierly duties until the surrender at Morganton, N. C.

An ardent young soldier in defense of the homeland, when civil life was resumed he returned with his father, who, with an older soldier son, was also in the Confederate army, to their farm, remaining there until he went into the mercantile business, some time in the 70's. Then later he engaged in railroad construction work.

A gentleman in every way, he was well known and esteemed as a business man for uprightness and integrity. While engaged in this railroad work he was stricken by paralysis, from which he suffered for number of years until death.

In 1880 he and Miss Maldonia Russell, daughter of Mr. John Russell, were married; and to this union were born four sons, two of whom, with the devoted wife, survive him.

Of kindly soul, cheerful, tender-hearted, witty, charitable minded, and just in his estimates of those about him, he has left a gap which cannot be filled. "He did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

He was a member of the Southern Methodist Church; of the men's Bible class of the Sunday school, which he attended constantly until the progress of his disease prevented; a member of the local Masonic Lodge and of W. B. Tate Camp, U. C. V., which attended his funeral in a body. He was laid to rest in Liberty Hill Cemetery by his comrades, to await the resurrection. A consistent Christian, truly, and

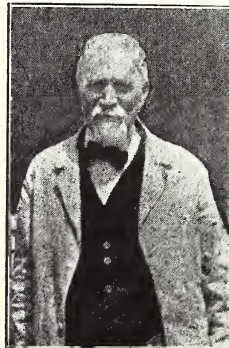
"Like the watch-worn, weary sentinel,

He laid his armor by to rest in heaven."

[Mrs. J. S. Felknor.]

NATHAN E. MORRIS.

Nathan Ewing Morris, born August 17, 1839, died January 25, 1922. He enlisted on May 28, 1861, in Company H, 20th Tennessee Infantry, and was in every engagement of the regiment from Fishing Creek, in January, 1862, to Nashville, in December, 1864.



NATHAN E. MORRIS

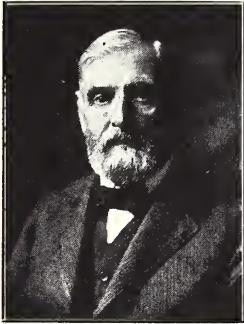
At Chickamauga he was made a litter bearer for the regiment, and from then to the last no firing was too heavy or the enemy too near to keep him from rescuing the wounded. There was not in the army a cooler, braver, or more loyal soldier. At Nashville he was present when Col. W. H. Shy was killed and the cowardly assault made on Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, and every member of his company was killed, wounded, or captured. He made his escape during the confusion.

After the war comrade Morris married Miss Milly Ann Ivy, who, with one daughter and four sons, survives him. He was a life-long member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a true Christian, a perfect gentleman, and a model citizen.

COL. S. E. SHANNON.

Col. S. E. Shannon, born March 12, 1838, died September 7, 1921, at his home in Williamson County, Tenn.

In his early manhood he was a beloved and successful teacher. When the tocsin of war sounded, calling for the best and bravest, S. E. Shannon answered the call and enlisted in Company B, 24th Tennessee Infantry. When T. H. Peebles, captain of the company, was elected colonel of the regiment, S. E. Shannon was made captain. At the battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862, he handled his company with such dauntless courage and distinguished skill as to receive the praise of his superior officers and the love and devotion of his men. At the reorganization at Corinth, he was made major of the regiment, and was with it at the battle of Perryville, Ky. At the battle of Stones River, January 3, 1863, Colonel Bretton was killed and Shannon was made lieutenant colonel.



COL. S. E. SHANNON.

He was in the battle of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and all the engagements from Dalton to Atlanta. On July 22, on the right of Atlanta, Colonel Wilson was severely wounded and Colonel Shannon took command of the regiment. At Jonesboro, in making a charge, the color bearer was shot down. Colonel Shannon seized the flag and led the regiment through the fight. When Hood came into Tennessee, Colonel Shannon led his regiment in that fearful charge at Franklin and was shot down within ten feet of the enemy's works. He was supposed to be mortally wounded, but survived to the good old age of eighty-three. As a cool, gallant, and fearless soldier, he may have had equals, but no superior.

After the war he married Miss Elizabeth H. Roberts, a daughter of one of the most prominent and respected farmers of Williamson County. He would never allow his name to be offered for any political office, but did accept the office of magistrate for his district, which he held for many years, and was always one of the honored leaders of the county court.

As a citizen, he was honored and respected, not only by his friends and neighbors, but by everybody who knew him. As a man, he was generous and charitable, never allowing white or black to suffer when their needs were called to his attention.

We deplore his loss, for his place can never be filled.

DR. JOSEPH B. PLEASANTS.

On November 12, 1921, the Confederate Home of Missouri lost one of its most worthy and distinguished inmates.

Dr. Joseph Benson Pleasants, born at Bowling Green, Ky., October 16, 1830, was a son of Daniel B. Pleasants, of Virginia, who married Miss Harriett Hopkins, of Baltimore, Md. He was educated at Bowling Green, Ky., and began teaching at the age of sixteen years. At the age of nineteen he was practicing dentistry in St. Louis, Mo., but when the gold fever swept the country, he went to California, and from the gold fields he carried a competence to Old Mexico, and practiced his profession as a dentist in the City of Mexico with great success.

A few years later he returned to the States and practiced his

profession in Lebanon, Mo., and also edited the *Laclede County Journal*, a red-hot advocate of the things for which the Confederacy afterwards stood.

At the very beginning of hostilities in 1861, he organized a company of cavalry and was chosen its captain, and later Gen. Sterling A. Price requested him to merge his company into his battalion, and our hero, for such he was, was advanced to the rank of major on General Price's staff.

He was wounded and sent to Jackson, Miss., where he met Miss Mollie Hedger, the only person who ever captured the Major, although he had many narrow escapes. After the war Major Pleasants practiced dentistry in Missouri, and during the last fourteen years prior to his entry into the Confederate Home at Higginsville, he lived in St. Louis. His health failed him, and he went to the Home in January, 1913, together with his faithful wife, who tenderly ministered to him until the end. He is survived by his wife and three sons.

GOV. WILLIAM C. RENFROW.

William Cary Renfrow was born March 15, 1845, at Smithfield, Johnson County, N. C. He enlisted March 7, 1862, in Company C, 50th North Carolina Infantry, later becoming first sergeant of that company, serving under Cols. Marshall D. Craton and George Wortham, respectively, Army of Northern Virginia, and later under Joseph E. Johnston in part of the Atlanta campaign, summer of 1864, participating in many of the big battles incident to that service and surrendered with his regiment at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

He came to Arkansas with his father, Perry Renfrow, in the fall of 1866, settling near Grand Glaize on White River in Jackson County.

He was associated with the writer hereof in the years 1868-9 in the mercantile business. Later, he went to Norman, Okla., engaging in the banking and real estate business, where he was living when President Cleveland appointed him governor of Oklahoma Territory, and he thereby became the first governor of that territory, which position he held from May 7, 1893, until May 27, 1897.

Since then he has been engaged in several large enterprises, in the majority of which he was the president and general manager. In all these enterprises he was successful and accumulated a large competency, as would be expected of a man of such business acumen. His investments were extensive in Missouri, Arkansas, and Oklahoma.

He was an agreeable business associate, trustworthy, painstaking, sober, enterprising. He was a consistent believer in the Presbyterian faith and an appreciated member of that Church. His wife died several years ago, leaving him a married daughter, Mrs. Nellie Robertson, now living at Houston, Tex.

He died January 31, 1922, at Bentonville, Ark., while on a trip in the interest of investments in that vicinity, and was buried at Russellville, Ark., where his only brother, A. B. Renfrow, now lives.

[V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

GEORGE A. LAMAR.

George A. Lamar, who died at the home of his brother, J. C. Lamar, in Adamstown, Frederick County, Md., aged seventy-six years, was a member of Col. E. V. White's Battalion, Company B, which was composed of all Marylanders. He was wounded in a cavalry charge in Lovettsville, Va. After the war he returned to Maryland and became one of our best citizens, always working for honesty and truth. He will

be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. He was always fond of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and looked forward to its coming each month.

[C. J. Lamar.]

DR. ROBERT E. JONES.

Dr. Robert E. Jones, born October 5, 1843, died at his home in Crystal Springs, Miss., on October 24, 1921. He entered the Confederate army when quite a boy and was a loyal soldier of the Southern cause, but had no bitterness in his heart for those who fought on the other side. He was a member of the famous 36th Mississippi and was actively engaged with this regiment at Vicksburg, Dalton, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, and numerous other places, surrendering at Blakely, Ala. Only two of his company who entered the war with him are known to be living: W. B. Cook and Dr. Robert Rea, both of this county (Copiah). Dr. Jones possessed in an unusual degree an ardent love of country, and during the Spanish-American War and the great World War he manifested his patriotism in many ways.

Dr. Jones graduated in medicine at the Tulane University in 1869, and for more than fifty years practiced his profession. He was an earnest student and kept posted in the advances of the science of medicine. He had been President of the Mississippi Medical Association and took an active interest in its affairs. He was a public spirited citizen and took an active interest in the affairs of the town, county, and State. Of striking personality, he was a man among men, and could always be counted on the moral side of every question. Great as were his qualities as a citizen, useful as was his life in his Church, it was, perhaps, among those whom he ardently loved and into those homes he so often went in a professional way that the real qualities of the man showed to the best advantage.

He was an earnest Christian and bravely faced the great beyond because his record was clean here. A prince among men, his influence for good will always abide among those who knew and loved him.

[J. M. Dampier, M.D.]

ROBERT SCOTT WALKER.

Robert Scott Walker died at his country home near Lewisburg, Marshall County, Tenn., February 28, 1922, the same community in which he had spent his entire life except the time he served in the Confederate army. He was born January 10, 1839, and enlisted June 18, 1861, in Company A, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. Baxter Smith, and was a brave and true soldier. Comrade Walker was a member of one of Tennessee's most sturdy and highly connected families, and he himself was a fair representative of the worth and personnel of the citizenship which always reflected honor upon the family. He was active in the affairs of Church and State, and could always be depended upon to get on the right side, if he knew it. He was for two terms sheriff of Marshall County, his incumbency being from 1882 to 1886. He was also chairman of the county court for two years.

He was a member of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and was buried near his home at the historic old church, Bethbirei, the one hundredth anniversary of this Church being celebrated in 1910. Mr. Walker's mother and father were charter members of this Church.

The Confederate flag he loved so well was placed upon the casket among the many floral offerings. He leaves a wife, four sons, and two daughters.

COMRADES OF ARIZONA.

Three members of the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1831 U. C. V., of Phoenix, Ariz., have died during the past year.

W. R. Love, born in Charleston, S. C., April 10, 1839, moved to Mississippi at an early age. Enlisting in Company I, 15th Mississippi Infantry, he was wounded four times, and was captured at the battle of Franklin and held as prisoner to the end of the war. In September, 1872, he was married, and to this union were born six daughters and seven sons. Ten children survive him, three sons living in Phoenix, Ariz. He died at the ripe age of eighty-two years.

J. P. Bates was a native of Kentucky, a veteran of the Confederate service; aged seventy-two years.

Judge A. C. Baker, a native of Alabama and at the time of his death Commander of R. E. Lee Camp of Phoenix, died at the age of seventy-four.

[C. C. Chambers, Adjutant.]

JACOB D. GOLDMAN.

Jacob D. Goldman, a member of Tom Hindman Camp No. 318, Newport, Ark., passed away at his home in St. Louis,



JACOB D. GOLDMAN.

Mo., on January 6, 1922, at the age of seventy-six years. He belonged to the 54th Georgia Regiment and settled in Jackson County, Ark., at the close of the war. He was president of the American Bank of Commerce and Trust Company, of Little Rock; president of the Lesser-Goldman Cotton Company, of St. Louis; president of the Adler-Goldman Commission Company, of St. Louis; and a leading stockholder in many of the foremost business enterprises of the country. As one of the leading bankers and cotton men of the South he was well known in all parts of Arkansas and was keenly alive to the State's welfare and devoted to its people.

Aside from his extensive business interests, he was unusually public spirited and sponsored many gifts and donations to worthy causes. He was born April 26, 1845, in Germany, and, at the age of fifteen years, left home determined to seek his fortune in the New World. He landed in New York City and made his way to Georgia and, at the outbreak of the War between the States, joined the Confederate army, where he served until peace was declared. His connection with Arkansas dated from his army service, for while his regiment was stationed at Pensacola, he met two men from Arkansas, Dick Davis and Jesse Grider, whose enthusiasm for Arkansas made a deep impression upon him, and later led him to seek a home among his old army friends at Jacksonport, where he was in business for many years. He was among the first Jacksonport business men to get a vision of a future for the nearby village of Newport, to which place he moved, where his business prospered and grew to be the largest in the county. From Newport he moved to St. Louis, where he began the cotton

business, organizing the Lesser-Goldman Cotton Company and the Adler-Goldman Commission Company, two of the most extensive and active agencies of the kind in this country. Though Mr. Goldman's late home was in St. Louis, he held great interest and love for his old home town and was a large subscriber to the fund for the erection of our splendid monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Jackson County.

Mr. Goldman died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Rice, in St. Louis, after a long illness. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, one son, and a host of friends, who mourn his death and will miss him greatly in the days to come.

[W. E. Bevins, Adjutant Tom Hindman Camp.]

COL. R. P. CHEW.

On Tuesday night, March 14, 1921, peacefully passed away the gallant and heroic spirit of Col. Roger Preston Chew, the brilliant Confederate artillery officer, whose record of service in the army began at the early age of eighteen, when his diploma of graduation was handed him at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., in the spring of 1861.

Colonel Chew, the son of Roger and Sara West (Aldridge) Chew, was born in Loudoun County, Va., April 9, 1843; he came with his father and family to Jefferson County, Va. (now West Virginia), in 1848, and attended the Charlestown Academy and, later, the Military Institute in Lexington.

In September, 1861, in company with Milton Rouss, a schoolmate at Lexington, he raised a company of artillery for active service, of which he was made captain. The company was attached to Ashby's Brigade, until General Ashby's death, when it became a unit in Stuart's Horse Artillery. In 1864 Captain Chew was promoted to the command of the Horse Artillery, with the rank of major, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. A reorganization later in the year gave him command of forty pieces of artillery, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and from that time until the end of the war he served as chief of the Horse Artillery.

Colonel Chew had in his command twelve hundred men conspicuous for efficiency and courage, considered one of the best disciplined regiments in the service; for himself the highest praise and commendation were bestowed at various times by many of the most prominent commanders in the Confederate army. In 1862, at Middletown, General Ashby ordered him to charge his guns with the cavalry, the first instance, certainly in our war, that this audacious attack with "flying artillery" was made. In 1863, Stonewall Jackson himself wrote General Lee that Captain Chew was a "remarkably fine artillery officer," and Gen. Wade Hampton considered him the best commander of horse artillery.

As the war approached the last stages at Appomattox, Colonel Chew with a small squad of daring men from his battery, eluded the forces with which General Grant sought to crush the remnant of General Lee's army. They retreated south to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then in North Carolina. A flood on the Roanoke River impeded the retreat with their guns; to prevent the Federals from capturing these, the gun carriages were burned and the cannon themselves were buried along the bank of the river. The men succeeded in crossing the river and in joining General Johnston, with whom they reluctantly surrendered a few days later. The colonel afterwards made several visits to the Roanoke River in an effort to recover the buried guns, but never succeeded in locating them. The spot was surrounded by immense stretches of pine woods, far from human habitation, making it impossible to identify the location.

After the war Colonel Chew went back to the farm, following the calling of his father and grandfather, but his prominence as a man soon brought him before the people, and, in 1882, he was elected to the State legislature, was reelected in 1884, again in 1886 and in 1888, when he was chosen chairman of the finance committee.

Colonel Chew married at Blakeley, this county, Miss Louise Fontaine Washington, daughter of Col. John Augustine Washington, a descendant of a brother of the first President, and the last owner of Mount Vernon.

"Colonel Chew belongs to us in this valorous Valley of the Shenandoah; it was here that he received the distinguished service medal of a permanent place in the hearts of his own people. The war made him; in defeat he saw the end of an era, but he had the courage to pass from the old to the new and to win success both in business life and public life."

He was the last of the trio of Confederate advisers to the Lawson Botts Chapter, U. D. C. We miss his wise counsel earnest words, and sympathetic interest. He served his country with courage and loyalty and rests with his comrades on "fame's eternal camping ground."

[Lawson Botts Chapter U. D. C., Charles Town, W. Va.]

The Lee Memorial Association passed the following resolutions at a meeting in memory of Colonel Chew:

"We, the members of the Lee Memorial Association of of Charlestown, W. Va., in meeting assembled on Memorial Day, May 28, 1921, desiring to express our high appreciation of Col. R. P. Chew, deceased, so long President of this Association and of the Jefferson County Camp of Confederate Veterans, and to place in enduring forms a testimonial to his work, character, and career; therefore be it

"Resolved. 1. That the ending of his fruitful life is not only a public loss, but to all of us, and each of us who knew him so well, it is a personal sorrow.

"2. When just approaching manhood he enlisted as a soldier in defense of his native State and rapidly rose as an officer in the artillery service of the Confederacy. He was cool and brave in battle, wise in counsel, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of both his superiors and inferiors in military service. It is our fixed conviction that no braver soldier rode with General Jackson or with General Stuart, with Ashby or Hampton, than our deceased comrade, and he came out of the service after Appomattox with the love and affection of not only those whom he commanded, but with the respect and confidence of all who knew him.

"3. In civil life he was conspicuous for his love of country, and he became a leader among men in all pertaining to civil good and in the upbuilding of the community in which he lived. Always alert to the interests of the people with whom he had cast his lot, he served them with fidelity and ability in many representative positions, and held throughout his life their respect, friendship, and esteem.

"We wish this testimonial given due publicity, and a copy sent to his family with the hope that it will be some solace in their affliction, and that they may know our appreciation and esteem of this distinguished citizen."

[S. C. Young, Adjutant Jefferson County Camp, U. C. V.]

HENRY WALTERS BERRYMAN.

Henry Walters Berryman died at his home near Alto, in Cherokee County, Tex., on February 14, 1922, at the ripe age of seventy-seven years. He entered the Confederate service from Cherokee County and was a member of Company I, 1st Texas Infantry, General Hood's famous brigade. He was twice wounded during his service, at the battle of the

Wilderness and at Darby Town. He took part in the battle of Gettysburg. He leaves a wife and five children, four sons and one daughter. He was a true Confederate—a fast friend of the Confederate soldier and the cause he had espoused—a good citizen, and a member of the Baptist Church.

The Confederate veterans officiated at his burial and a large concourse of friends attended the funeral service.

[P. A. Blakey, Alto, Tex.]

MAJ. E. T. SYKES.

Maj. Edward Turner Sykes, born in Morgan County, Ala., March 15, 1838, died at his home in Columbus, Miss., on February 18, 1922, having nearly completed eighty-four years. He was a son of Richard and Martha Sykes, who went from Virginia to Alabama at an early day, and, when their son was a baby, moved to Columbus. There he grew to manhood, and there on November 16, 1863, he was married to Miss Caroline Harrison, who survives him. Nine years ago this splendid old couple celebrated their golden wedding. To this union there were born four children, two sons and two daughters, the daughters surviving him, with their mother. There are also a number of grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Edward Turner Sykes was a brave, chivalric Confederate soldier. He went into the army a captain and was paroled as a major. The title of "General" was honorary as a staff appointee U. C. V. He left Columbus at the outbreak of hostilities to join the 10th Mississippi Regiment, under the command of Gen. Edward Carey Walthall. He was afterwards in the command of Gen. W. H. Jackson. He fought for his convictions in the sixties, and remained true to his convictions to the last.

In April, 1843, Edward Turner Sykes united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a faithful and consecrated member. He was also an active Sunday school worker, having a class of Bible students (men and women) in the Methodist Sunday school. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and Past Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Mississippi. With ability and energy he discharged every duty laid upon him, and his place will be hard to fill.

COL. IVERSON A. JONES.

One of the most interesting of lives was closed with the death of Col. Iverson A. Jones, former newspaper man, one-time candidate for Congress, and a Confederate veteran, member of John G. Fletcher Camp U. C. V., of Carroll County, Ark. He died at Grass Leaf Farm, near Enon, Ark., which had been his home since 1888.

He was born in Covington, Ga., January 24, 1846, and, in the spring of 1862, at the age of 16, volunteered in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company B, 53rd Georgia Regiment, of the Paul J. Semmes Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He was in all the great battles in which McLaw's Division engaged, until November 29, 1863, on the crest of Fort Sanders, where he was seriously wounded in both arms, was captured and carried to Fort Delaware, where he remained until exchanged at Richmond, Va., 1864. He was placed on the retired list as permanently disabled and returned to his home in Covington Ga., October 31, 1864. With one arm utterly disabled and the other partly useless, he took up his life anew, determined to secure an education. He worked his way through Emory College, and in 1871 received a degree from Oxford University.

He moved to Little Rock, Ark., and in 1876 was married to Miss Josephine Hyer, a talented young lady of Cartersville,

Ga., and a graduate of the Southern Masonic Female College at Covington, Ga. To this union two daughters were born, but both wife and daughters died.

In 1893 Mr. Jones was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper Ferrell, of Tullahoma, Tenn, who died in 1904; and in 1915, Mr. Jones was united in marriage to Mrs. Minnie A. Foster, who survives him. He had but one other living relative, a grandniece, Mrs. H. A. Thompson.

His funeral at the Methodist Church was a service of song and prayer, and his war record was read by his request. He was laid to rest in the gray uniform he loved so well.

GEORGE R. TANNER.

The death of "Deacon" George R. Tanner, aged eighty years, at his home in Canon City on February 26, 1922, removes one of the pioneer business men of that city, one of its most highly respected citizens, a former mayor, Confederate veteran, and one of the pillars and patriarchs of the Baptist Church in Colorado.

George R. Tanner was born in Culpeper County, Va., September 25, 1841. In 1888 he came to Canon City from Camden, Mo., and resided there until his death. He served as mayor of the city and held many other positions of honor and responsibility. Comrade Tanner served in the Confederate army during the War between the States as a member of General Forrest's famous cavalry brigade. After the war he was a loyal supporter of the Stars and Stripes and always participated in the Memorial Day services here with the Union veterans.

He was perhaps the most widely known layman of the Baptist Church in Colorado, and at the time of his death was president emeritus of the State Baptist Convention, an honor conferred upon him in Denver last year. For thirty-four years he had been a member of the Southern Colorado Baptist Association, missing few, if any, of its sessions during that time, and he had held every office in the Association to which a layman was eligible.

Besides his wife, to whom he was married fifty-five years ago, he leaves one son and five daughters.

MAJ. EDWARD J. HALE.

Edward J. Hale, soldier, journalist, diplomat, and statesman, died at his home in Fayetteville, N. C., on February 15, 1922. He was Fayetteville's first citizen, having labored faithfully and untiringly during the long years of his public service for the advancement of his home city.

Major Hale was born in Fayetteville on December 25, 1839, the youngest son of Edward J. and Margaret Walker Hale. His father was editor and publisher of the *Fayetteville Observer* for many years prior to the War between the States, during which time it reached a high degree of influence throughout the South, and during the last days of the war the *Observer* was the only paper published within the Confederate lines. The newspaper plant was burned by General Sherman, and after the war Major Hale went with his father to New York, where they entered the business of book publishers. Major Hale later returned to Fayetteville and reestablished the *Observer*, of which he was the publisher until three years ago.

During the War between the States he served with distinction in the 5th North Carolina Infantry until appointed to the staff of General Lane, with the rank of major, and shortly before the close he was designated for promotion to brigadier general.

During the Cleveland administration, Major Hale was appointed United States consul to Manchester, England, and it was while serving in that post that he became interested in the

system of lock canals used in England and on the continent. On his return to this country he instituted the movement for the canalization of the Cape Fear River, and it was almost entirely due to him that the project was indorsed by the National Waterways Association and adopted by Congress.

In 1913 he was appointed by President Wilson as minister to Costa Rica, but the overthrow of the existing government caused his recall.

Possessing pleasing personality, a scholarship that was broad and deep, a big heart, and the spirit of old-fashioned hospitality, Major Hale was widely known and numbered his friends among the great and humble.

CAPT. CHARNAR S. GREER.

Capt. Charnar S. Greer, well known Confederate veteran died at his home near Union, S. C., on February 22, 1922, after a long illness.

Captain Greer was a most remarkable man from many standpoints. During the War between the States Captain Greer made a record as a brave and fearless soldier. At the battle of Sharpsburg, September 18, 1863, he was severely wounded in his right shoulder, being pierced with a piece of shell and, though wounded, he stuck to his company and fought with blood flowing from his wounded shoulder. At the blow-up at Petersburg, twenty-four of his comrades were killed, Captain Greer being the only survivor. This occurred on July 30, 1864, when nearly all of Company A, 18th South Carolina Volunteers, were killed, and Captain Greer at the time was buried alive, but dug himself out with his sword.

Captain Greer started in under Captain Malone, of Company C, Cross Keys, and was later transferred to Company A, 18th South Carolina Volunteers, later being made first lieutenant. When his captain was killed at Petersburg, he was made captain of the company, which honor he continued to hold until the surrender at Appomattox.

Captain Greer was born in Union County November 20, 1836, a son of Jason M. and Sallie Sanders Greer. On November 8, 1865, he was married to Miss Mary A. Malone, and to them six children were born, all surviving him. One brother and one sister of his family also survive him.

Captain Greer was court crier for Union County for forty-three consecutive years, and in all of these years of faithful service he never missed attending a single court.

Captain Greer had served most faithfully as Commander of Camp Giles, No. 708, and attended many of the State and national reunions, where he will be greatly missed.

SAMUEL BALDWIN HANNAH.

Samuel Baldwin Hannah was born in Charlotte County, Va., October 19, 1843, and at the age of sixteen he entered Hampden-Sidney College. When the War between the States came on he entered the Confederate army, but later on he entered the Virginia Military Institute, and was graduated in 1863, when he reentered the army. After the war he taught school at Frankford, W. Va. On November 4, 1874, he was married to Miss Lizzie A. Hevener, of Green Bank, W. Va.

On January 19, 1921, he entered quietly into his rest, at the home of his son, at Cass, W. Va. At his own request the services were held in Liberty Church.

Mr. Hannah was survived by his step-mother, a brother, two sisters, six sons, and three daughters, one son died some years ago.

Comrade Hannah leaves also an enviable record as citizen soldier, scholar, gentleman, and Christian. As a citizen, he had the honor of being a member of the first county court of Pocahontas. As a soldier, he served with distinction and

honor. As a scholar, he had the honor of serving as the first superintendent of public schools in his adopted county. As a gentleman, he always was true, a model of the "old Virginia" type. As a Christian, he began early by uniting with the Presbyterian Church. Soon after marriage, he was elected an elder in Liberty Church, and served faithfully for more than forty-five years. For many years he was superintendent of the Sunday school in his home Church and at Boyer. He often represented his session in Presbytery and Synod.

"He being dead yet speaketh," speaketh in the lives of his children and the many who came under his teaching and that saw his noble character in public and private life.

C. H. PHILLIPS.

C. H. Phillips, who served in Company B, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, died at his home on Hampton Creek, Elizabeth City County, Va., on April 13, 1921, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

He joined the Old Dominion Dragoons (Company B), May 14, 1861, and served in the field from the battle of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861, until the close of the war.

He took part in most of the severe fights in which his brigade was engaged and was slightly wounded at Cannon's Wharf, on James River, in 1864. The Old Dominion Dragoons was made up of men from Elizabeth City County, who were among the first to volunteer. The company was with Magruder on the Peninsula until the arrival of Johnston's army in 1862, when they were joined to Stuart's Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, A. N. V.

This company had on its roll, all told, one hundred and five men. Charlie Phillips's death reduces the number of survivors to three—Capt. Jesse S. Jones, their last captain, R. S. Hudgins, and G. K. Sinclair, Jr.—and reduces the roll of R. E. Lee Camp No. 485, U. C. V. to fourteen. He was buried in St. John's Cemetery at Hampton, Va.

Comrade Phillips is survived by a son and a daughter, and three grandchildren, also by a sister, Mrs. Rosser Smith, of Yorktown, Va.

In civic life he had been a successful farmer, a good neighbor, and a loyal citizen.

[Joseph R. Haw, Adjutant R. E. Lee Camp.]

REV. E. C. FAULKNER.

Rev. Edward Curtis Faulkner, venerable servant of God, has been called to his reward, after some years of failing health.

He was a native of Trigg County, Ky., being born near Wallonia on November 18, 1842. He entered the Confederate service in September, 1861, and was a brave and gallant soldier throughout the war. He was graduated from Bethel College at Russellville in June, 1875, and was ordained as a minister of the gospel January 16, 1876. Throughout his long career he was an able, loyal, and earnest worker in the Master's vineyard, and hundreds were led to Christ by his ministry. He had held pastorates at Jackson and Ripley, Tenn., and at Searcy, El Dorado, Monticello, and Dardanelle, Ark. He retired from the active ministry in 1915 and went to Hopkinsville, Ky. to spend his declining years.

Mr. Faulkner was married to Miss Lulie Carney in February 1877. She was a daughter of the Rev. M. G. Carney, of Montgomery County, Tenn. His wife survives him with two sons, Curtis G. Faulkner, of Clarksville, Tenn., and Edward T. Faulkner, with the Army of Occupation, Andernach, Germany. There are also two brothers and two sisters surviving.

He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Trenton, Ky.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSCHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: I must begin by expressing my sincere appreciation of the many letters which have come to me in response to my request in my February letter. It may interest you to know that Missouri and Virginia have sent the greatest number of replies, with California, Mississippi, and West Virginia close behind. From Bristol, Va., comes the news that a special prize is offered by the Chapter to the member bringing in the largest number of new members.

Education—The annual circular of the Educational Committee, Mrs. Merchant, Chairman, has by this time been received by all Division Chairmen. Study of this circular cannot fail to bring realization of the great opportunity it offers to the young men and women of Confederate lineage. That there are applicants ready and willing to take advantage of every scholarship, I feel assured. In order, therefore, to prevent our young men and women from missing these opportunities, I request that each Division Chairman secure publicity in as many papers in her State as possible. It would be a matter of deep regret if some worthy student should lose an opportunity to secure a scholarship through lack of information. The work of your General Chairman is very heavy, and I beg you to help her in every way possible, especially in the work of filling these scholarships.

"*The Women of the South in War Times*"—The Director General, Mrs. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C., is anxious that we shall reach our goal of ten thousand copies to which we pledged ourselves at the last convention. This can only be accomplished if each Chapter will make a serious effort to sell a few more copies. Surely with more than eleven hundred Chapters, Mrs. Holt's wish should soon be fact.

The Lee Memorial Chapel—Mrs. McKinney, Chairman of this Committee, reports that they are working on plans and hope to send them out very soon to the Division Directors. In the meantime she urges the Directors to get in touch with graduates of Washington and Lee University in their respective States and interest them and their families.

In Memoriam—The world of science is poorer by the death of a distinguished Southerner, Charles Baskerville, Professor of Chemistry in the College of the City of New York, to which institution he had been called some ten years ago after he had earned fame by his researches at the University of North Carolina. A brilliant speaker, a deep and earnest thinker, with a forceful personality, he has led and inspired hundreds of young men in a field the possibilities of which are only even now becoming partially understood.

News has come from Texas of the death of Mrs. M. D. Farris, lifelong President of the J. B. Gordon Chapter, of Huntsville, and mother of Mrs. Charles G. Barrett, former Division Historian. There charming women of an earlier

time are passing rapidly from us, and the death of each one is a loss to us all.

In closing, I must say just a word about the reunion of the Confederate veterans to be held in Richmond, Va., in the month of June. What a splendid thing it would be to have each State represented by a large delegation of enthusiastic Daughters, eager to prove their loyalty and devotion to the cause for which these heroes hazarded their lives!

Faithfully yours, LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

DIVISION CORRESPONDENTS.

Arkansas.—Mrs. D. Gann, Sr., Benton (reappointed).
California.—Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, 796 Pine Street, San Francisco.
North Carolina.—Mrs. J. T. Hollister, Newbern.

EDUCATION.

Circular No. XIV has been issued by the Committee on Education, and copies sent, the latter part of February, to all Division Presidents and Chairmen of Education.

Attention is called to the following scholarships:

Of the twenty-two scholarships given by the University of Virginia, twenty-one are to be awarded for the session 1922-23; these scholarships cover tuition in the academic course, and are open to women, as well as men, who satisfy the entrance requirements of the University.

College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C., tuition scholarship.—This scholarship was secured by the former Chairman of Education, Miss Moses, too late to be reported at the St. Louis Convention.

The Hector W. Church Memorial Scholarship was established by action of the St. Louis Convention and will increase in value each year for three years.

The goal set for the endowment of the S. A. Cunningham Memorial Scholarship at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., has not been reached, but the accrued interest renders the scholarship as valuable now as will the interest for one year on the amount specified as the endowment, therefore, with the authority of the President General and the approval of the Chairman of the Cunningham Memorial Committee, this scholarship is announced as "To be awarded in 1922-1923."

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The book needed for the C. of C. programs this year, "The Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," is out of print. If it is in any library, public or private, I would appreciate knowing where, as it might then be borrowed. I hope this request will bring out many copies.

"Golden Deeds on the Field of Honor," by Annah R. Watson, contains nearly all the items in the "Boy Soldiers of the Con-

federcy." This can be gotten through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Price \$1.

"The Women of the Confederacy" can still be had, though the stock is short. Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Price, \$3. Information concerning the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky, for those who wish to enter the essay contest, can be had in "The Orphan Brigade," by E. Polk Johnson. It can be found in most public libraries.—*Annie G. Massey.*

DIVISION NOTES.

Alabama.—This division has lost one of its most valuable and beloved members in the death of Mrs. J. A. Kirkpatrick, of Montgomery. She was a member of Sophie Bibb Chapter of that city, ex-President of the State, and a member of the Soldiers' Home Committee for many years.

On invitation of the Troy Chapter, the State convention will meet in Troy at the regular date in May.

In organizing new Chapters, it saves time and labor to preface the letter concerning this matter with the rules of organization of Chapters as laid down in State laws.

Arkansas.—The State convention at Fort Smith closed the year 1921 and will go down in our memories as one of the best ever held. The hostesses and the city did everything to make it a delightful occasion.

On January 2, the regular meeting of the Executive Board of the Arkansas Division was held in the parlors of the Marion Hotel, Little Rock, with twenty members present, the State President, Mrs. W. E. Massey, presiding. A wonderful program for the year's work was outlined and the budget system adopted.

Arkansas.—The aim of the Division this year will be to give \$500 to the Arkansas State Scholarship Loan Fund.

Mrs. George Gill, 612 East Capitol Avenue, Little Rock, has been appointed Chairman of the Lee Memorial Chapel Fund.

California.—The California Division will meet for annual convention on May 10, in Fresno, Cal; Hotel Fresno headquarters.

During the last months the Division has suffered the loss of two great souls, Mrs. William Bond Pritchard, the daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and Honorary President U. D. C., and the Division Parliamentarian, Mrs. Matthew Robertson, both of whom were a great inspiration to the California U. D. C. and to the cause everywhere.

Much relief work has been done by individual Chapters, and funds have been raised in various ways. Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter gave a large card party, Jefferson Davis Chapter a ball, the Le Conte and other Alameda County Chapters had a general meeting, while the Chapters adjacent to Los Angeles had a reunion for veterans and Daughters that was a great success.

Chapters generally have observed memorial days with fitting exercises, and our President, Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, reports added interest and a proper vision of the work for the future.

One new Chapter was organized in Los Angeles recently.

Illinois.—The Illinois Division commemorated the birthdays of Lee, Jackson, and Maury with a reception at the Auditorium Hotel on Friday evening, January 20. Many of the leading citizens of Chicago were present. A Northern man, Hon. Frank Commerford, delivered the address. The musical program was unusually fine, and a dramatic reading from the "Littlest Rebel" was received with much applause.

The keynote of the evening was struck in the greeting

delivered by the President of the Illinois Division, Miss Ida F. Powell.

Kentucky.—On January 19, 1922, the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter at Frankfort, gave a Lee Memorial luncheon at the Frankfort Hotel. The guests, thirty-five in number, were Daughters, Veterans, and Sons. Judge W. T. Fowler, son of a Federal veteran, paid a beautiful tribute to General Lee, while General W. J. Stone made a splendid talk on General Lee's character and the principles for which he stood. Captain Terry, a veteran from Cadiz, gave some war experiences. Mrs. W. T. Fowler read an original memorial poem, and Mrs. W. J. Stone, President of the Chapter, installed Mrs. Fowler as official poet of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter and also of the Kentucky Division U. C. V. She presented Mrs. Fowler with a silk Confederate flag. A delicious three course luncheon was served.

Louisiana.—The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of New Orleans, has elected the following officers for 1922: Mrs. Arthur Weber, President; Mrs. I. E. Kiefe, First Vice President; Miss Emma Boucier, Second Vice President; Mrs. A. W. Barker, Third Vice President; Mrs. D. Eugene Strain, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, Treasurer; Mrs. S. D. McNery, Register; Mrs. Arthur Seaver, Historian; Mrs. J. D. Bailey, Director Children of Confederacy; Mrs. L. A. Jung, Chaplain. The members of this Chapter have a wonderful undertaking in view of trying to place a reference book, "Truths of History," by Miss Rutherford, in the libraries of the public schools, as well as in the parochial Schools, of New Orleans, to give the children the right and true thought about the South. They will endeavor to do this as soon as sufficient funds are raised to purchase enough books.

Maryland.—Much interest is being shown in our "World War Relief" work, which is a memorial U. D. C. fund to help Southern boys to take a course at the Hopkins. The money is lent to them and is returned by them when they have completed their education, or are able to pay. This is entirely separate from our Charity Fund, which is exclusively used for the relief of Southern gentlewomen, and who are given immediate help.

A series of afternoon receptions is being held this winter by the Division at the Y. W. C. A. The first one was on January 3 and proved to be a great success. On the nineteenth was celebrated the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. The entertainment consisted of historic pictures of General Lee and his environment at various epochs in his life, while the same were interpreted by Mr. James McTippe. An informal social followed. Each member of the Baltimore Chapter has been requested to give an additional dollar for the benefit of the Charity Room, which is in connection with the Hero Fund. Crosses were bestowed on several veterans, after which refreshments were served by the younger Daughters who have come into the Chapter from the C. of C.

DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT MONOCACY CEMETERY.

History repeats itself in many ways. About the year 1747 a chapel was built by the Episcopalians on almost the same spot as the one we have just dedicated. It was a Chapel of Ease of All Saints Church, Eden Parish (so named in honor of the then Governor of the State). An act was passed by the Maryland Assembly empowering the vestry to finish building the chapel already begun between the Monocacy and the Seneca Rivers, and a tax was levied to raise £50 to complete the work. In 1761 another petition was sent to the Maryland Assembly, asking for a parish assessment to rebuild the chapel. The State was then under the control of the Church of England.

During the War between the States, the Northern soldiers so damaged the chapel that it remained only a memory.

Through the earnest efforts of the members of the E. V. White Chapter, again a very attractive chapel stands in Monocacy Cemetery, formerly the old Church burying ground, as a memorial to the Confederate soldiers who offered their lives to maintain State Rights in the dear old Southland and who now "rest from their labors" in this sacred God's acre.

At the dedication the invocation was read by the Rev. Pinkney Wroth, of the Episcopal Church, who conducted the service, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Aaron, of the Methodist Church. Appropriate hymns were sung by a selected choir. Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer was our most honored guest. While president of the Maryland Division, she organized the E. V. White Chapter. An address was made by Judge William Chambers, formerly of Alabama, and he then introduced the Hon. Whitehead Kluttz, of North Carolina, whose brilliant and eloquent address was listened to with rapt attention. A large audience from Maryland and Virginia was present.

Officers elected by the Maryland Division for the year of 1922 are: Mrs. Charles Parr, Honorary President; Miss Georgia Bright, President; Mrs. Edward Bash, First Vice President; Mrs. James Loughborough, Second Vice President; Mrs. William de Lashmott, Third Vice president; Mrs. Jones Hoyle, Fourth Vice President; Mrs. Addison Cooke, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Jackson Brandt, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. G. Arnold Frick, Treasurer; Mrs. Corbin Maupin, Historian; Mrs. Charles Boulden, Registrar; Mrs. Preston Power, State Editor; Miss S. W. Maupin, Custodian of Crosses.

Missouri.—Members of Camp No. 80, U. C. V., and State officers of the Missouri Division U. D. C., were guests of honor at the annual breakfast given by the six Chapters of Kansas City, at the Hotel Muchlebach, January 21, in commemoration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. Crosses of Honor were bestowed by the Dixie Chapter, and toasts were responded to by the Presidents of the Chapters of Kansas City.

Eighty guests were entertained at the annual Robert E. Lee dinner by the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, complimentary to the Confederate veterans of Boone County and their wives. An interesting program was given.

The Independence Chapter entertained members, friends, and Confederate veterans at a tea commemorating the anniversaries of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury. Interesting talks were made on these eminent men.

The Springfield Chapter held its annual guest day meeting on Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday at the home of Mrs. M. E. Barretts. The house was attractively decorated with red and white roses and Confederate flags.

A short business session was conducted by the President, Mrs. George H. Baxter, after which she gave a cordial and instructive welcoming address explaining the object of the organization and the great work it is accomplishing.

Mrs. C. E. Robinson read the essay on which she won the Roberts Medal at the General Convention in St. Louis last fall, her subject being "The Women of the Confederacy." During the social hour refreshments, carrying out the club colors, were served to seventy-five members and guests.

South Carolina.—About three hundred guests enjoyed a beautiful reception at the South Carolina Confederate Home given by the three Chapters at Columbia and the "Girls of the 60's" in compliment to the members of the General Assembly. The affair was an expression of appreciation to the legislators for the appropriation made last year for improving the Home and as an opportunity of allowing them to see the

result of the expenditures. The whole institution was thrown open to the visitors, who inspected all the departments, including the model infirmary. Confederate flags and pine tops, jars of red poinsettias, and white narcissi were decorations used to give Southern colors. In the dining room there was a frieze of flags entirely around the wall, in addition to red and white flowers.

The veterans of the Home, some of them wearing their gray uniforms, were cordial and gracious hosts of the occasion. In the receiving line were Gov. R. A. Cooper, with Mrs. Cooper; Mrs. C. J. Milling, President South Carolina Division U. D. C.; Mrs. Clark Waring, President of the "Girls of the 60's"; and three Confederate veterans, who are members of the General Assembly—Senator Jeremiah Smith, and Representatives J. T. Bramlett and J. G. Greer.

Tennessee.—At Cleveland the Lee anniversary was celebrated by the U. D. C. Chapter in the Chapel of Centenary College. A pleasing feature was the presentation to the College by the Chapter of a flag of Tennessee.

At Bell House School, Lee Day was celebrated in every room. The U. D. C. Chapter held its observance at night.

General Lee's memory was honored in Knoxville by both the Knoxville and Abner Baker Chapters. Personal reminiscences of the great leader by Prof. W. W. Carson, of the University of Tennessee, who was an instructor at Washington and Lee when General Lee was its President, were unusually interesting.

Sam Davis Chapter, Morristown, gave a three course luncheon to the veterans. The dining room was elaborately decorated with flags, bunting, and pictures of General Lee adorned the wall. There were covers for fifty guests. As the Confederate veterans, nineteen in number, filed into the dining room, a miniature R. E. Lee bronze hat, with an ivy leaf, emblem of the Division, was pinned to each coat.

On February 8, the Knoxville Chapter had a musical tea in honor of the State President, Mrs. William M. Goodman.

Virginia.—The anniversary of General Lee's birthday was celebrated on January 19 by the Loudoun Chapter. The Daughters and Sons united in making the occasion one of delight to the dear old veterans, who, with the ex-service men, made a goodly company. During the entertainment our Confederate choir sang Southern songs, and Miss Lowenback gave as a beautiful solo, "The Sword of Robert Lee." Representative Otis Wingow, from Arkansas, made the address, and the last poem written by Lamar Fontaine, entitled "Farewell to Confederate Soldiers," was read.

Historical Department, H. B. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1922.

A Soldier's Life, St. Louis, the Mexican War. Mention some of the officers in the army of Winfield Scott who served on opposing sides in the War between the States.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1922.

The boys of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, who earned the name of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry." Give an incident concerning them at First Manassas.

(In this number of the VETERAN will be found data for this program and also for the June program.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| MRS. A. MCD. WILSON..... | <i>President General</i> |
| 435 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga. | |
| MRS. C. B. BRYAN..... | <i>First Vice President General</i> |
| Memphis, Tenn. | |
| MISS SUE H. WALKER..... | <i>Second Vice President General</i> |
| Fayetteville, Ark. | |
| MRS. E. L. MERRY..... | <i>Treasurer General</i> |
| Oklahoma City, Okla. | |
| MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON..... | <i>Recording Secretary General</i> |
| 700 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La. | |
| MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD..... | <i>Historian General</i> |
| Athens, Ga. | |
| MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..... | <i>Corresponding Secretary General</i> |
| College Park, Ga. | |
| MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE..... | <i>Poet Laureate General</i> |
| 1015 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. | |
| MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS..... | <i>Auditor General</i> |
| Montgomery, Ala. | |
| REV. GILES B. COOKE..... | <i>Chaplain General</i> |
| Mathews, Va. | |



STATE PRESIDENTS

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| ALABAMA—Montgomery..... | Mrs. R. P. Dexter |
| ARKANSAS—Fayetteville..... | Mrs. J. Garside Welch |
| FLORIDA—Pensacola..... | Mrs. Horace L. Simpson |
| GEORGIA—Atlanta..... | Mrs. William A. Wright |
| KENTUCKY—Bowling Green..... | Miss Jeannie Blackburn |
| LOUISIANA—New Orleans..... | Mrs. James Dinkins |
| MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg..... | Mrs. E. C. Carroll |
| MISSOURI—St. Louis..... | Mrs. G. K. Warner |
| NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville..... | Mrs. J. J. Yates |
| OKLAHOMA—Tulsa..... | Mrs. W. H. Crowder |
| SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston..... | Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith |
| TENNESSEE—Memphis..... | Mrs. Charles W. Frazer |
| TEXAS—Houston..... | Mrs. Mary E. Bryan |
| VIRGINIA—Front Royal..... | Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy |
| WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington..... | Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey |

MEMORIAL DAY.

Dear Coworkers: Our sacred Memorial Day draws near. Nature, with her bountiful hand, is spreading her flowery pathway with the choicest blossoms of spring for your taking. The faint cloud long discerned on the horizon of our borderland has spread into ominous proportions that threaten to cast its dark shadows and obscure the glory of our Southern Memorial Day. It is a call to arms! Arise, ye daughters of the South, and show to the world that your loyalty has not been diminished with the years.

Let the coming Memorial Day stand out, as never before the grandest tribute a people can pay to vanquished heroes. Let the splendid outpouring of your people on that day speak in no uncertain terms to the world, in pageantry, in music, and fragrant flowers the undying love and devotion which is cherished as we of the South cherish life itself and spend it all in honor of our immortal heroes!

State Conferences Needed.—Lethargy and inactivity mean death to any cause; activity and interest mean life and growth. Many of our Associations are dormant and need the stimulus that comes only through enthusiasm which is brought about by coming together in personal contact for comparison of work. It has been the dream of your President General to have each State organized and State conferences held. Georgia is the first Southern State to lead in this matter and will call a State conference in April. Oklahoma, with Mrs. W. R. Crowder as the capable President, held a conference last year; and now we trust that many more States will plan to get their Associations together before the National Convention C. S. M. A. and to bring to Richmond the results of such meetings.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian.—The announcement of the retirement from active responsibility of Miss Mildred Rutherford as principal of Lucy Cobb Institute at Athens, Ga., with which she has so long been associated, and her plan to give much of her time to collecting and preserving unwritten history of the South, as well as putting in permanent form much that has been already collected, will be most gratifying news to many loyal Southerners, for no one can take her place in the splendid effort she has made in putting the South where it rightfully belongs in history. With her long years of experience and the invaluable data which she has collected, she is capable of doing a work which no other can do, and the people of the South feel for her the deepest and most abiding love. She has done a marvelous work, and she has, like Moses of old, led her people out of the obscurity and obliquity cast upon them by modern historians into the light of

intellectual leadership and development which was their birthright and heritage.

A New Association Organized.—The letter below from our Georgia State President, Mrs. William A. Wright, comes as a gratifying announcement of the organization of a new Memorial Association at White Plains, Ga. Also the lesson, which it is well to emulate, that no new work will develop of itself; but if we ourselves are deeply interested we can enthuse others, and that there is no such word as fail where there is sufficient perseverance behind it. It is hoped that every State President will be able to report some new work at the convention. Mrs. Wright's letter follows:

"My Dear Madam President General: On February 16, in spite of cold and heavy snow, I went to White Plains to organize my first Confederate Memorial Association after my election as State President of Georgia at the C. S. M. A. Convention at Chattanooga. The elements could not dampen my enthusiasm, and as I sped along the sun came out brightly, typifying the warm welcome awaiting me and my work, first by Mrs. W. C. Davidson and her charming family, then by the ladies and veterans assembled to make my efforts successful. I never received a heartier welcome or met with more enthusiasm. There was nothing left to do except the formal organization conference with Mrs. Davidson, who, in her efficient way, had seen most of the women, and the word was sent out, 'Come whether you will join or not; and they came. We organized with Mrs. W. C. Davidson as President, and twenty-two charter members. This is a very good beginning. I feel sure of greater results, of an overflow of enthusiasm, and a spreading out to nearby towns.

"I could not forego urging them to work for the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., and later the Manassas Battle Field.

"The Ladies Memorial Association at Atlanta is increasing in interest and membership. Since October we have given and raised over \$500 pledged to the Jefferson Davis monument, all because we are working. I must express my happiness in the work you are so ably leading and thank you for the inspiration you kindle in others."

The Convention at Richmond.—Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, a charter member of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, has been appointed by the Reunion Committee as chairman of the committee to entertain our C. S. M. A. Convention. This fact is an assurance of our visitors being given the far-famed Virginia hospitality, with its charm and elegance, and the Convention will afford many of the younger women an opportunity for inspiration which this distinguished daughter of Virginia impresses on those who come to know her.

The Jefferson Davis Monument.—The strongest effort is being made to raise the money to finish the monument to Jefferson Davis, only President of the Confederacy. Are we as Memorial Women doing our whole part? The Georgia C. S. M. A. has raised five hundred dollars. The Bible tells us: "Ye have not, because ye ask not." Let us not fail in the asking, so that when our report is called for we may proudly proclaim that we have kept the faith.

State Vice President Appointed.—It gives our President General great pleasure to announce the appointment of Mrs. Eugene B. Douglass, of Memphis, Tenn., as State Vice President, C. S. M. A. for Tennessee. Mrs. Douglass has long been an active member of the Ladies Memorial Association of Memphis and brings to her work devotion to the South and its traditions, enthusiastic support of the work, and inspirational capabilities that are especially needed at this time to stimulate the efforts of our younger women.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The Jefferson Hotel will be headquarters for the C. S. M. A. Convention, which is to meet in Richmond, Va. The meetings will be held in the ballroom of the hotel. Every Association is urged to elect delegates at once and make reservation at the hotel at the earliest time. Many brilliant entertainments have been planned for the delegates and visitors, and this Convention promises to be the most interesting of any heretofore held by the C. S. M. A.

A protest has gone out from every loyal Southerner in the effort to change Memorial Day to May 30, the Decoration Day of the Northern soldiers. The effort is being made by those who wish to merge all memorial days into one, to include the heroes of the World War, the War between the States, and the Spanish-American War. Why not go back farther and take in the colonial wars, the War of the Revolution, the Indian war, and the war with Mexico? Let us not consider it seriously. Memorial Day belongs to us of the Confederacy. Let the other heroes' graves be kept bright with flowers, but let us remain true to our own Memorial Day sentiment.

Neither let us forget the Confederate mothers, but look them up, so that they may have the Gold Bar of Honor before they pass over the Golden Bar of the Silent River.

COLORADO MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. W. O. TEMPLE, DENVER, COLO.

It may be of interest to some of our Southern friends to know that we have a Southern Memorial Association in Colorado and what we are doing.

The "Southern Memorial Association of Colorado" was organized April 7, 1920, at the home of Mrs. Sarah T. Boyd, with twenty-seven charter members. We now have fifty members. We all know that the special work of the Memorial Associations is the care of the graves of our Confederate veterans, and we have made a small beginning along this line. On each Memorial Day committees have gone to the various cemeteries, taking Confederate and American flags and evergreen wreaths, and have lovingly placed these on the graves of our veterans. On Memorial Day, 1920, we provided means for our veterans to ride in the parade, if they desired to.

Our member in Pueblo, Mrs. Belle R. Reid, assisted at the funeral of one of our veterans, Mr. Nixon Elliott, sending a beautiful wreath of roses in the name of the Association. Six books, including a year's subscription to the CONFEDERATE

VETERAN, were donated to the Allen Seegar Library in Paris, France. These were books relative to Southern history, as requested.

Memorial services were held April 26, 1921, according to the custom of the Association. An interesting program was given on this occasion, and we were honored with the presence of several of our veterans. We succeeded in locating four graves at Riverside Cemetery, which were difficult to find.

In addition to attending the funerals of our veterans we were also present at the funerals of two of our Southern boys, descendants of veterans, who gave their all in the World War. Flowers were sent for these funerals.

Six of our veterans have died in the past year. These will be sadly missed at our meetings.

We have organized a Children's Auxiliary, which is composed of very attractive children.

We were gratified to have two of our members represent us as delegates to the convention in October at Chattanooga, Tenn. We paid \$75 toward the expenses of a veteran to attend the reunion at Chattanooga. The pleasure he derived from this has amply repaid us. This was his first visit "home" in forty years.

As before stated the principal object for which we are organized is the care of the graves of our veterans. Some of these graves here are in good condition and already marked, but there are some which can scarcely be located at all. Our Association is planning to mark these with granite headstones, properly engraved. This will not only indicate our veneration for our veterans, but will be a great help in locating the graves on Memorial Day. An order has been given for our first granite marker, which will be placed at the grave of Henry Clay Kingsbury, in Riverside Cemetery. This will be followed by other markers as soon as the Association can arrange for it.

The election of officers was held in January, 1922, the following members being elected: President, Mrs. S. T. Boyd; First Vice President, Mrs. T. R. Benefield; Second Vice President, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Ben True; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. B. Starke; Treasurer, Mrs. J. F. Bramley; Historian, Mrs. L. B. Copeland; Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. O. Temple; Parliamentarian, Mrs. John Rex.

We have visited the sick (veterans and members), also written notes and sent flowers to some. Flowers were always sent to veterans when sick and to funerals. We have paid our dues to the General Association. The money value of our work this year past is as follows: Check to sick veteran, \$5; flowers for sick and funerals, \$20; flags for Memorial Day, \$6.84; expense of veteran to reunion, \$75; books to library in Paris, \$7; subscription to CONFEDERATE VETERAN to library, Paris, \$1.50; rent paid for Miss Bennett, \$4.75; groceries to Miss Bennett, \$2.20; box to veteran, \$2; dues, \$2.

R. Lindsey, of Graham, Tex., who was adjutant of the 11th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., renews, and writes: "I sometimes feel that it would be well to suspend publication of the VETERAN, but I discover that every number brings more and more the light of truth to the world. For instance, that story in the February number concerning the sword of General Lee, that he offered it to General Grant and that he very nobly refused to take it, but handed it back to him, I have always believed until its falsity was shown by General Grant himself."

Miss Elizabeth Sterrett, of Henderson, W. Va., writes, in renewing subscription: to the VETERAN: "The magazine seems like something sacred."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL AT BRISTOL, TENN.-VA.

(Continued from page 128.)

columns and footsore battalions, the drum beat a of hundred battle fields, and the sorrowing and suffering wail of many mothers and wives and sisters and daughters in Confederate homes, scattered all the way from Maryland down through these hills and valleys, on down through palmetto and pine, the cotton and the corn, to Texas and the Gulf; hence, here are story and history and tragedy and oration and poem and song and sermon and funeral dirge loudly proclaimed.

"But I am not to speak on monuments and wars and Confederate heroes and heroines! That duty has been intrusted to a distinguished speaker, eloquent, familiar with the theme, soon to follow. I am only commissioned to accept the monument on behalf of the people, and that I do, fully sensible of the unanimity and sincerity and appreciation and gratitude of the whole people of the city.

"This beautiful triangle of the public square will proudly wear upon its bosom this scintillating gem of marbled glory. Standing here in the full blaze of day, as do the valorous lives of those it commemorates, private citizens will stop here and utter the name of Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Stuart and Hill, and remember the patriotism of unnamed generals and colonels and captains and sergeants and private soldiers and the mothers of the Confederacy, and resolve highly to live and die for home and country and government. Judges, officers, lawyers, jurors, litigants, and witnesses will assemble there in the courthouse with a renewed sense of faith and justice and value of the right as they go in and out under the protecting aegis of this symbol of the Confederacy. City councils will enact ordinances to prevent, if necessary, the cankering, corroding, defacing, despoiling hand of a sacrilegious and thoughtless vandal.

"The entire population will hope and pray that earthquake may never disturb its foundations; that frosts may never crumble it; that storms may deal gently with it; that winters may never chill this lonely sentinel; that moonbeams may rest lovingly upon it; that the dew of night may only refresh it for the touch of rosy-fingered morn; that the sun's rays may kiss it, so long as Bristol shall stand, with a warmth kindred to our affection for it; that the flight of years may never show upon its face; and that electric light and rumble of wheel and purr of motor and shriek of whistle and hum of industry may only reflect and bespeak the glow and glory of a new South, trying to be a worthy successor to that old South which could produce the mighty race of brave men and fair women of the Confederacy.

"Now, with gratitude in our heart, with sincerity upon our tongue, with uplifted hand, we become wedded to it and promise to love, honor, cherish, obey, and protect it while it shall stand. We take it unto ourselves as our own henceforth, with gratitude to the patriotic donor."

A HAPPY MEETING.

Our veterans enjoy, above anything else, meeting with comrades in reunion, and many of them have in this way come together for the first time since the parting at Appomattox or wherever they surrendered. Judge, then, the happiness of Curtis Green, of Ogleby, Tex., in meeting, just after the reunion at Chattanooga, the woman who had befriended him during the day of war. It happened this way.

Young Green was a spy for the Confederacy, and in May, 1864, wearing a Federal uniform, he was operating in the neighborhood of the home of Miss Sallie Howard, then a girl of

eighteen, who lived with her mother on a plantation between Bardsley and Kingston, Ga., and General Sherman was then making his headquarters in the Bardsley home. Miss Sallie told Green what she knew of the movements of Sherman's troops, and she also promised to make him a suit of clothes. With some help, the wool was carded and spun, and the suit was ready within two days, but the soldier did not return for the suit, having been captured by the Yankees.

The day after Green was at her home, the Federal General Howard called at the Howard home and accused Miss Sallie of shielding the Confederate spy; and he told her he was surprised that any one named Howard would harbor a spy. To this Miss Sallie replied spiritedly: "I thank God that your Howard blood is not mine."

Green had been captured down the Coosa River from Rome, was put in prison, and sentenced to death because of being a spy. He was confined on September 23, 1864, and was to be shot at sunrise on October 4. He immediately started cutting his way to liberty—cutting through the plank floor with his pocketknife. It was slow work, as he could cut only a few minutes at a time, the prisoners being counted every thirty minutes, but he got through on the night of October 3, and prepared to get away at once. The other boys preferred to take their chances in prison rather than risk making their escape. Just before he got out, Green sang what was supposed by the Yankee sentinel to be his death song. As soon as the sentinel left he made his escape from the building and got in a big ditch that emptied into the Oostenaula River. Still handcuffed, Green swam down the Coosa River four miles, then soaped his hands to get them out of the handcuffs, went up on the bluff and escaped the pursuing Federals. He rejoined his regiment and was in North Carolina when the war was ended. He procured a horse and rode from North Carolina to Texas, stopping at the Howard farm on the way to claim his suit of clothes, but did not see Miss Sallie, who was at that time in Athens, Ga., with her father, who had been wounded. But Green got the suit from Mrs. Howard and went on to Texas. He had made several attempts to locate Miss Howard since then, but his efforts were not rewarded until he went to Rome, Ga., to visit some relatives after the reunion, and learned from them that Miss Howard was in the city—then there was a happy meeting.

Curtis Green was twice captured, the first time being sent to Richmond and transferred. He still has the crude handcuffs, he was wearing on the night he escaped from jail and always takes them with him to reunions. He is now eighty-one years old.

LETTER TO THE VETERAN.

In renewing the subscription which had gone to her late husband, Mrs. Smith Powell writes from Waco, Tex., that she does so in memory of him and to help perpetuate the literature bearing on the noble lives of the heroes of the War between the States. She also says: "We want our young people to be familiar not only with the names of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, but with the history of their lives and achievements. I want to thank the friends, the old comrades, who wrote to my invalid husband before he passed away in the hospital at Rusk, Tex. I read to him each one of their letters, brought to memory scenes of the past. One of those letters was from an old-time friend, Jim Stevens, who edited the *Columbus* (Miss.) *Index* at the time of our marriage in 1870, and who wrote so beautifully of that event. He later came to Texas and edited a paper in Burnett. I wonder if he is still living."

TO MY COLLIE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D.

O, loyal heart and true,
 My spirit turns to you
 When other friends have failed me in my need,
 Your love to love responds,
 And holds your heart in bonds
 O trust to follow whither I may lead.

When'er you hear my voice
 You have no other choice
 Than just to know and heed and do my will;
 To wait or watch or go,
 To dare 'gainst any foe,
 With zeal to act, with patience to be still.

O, Doggie, thou dost prove
 That faith and hope and love
 To human souls alone are not confined.
 In you a spirit bides,
 Your daily pathway guides,
 That manifests the higher traits of mind.

But 'tis not strength of mind
 That glorifies his kind;
 With joyous welcome to my side he flies
 To greet me as I come
 From distant wanderings home,
 And then above all else his love I prize.

[Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., was for a number of years a warm personal friend of mine. Several years before his death, he gave to my little granddaughter, Anne Ewin White, a fine collie puppy, which developed into one of the most valuable assets of the home and farm. As I watched his faithfulness in service, he has been a constant reminder of my old comrade, and I have tried to put into verse the loyalty and intelligence, the courage and devotion of this dumb friend.]

SOME KIN.

Being related to four per cent of the total population of the old home town is a claim that few people throughout the length and breadth of America can legitimately make, but, upon investigation, it has been authentically learned that the late Bennie F. Taylor, of Crystal Springs, Miss., came of a family, which, exclusive of cousins, stands in this ratio to the one thousand three hundred and ninety-five residents of Crystal Springs.

Taylor's case is decidedly unique. He was a soldier at Camp Beauregard, Miss., and died in 1918, naming in his government term insurance policy his father as the beneficiary, who, in turn, died, leaving the insurance to the next of kin. The United States Veterans' Bureau requested from the family a list of those relatives falling within the "permitted class," and this is what resulted:

The Bureau received a list five feet long, the longest ever filed since the creation of the Bureau, containing the names, ages, and addresses of nine brothers, six sisters, six uncles, six aunts, twenty-three nephews, nineteen nieces, six brothers-in-law, eight sisters-in-law, and a stepmother. Of this total of eighty-four living relatives, exclusive of cousins, thirty-eight bear the name of Taylor; the remaining forty-six include

the names of Berch, Campbell, Summers, Davis, Goss, Broadwater, Lemon, Bornes, Ponder, Thornton, and Manning.

After an intimate survey of the "five-foot family tree," it was discovered that fifty-nine of the surviving family are now residents of Crystal Springs, a number that in itself is a trifle more than four per cent of the entire population of the town, which, according to the most recent census, is one thousand three hundred and ninety-five.

The oldest of the relatives named is an uncle of seventy, and the youngest is a nephew born in January, 1922.

All the eighty-four enumerated as being within the permitted class live within the boundaries of the State of Mississippi, and are about equally divided as to sex. In actual figures, the male members total forty-four; those of the opposite sex number forty.

The same Christian names are seldom to be found twice, not that they are odd and unusual, for such is not the case; they are all strong, popular American names, and on the whole are extremely short. None is over twelve letters in length.

During the father's survival of the death of Bennie Taylor, the Veterans' Bureau forwarded him monthly checks of \$28.75 each, and at his passing two hundred and four installments of like amount on the son's \$5,000 term policy remained unpaid. Since the father died without leaving a will, a new adjustment was required to establish the beneficiary rights.

Action upon the case by the Veterans' Bureau has been based upon the Mississippi inheritance law, and final settlement will result in paying the stepmother and fifteen brothers and sisters monthly installments of \$1.92 each.—*United States Veterans' Bureau.*

THE U. D. C. COOKBOOK.

This cookbook of "tried and true recipes," compiled by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., is to be issued by April 1, and all who are interested in the best of cookery are asked to order a copy and test these recipes collected from the best sources in this and foreign countries. Among them are contributions from France and our English cousins, and other countries, as well as our own, which help to make this the last word in the noble science of cooking. There are two hundred and fifty pages in all, and many recipes come from such sources as the White House, governor's mansions, women's clubs, and the best homes of the land, the collection being offered in a handsome green buckram binding, stamped in gold, all for \$1.75, postpaid.

The cost of this book has been met by the advertisements secured, and only those firms known to carry first-class goods were solicited. All receipts from the sale of the book will go into a fund for scholarships in behalf of educating worthy and ambitious boys and girls of the Southland, descendants of Confederate soldiers, unable otherwise to secure the desired education.

The collection and compilation of these recipes by Mrs. Bashinsky has been a labor of love in memory of the lovely daughter whose young life closed ere the threshold of womanhood was passed. To her the book is dedicated "who, in all the years of her life, never failed to radiate that which was helpful, beautiful, and true," and thus, in creating a fund that will open life and happiness to others, this book carries on the beautiful spirit of helpfulness that animated her life.

Send all orders to Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Chairman Alabama U. D. C. Scholarship Committee, Troy, Ala., and in this book find that

"Cooking is become an art, a noble science."

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Advance orders will be taken for "A Scrapbook of Valuable Information about the South," \$2. Send orders direct to M. Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

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Horace Hutchison, of Carlsbad, N. Mex., is very anxious to secure the war record of his father, W. E. Hutchison, who was born at Danville, Va., in April, 1848, and was in the fighting at Petersburg.

Information of the service of R. A. Allen, whose son thinks he was captain of a Company I of some Alabama Regiment, will be appreciated by Y. R. Allen, of Carlsbad, N. Mex.

C. J. Hall, of Keven's, Tex., also makes inquiry for some comrades of his

father, Abram Chambers Hall, who enlisted in Mississippi, company and regiment unknown.

These young men are very desirous of getting their fathers' records as Confederate soldiers, having grown up with out such knowledge, and now they need it.

An inquiry comes for a copy of the pamphlet on "Company Aitch." Any one having this will please communicate with the VETERAN.

Deafness

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H. L. Isley, of Burlington, N. C., wishes to secure the record of his grandfather, Martin Van Buren Clayton, as a Confederate soldier. He went out from Person County, N. C., and died some time during the war.

Can any one furnish the war record of M. K. Hester, nicknamed "Billy"? He was third lieutenant in Company G, 2nd Regiment Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry, or Woodward's Battalion, and afterwards joined some other organization not known. Address Mrs. Hester, P. O. Box 1983, Tampa, Fla.

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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

MAY, 1922

NO. 5

A BENEDICTION*

By Frances Goggin Maltby
WASHINGTON, KY.

Almighty Sovereign, God of Might,
Who counts the sparrows in their flight,
Look down with love and comfort give
Those comrades of the gray who live
And gather here to honor pay
Beloved ones who wore the gray.
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Strengthen the fragment of that host
Who fought for what they deemed was right,
Leaving a record fair and bright,
Unsullied by dark deeds of sin.
And though they lost, 'twas theirs to win
A crown that will a glory be
To all their loved posterity.
Triune of love and life and might,
Teach us, O Lord, to do the right,
And let thy tender love to-day
Rest on those men who wore the gray.

*For Memorial Day.

New Uniforms for the Reunion

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

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G. B. Stone, of Humboldt, Tenn., says he has volumes of the VETERAN from 1910 to date which he wishes to sell and donate the proceeds to the Jefferson Davis Memorial fund. He has no one to leave them to, and wishes to aid this memorial. Write to him.

Mrs. W. T. Wiggins, Ennis, Tex., wishes to get the record of her father, Adam Lagrone (La Grone), as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted at Shuquak, Miss., in 1861, and served the four years, she thinks, in the Signal Corps. Any information will be appreciated.

Howard E. Cunningham, St. Petersburg, Fla. (corner Ninth Street and Central Ave.), wishes to secure some information of his grandfather, Capt. Solomon Cunningham, as a Confederate soldier; does not know his company or regiment, but he was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va.

G. W. Lewis, who served with Company D, 3rd Virginia Regiment, would like to hear from some comrades who can testify to his record as a soldier. He was captured at Cedar Creek, Va., while under Stonewall Jackson. He is now a minister, and lives at 147 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Ga., and is trying to get a pension.

James A. Wheeler, of Killeen, Tex., was a member of Company F, 23rd Tennessee Regiment, Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, and served in the Army of Tennessee until after the battle of Chickamauga, when Johnson's Brigade was transferred to Longstreet and operated in East Tennessee and Virginia; he was in the siege of Petersburg and surrendered at Appomattox. He is now seventy-seven years old and would like to hear from any comrades of the old company or regiment.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATE SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1922.

No. 5.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

A TRIBUTE.

"The flight of years can bring no rust
To dim his form in song and story;
The grave that holds his hallowed dust,
Has not entombed his deeds of glory."

Gen. V. Y. Cook, having finished his earthly tasks, and responding to the call of our Heavenly Father to come up and be with him, there to abide in the home not made with hands, where

"... silent tents are spread,"

the Mayfield Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, wishes to pay loving tribute to his memory.

"He is not dead whose glorious mind
Lifts time on high;
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

Realizing 'tis another of our Confederate heroes who his last farewell has said and has gone to greet his dear beloved comrades; and that never again will he meet us here, and the places that once knew him will know him no more; but it is not wise to spend our time in grief and repining, for only are life's retrospects worth while when they are incentives to greater work in life's to-morrow; therefore,

Resolved: 1. That we extend to the disconsolate wife and three bereft daughters our love and sincere sympathy as an expression of our high appreciation of Gen. V. Y. Cook as a Confederate veteran and loyal friend to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"O dear sad hearts, look up and smile,
The clouds will rift in a little while,
And each loss prove eternal gain;
The night must flee, and all mystery
Will some time be made plain."

2. That in the passing of General Cook the Mayfield Chapter has lost a most valued friend and helper; and, as long as our Chapter exists, his liberal generosity will be handed down to future generations; he contributed more to our Confederate memorial, erected in front of the Graves County courthouse, than any other one individual.

[Committee: Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mrs. Will J. Webb, Mrs. J. T. George, Mrs. J. L. Stunston, Mayfield, Ky.]

TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL LEE.

An interesting ceremony was carried out on the occasion of unveiling a tablet which commemorates the association of Gen. R. E. Lee with the church where he worshiped when stationed at Fort Hamilton, N. Y. The placing of this tablet was through the instrumentality of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General U. D. C. Several hundred people attended the service, and much favorable comment was expressed through the daily press. The following is taken from the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

"The spots of local color that once enriched the old Bay Ridge section are fast disappearing, but the memory of the young lieutenant who cone sojourned there for a time and made himself an active part of the community lives. This man later became Gen. Robert Edward Lee, to whose memory was dedicated on March 26, in the little stone church of St. John's, a tablet presented by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in the name of that organization. The tablet reads:

"In memory of Gen. Robert Edward Lee, who served as a vestryman of this church from 1842 to 1844. Born January 19, 1807, died October 12, 1870. United Daughters of the Confederacy."

"Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, United States army, who was to have unveiled the tablet, was unable to be present on account of illness. He is from Alabama, and was named for General Lee by his father, who loved and admired the great general. Brig. Gen. Grote Hutchinson took the place of General Bullard and, in his speech preceding the unveiling, called to mind many of Lee's characteristics, and of whom he said:

"He was a great lover of mankind and of religious faith, a good Churchman, and served as vestryman in this church from 1842 to 1844. He was a noble soldier and, above all, he was a native gentleman."

"Immediately following the unveiling Mrs. Schuyler presented the tablet in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, saying:

"In honoring General Lee, we are paying tribute to one of the world's immortals. After the war was over he devoted his life to educating Christian citizens, and did more than any

other man to bring together a once divided country. His heroic deeds of self-sacrifice will reflect glory upon this nation, and his name will be inscribed upon the hearts of men throughout all the ages.'

"The tablet was then formally dedicated by the rector of St. John's, the Rev. W. A. Swan, who offered a dedicatory prayer in closing. The meeting was opened and closed by the regular Episcopalian service, in which the Rev. Mr. Swan was assisted by the Rev. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York. Just before the unveiling of the tablet, the congregation arose and sang General Lee's favorite hymn, 'How Firm a Foundation.' And it was the same organ that pealed out the familiar notes of that old hymn when Lee came there to worship.

"Twenty commissioned officers and Col. J. J. Miller, commanding officer of Fort Hamilton, were invited to the service, and were seated in a body in the right front of the church.

"Many changes have taken place since General Lee worshipped in this spot. A little stone church, with the ivy already creeping up over its north wall, now stands facing Fort Hamilton. On this same site in the days of General Lee stood a wooden church fronting the Narrows, whose waters gleamed as brightly then as on this afternoon. In 1897 the old church was torn down and in its place rose the dark stone edifice of to-day. The chancel rail, the seats and the little organ are all that remain of the old church. The new tablet is hung on the south wall of the church just to the right on entering the door."

On a tree in the churchyard there is a tablet which states that the tree was planted there by General Lee.

THE BELFAST CITY GRAYS.

Who knows of the Belfast City Grays? A letter comes from the Historian of the Mary Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Van Buren, Ark., asking for some information of that company of Confederates, which seems to have been recruited in the State of Maine. How it was accomplished would doubtless be an interesting story. A list of the members of this company was found in the company book of Company E, Hampton Legion, which book was presumably kept by Capt. W. B. Davenport, as it was found among his papers, now in possession of his son. The company officers are given as T. H. Marshall, S. M. Fuller, A. D. Chase, and H. H. Carter, and with the name of each member is given the date of his enlistment, place of residence, occupation, where born, personal description, and by whom enlisted. It seems to have been a company duly enlisted in the Confederate army, and the query comes, "Were they Southern men living in Maine, or what?" Any information about the company will be appreciated. It would be interesting to have an account of their enlistment and the service they rendered the Confederacy. Possibly this work of enlistment was accomplished through Confederate agencies in Canada. Who knows?

AN OMISSION.—In her article on the United Daughters of the Confederacy, appearing in the *VETERAN* for March, page 86, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Historian General, failed to include the name of Gen. John B. Gordon as one of those to be honored by the bequest to the U. D. C. of Hector W. Church, a Federal veteran who left his property to this organization, with directions to use it in honoring the memory of Jefferson Davis and Generals R. E. Lee, John B. Gordon, and Jubal A. Early.

CONFEDERATES OVER EIGHTY.

BY W. O. WEAR, ADJUTANT CAMP H. B. LYON, MURRAY, KY.

More than one thousand young men from Calloway County, Ky., went into the Confederate army. Now, after more than sixty years, about thirty remain.

Those over 80 years of age are:

J. E. Allbritten, 82 years, February 14, 1922; served in Company L, 7th Kentucky Regiment.

T. F. Huie, 83, February 25, 1922; Company C, 1st Confederate Cavalry.

R. A. Hale, 87, August 1, 1921; Company G, 5th Arkansas Regiment.

W. C. Robertson, 80, April 22, 1922; Company H, 3rd Kentucky Regiment.

W. J. Beale, 80, April 28, 1922; Company H, 3rd Kentucky Regiment.

J. C. Denham, 82, February 4, 1922; Company C, 1st Confederate Cavalry.

O. T. Foster, 80, February 23, 1922; Company G, 7th Kentucky Regiment.

J. P. Tucker, 82, April 30, 1921; Company G, 7th Kentucky Regiment.

E. W. H. Ryan, 82, February 7, 1922; Colonel Woodward's Command.

C. C. Marshall, 82, November 2, 1921; Company K, 38th Virginia Regiment.

C. B. Jones, 82, September 17, 1921; Company G, 1st Kentucky Regiment.

J. C. McCuiston, 87, February 3, 1922; Company C, 33rd Tennessee Regiment.

J. E. Hastings, 87, July 14, 1921; Company —, 5th Tennessee Regiment.

W. W. Ayers, 91, 1922, Company H; 3rd Kentucky Regiment.

M. A. Clark, 81, September 9, 1921; Company C, 1st Confederate Cavalry.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, Saturday, June 3, 1922, at 2 P.M.

Contributions of flowers, or money for flowers, are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Send money to Mrs. Louis Kertzing, 1161 Atcherson Street, and flowers to Mrs. D. B. Ulry, 56 South Warren Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

MRS. DANIEL CARROLL, *President*.

Approved by President General Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

CAN'T GET A PENSION.—A letter comes from Pittsburg, Pa., in regard to the widow of a Confederate veteran living there in needy circumstances, earning a meager livelihood by her own exertions, though she is now seventy-eight years old. The letter is written in behalf of securing a pension for her, but all the Southern States require their pensioners to live within the State from which the pension is secured. Many letters come to the *VETERAN* in behalf of veterans or widows living outside of the South, but, of course, no hope can be given them of securing a pension while residents of other States.

HISTORIC OLD ASHLAND, VA.

In a letter to John Coxe commending his articles appearing in the *VETERAN* of late, Walter Sydnor, an attorney of Richmond, Va., writes of his association with the birthplace of Henry Clay and other historic towns of Virginia. He says:

"I very much enjoyed reading your article in the March issue of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* on "Seven Days Battles around Richmond." It was particularly interesting to me because you speak of stirring events that took place right in the community 'where I first saw the light' and lived the most of my life. My father's farm lay in Hanover County on the north side of the Chickahominy River, and Beaver Dam Creek was its western boundary. When a boy, before the War between the States, I bathed and fished in Chickahominy River times without number.

"For the past several years my home has been in Ashland.

"Will you pardon a few criticisms of your very interesting article? You say 'Ashland . . . was somewhat famous for having been the birthplace of Henry Clay, the "mill boy of the Slashes of Ashland.'" This is not quite accurate. 'Clay Spring' is the name of the farm upon which Henry Clay was born. It lies about four miles southeast of the town of Ashland. (And in passing I will say that Henry Clay was called 'the Mill Boy of the Slashes.' Leave off 'of Ashland.')

Tradition has it that when he was a boy, his father was in the habit of sending him to the mill, located very near the present town of Ashland. A bag would be filled with corn and put on a mule (a *white* mule it was said), and the boy put on the bag, and in this way the trip was made to the mill, where the boy would wait till the corn was ground (fishing with a bent pin in the meantime), and the meal put in the bag, and the return trip made in the same manner as the going. There is still to be seen near this town 'a dam by a mill site,' but no 'mill by a dam site.'

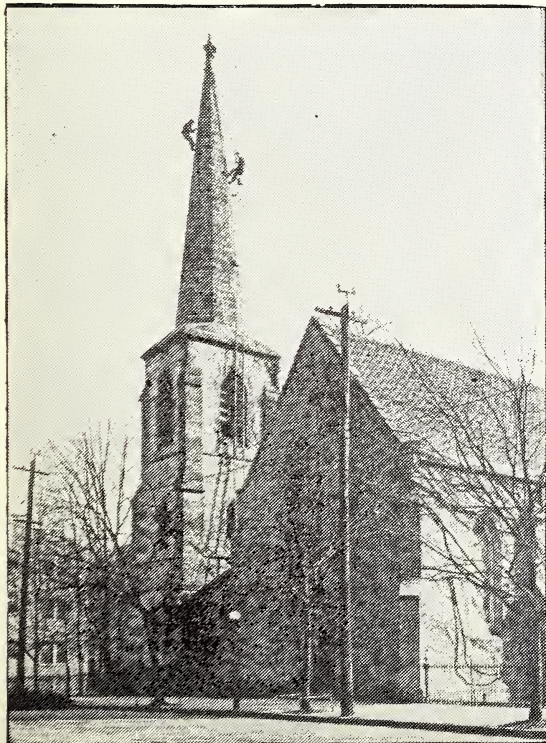
"There was a heavy fight at Mechanicsville (June 26, 1861), mostly artillery on the part of the Yankees, but a much heavier battle was fought later in the afternoon at Ellerson's Mill (sometimes called 'Battle of Beaver Dam Creek' about one mile east of Mechanicsville and about one mile north of the junction of Beaver Dam Creek and the Chickahominy. The Yankees were strongly fortified along the crest of the hills rising from the east side of the valley drained by that part of the creek. Hill's attack was premature and proved to be disastrous in the extreme. That night Jackson's advance got to a point that threatened Porter's rear, and during the night Porter withdrew the most of his troops to Gaines's Mill, as you say, and the next morning he withdrew the rest.

"The *VETERAN* interests me very much. I hope to see other articles from you."

THE ONLY CHICKEN THAT ESCAPED SHERMAN.

The accompanying illustration shows steeple jacks in their work of removing a large cock from the steeple of Christ Church in Raleigh, N. C., this cock being a local celebrity in that he has the distinction of being the only chicken not taken by Sherman's army during its visit to that city. The cock presides over an old weather vane, and was taken down for the purpose of being regilded in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the church last October. Resplendent in golden feathers, the old fellow is again on his high perch, throwing the admonition of his presence there over the ivy-covered oaks of old State House Square as the sun sets and the faithful gather for evening prayer. "He is a great old bird," writes Miss Martha Haywood, of Raleigh, "and has watched the wedding and burial of many a loyal son and daughter who gave all for the Stars and Bars. His presence on the steeple is an admonition to the people not to deny Christ, and is also a symbol to remind them that each day is a new day, a new opportunity to serve the Lord, to forsake the sins of yesterday, the strength of this admonition arising from the fact that the cock crew when Peter denied Christ. This symbolism is of common use in England, but, so far as known, there is but one other instance of its use in America."

This illustration was kindly loaned by the *News and Observer*, of Raleigh.



STATUE OF GEN. E. KIRBY SMITH.

The magnificent statue of Gen. E. Kirby Smith presented by the State of Florida for Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington has been formally accepted by the Senate of the United States, the House having previously acted favorably upon this, and now this statue of a beloved leader of the Southern cause will have its place with other distinguished men in that hall of fame. The resolution introduced was adopted upon motion by Senator Fletcher, of Florida, and was as follows:

"Resolved, by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), that the thanks of congress be given to the State of Florida for the statue of Gen. E. Kirby Smith.

"Resolved, That the statue be accepted in the name of the United States, to remain in the Statuary Hall in the Capitol of the nation, and that a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed and duly authenticated, be forwarded to his excellency the Governor of the State of Florida."

In his remarks, Senator Fletcher said:

"Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith was born at St. Augustine, Fla., May 16, 1824, and died at Sewanee, Tenn., March 28, 1893.

"His father, Joseph Lee Smith, and mother, who was Frances Marvin Kirby, came to Florida from Connecticut, where the father was a prominent lawyer in 1821, having resigned as colonel of the Third United States Infantry in 1818. He had served as a commissioned officer, major and colonel, in the War of 1812. He was appointed judge of the United States district court of Florida in 1823, and served in this position until 1837. From 1838 to 1843 he was a delegate in congress from the Territory of Florida.

"Edmund Kirby Smith graduated from West Point Military Academy with honors in 1845, among the first appointees from Florida. He was given the brevet rank of second lieutenant of infantry, and saw his first active service in the Mexican war, in which he was twice breveted for gallantry, first at Cerro Gordo and then at Contreras.

"He was assistant professor of mathematics, following this war, at West Point Military Academy from 1849 to 1852. In 1855 he attained the rank of captain and was assigned to the Second United States cavalry, serving on the then frontier of Fort Atchison, Tex., and was wounded in an engagement with the Comanche Indians.

"The legislature of Texas gave him a unanimous vote of thanks for his services and the conspicuous gallantry displayed in that battle.

"Early in 1861 he was promoted to the rank of major, but when his native State of Florida withdrew from the Federal union he resigned his commission and was appointed a lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the Confederate army by President Jefferson Davis, April 6, 1861. In 1862 he was made a lieutenant general, and a full general, the highest rank in the Confederate army, in 1864.

"He was wounded at the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, and was subsequently placed in command of the department of East Tennessee, in 1862. He led the eastern wing in advance of the army under General Bragg which marched into Kentucky in the late summer and early fall of 1862. In August of that year the force under his command gained a signal victory over a much larger force of the army at Richmond, Ky.

"The congress of the Confederate States, on February 7, 1863, unanimously passed a resolution of thanks to General Smith for his matchless display of skill and bravery in conducting his part of that campaign.

"In 1863 he was placed in command of the Trans-Mis-

issippi Department, covering Texas, a large portion of Louisiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory. He organized and disciplined a fighting force, provided and enforced a system of government over the country, established factories, machine shops, salt works, and other industries, and supplied his army with clothing, rations, and essential munitions of war. The legislature of Texas, May 24, 1864, adopted a joint resolution thanking him for victories gained in Louisiana and Arkansas.

"His army was the last Confederate force to surrender.

"In 1870 General Smith accepted the chancellorship of the University of Nashville, and so continued until 1875. He was then tendered the chair of mathematics at Sewanee, the University of the South, and held that position until called to take his place with the mighty hosts of heroes and sages who had gone before, March 28, 1893.

"He married Cassie Selden, of Lynchburg, Va., whom he met while recovering from severe wounds received in the first battle of Manassas. She died at Sewanee, Tenn., in 1907, having survived the general fourteen years. Eleven children blessed their union, all of whom have proved the truth of the saying that "blood counts." All are living with the exception of one daughter.

"When the War between the States was over, General Kirby Smith, like General Lee, devoted his great abilities, his superb talents, his lofty example to that profession which is second only to the ministry, that of the teacher. The monetary remuneration was meager, but the work was noble and had its reward in the benefits of the youth of the land."

The act of congress in regard to placing these statues provides that each State shall have the privilege of thus honoring two sons distinguished for their historic renown or for their civic or military services. Florida has thus placed two statues, one, in 1914, of John Gorrie, M.D., inventor of the ice machine and mechanical refrigeration, and this of Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, which was presented in 1918; the first memorial being to a benefactor of mankind, a physician and scientist, illustrated for distinguished civic services, and the second, a tribute to her most distinguished soldier.

Both of these statues are the work of a citizen of Florida, C. A. Pillars, a sculptor student of Lorado Taft, whose genius and talent are shown by his work on these statues, one of them in marble, the other in bronze.

Mr. Fletcher concluded by saying:

"No action by congress is necessary, but it is well and proper to recognize what has been done by the State, and to place on record the facts showing how the State has exercised her choice, and the manner in which she has availed herself of the privilege granted by congress of perpetuating the memory of two of her distinguished sons, and thus being herself represented in National Statuary Hall."

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.—From George H. Carmical, of Commerce, Ga.: "In the March number of the VETERAN, (Page 118), J. T. Eason, of Houston, Tex., offers a correction of my statement (October VETERAN) that the 7th Georgia Regiment was the only command of Georgia troops which fought on the Henry House plateau, July 21, 1861. I stick to this statement, Comrade Eason. If you will refresh your memory of that day, you will remember that Colonel Bartow led the 8th Georgia across the Warrenton Turnpike, away from the Henry House plateau, to the assistance of General Evans, where it did some hard fighting. I have no desire or intention to detract from the 8th Georgia a single honor it earned that day. Notice my language."

"THE BOYS".

BY J. H. MCNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

What was it made "the boys" so bold
For war in the brave days of old?
To stand against unnumbered foes,
And righteousness to strength oppose.
The splendid vision of the right
Imperiled was calling to the fight
With courage patient, rare and high
And quick to dare and do or die.
A comradeship for every day
To help some brother on his way,
And brighten all the pathway long
With laughter, music, and with song.
Till all Life's weary trials past,
The Victor's crown shall come at last.

The rapidly passing years are marked and saddened by the passing, one by one, of the noblest body of men who ever glorified a cause by their achievement or sanctified it by their sacrifices. Through more than half a century, in battle and march, and afterwards in desolated homes, they stood for righteousness and truth in the face of all opposition. At first it was a great army that was left after the casualties of war, but amid all the vicissitudes of fortune they sought to help one another in all civic, economic, and religious duties. But gradually their ranks were thinned, and day after day we would miss one and another from his accustomed place, and this world would be poorer because he had gone out of it. One may well ask what was the origin of this comradeship, and what it was that bound them together. It was in the spring of 1861 that their rights as citizens were threatened with extinction, and their patriotism flashed into flame in defense of their country and her rights. And so, stirred by rolling drum and shrilling fife and bugle call, they gathered from field and hamlet and city to pledge life and liberty in defense of their cause.

And let it never be forgotten that in all this great enterprise the women of the South, with their quick sense of duty and inspiration of loyalty, upheld and encouraged the men to these great sacrifices. At that time there was no mere seeking of office or position, but men rushed together in a common brotherhood and were just "the boys."

It was just the beginning of my ministry as a preacher of the gospel, and heart and soul, I went in with "the boys" and for four years lived and wrought and fought along with them, sharing the privations and dangers of a private soldier's life. And in those years, ministering to others and being ministered to by them, we learned to love each other with a devotion that "age could not wither nor custom stale." Many and many a time I stood by their open graves to commit their bodies to the earth and commend their souls to a merciful God, until at last the numbers of us left were far fewer than those of us who had gone; and these came back to a land bare and desolate, to families torn by bereavement and sorrow; and they took up again together the burden of making a new world and repairing the desolations of the old. The motto on each man's forehead and heart as he turned to his neighbor was: "Yours to count on." And, in spite of hatred, misrepresentation, and cruelty in hindering their efforts, they succeeded grandly; and to-day the land itself stands in the forefront of the highest spiritual civilization, and the children of these fathers and mothers have again and again shown their willingness to stand for liberty against oppression and injustice.

But what about "the boys" of 1861-65? They were scattered all over the land, meeting only occasionally for council and encouragement, and daily, as I passed through city or town, I would meet some of these "boys" and stop for a chat about old times; and we'd have a kind word of encouragement for each other as we separated to our varied duties. I used to stop on a well-known corner in Nashville and have a chat with old Tom Fitzgerald, the policeman. He had belonged to the 10th Tennessee (Irish) Regiment, and was a devout Catholic. A little while before he was finally taken, I went to his little home and spent a most delightful afternoon with him, in which we talked over old times and the deeper interests of life. Then there is another Irishman in this town, devout Catholic, known as "Sergeant Reed," but "we boys" know him only as "Old Dick Reed." He knows about my blindness and so, again and again, as he sees me about to cross a street, he will come up with the inquiry, "Doctor, where you going?" and when I tell him, his reply is, "Well, I'll see ye there," and so he sees me on my way. What is it? It is only the spirit of "the boys" showing itself after all the years. Not long ago I passed on the street four old gray-haired men talking together, and one of them reached out and caught me. He knew I could not see well and he said: "What do you mean by passing us without speaking?" My reply was: "I lost these eyes following you 'boys' more than fifty years ago, and now you must be my helpers."

My grandson would have said, "Who are those men?" And my answer would have been: "O just some of the 'boys.'" And he would have exclaimed with wonder at my calling them "the boys;" but they have never ceased to be "boys" through all the changing years.

What was it that sustained this inevitable and irrespressible buoyancy of youth, this boyishness of spirit? To this there is a fourfold answer:

1. It was devotion to a righteous cause and to the highest principles of justice and truth. They never for a moment forgot that these obligations of truth and justice were to be met in all the affairs of life.

2. An indomitable courage that never hesitated to face danger and death in the cause of right. With faithfulness and patience they endured, ready, if need be, to dare and to do, and even to die. To them the cause for which they fought and the principles for which they lived were of more value than any earthly life.

3. The spirit of camaraderie, a comradeship sealed in blood and maintained in constant ministries of kindness. It was a spirit that could never disregard the call for help from those in need, and so there was a geniality and kindness that made their association when they met a joy and a pleasure.

4. There should be added to these a spirit of cheerful humor that looked upon the bright side of everything, and that could extract fun from unexpected sources. Nothing was dearer than a good joke on a comrade, and every one was a good sportsman, ready to take as well as to give a joke. And these were the things that were illustrated in our daily lives as we met and mingled in the pilgrimage to "fame's eternal camping ground."

But now, as I go on the streets, I miss some of the well-remembered faces. There were Capt. Joe Phillips and Will Fletcher, who both slipped away after a day or two's illness. Then I stayed with Tully Brown until he passed away, and just lately, while confined to my bed, I heard of the passing of Captain Howlett, Charlie Temple, and Maj. Wilbur M. Foster, and the question comes to me, again and again, "Is that the end of it all?" There comes also to my mind a

scene in which I mingled several years ago, when "the boys" gave a big dinner in one of the hotels, and I was asked to be present and open the meeting with prayer. I was a little delayed in coming, and I found one of "the boys" waiting for me in the lobby of the hotel, and he called out to the waiting body in the rooms above: "Boys, the Parson's come; get ready." And to me he said: "The boys are all waiting for you upstairs." And there they were, old, grizzled, gray-haired, some minus limbs, some, as I, almost blind, but a jollier crowd never met; and, when we had called upon our Father's name in thankfulness, we sat down to partake of his bounty. And then I thought maybe this scene was typical of reality. It may be that those who have gone before are waiting for us "upstairs," and that in due time we will join them there, where pain shall receive its recompense and sacrifice its fruits.

GENERAL BATTLE AND THE STOLEN COLT.

BY REV. M. S. WATTS, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

This incident occurred during Early's campaign in the Valley of Virginia in the year 1864. General Hunter with his army had passed through the Valley with the torch and sword, laying waste the land, burning and destroying mills, barns, dwellings, and public institutions, including the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. At Lynchburg Hunter was met and turned back by Early in command of eight thousand troops. This was about June 12. Hunter retreated back into the Valley and thence into the mountains of West Virginia, leaving his smoky trail open from Lexington to the Potomac.

Through the holocaust of smoke and ashes, Early marched into Maryland and drew up his line of battle in front of the fortifications of Washington. When the big guns on the parapets had belched forth some of their heavy missiles and some reinforcing divisions from Grant's army had been observed, Early found the atmosphere unwholesome, and, in the afternoon of the second day of occupation, began a retreat to Virginia.

Nelson's Battalion of Artillery, to which I belonged, had been parked on a farm having a large Dutch barn. The residence, small and ordinary, was vacant, but with every sign of recent occupation. The stock and the other portable property had been taken away and was then most probably behind the fortifications that threatened us.

Orders to march had been given; our infantry was moving ahead and the artillery falling in behind. When about to take my place as a cannoneer, one of my messmates approached me, exclaiming: "Watts, there is a very fine colt in that brick barn, and I would like to take it with me to Virginia, but I need some help to capture it." I readily offered my assistance.

I was not aware at this time that an order had been made and read publicly to our army forbidding the interference with private citizens or any molestation of their property. My friend and I were most probably foraging at the time this order was read, for it must be confessed that these fat Dutch dairies were very attractive to men who had so recently left the parched and withered Valley.

When approaching the barn, my friend explained: "The Yankees, when near Lynchburg, took several of our farm horses, and we need them; this Dutch gentleman doubtless has a surplus, or he would have taken this colt with him."

Our task proved more difficult than we had anticipated. The colt was in a large room, and we had no means of confining it. An hour or more had elapsed when we led out our captive. Our troops were far ahead and the rear guard

column was passing. We were on a line parallel with the rear guard and about forty yards distant when a very distinguished looking officer left his command and, approaching us on horseback, demanded: "Where did you get that colt?"

My friend being a little embarrassed, I answered: "From that barn, sir," pointing back to the building.

"Did you impress it or just take it?" the officer asked.

"We impressed it, sir," said I.

"And on whose authority?" demanded our inquisitor.

When I replied, "Our own, sir," the officer turned abruptly in his stirrups and called: "Captain —, send me a sergeant and four men."

To the sergeant he said: "Have two men take the colt back to that barn; the other two will put these men under guard."

This distinguished looking officer, with his erect figure, smooth gray uniform, gilt buttons, gold braid, brilliant stars, and yellow buckskin gauntlets, made a deep impression on me, and I knew that I would never forget him, and perhaps never forgive him.

For the remainder of the day and much of the night we marched under guard; and when we lay down at night under the cold Northern stars, we were criminals in charge of the provost guard, to be tried by a court-martial and maybe shot for stealing a colt from an enemy.

No rations had been issued to us, and our breakfast was some cold bread found in the haversack of my frugal friend. We were making a forced march, anxious to cross the Potomac before our enemy, who had been reinforced, should overtake us.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of that warm July day, we recognized Lieutenant Harris, a messenger from Captain Kirkpatrick, in command of our battery. Harris brought an order from General Battle, whom we now knew to be our distinguished captor. This order required the captain of the guard to release his prisoners to the messenger, identifying us as the captives who had been caught stealing a colt.

Lieutenant Harris explained to us that we had been guilty of a very grave crime, and that General Battle had delivered us to Captain Kirkpatrick with the understanding that he would either punish us according to the demands of the law or commit us for trial by a court-martial.

When still under guard, we were brought before our judge; being a lawyer of renown, he explained the nature of our crime in relation to the order forbidding interference with the property of private citizens in the enemy's country. Our captain now informed us that General Battle, in releasing us, had stipulated that we might either accept such punishment as he, the captain, might dictate, or submit to a trial by court-martial. We were a little stubborn about it, but to save our families and friends the mortification of a public trial and disgrace, we accepted the captain's terms.

Our sentence was to stand two hours each day, one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon, on a metal-top caisson in the delightful July sunshine fully exposed to the view of our camp. And our crime was to be published as "The Stealing of a Colt."

Early's army reached Virginia safely and went into camp near Martinsburg. With the exception of two minor engagements, one at Snicker's Gap, the other at Kernstown with detached troops, we were undisturbed for several weeks while Sheridan reorganized his army south of the Potomac.

This rest was much appreciated, as we had been on the march almost continuously since we left Richmond on June 12. It was now July 22. Our days in camp were occupied

with patching the old shoes, doing some laundry work, and exterminating cooties.

Sheridan, who had succeeded Hunter on August 9, did not begin active operations against his adversary until about the middle of September. On September 19, with fifty thousand troops, he fought Early at Winchester with fourteen thousand. Here Early lost four thousand troops, or thirty per cent of his army, while the enemy lost five thousand, or only ten per cent of his force.

Three days later Sheridan renewed the battle at Fisher's Hill. Here Early's army realized its weakness, now only ten thousand strong. His battle line reached from the river to the mountain, the turnpike running through the center, the only road across the ridge known as Fisher's Hill.

It was a strong position for the Southern army, yet a brilliant maneuver on the part of the Federal commander came near to being a knock-out blow for Early. Early in the day Sheridan started a strong force up what was known as the "Back Valley," on a road across the mountain and parallel to the Valley pike. This force was expected to cross the mountain in the afternoon and, just at the right time, strike Early's left flank.

Believing his flank to be fully protected by the mountain, Early concentrated his force along the right and left pike. Battle's Brigade, on the left, reached the foot of the mountain and was supported by Kirkpatrick's Battery; and along a rail fence up the mountain side was a thin line of cavalry, dismounted.

During the day there had been heavy skirmishing at different points along the line, but there had been no action on the left until about four o'clock, when the Federal commander threw out a heavy skirmish line in our front.

For half an hour or more there was a constant fire along a ravine that separated the two lines of battle, but no general engagement. Our battery had not yet been brought into action.

The sun had nearly reached the mountain top when a Yankee yell that made the forest tremble rolled down the mountain side. Our cavalry rushed down like the swine with an overdose of devils. To their credit be it said, they reformed their line in rear of our artillery.

Our battery was faced to the left with orders to shell the woods with double canister. Colonel Nelson, from the right, dashed up with Massie's Battery to reinforce Battle's Brigade. The Alabamians were fighting in two directions and in imminent danger of being crushed by the closing sides of an acute angle. Looking along this line, I again saw the distinguished looking officer with the buckskin gaudlets and gold braid. In his hands now was a cedar stake which he had pulled from the fence. Where a nervous man swerved from the line, he appeared behind him, crying: "Close up! On your life!"

While that column of Southern chivalry quivered in the smoke and held two opposing lines at bay, our battery was firing the double canister; and, in some instances, one gun was trailed over another and our men on the left seemed in danger of being shot by their own guns.

The sun was now behind the mountain and the little cove at the base of the hill was dark with smoke. Suddenly the firing ceased. The flanking column had not dared to emerge from the woods, and the battle of Fisher's Hill was over.

In the twilight our artillery began to withdraw, followed soon by the infantry, leaving only a rear guard.

Early in the action our gallant colonel had had his horse shot; the high-crowned red-and-gold hat, too, was gone, and

the gallant old Spartan was coming out on a limber chest of one of our guns. The Alabamians saw and began to yell; "Three cheers for the grand old Colonel!" and the echo of his fame rolled down the mountain.

The stalwart leader of the dauntless Alabamians was the squire of all eyes. This man of iron nerve, wielding the cedar stake had saved our artillery and the left wing, at least, of Early's army. Looking on this colossal figure, I forgave General Battle.

I think at this time I might have outscored Pollyanna in the Glaglade. I was proud of my bare-headed artillery chief. I was glad as I thought of Colonel Peters, who refused to obey an order to burn private property. I was glad of General Lee's order forbidding molestation of private property; and I was glad of General Battle, and glad that the colt was in Maryland meadows where it belonged.

Sheridan followed our retreat up the Valley, completing the devastation begun by Hunter. In the language of General Fitz Lee: "The beautiful Valley of Virginia was a barren waste, and from the mountain's breast was reflected the light of two thousand burning barns, seventy mills filled with wheat and farming utensils, while in front of the victorious army were driven thousand of head of stock." In the language of Sheridan: "A crow flying across the Valley now would need to carry its rations."

Such was the prospect of the inoffensive citizens of the Valley as the winter of eighteen hundred and sixty-four approached.

A RAID WITH JOE WHEELER.

BY EDWARD J. THOMAS, SAVANNAH, GA.

After being in the State service for six months with the Liberty Independent Troop, of Liberty County, Ga., I mustered into the Confederate service, with the 5th Georgia Cavalry for the war, on April 1, 1862. We did scout duty about the coast of Georgia, watching and reporting on Yankee gunboats, until Sherman began his march on Atlanta, when we were ordered to Johnston's army, under Wheeler, to throw our might with him to stop the invasion. We didn't stop it, you know; but we all think if Joe Johnston hadn't been relieved Sherman would never have made that hellish march to the sea. But who knows? Just before Sherman reached Atlanta, one afternoon late, orders came from Wheeler that every cavalryman who was well mounted must report at five P.M., at a certain point, without a blanket or change of clothing.

On account of a severe wound, I could not do active service; had been offered a discharge, which I didn't want, so I was made quartermaster sergeant, hence, was not included in the hasty order above mentioned; but, having a good horse and good pistols and hungry for a fight, I called on the commanding officer and begged to be permitted to report, assuring the commander that my good horse and willing mind would make him a good aide or courier or anything. As the order required us to met without a change of clothing or blanket, we thought only a hasty raid would be made. He reluctantly assented, and, in two or three days I found myself in the town of Dalton, where the Yankee garrison was driven into a high barracks and we boys were eating condensed milk (the first I ever saw) and crackers and other good things taken from the stores of Dalton, where Yankee storekeepers, following Sherman, had opened up shop.

Being only a sergeant, I knew not then or even now why we were ordered to the rear, but I suppose for two reasons: first,

to tear up Sherman's railroad line of communication, and, second, because the cavalry had no forage for their horses. At any rate, nightly we tore up many miles of track, made bonfires of the fences and placed the rails on them, which caused the rails to bend and twist, making them unfit to relay; but this trouble was of little worth, for in a few hours a trainload of everything necessary to replace the track was sent by the Yankees, and trains were soon running again.

The commander found plenty for me to do as forage master. I was sent away with a squad of men in a certain direction to get rations for men and animals for the ensuing night, leaving pickets on the route to pilot the way. We ate green corn, and, strange to say there were no sick horses or men; and thus I learned that fresh vegetables or fruit was always good for us.

A STAMPEDE.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Perhaps many old Confederate soldiers who read this little episode will remember having had some such experience themselves, and, for their amusement and the pleasure of all readers of the *VETERAN*, I shall endeavor to give a graphic account of our memorable rout on the night of June 26, 1862, an incident which has never been in print and exists only in the memory of the few of the 31st Georgia men who still survive. The circumstance made a lasting impression on my mind, which the stirring events of the following day (Cold Harbor), and subsequent battles have failed to efface from my memory. This affair, which we at the time considered most disgraceful, did not seem in the least to dampen the courage of our men in the great battle to which we were hastening, but rather to stimulate them to redeem their good name, which they did so handsomely.

Although we had been in the service eight months, we had never been under fire and were untried. Our soldiering had been at Savannah until we were sent to Stonewall just as he had fought the last battle in his great Valley campaign.

When we arrived he was resting his men in camp a few days to hurl them against McClellan at Richmond.

We detrained at Ashland and set out at once on the march to join Lee's men already engaging the enemy, while the distant boom of the big guns ahead told us of the hot work to which we were hastening. We marched until a late hour of the night, and the column was halted in a deep sunken road for the men to rest until a suitable place could be found for our bivouac. We were lying and squatting about with our guns in our hands, and being very tired and drowsy, all soon fell asleep.

Half conscious, I heard a buzzing, confused noise approaching rapidly from the rear. This passed over us suddenly, knocking men about in the darkness and mixing up men and guns in the greatest confusion. Whatever it was, passed over us quickly and disappeared, so that we never knew what caused the disturbance. The men sprang to their feet stupefied, forgetting all discipline, and sought safety in flight from an unseen force. On the right of the road was a thick forest of large trees, whose branches extended over us and added to the darkness of the place. On the left an old rail fence ran along the high embankment. Up this the men rushed wildly, scrambling in the greatest confusion to get to the open field, which sloped gently about two hundred yards to a marshy swamp. Across this field the most of the men fled to take refuge in the marsh for protection from an unknown enemy.

Half asleep, I arose and endeavored to follow in the great rush to get over the fence. Rails were flying from above in the darkness, and one of these struck me on the head and knocked

me senseless. How long I remained in this state I do not know, but when I regained consciousness my comrades were all gone, and I alone stood there in the road, wondering what to do. I climbed up the bank into the field and peered around in the darkness to locate my comrades, or our enemy, but I could see neither. I loaded my gun and awaited developments. The report of a pistol in the woods on the other side of the road informed me that some one was there. I then descended into the road again, and, in a minute more, Sergeant W. A. Acree (killed at my side at Marye's Heights) came from the cover of the woods and saluted me. He seemed to be utterly disgusted with the conduct of our men. Soon all returned to the road and we were marched a short distance to an open field, where we bivouacked a few hours. As I was spreading my blanket on the ground, Acree, still smarting over the disgraceful conduct of our men, stood up and made them a speech, telling them that on the morrow would be fought the greatest battle in the history of our country, and it would be seen whether they were brave men or cowards. And so it was. His words were true. Well do I remember how nobly he acted his part in that battle.

But this story would be incomplete if I should fail to relate a little joke on our orderly sergeant, George Swan. Among my schoolmates was a long-legged boy named Green Berry Moore. Nobody was ever found who could beat him in a foot race. When he was in full flight, he could clear ten or twelve feet at a bound. He was now about eighteen years old and at his best. As the men were coming back into the road to take their places in the ranks, Green Berry was in a great fit of laughter, and said: "Boys, I always thought I could run, and I was one of the first to get over that fence, and I did my best to reach that swamp; I fairly flew; but when I got there, George Swan had been there so long ahead of me, I found him there wading about knee deep in the mud and calling out: "'Rally here, Company I.'"

This little joke and the experience of the next day were too much for our proud orderly sergeant. He got some kind of a leave of absence to go home, where he turned preacher and never came to us afterwards.

Some of our men thought our herd of beef cattle stampeded and ran over us, asserting positively that they saw above them the head and horns of an ox; others thought our general and his staff officers rode over us to test the pluck of his new soldiers. One man said he was struck by a horse and knocked ten feet. Strange to say, nobody was hurt, but I am sure all were demoralized. To relate how ridiculous some acted would make this article too long.

DEFENDING THE CAVALRYMAN.—F. J. Quarterman, of DeWitt, Ga., who served in Company G, Jeff Davis Legion, takes issue with Comrade John Coxe, in defense of the cavalrymen of the Confederacy. He says: "In the *VETERAN* for November, page 443, your man of the Hampton Legion makes a very disparaging remark about our cavalrymen when he asks, 'Who ever saw or heard of a dead cavalryman?'" I can tell him that I have seen piles of dead cavalrymen, in heaps, and I have many times seen cavalrymen dismount and fight on foot like infantry; and when night came the cavalrymen went on picket next to the enemy and kept guard while the infantrymen slept. In all the great battles in Virginia the cavalrymen had their part of the line to hold; they had to supply their own horses, and when a cavalryman's horse was disabled he had to find another or go to the trenches with the infantry."

AN UNFORTUNATE SHOT.

BY PETER PELHAM, POULAN, GA.

Early in October, 1862, the first Alabama Regiment, Partizan Rangers, commanded by Col. J. T. Morgan, of Selma, Ala., was camped at Laverne, Tenn. They were armed with double-barrel shotguns and old muskets, some flint and steel, and all kinds of pistols, some of these also being flint and steel. The government furnished sabers made in Alabama and with wooden scabbards. Camped near us was an infantry regiment from Alabama which had no arms and was waiting and drilling till they could be supplied. Our regiment was well mounted, and we had mostly good muzzle-loading shot-guns.

Early one frosty morning a foraging party with about seventy-five or a hundred empty wagons, escorted by a brigade of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and a battery of six or eight guns, ran into this unarmed regiment, which, of course, ran through our regiment, the Yanks following close behind, shooting as they came. Our bugler at once blew "Boots and Saddles," so we mounted in great haste and much confusion, but in good order. Our regiment was formed and marched out to meet the enemy, some of the companies going to one point and some to other positions. Company C (my company) was stationed close to the Murfreesboro pike in a cedar thicket with orders to fire at close range with both barrels loaded with buckshot. I felt sure we could clear up the whole bunch. My brother William was a lieutenant in Company A, and he had command of one little six-pound cannon, the only one in our command. He planted his gun and began shooting. The enemy located his gun and began throwing shells at it, soon blowing up his caisson and dismantling his gun, also wounding him. One of his squad, Dudley Bush I believe, came out and told me that my brother William was wounded and had lost his horse. I got permission of my captain to hunt him up and bring him out. When I got to where the Nolensville pike comes into the Murfreesboro pike, I looked down the Nolensville pike and saw a regiment coming my way and another regiment or two, both infantry, coming from toward Nashville. They were covered with pike dust and looked gray, and it was before we began using the battle flags. Our flag looked like the United States flag, and having no idea the Yankees were on the Nolensville pike, I felt sure it was my regiment, so I held my position, thinking my regiment would reinforce me and that we could whip that brigade in front; result, my horse killed, I was captured, and they took me to be a "bushwhacker." There were many in the section at the time. Our regiment had nothing but the homemade uniforms. Most of us had citizens' clothes, no brand on our horses, equipment, or anything else. We had to furnish our own horses and saddles and all equipment.

I was taken to Nashville and put in a dungeon in the Federal prison. I was tried by a court-martial, with two others captured that day, one of whom was sentenced to be shot. When taken before the court, I made my statement, telling absolutely the truth; I could not understand how I could be a bushwhacker. I knew nothing of that part of war till I heard the damaging testimony against me. I had shot at the Yankees when entirely cut off from my command, but I did not know it when I shot. On this court was Colonel Gilham, of East Tennessee, who was afterwards a general. He asked my full name and where I was from, my age, etc., and he kept looking in my face, and finally asked if I knew John Pelham. He then asked me to describe him, give his age, where he was educated, and all about him. I told him all, and that he was my older brother. He asked me where he was. I

said he was under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, that he was in command of Stuart's Horse Artillery, etc. Colonel Gilham then turned to the other members of the court and said: "I believe this boy is telling the truth. I know John Pelham; we were together at West Point last year, and I know John Pelham would not tell a lie under any circumstances; this boy describes him perfectly and looks like him." They voted me not guilty of bushwhacking and sent me to prison with others. Before I was sent off, Colonel Gilham said to my guard: "Turn him over to me, I will be responsible for him." He then told me to go with him down into the basement of the Capitol building, where the court had been held, where I found a lot of Confederate uniforms, all new and made of splendid cadet gray. I fitted myself out with coat, vest, and pants. The colonel told me to take the best, saying they had been captured from Morgan's command and would be burned, "so, take your choice." The suit selected fitted me exactly. It was an officer's coat, so we pulled the stars and braid off, and I had a splendid suit for the winter. I was given my parole after staying in prison about two weeks. The prison was outside of the city. General Forrest was in command of the Confederate troops around Nashville, and I understood that the Federal commander in Nashville at that time became uneasy for fear Forrest would make a raid on the prison and release all the prisoners, so they paroled all of us, some two or three hundred.

When I got back to my regiment, with about fifteen others, my brother Charles told me that Alfred, our servant, had gone back home, and this is the story that Charles told me:

After the little skirmish at Laverne, Alfred was so scared, and he ran so far that it took him three days to get back, and when he came, he had all our cooking outfit on the pack horse and on his own saddle horse. He had the frying pan, camp kettle, coffee pot, and iron skillet tied to his saddle, while the rations and blankets were on the pack horse. This was our first real service, and we soon learned that many of these luxuries were impossible in real war, or to us in the Confederate army. Alfred said, "Marse Charles, us is gwine home right now. I promised Miss Martha I would take keer of you boys, and how is I gwine to do it if dem Yankees do lack dey done t'other day, when they come out here by the thousands and millions? Marse Charles, us is gwine back to Miss Martha, I can't stan' dis thing no mo.' Us is gwine home." "Alfred," says Charles, "I can't go. The general would have me shot for deserting." "No," says Alfred, "I will go and tell the general dat I promised Miss Martha to take keer of you boys, and I des can't de way dem Yankees do. Dar is Marse William; he done wounded and sent back, and I spec he gwine die; and Marse Peter, I know he is daid befo' now." Charles says: "No, Pete is a prisoner, for we found his dead horse, and I am sure he is in prison." "No, Marse Charles, don't you know if dem Yankees do lack dey done when us had guns dey would sholy kill Marse Peter as soon as dey got his gun. No, suh, Marse Charles, us is gwine home. I can 'splaine to de general how it is and tell him what Miss Martha told me to do, and when I tell him dat, he gwine to say: 'All right, if your missist say dat, you better take him home.' Marse Charles, dem Yankees ain't got no sense a tall; dey jes' as soon shoot you boys as anybody. Dey ought to know better dan to shoot us, but dey don't, dey done kill Marse Peter befo' now. Marse Charles, dem Yankees act scandalous; I seed all I want to see of dem; dey shot bullets and cannons at me when I was running as fast as my horse could go, and when he could do no more, I got down and run on foot, but dey kept on shootin' at me, and if I had not dodged some lack a rabbit, dey shore would have killed me. I heerd de cannons jus' a boom!"—I

is gwine home." Alfred urged and begged, Charles told him he would not go, "but you can go, and I will write mother a letter and explain why I sent you home."

Well, Alfred went back to his Alabama home very much disappointed that he had to go alone, and he told most wonderful stories of war and camp life. Alfred did not believe any Confederate general would dare to refuse any request of his mistress; her word was always law, and most all the negroes loved their mistress. When Wilson's raiders came through our section, mules, horses, loads of flour, meat, and grain from each farm were sent off to swamps and hid, all under care of trusty negroes. Silverware and valuable papers were buried by negroes and guarded from Yankee raiders. I shall never forget how loyal and true the Southern negro was until some time after the war. What was called the "Freedman's Bureau" caused most of our trouble. The officers of that court were often corrupt and taught negroes that their former masters were mean to them, made them work hard, and paid them nothing, that they had no right to the farms and stock, but that the negroes really owned them. Some dishonest Northern men made deeds to "forty acres and a mule" to many negroes for ten or twenty dollars. They were told that they could pick out the land and the mule, but to keep quiet for thirty days and it would be all right. These agents had a lot of bogus deeds printed and sold quite a number of them. Some of the negroes took the deeds to their former masters, so it got out, and the scoundrels who had sold the deeds had to leave at once. They were not Federal soldiers, never had been, but were camp followers and would steal anything. Some stole cotton and ripped the bagging off; some stole mules and horses; we had this same class of men who followed our army and committed all kinds of crime. I remember they got so bad in our cavalry that General Wheeler had a lot of them arrested and seven were tried and found guilty and shot in South Carolina not long before the surrender; and I remember that one was shot at Oxford, Ala., while Martin's division was camped there in the summer of 1863.

These camp followers, just after the surrender of the Confederate army, did more harm in retarding reconstruction in many places than the corrupt "Freedman Bureau." That is why the Ku-Klux Klan began operating, and it saved the people in Alabama and did more to reconstruct in our section than anything else. Negroes generally were true to their former masters—until corrupted for plunder and office by corrupt whites.

After the Murfreesboro fight, our regiment was made the 51st Alabama Mounted Infantry and put under General Wheeler.

NO PRISONERS.

The following was sent to the *VETERAN* by the late Eugene A. Levy, a Confederate comrade of New York City, who said it was "one of the many anecdotes that floated around headquarters and was told with gusto at many camp fires during the War between the States:"

"Generals Lee and Ewell, riding through a quiet road in deep consultation, followed by members of their staffs, came suddenly upon a North Carolinian at the roadside. Nude to the waist and careless of the august presences near, the soldier paid attention only to the dingy shirt he held over the smoke of some smoldering brush. The generals past, an aide spurred up to the toilet-making vet., and queried sharply: "Didn't you see the generals, sir? What in thunder are you doing?"

"Skirmishin'!" drawled the unmoved warrior. "An' I ain't takin' no pris'n'ers nuther!"

INFANTRY AND CAVALRY SERVICE.

BY JOHN G. HERNDON, EAST FALLS CHURCH, VA.

In the years of 1858-59, while attending school at Piedmont Academy, I realized, from the heated debates in Congress, the rapid approach of a conflict that would shake the American government from center to circumference.

In the spring of 1861 the older students began to align themselves with the different branches of the service—infantry, artillery, cavalry—and soon thereafter, even before the last spring month had passed, quite a large per cent had joined the selected arm of service. The great excitement and loss of students soon caused the closing of the institution, and those in ill health, or too young for immediate service, moved to the Clifton Academy, some ten miles distant, I among the number.

In the following fall, General Gary, with his Pennsylvania Dutch, in the Valley near Winchester, commenced moving toward the Blue Ridge Mountains, arresting all young men and others capable of military service and treating them harshly, compelling them to do the most menial service in his camps. His men were possessed with the instincts of vultures, and as they moved from place to place, their camp was greatly augmented by scores of negroes flocking to it. Their depredations on the people living on their line of march was something frightful, nothing was too sacred for their vile tongues and hands. I was riding from home daily to the Clifton Academy, some five miles distant, when, on March 1, 1861, Gary's men moved over the mountains at Ashby's Gap and began the reign of terror and oppression on the east side of the Blue Ridge, compelling all young men of military age to flee and join some branch of the service for the defense of homes in our beloved Southland. I was in constant danger of capture, so, on March 12, 1862, my mind was fully made up to leave for the army on the thirteenth of the month, my family fully acquiescing in my decision, though it was painful to do so.

That evening my father went with me to bid my aged grandparents good-by. As we walked back to the dear old home of my youth, our conversation was on the cruel invasion and the despoiling of home ties and the great and frightful loss of the young men of our land. After walking about half the distance, we reached a cherry tree on our path, when father said to me: "My son, let us kneel and have a word of prayer with God." O, such a prayer that was offered in my behalf and our native land. After my return from the war, I had occasion to pass that sacred spot, and the remembrance of that prayer and the godly life that was lived by my father was an inspiration to me.

The morning of the 13th proved to be bright and helpful as I took my departure from sorrowing loved ones. My father had his best thoroughbred horse, Redbird, well groomed and saddled, waiting for the soldier to be, and presented him in a few words. From that moment I resolved, God being my helper, I would never disgrace the name of Herndon by any act of cowardice or unfaithfulness to duty.

Proud of my mount, I rode southward five miles and was joined by five or six others, one of them being a clerk in the quartermaster's department of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army, who offered to give me a clerkship if I would accept it. Reaching Culpeper Courthouse that night, I put my horse in the livery and registered at the hotel. I found quite a number of officers in the lobby discussing General Johnston's retreat toward Richmond. A short time after breakfast I was approached by a splendid looking major of artillery, who asked if I was the owner of the sorrel horse in the livery, and if I would sell him, as he was just the horse he wanted. I said I would if money enough was offered, as much as I would regret

parting with him. At the same time I said, "Major, do you think you can ride him?" He looked at me with some degree of surprise, so I said: "You mount him first and see how you like him, and then I will give you a price." He finally mounted him with much difficulty and, after riding him around, came back where I was standing, saying: "Name your price; he is the best horse I was ever astride." I sold him for a big price and took the cars for Charlottesville, largely because of the apparent confusion in the movement of the army. However, General Johnston and Stonewall Jackson were ever on the alert.

After reaching my great aunt's at the University of Virginia, I soon joined a company of artillery being formed, known as Carrington's Battery, composed of one hundred and fifty men and six guns. Sergeant McCoy, a cousin of mine, commanded the first gun of that company, and I was a member of his gun squad. The company was drilled daily for three weeks, when, early one morning, we had orders to move to the station, fill caissons with ammunition, and prepare rations for two days' march to the Valley of Virginia. In the early morning of the next day we were on the march by way of Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge, and on down the Luray Valley by Front Royal.

Before reaching Front Royal we heard the opening of Stonewall's guns on the forces of General Banks. That event accelerated our movements, as we wanted, if possible, to get in at the capture or death of the invaders; but, the Valley pike being in good order and Banks's men fleet of foot, our battery failed to get a shot. However, we saw some of the aftermath along the road near Kernstown, some dead Yanks and deserted guns and cannon. I can never forget the face of one war-worn young man, who had been killed near a cluster of bramble briars on the road, and evidently had been overlooked. That was my first forceful lesson of the horrors of war. Soon, however, we saw it in all its terrors and hideousness.

After a short rest between Winchester and Harper's Ferry, we moved rapidly back up the Valley to intercept General Fremont from West Virginia, and General Shields, who was moving up the Page Valley. The history of that campaign is familiar to all. Defeating General Fremont at Cross Keys, my battery, a guard of infantry, and a squadron of cavalry were ordered across the bridge at Port Republic, to go into park just across the road opposite the home of Dr. Kemper, a great uncle of mine. I found the next morning that General Jackson's headquarters were there and that we were his guard. Very soon after sunrise the infantry guard was aroused by a squadron of Federal cavalry and two guns of light field artillery from General Shields's command which dashed hurriedly down the street and took possession of the bridge, to prevent, if possible, our army from crossing over to meet General Shields, who was rapidly nearing the town. The bugle of our battery sounded the alarm: "Limber up in short order." Guns one and two of my battery were soon in position in front of Dr. Kemper's lawn, facing down the street. The Yankees were not aware of our presence, and we opened on them with shell and canister, rapidly sweeping everything, as evidenced afterwards, in and along the street. They hurriedly left after two shots at us.

A few years ago, Major Preston, a staff officer, in a speech on the Port Republic fight, delivered before our Washington Camp, said if it had not been for the quick action of our two guns, he and General Jackson would have been captured or crushed between Generals Fremont and Shields.

After saving the bridge, General Jackson moved his army

over, and the bridge was burned immediately, thus preventing General Fremont, who was badly defeated the day before, from crossing over. He had rallied his forces sufficiently to give General Shields very material aid. We then turned our attention to General Shields, and, after a desperate struggle lasting several hours, he was sent back from where he came a wiser, if not a better, general.

After General Shields's defeat, we moved some twelve or fifteen miles south to Brown's Cove, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where we rested for a few days. Taking up our march again at three in the afternoon, and moving by way of Charlottesville and Gordonsville, "Jackson's Foot Cavalry," weary and worn, reached Hanover Junction at 8 A.M. the next morning and there halted. Exhausted from the day and night marching, we dropped down and fell asleep soundly for several hours. Having in our haversacks some fat bacon and flour, we mixed the flour on the stumps, with water from our canteens, and this dough we wound around sharpened sticks and held over the coals, turning every few minutes until done.

That was our first breakfast, after which the order was given to fall in, and Stonewall Jackson was again on the march, few knowing our destination. One thing was certain beyond a doubt, the emphatic order not to sound a bugle or fire a shot meant a strike at the Yanks some time during the day. About 3 P.M. we were halted, and in a few minutes a group of generals rode up alongside our guns and had a very animated conversation. Shortly thereafter the different brigades, in battle formation, moved rapidly forward, and the fight was on. My battery and others closely following the advancing infantry, the fight was on at Gaines's Mill, hot and fierce. As we reached the stream at the foot of the hill, at a little house on the road, we found General Ewell wounded; about half way up the heights, on the side of the road, lay one of his staff, shot through the head, killed instantly; a little farther on lay the gallant leader of the Louisiana Tigers, Major Wheat; his brave men, emerging from the woods, had struck the New York Zouaves in their gay uniforms, and the slaughter was terrific. Among them lay quite a large number of boys in gray. The stampede soon came, however, after they had made several efforts to check our onslaught, and the pursuit was at double quick all along the line.

The Yanks did all they possibly could to keep us off, cutting the wheels of their artillery and shooting their horses in the roads and cutting down trees, but the chase kept up until nine o'clock that night, and the next morning early we were at them again. In passing a farm house, we started for the well, being quite thirsty, but found heavy guard there turning away every caller, informing us that quite a number of our men had been made deathly sick from drinking the water, as the Yanks, fearing the capture of their medical supplies, had dumped them into the well.

Our rapid march was bringing us closer and closer to the retreating "Billy Yanks," who doubtless hoped to check us at Fair Oaks, which was fortified, but our noble "Stonewall" soon flanked them, making them retreat farther than ever, to Malvern Hill, under the protection of their gunboats. In their flight, wagons loaded with sutler's supplies were overturned and contents scattered along the road. I pick up a keg half full of corned beef and divided it among my messmates. That night we were a jolly, happy crowd, as our rations were running very short.

Reaching Malvern Hill, our advanced forces were hotly engaged, and our battery of six guns was ordered to take position on the heights and open fire with all guns. Sergeant

McCoy, of my gun, ordered me to take the bucket and find some water, which we would need for sponging out the gun. Some distance down a ravine I found water, and also found myself between the fire of the batteries on both sides. The cannonading was terrific, the tree tops falling right and left. Turning back to find my gun, I soon reached my starting point and found the battery returning from the hill, having been driven off by the gunboats, our battery being the seventh forced to leave the hill.

One of our caissons had been abandoned, having a wheel knocked off. The sergeant ordered me to take some men and pull it in. Hazardous work it was, but we succeeded in putting on the extra wheel and pulling it in through bursting shells and solid shot, tearing up the ground and throwing dirt and gravel all over us as we moved along.

On entering the road leading into the woods, a very remarkable sight engaged our attention. An infantryman had seated himself, leaning against a white oak tree about ten inches in diameter, his back toward the firing, his musket resting on his left shoulder, when a solid shot had pierced the center of the tree and, striking him in the neck, had severed his head, with the exception of a few ligaments, his head lying on his right shoulder. As much like a fairy tale as these sounds, about thirty-five years ago, the *Century Magazine* had a graphic description of the battle of Malvern Hill and its many sights, in which this incident was related more in detail than I have given.

After joining the company with our disabled caisson, General Jackson and staff rode up. The infantry and artillery firing was becoming intense. General Jackson, on "Old Sorrel," began to write a dispatch, but the bursting shells and falling limbs made his old war horse so restless that he dismounted by the side of the road. Throwing his bridle reins over his arm and kneeling on one knee, he finished writing his dispatch, his orderly waiting near by. A solid shot struck the ground just in front of him, throwing leaves and dirt over him; but he quietly brushed the dirt from the paper and finished writing as if nothing unusual had happened. Handing the paper to the orderly, he soon mounted and was off to another part of the battle field.

The wonderful bravery and coolness of Stonewall Jackson was an inspiration to his men, who willingly followed wherever he led. The naturally strong position at Malvern Hill being supported by gunboats, "Mars Robert" deemed it unwise to sacrifice his men. Jackson's Corps was soon on the move to Gordonsville. My company camped the first night near Richmond, and the next morning I was taken ill with fever and was left at a private house, a comrade, Dr. King, being detailed to look after me. I did not join my battery until the following September, as Jackson's Corps was returning from the fight at Sharpsburg, Md.

In the fall of 1862, my battery and a long range Whitworth gun were ordered to Port Royal, on the Rappahannock River, to watch the gunboats in case they attempted a trip up the river. They failed to come, thinking perhaps, that prudence would be the better part of valor. About December 10, we were ordered to join our corps and proceed to Fredericksburg. On the 13th of the month General Burnside opened the fight. After that engagement our battery marched to Bowling Green, in Caroline County, and went into winter quarters, building huts from old tobacco barns and other houses that could be bought for that purpose. The winter was a severe one, but we were quite comfortable. My health, however, was not good in February, and I seemed slow in regaining strength and vigor after that severe spell of typhoid fever the previous

summer. So I made application to General Lee for a transfer to Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, stating my reasons and no desire to quit the service. My orderly sergeant, H. H. Harris (after the war he became professor of Greek in Richmond College), tried to dissuade me from making the request, saying he did not believe General Lee would grant it. On my insisting, he sent the application, and in a few days my request was granted. I have often regretted that I did not ask for the order granting the transfer to preserve as a memento of the tenderness of the greatest chieftain of all the ages.

I was not long in getting my traps together, and, after a tender hand shake and a good-bye, the young artilleryman was soon speeding his way by the old Virginia Central Railroad (now Chesapeake and Ohio) to Charlottesville, where I soon found a suitable cavalry horse and started by way of Culpeper, Fauquier, and Warren Counties, to join Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry.

I reached home on March 13, 1863, just one year to the day since I had left. I found the cavalry service the very eyes of the army, full of exciting episodes and hazardous adventures. I had to be alert and always ready to fight in the saddle or on foot as sharpshooter and do certain picket duty. Indeed, it was reckoned during the last year and a half of the war as the hardest branch of the service. Though active nearly all the time, I enjoyed it, and it was helpful to my general health.

My first wound was received in front of General Grant at Haw's Shop, when a call was made on my squadron for sharpshooters. We moved quickly forward, soon striking Grant's infantry, sharpshooters protecting themselves in the woods and mostly behind cord wood. Our position was slightly elevated, with only a few small trees for our protection. We were ordered there to hold the road. How well we held it can be told in a few words. We had several killed in our squad four, and I was wounded in the right leg. Our enemy buried thirty-three at Haw's Shop; how many were wounded and carried off, we never could find out.

When we reached camp it was thought best that I should go to the hospital, but there was nothing compulsory about it. My messmates offered to bandage the leg and to give it all necessary attention under the advice of a doctor, who was a member of our company; and soon provided me with a rustic crutch, also a sack filled with pine tags as a pillow for my leg while riding, but with the distinct understanding that I should not go into a fight with them until my leg had healed.

In the heavy cavalry fighting at Trevilian Station, Louisa County, my horse was badly wounded, necessitating my taking him home for a fresh one, and during my absence my command moved to the Valley of Virginia.

On joining them there, the campaign became active and so continued until winter, and even as late as February we had to move against raiding parties. The greater part of that winter was spent above Lexington, Va., at Falling Spring, so named for the big spring and the Presbyterian Church near by. The winter was passed pleasantly, as our wagon trains were with us (General Rosser's Cavalry), and we were so fortunate as to have a large portable bakery and complete outfit, which my regiment had captured a short while before, and it was turning out as palatable bread as our mothers used to make, at least, we thought so at the time.

The most enjoyable occasion of that winter was participating in a reception to our General and his bride (Miss Winston, of Hanover County) in the Falling Spring Church. The General had taken advantage of the cessation of raiding and fighting to fully round up his life. You may be assured

that we gave him a rousing turnout, for his popularity as a commander and fighting man was great.

The later days of winter soon passed and the bugle notes of "boots and saddles" echoed and reechoed along the intervening hills, and the "Laurel Brigade" was off for the lower Valley.

Soon we crossed into East Tennessee, and then we found good wheat flour. I remember calling at a flour mill in the East Tennessee country and telling the miller I wanted a certain amount of flour, which he gladly furnished, but when the time came to pay, he objected to my means of doing so, which read: "Three years after a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States, the Confederate States promise to pay one John Doe twenty-five dollars for twenty bushels of flour." The miller could be induced to accept it only after offering it to him on the point of my sword and letting him feel, in an easy way, how sharp the point was. After getting the flour, then how to cook it? In a large barrel I mixed the flour with water, no salt, stirring the dough to proper consistency and then spreading it out on large, flat stones, which had been well heated; and thus I had baked bread for my comrades, to each of whom was handed a big pone as they rode by, all shouting: "Hurrah for Sergeant Thomas."

When there were so many men huddled together at night, with no change of clothing, no blankets, and, of course, no tents, the graybacks, known now as "cooties," took possession of us. I remember this, after fifty-seven years, as though it were yesterday. We were on the edge of the town, which ran along a pretty stream. After feeding the boys, I began to scratch, which made me think of getting a clean shirt in this town. As forage master I had a pass to go where I pleased, and, after my men had all gone forward, I lingered with the idea of asking some good woman to give me the wished-for article; so I rode up to a house and told the lady I had a sick friend who badly needed a shirt. She kindly assented and brought out what the boys called a "biled" shirt, all white and starched. If she had given me a palmetto fan it could not have been more useless, but, of course, I had to accept it. Stuffing it under my saddle cloth, I rode down the street until I got out of sight of the first lady, when I repeated my lie about a sick friend, whereupon I got another "biled" shirt, which I again stuffed under my saddle cloth and rode out of sight. I stopped at the creek, built a fire, took a bath, singed the wretched things from my coat and shirt, and threw the two "biled" shirts in the bushes.

Perhaps another reason for our going into East Tennessee was to recruit our horses, exchanging our worn-out steeds for fresh ones from the farms, simply forcing a trade. East Tennessee, as everybody knows, is very rocky, hence a horse without shoes was of no use. At first I tried to shoe my own horse, and I remember well, one evening late, finding an old shoe in an abandoned blacksmith shop and, having some nails, I shod my horse. It was awfully bad work; so the next day my horse was incapacitated, and I reported to the commanding officer that I had to have another animal. He simply said: "That is what we are here for. Find a horse and exchange." So, next morning, I started out alone before day, rode perhaps a mile or two, and came to a farm where I saw two horses in a pole stable a few yards from the road. The farm lay just by a flowing stream, the stable lot was at the road, the residence perhaps two hundred yards up the hill. I led my horse into the lot, and then examined the other two horses; one was a pretty young sorrel mare, but her shoes were worn; the other was a large gray, with brand new shoes. Of

course, I selected the horse with good shoes, and was about putting my saddle and bridle on him when the owner started for his stable, crying out against the thief, and as he ran he picked up a large cudgel to defend his property. I never thought so fast in my life. I was a Confederate soldier in that bushwhacking East Tennessee country, and I had to have the horse or be caught and hanged as a traitor. The man running toward me was one of those bushwhackers. I had to have the horse; so, just as he got within pistol shot, I ordered him to halt. He paid no attention, but continued coming toward me, but just as I was about to fire, we both cast our eyes up the road and saw troops coming. I called out: "You damned bushwhacker, can't you see by my uniform who I am? And can't you see our men? Hurry and get away or you will be hung." Without a word he jumped on the little sorrel mare and was gone to the woods. I left my somewhat worn horse in the place of the one I stole, but a day or two later I saw him hobbling along with a trooper on his back; some chap, even worse off than I, had taken my crippled horse in an effort to get out of this country. These East Tennesseans would neither join the Union nor Confederate forces; stayed at home, hiding in their mountains, and sniped any soldier who came along.

If this incident of the horse meets the eye of anyone in East Tennessee who knows about this happening, I would be pleased to hear from him and pay him for the horse, for he gave me good service on this raid and brought me out splendidly.

Before we got back from this raid light snow was falling. When I reached the command again, an order was issued that any one dismounted could get a thirty-day furlough and go home for another mount; so I gave my good horse, saddle, and bridle to a dismounted comrade, took his furlough, and went home, where I found my boy baby grown out of my recollection. And I was at home for those thirty days.

Early in April, 1864, Colonel Dulany had orders to detail two men from the regiment familiar with Fauquier and Loudoun Counties, and send them there to ascertain if any Federal troops were raiding through the counties, and their comparative strength. After searching as far as Goose Creek Meeting House, in Loudoun County (a Quaker settlement now called Lincoln), we found that a body of Federal cavalry was about Waterford and Lovettsville, and quite frequently extended their marches as far as Lincoln and vicinity. I, with a comrade, Charles Phillips, had been detailed because of my familiarity with the roads, and we were both well mounted and equipped for the trip. We gained a great deal of information without going beyond the "Goose Creek Meeting House," and thought it wise to move back to the macadam road leading from Alexandria to Singersville (now Bluemont). While in the neighborhood of North Fork we rode up to a farm house tenanted by Sherman Lake, whose wife was a sister of Lieutenant Smith, of Mosby's command. Mrs. Lake recognized us at once as Confederate soldiers, told us to put our horses in the stable and feed them, and to come to the house, as dinner was about ready. After introductions, she said: "Take off your arms, as you will be more comfortable." I thanked her, but said we had better keep them on, as we were liable to have a surprise at any time; so, buckling up our sabers, we went into the dining room and took seats at a table bountifully laden with all that was good in the eyes of Confederate soldiers. Mrs. Lake filled our plates bountifully, and just as we had been served, a little negro girl came running into the room, much excited, and exclaimed: "The soldiers are coming." We had not taken a mouthful, but no time was

to be lost. We went out through the kitchen and then moved rapidly, though quietly, into the garden, bending low. Reaching the fence near the barn, I pulled off a paling and we slipped through. We mounted in the barn and came out with a rush. Jumping the post and rail fence, we looked back and saw the "boys in blue" making a desperate effort to open the barnyard gate, which we had chained tightly. Finally opening gate No. 1, they rushed to No. 2, which was likewise well chained, not attempting to jump the fence. They soon got through and came full tilt over a beautiful sod field, hotly on our trail. When we reached the old Virginia fence, "pig tight and bull strong," I threw off the top rail and we cleared the fence. Putting our horses at their best speed, we soon reached a high point overlooking a wide scope of country, from where we saw that the Federals had reached the fence and were pulling it down. Then they came at full speed for about half a mile. Suddenly halting, they divided their squadron, one part turning to the right and one to the left, evidently intending to flank the wooded hill and further attempt our capture. Just as soon as their movements began, we rode off to the little village of Philomont, where, as we were passing through, I was hailed by some young ladies playing croquet, who wanted to inquire about a cousin of theirs who was teaching school in upper Fauquier County. Phillips went on while I was giving the desired information about their relative, who, two years afterwards became my wife, when suddenly one of the young ladies threw up her mallet, exclaiming: "O, look at the soldiers!" Looking back I saw the road full of the "boys in blue" moving rapidly in my direction and not more than a quarter of a mile off.

Bidding the ladies a hasty good-by and putting spurs to my noble horse (he was a good jumper and runner), I soon overtook Phillips as he neared the stream of Beaver Dam. Turning into a private gate at our right that led up the stream we rode into a cluster of willows and in a few minutes the noise of their coming, and coming rapidly, was unmistakably clear. Not noticing the gate or our tracks, they dashed by and were soon fording the stream, and then moved swiftly on the road leading to the village of Union. Phillips and I were lying low in the willows, "like Brer Rabbit," while the procession passed by, congratulating ourselves on our narrow escape. In a short time we moved up the stream to a mill known as Ewin's Mill, and, crossing the road leading from Purcellville to Bloomfield, we moved on rapidly, as night was fast approaching and we must seek shelter. After reaching a high point on the road near Balkely's Schoolhouse, we halted, listened, and looked, and behold! our pursuers were ahead of us, preparing to go into camp on a beautiful farm belonging to the Fitzhughs, as we were informed. We watched them quite a while as they were unsaddling and tying up their horses for the night. I told Phillips that we must get away from there quietly, as they would soon begin to put out pickets, and this high point would doubtless be one of their first posts, as it was the key to two roads crossing near by. So we fell back gracefully about a half mile, where, turning to the left on a private road, we reached the home of a Mr. Kendall and spent the night.

Early the next morning we were in our saddles and on the move for the Rappahannock River, hoping to make our report the next day. Following the road at the foot of the Blue Ridge, we came to the Manassas Railroad at a point midway between Markham Station and Fairsville. We were informed that the Yanks were sending back and forth a heavy patrol of cavalry at intervals of a half hour, and, after waiting a short time in ambush, we witnessed the passing of one of

their squadrons. We then crossed the railroad and soon reached the road leading to Barbee's Crossroad, and on to Orleans, not far from the Rappahannock. Reaching the crossroads, and night approaching, we decided to stop with some good friends, the Templemans, true and loyal to our Southland, having two sons in my company. Phillips and I congratulated ourselves that we had so far outwitted our pursuers, but did not feel fully assured that our enemy would not bob up at some unexpected time and place.

At the Templeman home we found quite a number of cavalrymen from the adjoining counties returning to their commanders. Some had been home after fresh horses, and among them were several of my company. Our horses were turned loose in a nice meadow running up to the fence of the back yard, our saddles and bridles being placed on the rear porch. Very soon after placing saddles and guns in position, so there would be no difficulty in each soldier getting his own outfit in case of a surprise, which we were liable to have at any time north of the Rappahannock, we were called into a bountiful supper, and I need not state that it as heartily enjoyed by those long accustomed to scant fare. The boys then returned to the porch, filled their pipes, and began relating their several experiences. At bed time our host informed us about the rooms to be occupied. I asked if he had any objection to my occupying the large lounge in the hall. "Not in the least," he said, "but I think you would be more comfortable in bed." Some of the boys overheard our conversation and began ridiculing me for not undressing and going to bed in the good old way when I had a chance. But it was foresight, or whatever it might be called, in my making this choice for the night. The weary soldiers were soon fast asleep, and everything was still and quiet. Even our horses were lying down, at rest after their fill of nice grass. I lay down on the lounge with my clothes on, my arms close by my side, and soon dropped off to sleep. About the break of day a bugle call awoke me; it was clear in its echo. Jumping up, I went to the stairway and called to the boys what I heard. They yelled back: "O, Herndon, you are dreaming; go to sleep." With my arms buckled around me, I went out on the porch, gathered up my saddle and bridle, and soon had my horse saddled and hooked to the fence, as I started back to the house the bugle sounded again. Mr. Templeman heard it and yelled up the stairway: "Get up! the Yankees are coming!" With a rush and confusion the boys came down stairs, grabbed up saddles and made for their horses. In the meantime I had mounted my horse and began teasing them about their rush, reminding them of "Herndon's dream." We rode off at double quick as the Yankees rode up to the front of the house. Spying us, they came with a dash down the meadow. In the meantime we were passing through farms and being joined by other comrades who were home on furloughs or for fresh horses. Our augmented forces soon became almost a squadron and, on reaching a high point overlooking the village of Orleans, I said to the boys, "We will load our carbines and make a stand right here," which we did, firing rapidly at the Yanks as they approached the hill. Not knowing what force might be behind us, they turned and moved back, much to our relief. Soon thereafter we rode on to the Rappahannock River and crossed at Laurel's Mill, where we separated to join our several commands.

Not long after that we measured arms with the little Irishman, Phil Sheridan, and sent him reeling back toward Winchester. In this last engagement, on November 12, Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, of the 7th Regiment, was killed, and I was so severely wounded that I was left in the Valley for

seven weeks before I could be moved, and then on a bed placed in our family carriage, my father coming after me. Upon reaching Luray, my condition was such that Dr. Miller, of that town, informed my father he would have to leave me. I was taken to my uncle's house and was there two weeks before I could be taken home. This ended my days as a soldier for my old State and beloved South.

The following April, with my arm in a sling, and accompanied by quite a number of comrades of different commands, I rode over into the Valley, and at the home of Mr. McCormick near Millwood, met a number of blue jackets. They met us with a great deal of pomp and pride, took our paroles, and made us swear, or affirm, we would be good boys from that time henceforth and forevermore. It was indeed a sad day for us to see the "warrior's banner take its flight."

JACK JOUETT'S RIDE.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

One of the most daring incidents of the American Revolution occurred on June 4, 1781, when Jack Jouett, by his timely warning, enabled the Virginia Legislature and Governor Jefferson to escape Colonel Tarleton and his dragoons.

Why is it so rarely mentioned, and why must the seeker after truth look through many volumes, finding only brief paragraphs destitute of details and with discrepancies in time and distance? Alas! It was not to the interest of anyone to preserve the record. The greatest poet of America was a student at the noble university, the child of Jefferson's old age, but not a hint indicates that Edgar Allan Poe knew of the adventure; while Paul Revere, riding on a perfectly good road, in no special peril, got a write up from Longfellow which makes his name a household word. Truly, we must yield ungrudging admiration to the people who can make us remember the men they honor while we forget the greater achievements of our own patriots. General Apathy seems to be a native-born son of the South, and General Booster is evidently a kinsman of William Brewster, who arrived on the Mayflower and probably taught the Plymouth Rockers the value of publicity. They have certainly learned it.

There are reasons why Jouett should have fared no better in prose. First and foremost, what Federalist could feel any gratitude to him for saving Jefferson from capture? One fears that even now the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge would not place a wreath on his grave, could it be located. And the Jeffersonian Republicans (quite a different brand from our contemporaneous Republicans) felt no great zeal in recalling a time of humiliation in the career of their idol. It is possible that they would have been satisfied if Jouett had rested at Monticello after bringing the tidings, "The British are coming!" That particular Legislature had a bill on the calendar to impeach the Governor for making no preparations to repel invasion, which was subsequently deleted of its censure, but never became really eulogistic.

Also, one suspects that rescuing any legislature—even a Virginia one containing Patrick Henry, Benjamin Harrison, Richard Henry Lee, and Thomas Nelson—will always seem a perfunctory job to some people, certainly not the sort of thing for which one gets kisses from French marshals and a *croix de guerre* of even the palmless class. Happily, Jack did not care, and invariably spoke of his exploit as the most natural thing in the world. The rescued legislators had a proper sense of his service, possibly also of their own importance, and presented to him a handsome sword, doubtless the chief ornament of the Swan Tavern, of which Jack was

the jolly landlord. Jack Jouett died in 1805. His son went to Kentucky, and all the family left Albemarle, so that not a trace of them remains. No monument commemorates the gallant horseman, and the place of his burial is unknown. The Redlands Club occupies the site of the Swan Tavern, hard by the old courthouse of Charlottesville.

These deep waves of oblivion parted in the most amazing way a dozen or so years ago. The movies discovered Jack! It was before scenarios were segregated in the golden West, so the actors appeared in Charlottesville, galloped over the Albemarle roads in colonial buff or British red, and secured local color by the reel. When it came to riding a spirited horse up the steps at Monticello in the rôle of Captain McLeod, a real British officer, who chanced to be at the University, substituted for the movie man. The scene I liked best represented Jefferson handing his adored wife and the children into the family coach and sending them away immediately after receiving the news from Jouett.

There is one small gem of literature which relates this story, but it is only for the fortunate possessors of the *St. Nicholas* for January, 1901. Copies cannot be bought. The author is Judge R. T. W. Duke, of Charlottesville, and I have followed his spelling and chronology:

"In the spring of 1781, wellnigh five years had passed since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and few of its proud pronouncements had been made good. On the contrary, a great British fleet, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, lay in New York harbor, and for many long months Washington had not dared to risk a battle. Charleston had been taken, North Carolina overrun, and Cornwallis had now transferred the campaign to Virginia. No one dreamed that its conclusion was so near, or that the consummation was to be so glorious for the colonies. Of all the thirteen sisters, Virginia was the most defenseless, for her troops were on three fronts, with George Rogers Clark, Greene, and Washington, and her Governor, although a many-sided man, had no military gifts, and was painfully aware of it. His term was almost ended, and he was eager for a soldier to be his successor.

"As soon as good weather brought the open season for traveling on Virginia roads, a British army advanced up James River under one who will never require any introduction to an American audience—Benedict Arnold—enjoying the rank of general in addition to British gold as the price of treason. He was absolutely unopposed, and the march was an orgy of plundering, burning, and destroying. At Manchester, he turned back, for LaFayette was drawing near with a considerable force, and a person in Arnold's position must be excused for caution.

"Meanwhile the Virginia Legislature had assembled on May 7 in Richmond, but the proximity of the British was not conducive to their deliberations, and three days later they adjourned to meet in Charlottesville, eighty-five miles away.

"On reaching Hanover, Cornwallis knew of their retreat and detached Colonel Tarleton, with one hundred and eighty dragoons and some mounted infantry, to make a raid on Charlottesville, capture Governor Jefferson and the Legislature. Tarleton was a capable and dauntless officer and the expedition was entirely to his taste. His command was freshly mounted on Virginia horses gathered from the farms on the march, and, pressing on rapidly, the imposing cavalcade passed Cuckoo Tavern in Louisa County about six o'clock on the morning of June 4. It was there that Jouett saw them and discerned their errand. Judge Duke states that the day before Jouett had captured and paroled a British trooper, and he was now arrayed in the trooper's gay uniform of blue.

"One of the best riders in Albemarle, noted for his good horses, and familiar with the country, Jouett was probably the only man in that section who would have attempted to outflank Tarleton. Waiting until the British legion had disappeared, Jack saddled his bonny bay mare, one of the fleetest in the State, and, taking an old road leading to the Rivanna River, thence to Monticello, he dashed along neglected and often dangerous byways, and never halted until he drew rein at Monticello and gave his tidings to Jefferson. Thirty miles in two hours, through woods and bridle paths at break-neck speed, scratched by branches of trees, torn and bleeding, but safely borne by the sure-footed mare in time to do what he had purposed, and that is the test of success! He then dashed on to Charlottesville, shouting: 'The British are coming!'"

"Not long afterwards, a swiftly moving column of red coats like a gigantic serpent could be seen winding along the road at Charlottesville, and up the meandering drive to Monticello, Captain McCleod and his band spurred their hard-pressed horses to capture Jefferson. He had vanished! The sole damage to the home of Jefferson was the drinking of all his choice Madeira, and at that date it was not irreparable."

Let us see how a real friend can describe the alacritous departure of the Governor. I quote from an old history of Virginia by R. R. Howison. First, the visit of Jouett is ignored, and one is led to fancy that the Sage of Monticello, who was a lover of nature, was admiring the magnificent panorama from the lawn about eight o'clock that morning, and casually discovers the British column coming rapidly along the forest shaded drive which ascends the "little mountain." "Directing his horse to be brought to a back gate opening on the road, he mounted and, leaving the road, plunged into the dark recesses of Carter's Mountain. Thus he easily made his escape; his prudence and self-possession saved him from captivity. Demosthenes fled from Cheronaea, and Horace was frightened at Phillippi. These illustrious examples shall forever excuse the orator, the statesman, the wit, who shall withdraw his precious life from the field of battle; but Mr. Jefferson needs no such excuse; he did not fly the well-contested field; he only retreated before overwhelming odds; he could not be expected to cope singly with a squadron of armed dragons."

The implications to be drawn from this little classic of the Art of Apology are bewildering and mostly fallacious. Julius Caesar could qualify on all three of the exemption claims, but it is quite certain that Shakespeare would have chosen a different title for one of his immortal tragedies had the greatest of Romans done so. Then our good Howison realizes that this cold perfection of gubernatorial composure, accomplishing the difficult feat of a dignified exit through the rear premises, should be compared with human frailty in all its weakness, else the picture would be all high lights, with no contrasting shadows. A really effective villain has his uses. Othello without Iago is unthinkable. Ah! down in Charlottesville there are forty foils to the one Jefferson, the forty luckless Conscript Fathers of the Commonwealth. And Howison does not handle them as the gentle Sir Isaak Walton did the bait. Here are his comments:

"As the British dragons passed through Louisa, a Mr. Jouitte had observed them, and, divining their object, he mounted a fleet horse and galloped off like lightning, through paths and by-roads, to Charlottesville, while the enemy followed the beaten track. The moment he arrived, the Assembly passed a vote to convene in Staunton on the 7th, and, then dissolving, the members fled away like a covey of

partridges before a keen sportsman. The very name of Tarleton had a melting effect upon them." Nor does he let it go at that, more chiaroscuro is needed. "Even in Staunton the Legislature did not feel safe. On the morning of the 7th, Lieutenant Brooke, at the head of a small body of Virginia infantry, crossed the Blue Ridge, to convey a message from Baron Steuben. As this squadron approached at a rapid gait, the Assembly received notice of their coming and instantly betook themselves to flight, believing that they were still pursued by Tarleton. Sometime elapsed before they could be reassured and brought back to their duties." Many of us know the seeming reluctance of lieutenants to spoil a real good story by a meticulous adherence to facts, and might look upon this second hegira with incredulity, but our purpose has been detected and forestalled by a footnote stating that Lieutenant Brooke became a venerable judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals and related the incident to the author. It has, therefore, the sanction of authority, and one can only conclude that Patrick Henry and his coadjutors still wanted liberty, and were willing to make some personal effort to preserve it.

In the year 1833, the last survivor of the chief characters of this drama of a summer day in Albemarle entered the great beyond. The scene is in London, and plainly General Sir Banastre Tarleton, aged seventy-nine, is going out with the tide. A lonely, dying old bachelor, all his loves outlived, mocks the handsome portraits where Reynolds and Gainsborough depict him in his prime. Did Memory strike a few last chords on the harp of life ere its strings were mute forever? Listen! It is more than half a century since he left America, but he is dreaming of Yorktown and the sword he left across the water, and murmurs faintly: "Egad! It might have been different if some fellow hadn't outridden us to Charlottesville."

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

BY MRS. J. E. ELLERBE, MARION, S. C.

[Essay which won the Rose Loving Cup, U. D. C. Convention, 1921.]

Seldom have the pages of history or fiction produced a character so fascinating, so full of seeming paradoxes, as that of Raphael Semmes. His many-sided personality reminds one of some jewel cut by the hand of a skilled lapidary so that each facet gives forth to the beholder a luster and radiance all its own.

His very name breathes the spirit of romance. Raphael Semmes! In the liquid syllables we hear the swish of the waves against the sides of the beautiful Alabama; we picture the gallant commander retaining all the grace and courtesy of a Southern host, even in receiving the women and children taken from the deck of a captured vessel; we feel the sympathy of the great heart which made him refuse to land his prisoners on a mainland scourged by the dread disease of yellow fever.

These are the phases of Semmes's character which appeal to the imagination, and it is hard for us to realize that this popular idol of the Confederacy was also an astute lawyer and a man whose religious convictions bordered on fanaticism.

To understand the apparently irreconcilable elements of his nature, we must begin at the beginning, as in the old time stories, and find the influences which went to the making of this remarkable man.

His birthplace, Charles County, Md., was his home only in the very early years of his life, for while still but a child he was left an orphan and was adopted by his paternal aunt, Mrs.

Matilda Semmes, who lived in old Georgetown, considered in that day "The Court End" of Washington." In that quaint section of the capital lived "the genteel folk" of the days before the war.

The home of Mrs. Semmes, who was a woman of charm and brilliant mind, was the center of the social life of Georgetown, and to her "salon" flocked men and women prominent in military, naval, and political circles. The atmosphere of her home was saturated with the chivalrous ideals of the South.

In such surroundings the character of her young nephew was molded. His naturally vivid imagination was enriched and his interest in literature was encouraged, while his patriotism was fostered till it became the center of his entire existence.

Growing up thus in a city where the army and navy were the exponents of patriotism, it was almost an assured matter that he would enter one or the other branch of the service. Thus we find him, at the age of seventeen, a midshipman in the navy, appointed by John Quincy Adams. Unlike most of his fellow middies, his leisure hours were not devoted to society, but were spent in arduous study of law and the science of seamanship.

Remarkable to relate, he mastered the legal side of his studies so completely that he was admitted to the bar in 1834, and that he was equally successful in his study of marine affairs is proved by his unerring knowledge of the mysteries of the sea during his career as a commerce destroyer, a knowledge which at times seemed uncanny.

His first opportunity to use his training in naval warfare came to him when, at the age of twenty-three, he was made lieutenant and sent to Mexico to command our batteries on shore at the beginning of the Mexican War.

This period of his life was productive in experience both as a fighter and as an author. His two books, "Service Afloat and Ashore during the Mexican War" and "The Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico," are not only full of the history of the memorable time, but they glow with pen pictures of the life of the country, the romance of the ancient cities, and the picturesque customs of the Mexican people.

But as vivid and interesting as was the life of Semmes previous to the beginning of the Confederate war, it was then that his real career began. Then he became the idol of the South and the target for the epithets which Northern hatred hurled upon his head.

Children above the Mason and Dixon line were frightened into obedience by tales of the "Pirate Semmes," who sailed the seas, taking defenseless women and children captive and making them "walk the plank," that death which brought horror to every soul on account of the mystery with which it was surrounded.

The reality of the humanity and generosity shown by Semmes in his campaign against the enemy seems never to have been admitted at the North until, during the late war with Germany, real ruthlessness was made manifest.

It seems odd to those who remember the accusations of the Northern papers published during the sixties to find the *Boston Herald* repudiating indignantly an attempt to parallel the depredations made upon Northern commerce by Semmes with that of the German submarines on their destruction of the vessels of the Allies. In an editorial the *Herald* clamly states that when Semmes captured a vessel on which were women and children they were taken on his own vessel and given the officers staterooms, and it closes with this late acknowledgment of the truth, that, in no single instance was there furnished proof that the pirate Semmes had ever maltreated his captives or subjected them to needless deprivation.

Equally astonishing is an editorial in the *Boston Evening Transcript* dealing with the practical side of Semmes's career: "There is always a disposition with a generation that reads little solid history to hail the latest thing as the greatest. Illustration of this disposition is manifested in the characterization of the Eitel Friedrich's raids as unprecedented. The Alabama, the Florida, and the Shenandoah were swift, handy little steamers for their time. The United States before the tribunal at Geneva claimed damages for fifty-eight vessels sunk by the Alabama in the course of her brief career of less than two years."

In the winter of 1860 Semmes was stationed in the city of Washington as secretary of the Lighthouse Board. His wife and children, whom he loved with all the fervor of his romantic nature, were with him and, save for the gathering war clouds, he was happy. Still he realized the inevitability of the struggle, and, having abandoned all hope of reconciliation between the States, he waited the psychological moment for him to retire from the Federal navy.

Since 1841, Montgomery had been his home, and he was ready to offer his talents to the Confederate government as soon as it was formed. He says in February, 1861: "I am still at my post, performing my duties, but listening with aching ear and beating heart for the first sounds of the great disruption which is at hand."

The summons came February 14 from C. M. Conrad, Chief of Naval Affairs in the new government, telling him to report at once at Montgomery. He resigned his commission next day, and the resignation was accepted.

Note that this proceeding was taken as a matter of course by the Federal government, and it was not until later, when his successful raids against Northern commerce had begun to frighten the enemy, that the charges of treason and piracy were brought against him.

At Montgomery Semmes found himself at once in demand. His training in naval warfare was needed by a new government where no preparation had been made for war, and where even the necessary armament for vessels was lacking. Semmes was at once dispatched to the North to purchase supplies, and, so little was the serious nature of the breach between the sections generally understood, he found no difficulty in making contracts for the purchase of guns and ammunition. Most of these were cancelled later.

Returning to Montgomery, Semmes sought an interview with the Secretary of the Navy and asked to "go afloat." Though over fifty years old at this time, there seems to have been no thought that age could be a barrier to duty or to the service he could give his beloved South.

Only a few river steamers formed the nucleus of the Confederate navy, for the Southern commanders of vessels in the navy of the United States had returned their ships when they sent their resignations, and had brought nothing to the new government save their swords and their determination to do or die for the rights of their native States.

Among the few vessels available was a small propeller steamer of five hundred tons burden, and with a speed of five or ten knots. Its only advantage was that it was sound, but Semmes asked for it and began the task of equipping it as a raider. The story of the difficulties overcome in bringing from Norfolk the guns and ammunition used forms one of the most interesting chapters in "Service Afloat." Everything, save these, was improvised, from gun carriages to water tank.

The amount asked to pay for equipping the Sumter was the magnificent sum of \$10,000, and her captain naïvely remarks, "It was proposed to let the vessel support herself,"

an undertaking which she more than lived up to. The first encounter which took place after the Sumter was afloat was with the Brooklyn, and even at this critical time the romantic or sentimental side of the nature of Semmes is manifest. He says, in writing of this first meeting with the flag under which he had served so long: "How I had loved that flag, and how I hated it; it had been to me as a mistress to a lover. I had dallied with it in hours of ease, and had recourse to it in hours of trouble, and now I had found it false. What wonder that I felt a lover's resentment."

But do not conceive the idea that Semmes was an idealist, a sentimental dreamer. He was perhaps a bit of a martinet on board his ship. The crew, made up of men untrained, ignorant of naval warfare, would have been impossible had they not been ruled with an iron hand. Semmes knew the necessity for rigid rules of obedience, and he had the bearing and the personality to command it. Whether their captain addressed them in lofty sentence or whether, in the heat of passion, he used language of the sea, which might have been obnoxious to Lee or Jackson, every sailor knew that he meant what he said, and there could be no question as to their obedience.

With orders from President Davis to "do the enemy commerce the greatest injury in the shortest time," Semmes felt that he had *carte blanche*, and began his daring cruises.

The first prize captured was the Golden Rocket, and in his treatment of the captain and crew we find the same humanity, and even courtesy, which were characteristic of his entire career. The officers were invited to the mess in the wardroom, and the crew were placed on the same footing as that of the sailors on the Sumter. When it became necessary to put the captain ashore, a purse was given him to cover necessary expenses.

History says comparatively little of the gallant Sumter, because, perhaps, her glory is overshadowed by the exploits of the Alabama, but that she captured cargo after cargo and crippled the commerce of the North is true, and Semmes says when the time came for her to be laid by: "I was astonished to find what a struggle it was for me to give her up." On this small craft was perfected seamanship which made the Alabama a ship of fascination and wonder.

The question of the legality of the building and commissioning of the Alabama is one which was decided long ago by all the laws of naval warfare. In these contentions, as well as in the technical difficulties which arose from entering neutral ports, the legal training which formed a part of the mental equipment of Semmes was ever in evidence, and his success in being able to keep afloat, and to coal under seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, was largely due to his knowledge of the laws of warfare.

The Alabama was built under English contract and commissioned in the Azores, where her captain took command. He made her a terror to Federal commerce, and with her destroyed millions of dollars worth of enemy merchandise. For an account of the battles of this adventurous craft, Semmes's own volume, "Memoirs of Service Afloat," must be read.

Throughout the two years of her service the Alabama captured over sixty prizes, and through the trying days of this incessant warfare Semmes, an autocrat when on duty, made his men feel always his sympathetic understanding of their trials, and grappled them to his heart with "hooks of steel."

That his control of conditions, as well as the crew of his vessels, was perfect, it is necessary only to say that with over two thousand prisoners brought aboard, not one ever died from disease—in this in the days when sanitation was in its infancy.

There is nothing more thrilling in the life of Raphael Semmes than the last battle of the Alabama. In May, 1864, the proud vessel came, as her commander expresses it, "like a wearied fox hound limping back, longing for quiet and repose." The constant excitement of the chase, the continual service had aged not only the vessel, but her gallant captain, and the sad certainty that the glorious fabric of the Confederacy was crumbling had depressed one whose heart beat only for his beloved South.

On June 10, 1864, the Alabama reached port, and the anchor was dropped in the harbor of Cherbourg. But it was not in the soul of Semmes to give up while there was still a chance to strike a blow for his government, and hearing that the enemy steamer, the Kearsarge, was lying at Flushing, he planned the last great battle of the Alabama.

No hint of the chain armor protecting the Federal vessel beneath its thin coat of wood was given. It was as if a gallant knight wearing only his mistress's scarf as protection went forth to meet a foe clad in armor. The result was inevitable.

The Kearsarge was informed of the coming encounter and steamed out to meet the craft which had been the terror of the Federal government. Perhaps the finest piece of literature which was ever produced by Semmes was the brief, thrilling speech addressed to his officers and crew as they stood at attention, in full uniform, awaiting the command to proceed against the enemy.

We can imagine the shock with which the officers on the Alabama saw their shells strike the sides of the Kearsarge and fall harmless into the water. The unequal duel continued until the great holes ripped in the side of the Confederate ship made it certain that the end was at hand. Standing fearless upon the deck of his beloved ship, which had shared his triumphs and whose destruction he wished to share, Semmes calmly waited till the deck was beginning to sink below the sea. Then, casting his sword, the symbol of his life work, into the waves, he leaped after it.

But fitting as would have been this end to a career like his, it was not intended that he should lose his life in foreign waters. He was rescued by the Deerhound, an English cruiser, and was carried to London, where he was lionized for several weeks.

Then came the opportunity for further service to his government, and he returned home and was assigned to the position of guarding the defenses of the approach to Richmond.

The surrender came to him as to other Southern commanders, and, with weary body and heavy heart, he returned to his home in Alabama. But his declining years were blessed with the love of a family whom he seems to have longed for with a peculiar homesick longing during his adventurous years. His legal profession, too, came to him as a resource in the troubled times of reconstruction, when so many Southerners found themselves adrift without any practical knowledge which would enable them to meet changed conditions.

We love to think of the gallant raider, seated by the fireside, telling to his children the story of the exciting days of the sixties. We thrill with them to the words of one of the poets of the day, who tells of "The Sword of Semmes:"

"Into the sea he hurled it,
 Into the weltering sea,
 The sword that had led so often
 The onset of the free.
 And, like a meteor cleaving
 Its path through the watery way,
 Went down the gory falchion
 To rest in the depths for aye."

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY JOSEPH F. WHITE, NEW YORK CITY.

[Essay which won the \$100 prize offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to a student of Columbia College, New York, in 1921. Continued from April number.]

GENERAL CONDITIONS OF LIFE.

The wartime communities of the South were made up of women, children, the exempted classes, and slaves. The lot of those at home was not an enviable one. Over those who had husbands, brothers, fathers, or sons at the front there hung a heavy cloud. The partings, as soldier kin returned to their regiments after furloughs, were often scenes of sorrow, for many felt that the handclasp, the embrace, the kiss, was a last farewell. And what distress, what grief, what lamentation in a home made desolate by the news of a fallen father, husband, or son! The years of war cast a deep gloom over the lives of many. Left alone, women and children oftentimes had to work the fields for their livelihood and were dependent upon coarse food in many cases. Communications among friends was not feasible. The deteriorated condition of the railroads made traveling difficult, for delays were long and frequent. Wagon roads were in much need of repairs. Mails were irregular, slow, and not dependable. The women, however, bore their burden nobly and did their part to help the soldiers in the field.

Throughout the South societies were organized for the purpose of getting comforts and necessities for the soldiers. Women spent their time in sewing clothes and bandages for them. In the hospitals the women, rich and poor, labored hard to nurse and cheer the wounded. Young boys in their teens would often find in these women some vestige of that motherly love unknown to them since they left their own mothers. The scenes in hospital wards, thick with flies, as soldiers mutilated in battle were brought in with their wounds wrapped in bandages stiff with blood, required heroic women; but they were at hand. The self-sacrifice of the Southern women is dwelt upon by all contemporary writers of the period, for their task was performed with faithfulness and care.

MEDICINE.

The paucity of the supply of medicine, consequent to the blockade, caused much distress. Quinine was quoted at \$60 per ounce in 1862 before the great drop in Confederate currency. Medicine was so scanty that the people concocted many substitutes.

Berries of the dogwood tree were taken for quinine. A cordial was made from blackberry roots for dysentery and similar ailments. Ripe persimmons were used for the same purpose. An extract of the barks of the wild cherry, dogwood, poplar, and wahoo trees were used for chills and agues. For coughs and lung diseases, a syrup was made with leaves of the mullein plant, globe flower, and wild cherry tree bark. Poppies were grown to make opium, from which laudanum was made. Sometimes in malarial districts the balls of the button willow of the swamps were used for quinine. Surgeon General Moore, of the Confederate army, gave out, as a substitute for quinine, a recipe for the mixture of dried dogwood, dried poplar bark, and dried willow bark, together with whisky, to be macerated for fourteen days.

Physicians charged \$30 a visit. Nurses were not always available. During the war only two colleges continued their medical courses. The Medical College of Virginia made an

energetic effort to meet the demands of the time, and upon it rested the main burden of supplying physicians, for the University of Virginia, not being so well equipped, graduated but a few doctors.

Surgical instruments were also unattainable at times. One observer tells us that he saw a Confederate surgeon "break off one prong of a common table fork, bend the point of the other prong, and with it elevate the bone in depressed fracture of the skull and save life." Smuggling of medicinal supplies was carried on. The government attempted to relieve the situation by establishing factories for medicinal supplies at Columbia, S. C., Mobile, and Montgomery.

The scarcity of medicinal supplies tested the ingenuity of the medical profession. The number of wounded soldiers placed a heavy burden upon them. The needs of the civil population were a cause of concern too. Smallpox was very aggressive in Richmond, and a serious epidemic of yellow fever in Wilmington was combatted only with difficulty. Notwithstanding the obstacles, the medical profession faced their task in wartimes with fortitude and were a cause of just pride among the people of the South.

RELIGION.

The suffering generated by the war was a stimulus to religion. The South, always a follower of the sternest traditions of the precepts of Christ, placed its trust in the Bible. "The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing." The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches cut themselves away from their Northern brethren and cast their fortunes with the Southern cause. The Southern dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church were never officially separated from the main body of the Church, yet from their communion were contributed some of the foremost men of the Confederacy. The Churches of the South entered so wholeheartedly into the cause of the war that they were invariably closed by the Union commanders. Throughout the war many revivals, special prayer meetings, and fasts were held for the success of Southern arms. The people derived great comfort from religion. All regiments departing for the front were consecrated. Many clergymen joined the army as chaplains; others, as officers, led their congregations to the colors. The army was swept by religious fervor. Revivals, including the "Great Revival along the Rapidan," and frequent prayer meetings bore much fruit. Dr. J. William Jones, in "Christ in the Camp," mentioned that "in riding along the trenches by sundown, one sees almost every one hundred yards a company of worshipers met either to hear a sermon or to engage in a prayer meeting." At times the soldiers built stands and seats, and even erected log churches. No church bell called them to service, but only a bugle call or the singing of some familiar hymn. The numerous baptisms and conversions indicated strong religious feeling. The high and the low were effected. Lee, Jackson, and other generals were known to have strong religious convictions. Fremantle stated that he witnessed the baptism of General Bragg at the field quarters of General Polk. The religious wave was also felt by Jefferson Davis, who was baptized and confirmed at Richmond during the spring of 1863. In the war society of the South religion played a leading rôle.

CRIME.

While war stimulated religion, it also gave an impetus to crime among the lower elements of society throughout the Confederacy.

On April 29, 1861, the Richmond city council passed an ordinance requiring barrooms to close at 10 p.m. for the

purpose of preserving order in the city. The criminal classes seemed to be busily plying their trade, for in November, 1862, a recommendation was made in the city council to increase the jails. The blame was laid to newcomers and foreigners in the city. Crime increased so rapidly that a member in the Virginia legislature suggested that an investigation be made. The majority of cases involved gambling, garroting, and thievery. The *Richmond Examiner* stated that the increase in crime was in proportion to the increase in prices of the necessities of life.

Drunkenness was common. Many States found it necessary to have prohibition measures, not only to conserve grain, but to overcome this evil. Governor Brown of Georgia referred to the copper stills of Georgia as "heavy columbiads of destruction aimed against our own people."

On April 2 and 3, 1863, there were serious bread riots in Richmond. Many of the participants were needy people who were actually in want, but they were joined by a criminal element who took advantage of the situation. One of the instigators, a market woman, wielding a bowie knife, led the mob. With hatchets they smashed doors and windows of shops and took what they pleased. From the following description of the scene in court the following day, we discern that some of the rioters used the occasion to acquire plunder:

"The court room presented an appearance never approached in strangeness except upon the previous day when the riot cases were first called. The male rioters, fifteen or twenty young men of the veriest rowdy class . . . and the female persons . . . were ranged around the court. The goods captured from the rioters filled the balance of the room. . . . Everything that ever was to be found in a flourishing country store . . . was here collected—flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, boots, satin slippers, candles, silk, cloth, brogues, children's dresses, wash tubs, men's shirts, handkerchiefs, knives, hats, clothes pins, unfinished tailors' and shoemakers' work."

Marauding bands of army deserters and draft evaders ravaged the countryside. In some districts teachers had to close their schools for fear of these stray bands. Thieves, impersonating government impressment agents, stole quantities of food from farmers. The effect of war had a bad influence on the dregs of society, and, especially in country districts depopulated of men on account of the war, it gave to this class the opportunity sought for.

THE NEGRO.

Most accounts of the negroes during the war agree that the slave, on the whole, was faithful to his master and rendered great service to the Confederate cause. Employed as workers on railroads, fortifications, plantations, in arsenals, and munition works, they increased the fighting strength of the South by releasing men for the army. Many were employed as cooks, musicians, and servants in the army.

On the plantations the negroes kept working and raising food for the armies. Their behavior was good, notwithstanding the fact that most of the persons on the plantations were women and children, the government having exempted from military service but one white man as an overseer for twenty slaves. Mrs. Smedes, speaking of the slaves on her father's plantation, says that they made clothes and knit socks for the army, and that "they were our greatest comfort during the war." Mrs. Harrison tells in her book of her faithful slave helping to bury the valuables of the family in the ground as they were hurrying away before the approaching Federal army. LeConte also dwells on the faithfulness and

good spirit shown by the negroes. Upon the passage of an act by the Confederate congress enrolling negro slaves as soldiers, many slaves volunteered their services. That the negroes did not all look to the North for freedom is gleaned from Fremantle's statement that all the negroes whom he met spoke "of the Yankees with great detestation and expressed the wish to have nothing to do with such bad people." Many of the negroes had become endeared to their masters and naturally participated in any feeling of enmity that the master might have had for the North.

On the other hand, there were negroes who ran away from their owners. The many advertisements for runaway slaves in the newspapers testify to this. Some owners stated that the negroes in question were attempting to reach the Union army. Some negroes served the Union army as guides, and Southerners would not place a trust in strange negroes for fear of betrayal. Sherman stated that the negroes were frantic with joy upon the arrival of his army, although the *Daily Confederate* of Raleigh stated that the negroes were not cordial toward Sherman. The *Richmond Dispatch* stated that out of ninety-eight negro prisoners captured in a batch from the Union army, forty-six were runaway slaves.

While there were individual instances of unfaithfulness on the part of some negroes, due perhaps to their own character or to some disagreeable environment, the mass of the slaves, working in some cases under the direction of women and children, proved faithful and performed their tasks in a way that was appreciated by their masters.

DIVERSIONS.

Life in various places, especially cities, was enlivened by diversions which relieved the mind of many of its burdens. Receptions, balls, dances, and other social affairs were held by Mrs. Davis and were common among the well-to-do. These, however, grew less in number as the war came closer. Dances and parties were held for soldiers at home on furlough. Parties attendant on weddings were of frequent occurrence, and in the country the people resorted to the quilting parties and spinning bees as means of amusement.

The theaters of the large cities were open. The Broad Street Theater, with its program of vaudeville; the Metropolitan, with its minstrel show; and the New Theater, with its "Richard III" and other Shakespearian plays, supplied every taste in Richmond. In New Orleans the theaters were open before the Federal invasion. Tableaux of events connected with the war were popular. In Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and other cities theaters were also open. Some Southern towns under Federal occupation were visited by touring companies from Broadway.

The popular Southern sport of horse racing was also indulged in, for we read in newspapers of the time that the races over the Broad Rock Course and the Chesterfield Park Course "will be held as usual." That the war had not cooled the sporting ardor of the Southerner is evidenced by the following advertisement appearing in the *Richmond Examiner*: "Ho, for the race! A dash of one mile will be run over Fairfield Course on Thursday the 13th." Summer resorts and watering places were open, and summer outings for families wishing to take excursions into the country were arranged by railroads when possible. Diversions were to be had at times, but they were limited in scope and number and were not general throughout the South.

PAPER, NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, LITERATURE, LIBRARIES.

The paper supply in the South dwindled rapidly. A correspondent of Mrs. Pryor averred that she had to resort to

unfilled leaves of an old album for writing paper. Jones, the diarist, mentioned that he was straightened for envelopes and was turning those he received. Newspaper owners found much difficulty in obtaining paper. The *Richmond Examiner*, which had four pages in 1861, soon reduced its size to two pages. Many papers were printed on half sheets. Extra editions were mere slips of paper. The *Vicksburg Citizen* of July 2, 1863, appeared on wall paper, printed on one side. An extra of the *Richmond Dispatch*, June 23, 1863, announcing the repulse of a Federal assault on Vicksburg, was printed on one side of the paper, four columns wide, the entire sheet being 14x11 inches.

The lack of paper, the poor news service, and the scarcity of help due to the army drafts made publishing very difficult. The *Richmond Examiner* of February 4, 1864, quoted *The Mississippian* to the effect that before the war there were seventy-five papers published in Mississippi, but that only nine papers continued publication. Many editors had to use blue, yellow, or brown wrapping paper in order to publish their papers. Twenty-six per cent of the periodicals published in Alabama alone suspended during the war. The *Southern Literary Messenger*, one of the foremost magazines of the South, suspended in 1864. *DeBow's Review*, in New Orleans, suspended in 1862 on account of the Federal invasion.

The scarcity of paper was a contributing factor to the dearth of new books in the Confederacy. Jones mentioned that the publisher who paid him \$500 for his new series of "Wild Western Scenes" deferred publication because of lack of paper. E. A. Pollard announced that a second edition of the "Second Year of the War" would be published as soon as paper could be obtained. An advertisement in a Charleston paper stated that no more orders for "Miller's Almanac" for 1863 could be filled unless fifty or sixty reams of printing paper could be obtained.

Few books were imported. Few were written or published. The publishing centers were Atlanta, Richmond, Charleston, and Mobile. Some of the books published by enterprising publishers in Mobile were: "Macaria," by A. E. Evans, a best seller of its day; "Tannhauser," by O. Meredith; works of Dickens and Eliot and many translations.

Wall paper was frequently used. Eggleston, in the "Rebel's Recollections," stated that he bought a wall paper edition of "Tannhauser" in Charleston for \$7. There were also many books on the war, such as, "The Second Year of the War," by E. A. Pollard, \$6; "Life of Stonewall Jackson," "Three Months in the Southern States," by Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle, \$5; all published by Messrs. West and Johnston, Richmond booksellers. Some of the other books published were: "Clarimonde," a story of war conditions; "The Stolen Mask," by Wilkie Collins; a translation of "Les Miserables;" "Joan of Arc," by John Fentonhill; a translation of "Last Moments of Murat;" the "Adventures of Phillip on His Way through the World," by Thackeray; and "Great Expectations," by Dickens. Poetry written during the war included "Maryland, my Maryland" and "Carolina."

Many pamphlets were printed on various subjects. Sunday school leaflets abounded. Pamphlets on the manual of arms and military regulations were very common. Text-books, setting forth school subjects from the Confederate point of view, were published to replace the old books.

Literature suffered by the war. It was given a setback by the fact that people had to give most of their attention to getting the bare necessities of life. The lack of paper, the drafting of printers into the army, the general upheaval in every walk of life fettered literature throughout the war.

EDUCATION.

The war delivered a blow to education. With the opening of hostilities many of the students and professors joined the army, necessitating the closing of many schools and colleges and upsetting educational affairs. Out of the six hundred and twenty-five students in the University of Virginia, five hundred and fifteen volunteered at the outbreak of war. The colleges were astir with the war spirit. The venerable Rev. John Atkinson, President of Hampden-Sidney College, despite his threescore years, placed himself at the head of a body of students and joined the army. The student cadets of South Carolina College, at Columbia, against the authority of their president, repaired to the defense of Charleston when it was threatened in 1861.

The first excitement of war over, the colleges made a serious attempt to continue their work. With a diminished enrollment, many colleges started the term of 1862, although a great number remained closed. Attempts to secure the exemption of college students from military service were unsuccessful.

The University of Virginia continued its work throughout the war. In a letter to James Seddon, Secretary of War, asking exemption for students of military age, the president of the university mentioned that the enrollment dropped from six hundred in 1861 to forty, and that ten of the forty were liable to conscription. Hampden-Sidney and Roanoke Colleges remained open. The Virginia Military Institute, a technical school before the war, was kept open for the purpose of training officers. Many denominational colleges throughout the South closed. The College of William and Mary was destroyed by fire by Union troops in 1862. The University of Washington and Lee and Richmond College disbanded.

President Swain, of the University of North Carolina, prided himself that the college bell never failed during the entire war to summon the students of Chapel Hill to study. The attendance, from an average of three hundred and fifty-one during the period 1850-60, fell to twelve pupils at the end.

The efforts of the authorities to keep open the South Carolina College at Columbia were not successful. With the conscription in effect, the student body was so depleted that the college was closed and converted into a hospital. The State University of Louisiana closed its doors on June 30, 1861, but reopened April 1, 1862, and continued work until April 23, 1863, when it closed again on account of the invasion of the Federal army.

The University of Alabama continued its sessions until the arrival of Sherman's army. It was handicapped by the enlistments of many students, but it filled up its halls by admitting preparatory students. The distractions of war retarded college work, for President Garland of the University declared that the students who expected to serve in the army would not study and did not take the work seriously. In April, 1864, the student cadets left their classrooms and made an unsuccessful attempt to protect the town from the advance of Sherman's army. The buildings were destroyed soon after by Union troops. The library shared the fate of many Southern libraries—destruction.

Many boarding schools for the well-to-do were conducted during the war. The well-to-do were accustomed to sending their children to boarding schools, either in the South or in the North. Common schools, except in such cities as Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, Memphis, New Orleans, and Nashville, were comparatively few. Intended primarily for the poorer

classes, they were supported in part by the State and in part by local taxation. The war diverted a large part of the schools funds to defense purposes.

The "Literary Fund," as the school fund was at times called, was used in Virginia at the outbreak of the war for defense purposes, with the result that many indigent children grew up without acquiring even the rudiments of education. The Governor of Alabama, in a message to the legislature, asked that the school funds be employed for defense, but the legislature insisted on using the funds in question for school purposes. Many schools were closed, however, either for lack of teachers or for lack of pupils. The Mobile and Charleston systems of common schools remained open until the end of the war. In Louisiana, the schools were hit hard by the war.

In North Carolina the cause of the common school was ably championed by Dr. Calvin H. Wiley, the noted superintendent, who very successfully prevented the diversion of school money for other purposes. North Carolina maintained a common school system throughout the entire four years, although some individual counties used school funds for defense purposes or refused to levy school taxes. The words of Dr. Wiley have special significance:

"To the lasting honor of North Carolina, her public schools survived the terrible shock of cruel war. The common schools lived and discharged their useful mission through all the gloom and trials of the conflict."

The blow to education was staggering. The war disrupted the universities and colleges. Many had their buildings destroyed in the conflict. The educational funds were in many cases wiped out entirely by the war. To reconstruct education was one of the great problems confronting the people after the conflict had passed.

CONCLUSION.

The Southern States in the Confederacy possessed the characteristics of a nation. Native born, of English, Scotch-Irish, and French ancestry, the population was united by an almost universal sense of solidarity. While martial law was declared in certain districts at various times and the writ of habeas corpus suspended, the instances of suppression on the part of the government were far less numerous than in the North. Patriotism in the cause of the South dominated. But the hardships, the want, the hunger, and the misery incident to the conduct of the war brought peace sentiment and desertions. The South, an agricultural community, was unprepared for war. Outnumbered in population and exceeded in amount of resources, it could not withstand the power of the North.

The war was not lost at the front, but behind the lines. "High courage," said Speaker Boccock in the Confederate Congress early in 1864, "was always the characteristic of our people." More than courage, however, was requisite in the war. The Confederacy, unprepared as it was, was handicapped beyond remedy. The social conditions were so disturbed by the war that the hope of the people in ultimate success was undermined. The lack of supplies, the disordered currency, and high prices upset standards of living. Inhabitants of invaded areas were reduced to destitution. The precarious health situation, due to the dearth of medicines, the increase in crime, the effects of the war on literature and education, and the other disturbances in the normal ways of life smashed the morale of the people.

Over half a century has passed since the War between the States. Its wounds have been healed by a great surgeon—Time. To students of history, the intrepid and chivalrous

efforts of the Confederacy to uphold its ideals at any cost make a forceful appeal and arouse an admiration centered in the heart. A picture of the social conditions in the South during the War between the States, when ideals were striven for in the face of starvation and wretchedness, discloses the high type of patriotism and character of the people. The story is an inspiring one. It is for us, then, in memorializing the great achievements of our America, from the time that Captain Smith sailed up the James and Bradford landed at Plymouth, to our own day, to be not unmindful of a noble heritage of our united nation—the gallantry and patient sacrifices of the people of the Confederacy.

THE FIRST SECESSIONISTS.

BY DR. L. A. WAILES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Not referring to States—that is, of course, a matter of history—but meaning who were the individuals, or affiliated class of individuals, who first seriously and actively seceded from the North?

I claim, and I challenge contradiction, that they were "the Southern students of the medical colleges of Philadelphia."

Having chosen my occupation in life, and, under the direction of a distinguished local physician, having begun the study of medicine, in 1859, I, with a classmate and congenial friend, left college at the end of the junior year, went North and matriculated in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.

The presidential campaign was approaching and, coincidentally, the Pennsylvania State gubernatorial campaign.

Politics was already warm, and, of course, the Quaker Puritanical population of Philadelphia and the "Black Republican" element vied with each other in their rampant denunciation of the South. Strange to say, the student body of the college was singularly exempt from any thought or apparent interest in politics, to be accounted for, probably, in the fact that there was little association or intimacy between the Northern and Southern students. There was a remarkably large number of Southerners in that year's class, so many that the Jefferson was called the Southern college.

The State campaign was getting very hot. The John Brown incident furnished the material capital, political ground work. The rabid "Black Republican," Abolition papers gave vent to their venomous vituperation upon the South and, occurring as it did on the eve of the State election, one of the most prominent, rabid, and malignant papers came out in flaming headlines with "a warning that the city was at that time cursed with the presence of a large body of ostensible students in the various educational institutions, more particularly the medical colleges, a body composed of the sons of the hated slave drivers, the cotton and sugar planters, and that the Democratic leaders would take advantage of the opportunity to enlist and muster them at the polls."

Until this notice I am sure that politics had never entered the heads of the students as a body. This "warning" was the spark that lighted the flame. Without noise, without even a meeting, or any demonstration whatever, to a man, all who could qualify resolved to vote. The franchise was very simple. One had only to be of age and to present at the polls a receipt for the poll tax, \$1. Quietly, unostentatiously, never in crowds, each man learned in what ward he was domiciled, his voting precinct, obtained the required poll tax license, put it in his pocket, and waited for election day. Preceding the election, scarcely a night passed without a torchlight procession of one or both parties, often culminating in collision and riot. The "Black Republican" elements were holding nightly

"sympathy" John Brown prayer or Governor Wise indignation meetings.

One of these prayer meetings is pertinent to my story. It was announced in the papers that the then famous Lucretia Mott would be the moving feature in a John Brown sympathy prayer meeting. Of course, curiosity alone impelled many, myself among the number, to attend. It was an overflowing house. The celebrated orator, in one of her most impressive denunciations of Governor Wise, brought down a storm of applause, prolonged, continued, and renewed. At the first marked cessation, a voice of stentorian tone called out: "Three cheers for Governor Wise!"

At my elbow stood Cary Blackburn, no other than the son of Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky (a sigh and a tear to his memory), my roommate, with hat in hand, raised and waved for emphasis, and bubbling over with excitement.

A tremendous cheer followed, giving evidence that the Southern students were present in force. Of course consternation followed—an immense sensation. Cries of "Put him out!" "Throw him out!" "Police! Police!" A rush of police toward Blackburn, who, of course, had rendered himself very conspicuous, a corresponding rush of students to his defense, forming a cordon around him and forcing him through the crowd to the street and safety.

It is necessary to introduce two very prominent characters in the promotion of the secession movement, Drs. F. E. Luckett and Hunter McGuire, both Virginians, the first-named a distinguished chemist, the latter the son of the former professor of surgery in the University of Virginia at Charlottesville and Richmond, and, later, the chief surgeon in the famous Stonewall Division. He was with Jackson at the time of his wounding, operated on him, and was with him at his death. They were really the leaders of the secession movement. Both were closely associated with Jefferson College as instructors and demonstrators. They were great friends of the Southern students, and, with Dr. Pancoast, Jr., son of the great surgeon, they formed the largest quiz class in the college and gave a summer course of lectures, very thorough and in conformity with the college curriculum.

If anything further was needed to consolidate the secession movement, the radical papers furnished it. A most ridiculous and absurd story was published that "a plot had been discovered." The train bringing the body of Brown, who had been captured and executed, to be transmitted to his Ohio home, was to be intercepted by a mob of students and the body taken to the dissecting room! A more absurd idea could not have been conceived by any but the most credulous, crazy fanatics, yet the railroad officials accepted it, or pretended to accept it. Accordingly, on the arrival of the funeral train, the students were again in force in front of the station, to see the fun!

The police were also in force. In due time, the Southern train arrived, unmolested, of course. Doors of the depot were closed and heavily guarded. After a sufficient lapse of time, the gate was thrown open and a hearse, with all the glass sides heavily draped in black and surrounded by a heavy police guard came out and headed up Broad street to the Pennsylvania & Ohio station, where the body was to be transferred. All was quiet and orderly until some over-enthusiast student hurled a stone through the glass side of the hearse. Of course there was a howl of denunciation from the civilian crowd, but no notice was taken of it by the police attendants other than to quicken the pace.

It afterwards came out that this was a ruse on the part of the railroad authorities. While the funeral hearse was sup-

posedly being assaulted at the first gate, another hearse with the body passed through another exit. Who were most fooled?

But the exodus! Of course, the papers let no incident of the excitement escape full exposure. The Virginia papers took it up, some even making it a matter of duty and honor, calling upon the students to return to their home institutions, which were ready to welcome them with open arms. Governor Wise equipped and sent to Philadelphia a special train for the seceders. On its arrival, flying the Virginia flag inscribed "*Sic semper tyrannis*," with a full band playing, "O Carry me Back to Old Virginny," one can imagine with what enthusiasm it was received by the crowd of students and the equally large crowd of citizens attracted by curiosity alone, with the marked cry of disapproval, as well as cheers of approval on the part of their fellow students, as it moved out of the station to the renewed strains of "Carry me back,—" some of whom had elected to remain to the end of the session and receive their diplomas. *Quorum pars fui*.

FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

BY W. T. WHITE, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

In the article on "Gen. E. M. Law at Gettysburg," page 49 of the February VETERAN, it was stated that the 4th Alabama Regiment was detached and sent to meet Kilpatrick's Brigade.

I was a member of the 1st Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, and about 2 o'clock P.M. on July 3, my regiment was sent off a mile or more from Round Top and stationed in a public road to check the advance of the cavalry, which we understood was threatening an attack on our wagon train. We had been in our position but a very short time when Kilpatrick's Brigade, under command of General Farnsworth, loomed up in our front. We had in our regiment one hundred and ninety-six men, rank and file; the Federal cavalry was supposed to number about one thousand two hundred. Our first impression was that we were hardly equal to the task of successfully resisting such vastly superior numbers, but the men of Hood's Brigade never did learn to retreat; so, as we had a stone fence about three and a half feet high in our front, our decision was to hold our position, give them a reception, and take the risk of being overpowered and captured. They formed line of battle in plain view of us and charged. We held our fire until they were within fifty or sixty yards of us, when, taking deliberate aim, we fired on them, bringing down many men and horses. Instead of continuing the assault, which probably would have resulted in our capture, they retreated to their original starting point, reformed, and recharged, with the same result as before.

Having repulsed the second charge, we felt that we could almost whip all the cavalry the enemy had, and from that time on, for about two hours, they continued making demonstrations against us, after which they gave up the job of routing us and bore off to our left in the direction of Round Top, and may then have come in contact with the 4th or 15th Alabama, but we had almost demolished the brigade before they left us.

After the fight was over, with almost the entire Federal brigade killed, wounded, or captured, General Farnsworth, with his staff, or part of it, was returning to the Federal lines when he came upon three or four of our boys, who had been left on picket duty at the foot of Round Top, and were on their way to join us. The general and staff rushed on our boys and demanded their surrender, when one of the boys, by

(Concluded on page 197.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

A TRIBUTE.

BY VINCENT COSTELLO, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

[To J. Z. McChesney, sometime soldier in the Confederate army. Died in January, 1922.]

I cannot sing a dirge for him
Now he has gone away,
For solemn tones would never match
His manner old and gay,
(But I must save them for some friend
Who dieth young and gray).

His face was kind, reflecting there
His heart, for it was pure;
He did not think of death at all,
Nor fear its hidden lure;
He lived and loved—by love and life—
For death to him was sure.

I cannot sing a dirge for him,
Though men would call him dead,
And put white roses by his side
Who only knew the red,
For still is ringing in my ears
Some word that he has said.

No dirge! I think of him with smiles
Now he has gone away;
If you would send a song to him
Let martial music play,
For solemn tones would never match
His manner old and gay.

COMRADES OF SHERMAN, TEX.

The following members of Mildred Lee Camp, No. 90 U. C. V., of Sherman, Tex., have died since last report:

John M. Blaine, born in the Republic of Texas in 1844; aged seventy-six.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, born in Alabama in 1838; aged eighty-two.

W. D. Elliott, born in Mississippi in 1846; aged seventy-five.

John Ellison, born in Tennessee in 1840; aged eighty-one.

C. N. Roberts, born in Connecticut in 1834; aged eighty-seven.

M. D. Boling, born in Mississippi in 1847; aged seventy-four.

Sam Bonham, born in Virginia in 1847; aged seventy-four.

H. T. Dunaway, born in Tennessee in 1838; aged eighty-three.

J. W. Fryar, born in Kentucky in 1843; aged seventy-eight.

C. C. Swindle, born in Tennessee in 1843; aged seventy-eight.

J. C. WITCHER, *Commander*.

J. P. LESLIE (S. C. V.), *Adjutant*.

CAPT. J. A. NEILSON.

Capt. John Abert Neilson was born at "Belmont," the antebellum home of the Neilsons, in Lowndes County, Miss., near Columbus, April 13, 1842. He fell "asleep in Jesus" on February 28, 1922, after an illness of a few days. In September, 1920, he sustained a fractured hip, since which time he has suffered much pain. He closed his eyes in sleep here and opened them to behold the wonders of the city not made with hands.

When the War between the States came on, John A. Neilson joined the Confederate army, serving as a captain in the quartermaster's department of the 49th Mississippi, and filled that position during the four years of strife, conducting himself as a brave, heroic, sacrificing soldier of the South.

Early in life he gave his heart to God and united with the Presbyterian Church. For many years he was an elder. In the Church, as in his home, the army, and every walk of life, he was true and faithful at all times and under all circumstances. He was consecrated in his life, generous to a fault, and always a strong arm upon which his Church, his friends, his comrades, or his family might lean.

For thirteen years he was proctor at the college in Columbus, Miss., and his duties as such were discharged with the utmost fidelity.

Captain Neilson was the father of five children. One daughter and the mother went on the long journey many years ago. Two sons and two daughters survive.

Attended by his Confederate comrades, Daughters of the Confederacy, and many friends and relatives, he was laid to rest in Friendship Cemetery at Columbus, the battle flag of the Confederacy over his quiet heart.

REV. C. R. PAGE.

After a long period of ill health, Rev. Coupland Randolph Page, minister of the Episcopal Church, a veteran of the War between the States and of the war with Spain, an unreconstructed Southerner and a member of the noted Page family of Virginia, died at his home in Winchester at the age of seventy-eight years. He was a son of William Nelson Page, and was born in Cumberland County, Va. Later on, the family moved to Lexington, Va., where he was a student when the War between the States came on.

Joining the Liberty Hall Volunteers, an infantry unit organized among the students of the college, and which became a part of the 4th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, with heart and soul dedicated to the cause of the South, young Page threw himself into the mighty conflict and took an active part in many of the great battles of the war.

His hazardous duties took him into the thick of the fighting, and he was wounded three times. He was an aid on General Pendleton's staff, and was adjutant of Cutshaw's Battalion of Artillery.

After the war he studied for the ministry at the Episcopal Seminary, Alexandria, Va., and after his ordination he took charge of a Church in Kentucky. Later he was transferred to the Diocese of Maryland, and served a number of Churches of that State. During the Spanish-American War he was chaplain of the 1st Maryland Regiment, and continued that connection with the regiment for twenty-five years.

Retiring from the ministry some years ago on account of deafness, he made his home in Winchester, where he was held in high esteem and affection. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ella Baker, of Winchester, two daughters, and one son.

A. P. ADAMSON.

The death of Comrade A. P. Adamson, at his home, Rex, Ga., on January 12, 1922, removes one highly esteemed in his community and by friends and comrades generally. He was born March 20, 1844, in Clayton County, Ga., and lived his more than threescore years and ten on the plantation where he was born.

Comrade Adamson entered the Confederate service in 1861 at the age of seventeen, and served in the ranks of the 30th Georgia Regiment until his capture, May 17, 1864. He was held a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., for several months, reaching home just a few days before the surrender. He was severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, which disabled him for active service for some time.

A leading man of his county, he filled many positions of honor and responsibility. He took an active interest in the organization of the Reunion Association of the 30th Georgia Regiment, and was an officer during the entire time of its existence. He was designated to write a history of his old regiment, which is much appreciated by his comrades.

A faithful member of the Baptist Church, he served his Church as deacon for more than thirty years and as clerk since 1867. He was twice married, his last wife surviving him less than one month. He was a home man in the best sense of the word, a kind and affectionate husband and father. He leaves a large family of children to mourn his passing.

[Committee: J. T. Reams, L. T. Lassiter, J. W. Cruse.]

COMRADES OF CAMP WALKER, ATLANTA.

Calvin Wheeler Mangum, Honorary Commander of Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, U. C. V., of Atlanta, Ga., died at his home in that city on February 10, 1922. He was Acting Commander of this Camp for a number of years, and one of its most popular and best loved members. He was born in Decatur, Ga., October 26, 1845, and lived nearly all his life in Atlanta, just six miles from his birthplace.

At the age of sixteen he entered the service of the Confederacy, was detailed to railroad duty, and kept in that line of work during the entire period of the war. Afterwards he filled different positions of responsibility with the railroads of the State for thirty-five years.

He was interested in and identified with the upbuilding of his home city in the truest sense of the word, having served as councilman for several terms and as chairman of many important committees. His last public service was as sheriff of his county from 1909 to 1916.

Comrade Mangum was married twice, his last wife and seven children surviving him. He loved his home, was a devoted husband and father, and the man who counted him friend was fortunate indeed. A charter member of St. Paul's Methodist Church, he enjoyed its services and faithfully performed the duties assigned him there.

[Committee: W. D. Harris, F. L. Hudgins.]

COMRADES AT SUMMERVILLE, GA.

At the meeting of John S. Cleghorn Camp, U. V. C., of Summerville, Ga., March 14, the following comrades were reported as having answered the last roll call:

M. A. C. Bennett, chaplain Company H, 23d Georgia Infantry.

Thomas J. Woods, Company E, 1st South Carolina Artillery.
W. M. McCollum, sergeant Company I, 35th Georgia Regiment.

G. T. Horton, Company D, 51st Alabama Regiment.

Thomas J. Barker, 29th Georgia Regiment.

GEORGE C. NANCE.

George C. Nance, a member of Company B, 16th Confederate Cavalry, died at his home in Houston, Tex., March 22, 1922, after an illness of over a year. He was born in Wake County, N. C., on December 28, 1845; and when he was about two years of age his parents removed to Lowndes County, Miss., where he was reared. He attended Gathwright's boarding school, from which school he joined the Confederate army in 1863 and served the remainder of the war.

On February 10, 1870, he married Miss Lemuella Williams, who, with one daughter and three sons, survives him. He was widely known throughout the State of Mississippi, where he traveled as a shoe salesman for many years. He was a member of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., and of the Christian Church at Houston, where he had resided for the last ten years of his life.

His genial personality was enjoyed and remembered by every one with whom he came in contact, and, even after months of suffering, he always had a cheery smile for the members of his family and the friends who were permitted to visit him.

Interment was in the Odd Fellow's Cemetery, at Columbus, Miss., in which city his early married life was spent.

J. W. RAGLAND.

Died, in Pine Bluff, Ark., on February 2, 1922, J. W. Ragland, age eighty-five years. He had exceeded the allotted time of man to prepare for eternity, and these added years were a rare blessing and a benediction to his family and friends.

Comrade Ragland was born in Greenville, Meriwether County, Ga., April 26, 1837. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Lagrange, Ga., in 1861, and served through the war with Company K, 13th Georgia Volunteer Regiment. He was at Appomattox at the surrender of General Lee, and had the distinction of being paroled by Gen. John B. Gordon, April 10, 1865. The parole papers are still in the family and greatly prized. Comrade Ragland was the color bearer of his regiment, and no braver, cleaner man ever bore the colors of the Confederacy. He arrived in Pine Bluff, Ark., from Lagrange, Ga., in September, 1884, and since that time had been actively engaged in the cotton business. He was always fair in his dealings, and none in his line enjoyed the confidence of the trade and of the farmer more than he. His family and many warm personal friends mourn his loss. He was a good man and has gone to that beautiful land of rest reserved for the just.

GEORGE F. DIXON.

G. F. Dixon, the oldest member of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316 U. C. V., was born on November 24, 1832, in Alamance County, N. C. and died in Wynne, Ark., March 6, 1922. He enlisted in Company F, 6th North Carolina Regiment, in 1861; was in the battles around Richmond and at Gettysburg.

Comrade Dixon was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church. He was a man of sterling worth, conscientious and honest in all his dealings, charitable, kind, and gentle. He was one of the best men I ever knew.

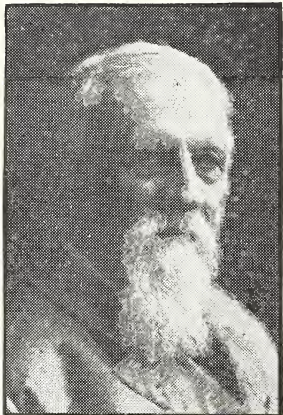
"And now that life's tasks are o'er,
Dream, comrade, of battle fields no more,
Safe upon the distant, farther shore,
Greeted by comrades gone before."

[W. P. Brown, Adjutant Marion Cogbill Camp.]

CAPT. S. J. A. FRAZIER.

Samuel Josiah Abner Frazier, born at Washington, in Rhea County, Tenn., January 29, 1840, died at Tampa, Fla., on December 11, 1921.

This modest man, thorough gentleman, born soldier, fine lawyer, and highest type of citizen, was the only son of Samuel Frazier, of Greene County, Tenn., who was a son of that Samuel Frazier of Scotland who came to the American colony of North Carolina in 1748 and, on March 17, 1749, married Miss Rebecca Julian, a French Huguenot lady of great culture and beauty; later moved to that part



CAPT. S. J. A. FRAZIER.

of Western North Carolina which became Greene County and was embraced in Tennessee; fought for American independence at King's Mountain and elsewhere; was in 1796 a delegate to the convention at Knoxville which ordained and established the first Constitution of the State of Tennessee; was a member of the subcommittee which drafted that Constitution; and, after Tennessee was admitted into the Union as a State, was the first State Senator from Greene County, and served two terms.

Samuel Frazier, father of S. J. A. Frazier, married Miss Ruth Clawson and located at Washington, in Rhea County, then an important town in lower East Tennessee; became a able, noted, and distinguished lawyer, and was the attorney general of his circuit for many years and up to his death, being, it is said, the youngest man who, up to that time, had ever held that office in Tennessee. He had two children—a daughter, Mary, and a son, Samuel Josiah Abner, who is the subject of this sketch. It is said that his mother became blind at the time of his birth and never had the mother's pleasure of seeing her son. The daughter married Dr. Barton Mynatt, of Knox County, Tenn.

The son in his boyhood attended such schools in his neighborhood as were available, went to Washington College, in Greene County, and, later, entered the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, from which he graduated in 1860, and was the valedictorian of his class. He then began the study of law.

As was to be expected from his fighting, patriotic, and distinguished Southern ancestry, S. J. A. Frazier took the side of and fought bravely for his native South in its attempt to separate from the North. Early in the spring of 1861, he, as a volunteer, joined a company being raised by W. E. Colville and others in Rhea County to enter the Confederate service, which company, in May, 1861, went by boat to Loudon and then by rail to Knoxville, where, with Colville as captain and S. J. A. Frazier as one of its lieutenants, it and nine other Tennessee companies formed the afterwards famous Nineteenth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, of which regiment the Rhea County company became Company D.

Of that regiment, D. H. Cummings, of Anderson County, was first colonel; F. M. Walker, of Hamilton, first lieutenant colonel; and Abe Fulkerson, of Grainger County, first major. We herewith quote from a sketch of Captain Frazier's, in Volume VIII of the "Confederate Military History":

"Capt. Samuel J. A. Frazier, of Chattanooga, was born in Rhea County, Tenn., in 1840, son of Samuel Frazier, an eminent attorney, who was for twenty-one years attorney general for the Third District of the State. He was educated at Washington College and the University of Tennessee, graduating at the latter in 1860 as Master of Arts, and was engaged in the study of law when Tennessee began arming for the great war of 1861-65. He enlisted April 6, 1861, and was mustered in at Knoxville as a lieutenant of Company D, Nineteenth Regiment, Tennessee Infantry.

"His first service was at Cumberland and Big Creek Gaps, when his regiment advanced into Kentucky, and was first under fire at Wild Cat. He was with his company at the battle of Fishing Creek, and thence fell back to Corinth, Miss."

Captain Colville and the first lieutenant of the company were retired on account of age, and Joseph G. Frazier became captain and S. J. A. Frazier became 1st lieutenant.

"Shiloh was his next battle, and there his company lost heavily. Then, marching to Vicksburg, he served during the first Federal attack, in the course of which his regiment had the unique experience of charging one of the enemy's gunboats. They did some fighting as far south as Baton Rouge, La., and then, returning to East Tennessee to recruit, remained there until just before the battle of Murfreesboro, in which Capt. Joe Frazier was killed and S. J. A. Frazier succeeded him as captain of the company.

"His most severe experience was at Chickamauga, which proved to be his last battle field. There, while gallantly participating in the service of Strahl's Brigade, he was dangerously wounded by a shot through the windpipe and left for dead. Two of his comrades, in attempting to carry him off the field, were shot down, and he received two wounds while lying on the ground where they left him. Thus, necessarily abandoned, he was captured by the enemy and taken to Chattanooga, thence to Camp Chase, Ohio, and from there to Johnson's Island, where he was held a prisoner until June, 1865. While thus confined he continued his study of law, paying fifty cents a week for the use of an old edition of Blackstone, earning the money by making gutta-percha rings for visitors. In 1866 he was admitted to the bar, and was engaged in the practice of law at Washington, Rhea County, until 1870, when he was elected attorney general of the Fourth Circuit, the same in which his father had been attorney general more than a quarter of a century, dying while in office.

"After holding this position for eight years, he abandoned his profession for reasons of health, and private business, and moved to Chattanooga, where he purchased the land upon which the suburb of Hill City is now located. This suburb he laid out and developed very successfully, giving \$10,000 toward the handsome suspension bridge that connects it with Chattanooga and by other generous donations insuring its rapid growth. He has also established and developed Frazier's Beach, near Port Tampa, Fla."

We are glad to quote what others who knew him long and well say of him:

"When brought into Chattanooga by the Federals as a prisoner after the battle of Chickamauga, his life hung by a slender thread, but by the careful nursing of Rev. Dr.

Thomas H. McCallie and his family, who secured from the Federal authorities permission to remove Captain Frazier to their home, he recovered sufficiently to be sent to a Northern prison. He was sent to Johnson's Island, where he, for eighteen months, suffered all the horrors of prison life till June, 1865, after the close of the war. He returned to his home in Washington, Rhea County, and shortly thereafter went to the home of his uncle, Judge Thomas N. Frazier, the father of ex-Governor J. B. Frazier, near Murfreesboro, and there read law under Judge Frazier."

"Captain Frazier was regarded by the bar and people as one of the most painstaking, honest, and efficient attorneys general that the State ever had. He had the full confidence of the court and the people, and was able and effective before the juries of the circuit. In 1871 Captain Frazier married Miss Annie Keith, daughter of Col. Alexander Hume Keith, of Athens, Tenn., and a granddaughter of Judge Charles Fleming Keith, who was for thirty-four years judge of the circuit courts of his circuit."

Of this marriage two children survive, Alexander F. and Miss Sarah Ruth Frazier.

We quote further:

"Captain Frazier declined to stand for reelection to the office of attorney general, and, after his term expired in 1878, he retired to his home at Washington and devoted himself to supervising his large landed estates in Rhea County. In 1882 he moved to Chattanooga and bought the old Cowart tract of land, north of the river from Chattanooga, and laid off and founded a town which he named Hill City.

"He took great pride in building up Hill City, or what is now known as North Chattanooga, and lived to see it grow into a city of six or eight thousand population."

It has, with truth, been further said of him:

"Captain Frazier was a brave soldier, an able lawyer, and a citizen of the highest type. He was a modest man, who never advertised his deeds, but he was preeminently a good man, always ready to help the poor and needy. No truer or better man ever lived. He was honest, upright, and true in any relation of life.

"He was gifted with a brilliant mind, being proficient in both Latin and Greek; he was a versatile writer, a magnetic and eloquent speaker, a fair and impartial lawyer, and popular with all classes of people, being most thoughtful always of the poor, so at his death they said: 'We have lost our best friend.'"

To all of these high encomiums the comrades of N. B. Forrest Camp No. 14, United Confederate Veterans, especially those acquainted with Captain Frazier, say "Amen."

"So, when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

HALE S. DUNCAN.

Hale S. Duncan, a Confederate veteran, well known throughout Southwest Missouri, was born July 8, 1843, and died April 6, 1920, at his home in Springfield, Mo. His parents removed to Missouri when he was three years old.

Hale Duncan enlisted in the Confederate army in August, 1861, at Greenfield, Mo., and served in Company G, 16th Missouri Infantry, under Gen. Sterling Price; was in the battles of Lexington and Lone Jack, Mo., and was taken prisoner while in hospital at Little Rock, Ark., in 1863, sent to St.

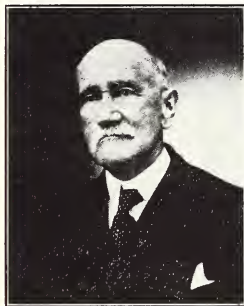
Louis, then to Alton, Ill., prison, then to Richmond, Va., and paroled.

After the war he worked in Louisiana for one year, then went to Tennessee, returning to Missouri in 1869 and locating at Ash Grove. He was married in 1871 to Miss Mary C. Robbins, also a native Tennessean, who died in 1903.

Mr. Duncan was a great reader and student, especially of the Bible. He possessed a wonderful memory, and, being an entertaining conversationalist, had many friends and admirers. He was elected revenue collector of Greene County in 1882, and moved his family to Springfield, the county seat. He served two terms as collector, also two terms as city councilman, after which he was engaged in the real estate business until his retirement in 1917. He is survived by one son, Dr. W. T. Duncan, and one daughter, Miss Lulu Duncan, residents of Springfield, also one brother living at Ash Grove.

CHARLES M. PARKS.

Charles M. Parks died at his home in Tarboro, N. C., February 28, 1922, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was



CHARLES M. PARKS.

born and reared in Hillsboro, N. C., and in that town, in April, 1861, he enlisted in Company G (Orange Guards), 27th North Carolina Infantry, Cook's Brigade, and served throughout the war in that command, surrendering at Appomattox. He was captured after the battle of South Mountain, but was released soon after with the hospital corps of his command, with which he was serving when captured.

The following is an extract from "An Appreciation," written by his brother-in-law, Rev. N. D. H. Wilson, and published in the *Raleigh News and Observer*:

"His active life was spent in general merchandise in Hillsboro. The march of progress has touched to new life that historic place, but at that time it was famed for its quietness.

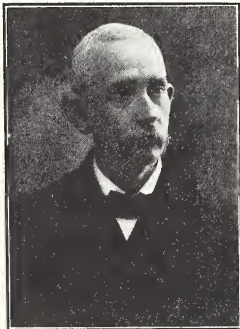
"But by skill, wisdom, cordiality, and integrity, he built up there a business which few of our cities could at that time surpass. 'Charlie Parks' was known far and wide and was a great man to a host of customers, who were all his personal friends. More recently he has not been engaged in active business. After his last marriage he bought the old Staton homestead near Tarboro and has lived there or in Tarboro ever since. He served loyally in the War between the States and delighted to the last to meet with the boys of 1861-65.

"Many years ago he connected himself with the Methodist Church and was, I believe, faithful to the end. The world is poorer for the passing of such a man from our midst. They were great men, those boys who came back from the brave battles of that awful time, defeated, but not dismayed, who bared their arms and, undaunted, went to work and built out of desolation a strong and prosperous State. They are passing—a few more days and the last of them will be gone. But we may well pause in our haste to lay forget-me-nots on their graves, to learn well the lessons of their heroic lives, and to

thank God that such as they have lived, and that we are the heirs of their labors. Worthy to stand in the front ranks of this illustrious line was my brother and friend, the friend of all who knew him, Charles M. Parks."

DR. F. B. SLOAN.

Dr. Flavel Baxter Sloan was the fifth son of the eleven children of James and Susan Brown Sloan, born at Benton, Polk County, Tenn., March 12, 1844. He entered the Confederate army in the early years of the war, and was a member of Colonel McKenzie's 5th Tennessee Cavalry, Company D. He was only seventeen years of age when he enlisted and was one of five soldier brothers, the others being Robert, Fielding (surgeon, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Franklin), James, and William Sloan. He made a splendid record as a gallant and brave soldier.



DR. F. B. SLOAN.

After the war his incomplete education was finished in Franklin with Prof. Patrick Campbell, he being the protégé of Cols. John B. McEwen and John McGavock. His chosen vocation was medicine, which he read with Dr. Dan German, of Franklin, and then graduated from the University of Nashville. For forty odd years he was surgeon of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, retiring in March, 1916. In 1904 he was elected President of the Tri-State Medical Association.

On March 17, 1886, Dr. Sloan was married to Miss Otzie Stuart, of Tullahoma, Tenn., and five children were born to this union, of whom two survive him—Robert and Elizabeth—who are trusted employees of the bank at Cowan. They soothed and made pleasant his declining years. He was stricken with paralysis in the fall of 1921 and passed away quietly and peacefully at Cowan in November, having served his country, his State, and his family with all that was excellent in his fine nature. Peace to his ashes! His religious affiliations were with the Episcopal Church, with which service he was buried from his home in Winchester.

[Mrs. A. McD. German.]

CONFEDERATE VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF SAVANNAH, GA.

Four times this year death has invaded the ranks of our Confederate Veterans' Association (Camp No. 756 U. C. V.), and two more comrades have now bivouacked on the heavenly shore. Ingersoll Washburn died on March 14, after a brief illness. Of quiet, retiring disposition, he was not very well known even to members of the Camp, though he was a regular attendant upon the meetings. Comrade Washburn entered the service of the Confederacy in June, 1862, as a private in the Savannah Volunteer Guards, Company B, 18th Georgia Battalion. In November of that year he was detailed in the Signal Corps, and continued to serve in that capacity until the close of the war, surrendering with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Army of Tennessee, at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. After the war he came to Savannah and held positions of a

clerical nature for many years, but had not been actively engaged for some time. His wife died a few months before him, two daughters and a son surviving him.

Abram William Harmon died April 7, at his home in Savannah, after some years of ill health and paralysis. He served in the Chatham Artillery of Savannah from 1863 as a faithful member of that command until its surrender with Johnston at Greensboro. Returning to Savannah, he lived a useful life, actively engaged in business until incapacitated. He is survived by a son and three daughters.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary.]

C. C. STONE.

The memorial resolutions by the Confederate Veteran Camp at Hearne, Tex., in tribute to C. C. Stone, a valued member who died in July, 1921, express the esteem in which he was held by his comrades. Only three members of that Camp are left—Richard Boswell, A. G. Cobb, and T. W. McNeel—and all sign these resolutions.

C. C. Stone joined the Confederate army in June, 1861, and was not fifteen years old until the following October. After the battle of Shiloh he was discharged on account of his age, but within a few weeks he joined Company K, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, in which he served until the close of the war.

One brother, G. B. Stone, of Humboldt, Tenn., survives him.

JOHN HARSHBARGER.

John Harshbarger was born in Augusta County, Va., on January 2, 1842, enlisted in Company F, 52d Virginia Volunteers, and served under Stonewall Jackson. He was in many battles till he was captured, and was then kept in prison till the surrender.

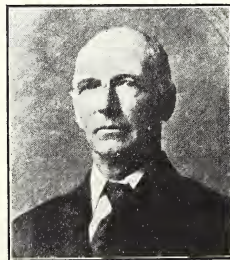
He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church till called up higher on February 22, 1922.

John Harshbarger was a faithful member of Camp No. 1149, U. C. V., Poulan, Ga.

[P. Pelham, a comrade.]

JAMES A. MCDANIEL.

Private James Alexander McDaniel, born 1845, died January 16, 1922, at his home in the city of Greenville, S. C., aged seventy-six years.



JAMES A. M'DANIEL.

Seven months before he was sixteen years of age he ran off from home and walked ten miles to join Hampton's Legion. He was badly wounded at Seven Pines, and when recovered was transferred to Butler's Cavalry, participating in all the battles and hardships of that famous command until the remnants of Johnston's army "wound up" at Greensboro, N. C.

He was a great grandson of General McDaniel of Revolutionary fame, and as a mere boy was always as cool and deliberate under fire as any soldier who ever bit the end of a paper cartridge or pulled the trigger of an old muzzle-loader.

Private McDaniel was successful in business, and was clerk, of the court for several terms. He leaves a brother and sister, a faithful wife, and dutiful son to mourn his death,

also a multitude of friends in all classes to speak his praises. He was long a member of the Methodist Church, a Royal Arch Mason, and all who knew him feel assured that his soul rests in peace.

[Henry Briggs.]

MRS. SARAH MACKEY.

The death of Mrs. Sarah Mackey, at her home in Mackey, Ala., on December 29, 1921, closed a life in which there was much as an example to others. She was a woman of most estimable qualities, liberal and charitable, at the same time economical and careful of any waste in her home. She was born in Grayson County, Va., the daughter of David and Sarah Choate Isom, and she was first married to Alonzo S. Hale, who died in 1867. While visiting her sisters in Cherokee County, Ala., in 1871, she met B. F. Mackey, to whom she was married in 1872, and with whom she lived in happiness for almost fifty years, their golden wedding anniversary coming just ten days after her death.

During the War between the States Mrs. Mackey was a type of the true Southern woman, never shirking a duty of any kind, attentive to the sick and needy and supplying their wants. She was an expert rider, and did not fear to mount the most spirited horse and move away over the snow and ice-covered roads and fording streams among the old Virginia mountains, the water sometimes reaching to her saddle skirts. On one occasion a gang of seventeen marauders came to her father's home to take the horses away, claiming they were wanted for the army. All the family and the negroes were gathered around the barn trying to persuade the gang to let the stock alone, but the men demanded that the keys be brought or they would break down the doors. Sarah called a negro girl to her and, in a low voice, directed her to go to the house and "get my revolver." This was done, and she then ordered the men to leave at once, and fired among them. This caused a stampede, and the last heard of the marauders they were four miles down the road and still running. Many other incidents could be told of her fearlessness in times of danger.

As a young woman, Mrs. Mackey spun the thread and wove the cloth from which she made beautiful garments, some of which are still in existence; and she looked well to the ways of her household, in every way a helpmeet to her husband and guiding spirit to her children, who rise up to call her blessed. She was a Christian, a devoted member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Surviving her are the devoted husband, one of those gallant followers of "Fighting Joe Wheeler," and four of their six children—two sons and two daughters—also a son of the first marriage; and fifteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

She now rests peacefully in the family cemetery at Mackey, Ala., within the shadow of historic Lookout Mountain.



MRS. SARAH MACKEY.

CAPT. MATT MANLY.

The following tribute to an appreciated officer of the company was sent out by the President of the Norfolk Southern Railroad:

"With deep sorrow announcement is made of the death this afternoon (November 28, 1921) of Capt. Matthias Manly, treasurer of this company and its predecessors in title since the year 1905.

"Starting out early to fight life's battle, he was a captain in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and later made a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island.

"Returning to his native State of North Carolina after the war, he at one time served as postmaster at Newbern and then as mayor of that city. He was treasurer of the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad Company, which, by lease, has since become a part of the Norfolk Southern system.

"Of distinguished appearance, possessing a charm of courtly manner now so rarely seen, kindly and considerate of others, unselfish in his devotion to duty, a gentleman always, his passing means the loss of a most valued officer and a friend whose sympathetic interest readily responded to every call."

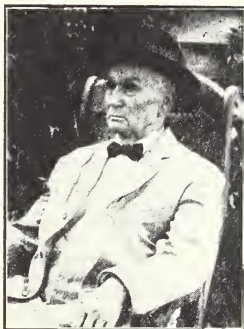
NEWTON GLOVER.

Newton Glover was born on March, 21, 1840, in Wilkinson County, Ga. He was going to school when the war broke out, but enlisted in Company B, 17th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade, and was in the service from the beginning of the war until the surrender.

He was in all the battles of Virginia except first Manassas and Chancellorsville, and was badly wounded at Chickamauga. He was a true Confederate soldier in every sense of the word. He died at Americus, Ga., March 9, 1922.

JAMES H. HUGHEN.

James H. Hughen died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. B. Gentry, in Saline County, Ark., on January 18, 1922.



JAMES H. HUGHEN.

He was born in South Carolina, July 21, 1862, but his parents moved to Georgia while he was young. He united with the Methodist Church at the age of eighteen, and was teacher and superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school sixty-one years. He was living in Jackson County, Ala., when the War between the States came on. He loved the Southland, and bared his breast against the invading foe. Joining the 4th Alabama Regiment under Captain Smyth, he followed General Forrest in many of his

campaigns. When the war ended he returned to his home to find it almost completely destroyed. In 1871 he took his family to Arkansas and there made his home until the summons came calling him away from the trials of life. Slowly and peacefully he sank to rest. He was nearly blind for two years, but, during the last year his eyesight returned. He read the VETERAN, and read the Testament through six times.

[Mrs. C. B. Gentry, Slocumb, Ark.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga., *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn., *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark., *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C., *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala., *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla., *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C., *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa., *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. GREENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala., *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: On March 26, a new chapter in the history of our organization was written when, at St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, a tablet to commemorate the fact that Gen. Robert E. Lee had been a vestryman of that Church from 1842 to 1844 was dedicated to his memory. This beautiful bronze tablet is the work of Mr. Frederick C. Hibbard, of Chicago, who gave the design to the Daughters, our only expense being for the casting and transportation. We owe the distinguished sculptor a debt of gratitude for this unique and fitting work of art. For the service, an account of which appears elsewhere in this number of the *VETERAN*, a wreath of red and white carnations, the colors of our organization, hung just below the tablet, and the chancel flowers carried out the same color scheme. Thanks are also due the women who inaugurated the work—Mrs. A. W. Cochran and Mrs. R. W. Jones, of New York,—and our ex-President General, Mrs. McKinney, who had the memorial tablet made.

An Appeal.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter of the State of Washington has sent out an appeal for help toward the erection of a monument on the Confederate plot in Lakeview Cemetery at Seattle. Last year this Division met every request of the general organization, and in some instances did twice as much as was asked of them. Your President General gladly indorses the circular which is being sent out. We cannot refuse our aid in this work which these distant Daughters, only three Chapters with less than two hundred members, are determined to carry through. That plot is a part of our very own, for it holds our warrior dead.

Two Northern Libraries wish to obtain U. D. C. material. From the New York Public Library, the largest and with the most extensive circulation in our country, comes a request for a complete set of the minutes of the U. D. C. conventions. Who will contribute copies of the issues before 1916? Please do not send any copies until you have first written to me and have received a reply.

The library of the State Historical Society of Madison, Wis., another very active body, wishes to obtain our minutes and also material in printed form bearing upon the War between the States. Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Chairman of Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books, whose address is 47 East Thirteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga., will act for us in this matter, and all who have material which might be contributed are asked to communicate with her.

It is hard to overestimate the importance of these requests. They show that the interest in our work and in the principles which we are pledged to support and publish abroad is growing rapidly in all parts of our country among those thinking people whose support is always an asset in any movement. I hope there will be a generous response.

Chapter and Division Registrars.—Your Registrar General asks me to call to your attention the new demits, and she requests that Chapter Registrars order from their Division Registrars only what they need. She reminds me that in the convention at Birmingham your voting strength, according to your by-laws, will depend upon the members (old and new) duly registered in her office. There is nothing before us of greater importance than this matter of registration. Only one Division, New York, is at the present time fully registered. Please make one final effort, so that we may meet in Birmingham as a fully registered organization. Think of the importance of these records, think of the future confusion which will be prevented by your loving service in this cause. Bend every energy to this end, in order that the books of the Registrar General may be completed when they pass to her successor. She has given you wonderful service. Help her to make the work perfect.

In Memoriam.—The United Daughters of the Confederacy felt a shock and sadness not easy to express when they learned of the death of Julian S. Carr, the son of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. That this great sorrow should have come to him at a time when he was recovering from a severe illness, and when he was so near his first reunion as Commander of the greatest army of heroes that the world has ever seen, called forth our tenderest and most heartfelt sympathy.

And now, as the holy Eastertide approaches, my prayer is that it may bring to each and every one of you its richest and most fruitful blessing.

Faithfully yours,

LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The editor appreciates the invitation of the Louisiana Division for the unveiling of the Gen. Alfred Mouton monument at Lafayette, La., on April 8, and an invitation from the New York Division to a luncheon at Hotel Biltmore on April 29, in compliment to the President General, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

What is the sentiment of Southern organizations on merging Memorial Day, April 26, the first Memorial Day instituted, into an International Memorial Day, May 30?

Read the good news from France. The work of the U. D. C. in Paris, France, goes steadily on. The following correspondence in regard to the work of the Paris Chapter and in connection with the U. D. C. gift of a memorial elevator to the American Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine will interest members of Chapters and Divisions who value this extension of Confederate interests into another continent.

Extract from a letter written to Miss Poppenheim by Mme. la Marquise de Courtivron, Prince Polignac's daughter, who is the President of the Major General Polignac Chapter U. D. C. in Paris, France:

"DECEMBER 30, 1921.

"I will be most delighted to help in any way about the 'memorial elevator' for the future American hospital and act as your local representative and feel honored to be on the committee.

"I went out to see the head nurse a fortnight ago. There were very few patients in the hospital at the time, but she promised to telephone me if any Southern patients came in.

"The Sorbonne has gratefully accepted the gift of Southern literature, and I hear that the books are already under way.

"Yes, that thought of a dearly beloved and admired father is the great impulse, and as he loved the South, its ideals and generosity, we cannot help but love it too."

The following was also received by Miss Poppenheim under date of February 22, 1922: "Speaking in behalf of the Board of Governors [of the American Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine], I beg to assure you of our great appreciation of your gift, which we recognize as coming from United Daughters of the Confederacy and through the activity of the Paris Chapter. The spirit of good will and helpfulness toward the hospital is most encouraging to every one who has its welfare at heart. The gift is quite sufficient to entitle the U. D. C. to have a plaque placed on the lift, as you request.

"We at last have possession of our land and construction begins in April, by which time also our annual report will be issued, giving full detailed plans of the hospital, with a list of the estimate of cost of its component parts.

"Again thanking you and your society for their thoughtful generosity, I beg to remain

"Very sincerely yours,

WALTER B. HANDY,

"Second Vice President and Treasurer."

GRATIFYING EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Under date of January 20, 1922, Dr. Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, writes that Paul Brawner, Heber Springs, Ark., the winner of the U. D. C. scholarship last June, is one of six out of two hundred freshmen to obtain a place on the Honor Roll, his grades averaging over 90 per cent for the term. Mr. Brawner belongs to the Y. M. C. A. Extension Force, is on the staff of one of the college publications, and had part in the debate of the literary societies on February 22.

Three World War men are at Washington and Lee as beneficiaries of the Hero Fund. All have been recommended for continued assistance; one is paying all his expenses, apart from the U. D. C. help, by working four hours a day in a local bank; another, this a young man from Milton, Fla., is carrying an exceptionally heavy course, eight subjects, and is also doing outside work, yet in the first term this year he made B on three subjects, A on two, and his lowest grade was C. Dr. Smith writes that all of these men "are distinctly above the average."

DIVISION NOTES.

Colorado.—On February 8, Mrs. J. H. McKay was hostess to a delightful luncheon and card party given for the Colorado Division, which netted a substantial sum. The Division President, Mrs. J. H. Puckett, was present and gave a very comprehensive and interesting talk on the State work during the past year and of the aspirations of the Division for the coming year.

Ten dollars was pledged to the U. D. C. Woman's Relief Fund. Several members of the Division have the honor of being appointed State Directors by our President General.

This is the fifth year the Division has been the recipient of

the Mildred Rutherford Historical Medal, owing to the splendid work of Mrs. Rosa M. Bowden, State Historian.

At the State convention, held October 4, 1921, at Pueblo, Mrs. Alonzo Fry offered a medal for the best essay by pupils in the seventh and eighth grades on Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, or Stonewall Jackson.

Fourteen have been added to the membership roll of Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter this year. The Chapter has raised a relief fund for the purpose of taking a ward in Fitzsimmons Hospital and to furnish entertainment for the Southern ex-service boys. A donation party for this relief fund brought money, canned fruit, clothing, etc. The Chapter also raised sufficient funds at a card party to complete the Hero Fund for the State, \$105.

On January 19, Crosses of Honor were bestowed by the Chapter upon Mrs. Sarah White, daughter of Maj. William Fulkerson, of Jerseyville, Ill., and Mr. W. C. Ragsdale, of Fort Logan, Colo.

A Children's Chapter has been organized, with Mrs. Clarence H. Harris, State Director, and Miss Marion Doherty, Chapter Leader.

Recent additions to the Chapter are Mrs. McCutcheon, of Mississippi, and Mrs. Ommanney, both of whom have the distinction of having knit for the boys in gray and for the boys in the World War.

On March 16, at the home of Mrs. Fred Meek, the Chapter entertained in honor of the Division Historian, Mrs. Rosa M. Bowden, the event being her birthday.

Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, donated \$11 to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, 30 cents per capita to Lee Memorial Fund, and \$32.50 to the Hero Fund. These amounts exceeded its pro rata; this Chapter also donated \$2 to the Confederate Woman's Relief Fund. It has added six members to the roll during the year.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, Grand Junction, has added eight members to its roster. The Chapter has paid all pledges in full and was the first Chapter in the Division to pay its Hero pledge. General Lee's birthday was celebrated with a well-arranged reception and banquet.

Maryland.—The Division is planning to have in May an entertainment, "A Chaik Talk," by Clifford Berryman, a celebrated cartoonist, to raise money to help the World War Memorial fund, which is to be used for the benefit of descendants of Confederate veterans who wish to study medicine at the University of Maryland or Johns Hopkins. A stipulated amount is to be loaned to each of these Southern students for five years. At the expiration of that time it is to be paid back by them, with a small interest, thereby perpetuating the fund.

Hagerstown has a Children's Chapter. Much enthusiasm was expressed when it was started.

North Carolina.—This Division held its convention last October in Winston-Salem, using the beautiful new Robert E. Lee Hotel as headquarters, thus making an opportune time for a Robert E. Lee Convention. On opening evening a magnificent portrait of General Lee was unveiled.

Three general officers—Mrs. F. M. Williams, General Registrar, Mrs. Tempe Whitehead Holt, Third Vice President General, both of our State, and Miss Alice Baxter, First Vice President General, of Atlanta, were in attendance. Miss Baxter's presence was a benediction throughout the convention, with her loving greetings and interest in our work.

Mrs. H. L. Riggins, President of the J. B. Gordon Chapter, with her corps of efficient "Daughters," made it possible for the Division to hold one of the most delightful conventions ever held in our State.

State President Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson presided, using a gavel, the gift of the hostess Chapter, made of wood grown on the historic Moravian graveyard.

A few things of interest accomplished in our work last year were: the Hero Fund was paid in full; the Confederate Home in Raleigh had \$30,000 spent in repairs and an increase of \$15,000 for maintenance was granted by the General Assembly; the Pension Fund was largely increased also; the Confederate Woman's Home had an increase in its maintenance fund; all of which was due largely to work of the U. D. C.

Much interest has been manifested in the textbooks used in our schools. True Southern history is our watchword. The work of the Children of the Confederacy is progressing in many ways.

We are proud of the record made in the sale of "Women of the South in War Times" under the leadership of Mrs. Holt, of Rocky Mount.

South Carolina.—Charleston Chapter, No. 4, celebrated the Lee Anniversary by a special service in old St. Philip's Church, the mother Church of the Diocese of South Carolina, on the evening of January 22, at which time there was a sermon on General Lee's character. The special musical program was by the vested choir, which marched into the church singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The choir was followed by the members of the Charleston Chapter and the Camp of Confederate Veterans, who proceeded to special seats reserved for them.

The offering from the congregation, amounting to over fifty dollars, was given to the Daughters of the Confederacy for their fund toward the enlarging of the Lee Memorial Chapel at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

The historical department of the South Carolina Division has issued a "Lee Memorial Yearbook," which is most instructive and attractive.

Tennessee.—The State convention will be held in May, in Chattanooga, that city of hospitality and many historical points and much scenic beauty. Mrs. W. M. Goodman, of Knoxville, Division President, will preside. Mrs. J. P. Hoskins, of Chattanooga, Chairman of Program Committee, has arranged an interesting program.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Robert E. Lee, Commandant at West Point, Lieutenant Colonel of Second Cavalry. Mention some of the officers named by the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, for the two regiments of cavalry organized in 1855.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1922.

BOY SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Parker's Boy Battery. John Krenson, of Georgia; Henry Albert Roby and Thomas Jackson Waters, of Maryland.

(Data for this program and for the May program will be found in the April VETERAN.)

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN THE NORTHWEST.

The following letter has been sent out by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle, Wash., in behalf of securing funds toward a Confederate monument in the cemetery there. Such an undertaking should have the hearty indorsement and coöperation of all Confederate organizations and all individuals who are interested in perpetuating the memories of the Confederacy, and this patriotic Chapter should be made to feel that their efforts will succeed. The letter is signed by Mrs. May Ewing Wilkins, President, and Mrs. Garnett Oldham Tackaberry, Secretary, and is as follows:

"Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, U. D. C., was chartered in 1905 and now has fifty-two members, it being the oldest and having the largest membership of the three Chapters which make up Washington Division.

"Our situation out here in the Northwest, so far removed from Southern influence, makes it necessary at times for the Chapters to assume very great responsibilities in proportion to their numerical and financial strength. Especially is this true in the care of our veterans when it is necessary, as it has been a number of times, to pay the expenses of a veteran here in the city for a period of time and then his railroad expenses back to the Confederate Home or the home of relatives in the South.

"Perhaps the most conspicuous work this Chapter has done was in 1911, when we purchased a burial plot in Lakeview Cemetery and interred there a number of bodies of Confederate soldiers. This being the only Confederate burial plot in the whole Northwest, our Chapter has felt for a number of years that we should erect thereon a suitable monument to our Confederate dead, and it has been decided to make this task our chief undertaking for 1922. We are a band of loyal workers, but, because of our limited numbers, we cannot hope to erect a monument that will be a credit to our organization unless we receive help from many sources outside our own membership. For this undertaking we have the hearty indorsement of our President General, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, as well as permission from her to solicit aid from Chapters and individuals in other parts of the country.

"If you as an individual or Chapter would like to have fellowship with us in placing this Confederate memorial here in the largest city of the great Northwest, your generosity will be greatly appreciated by the members of Robert E. Lee Chapter, who are earnestly striving to give our veterans the honor that is their just due.

"Please mail your contribution to Mrs. H. D. Ferguson, 3947 West Holden Street, Seattle, Wash., who is treasurer of the monument committee. Any amount you may be able to send will be appreciated."

GOOD WORK.

The Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Fort Smith, Ark., is not the largest Chapter in that State, but is up to date and wide awake, and when it undertakes anything, it is carried through to success. One of its undertakings for this year is to send a list of subscribers to the VETERAN every month, and there is now to its credit a total of twenty subscriptions reported, and the year hardly started. It is very gratifying to have a Chapter manifest such interest. Mrs. W. O. Edwards has charge of this work, and she writes: "We consider one article in the March number alone worth the whole year's subscription."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
439 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
700 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1015 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

THE CONVENTION AT RICHMOND.

Dear Coworkers: Allow me to express to you my great gratification in the support which has come to me from all points of the compass commending the stand which your President General had to take on too short a notice in which to communicate with you. This confidence is the source of highest joy that can come to one who has to bear the burden of responsibility incident to a work spread over a vast territory. No single letter has been received with adverse criticism, so that you may go your way rejoicing in the fulfillment of the sacred task and carrying on to future generations an inspirational work like unto no other. The only criticism, and that was outside the ranks, was that one day be chosen for all in the South. Since that has been discussed and thrashed out, there remains for us but to make of this sacred occasion so glorious, all absorbing a tribute that none will dare to treat it lightly.

And now, may I remind you that the time has come for the convention which every one who has ever been once anticipates with faster beating heart, each throb pulsating anew with the righteous pride of every loyal Southern heart, and again renews the bars of fidelity, patriotic devotion, and affectionate reverence for those whom each year we would the more signally honor.

Let the slogan be, "On to Richmond!" and let no one State falter or fail. Work that will count for tremendous possibilities, if rightfully used, will be put before you, and as the shouts of the dear old veterans mingle with the tremulous applause of the multitude, you will live again exalted to the highest estate, exultantly pouring praises of praise out upon the air of the city so dear to our hearts in that she, like Atlanta, rose from her ruins, a diadem upon the brow of the nation. That she, though overwhelmed, rose pure and fair, a never-ending lesson of devotion to duty and to country.

Make your reservations at the Jefferson Hotel if you wish to be at headquarters, and do not wait, for waiting will end in disappointment. The railroads announce a one fare rate for veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the members of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, which can be obtained only by certificates and these, at the proper time, can be had of Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, Corresponding Secretary General, Confederate Southern Memorial Association, at College Park, Ga. Plan to reach Richmond on Monday before two o'clock P.M., as the welcome meeting begins at four o'clock in that afternoon, and will present some of Virginia's, foremost sons and daughters.

Begin now to gather material for your reports, and make them the best ever prepared. Special time will be given this

year for the reports of the Associations, as comparison of work will give new life and energy to our work.

May I again remind you of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, which is to be purchased for a park commemorating one of the Confederate victories, though won at a terrible sacrifice? Each Association is urged to send contributions at once to Mrs. Westwood Hutchinson, who represents the Confederate Southern Memorial Association on the committee. Do not feel discouraged if you can send only a small amount, but do send all that you can possibly raise, for the time is short and the need great. And please do not forget the Jefferson Davis Monument. Mrs. W. A. Wright, Atlanta, Chairman, will receive the money contributed. Nothing so stirs our patriotism, and it is desired that the monument be finished the coming summer.

With loving wishes for each of you, and hoping to meet you at Richmond, I am

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

After six years of inactivity, the work on Stone Mountain, the greatest monument in the world, dedicated to the Confederacy, has been renewed. Stone Mountain is the largest solid stone in the world. It is larger than the Rock of Gibraltar, and the Lion of Lucerne will seem as a child's plaything in comparison when the wonderful panorama of Confederate history is carved on its granite surface, a sheer side of the rock that reaches one thousand feet skyward, and with a great sweeping length at the base.

Stone Mountain is sixteen miles from Atlanta, Ga. It belongs to the Venable family, pioneers in Atlanta, and loyal Confederates, and through the splendid soul of Mr. Samuel H. Venable, who visioned a monument most fitting to the Confederacy and the heroes of the greatest war ever waged, he gave to the Daughters of the Confederacy the right to have carved on the granite the true history of the Confederacy.

This work is being done under the hand of Gutzon Borglum, the noted sculptor, and will occupy eight years of his time, and cost two million dollars to complete. Two million! A small sum compared to what some rich men and women spend on their pleasures and personal comforts! Isn't that so? And think what an enduring memorial to the South and its precious sentiments such a monument will be!

Mr. Borglum will carve as the central figure on the stone that of Robert E. Lee, the South's most beloved hero. On each side, standing as General Lee will stand, will be Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis. Flanking each side will be hundreds of horsemen, soldiers on foot, and other historic figures, including famous generals of the army in gray. A museum for Confederate relics will be cut into the solid stone at the base. This museum will be 30x300 feet with bronze doors and windows.

This is the preface to what is close in my heart. I would suggest that no greater work could be done by the Memorial women than that, after they have completed their obligations to the other monuments in progress, they aid in raising money to complete this monument, the greatest in the world.

Stone Mountain is a historic place and figured in the affairs of the Confederacy. It was at one time a summer resort for refugees from Charleston, Augusta, and Savannah, when the yellow fever ravaged these cities. It was used during the war for various purposes, and now it is to commemorate the war, a war that has no parallel for heroism and chivalry.

Every Memorial woman is a Daughter of the Confederacy. Every Daughter of the Confederacy who is a Memorial woman should have this work dear to her heart. Think it over, and when you can see your way clear, begin to direct some of your activity toward this monument, which is a part of your work of honoring the dead heroes of the South.

It seems fitting, too, that Stone Mountain, with its thousand feet of sheer stone, spreading at the base along a picturesque land, should be dedicated to the Confederacy, for on its Confederate gray surface grows the red lichen, the blue for-get-me-nots, and the white azaleas, making the national colors along with these the boys of the sixties were in battle so bravely and so willingly for the cause they believed right.

A fine highway leads to Stone Mountain, and it is being planned to carry the Bankhead National Highway around the mountain, making a loop so that tourists can behold the wonder and the beauty of the gift that God has placed in the heart of the South for the hands of its people to write upon it the story that should never be forgotten.

The work of carving the figures will be done from the top of the mountain down, and not up, as is done in most cases. There will be steel cages held by huge cables fastened to the top of the mountain, and these will be so secure that no casualties can occur.

Already thousands of men and women have traveled South to view this great granite boulder, and, when the work is well under way, thousands and thousands more will come.

Stone Mountain will be the largest and most unusual monument in the world, and, as monument building has been part of the work of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association I urge you to consider having a part in this one.

AN ALABAMA SOLDIER'S GRAVE IN VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. W. B. DOAK, FAIRFAX STATION, VA.

Time has crumbled a rough-hewn stone which some comrade placed at the head of A. J. Humphrie's grave, not far from the historic stream of Bull Run. We do not know whether he fell in the first or second battle, but he belonged to Company H, 12th Alabama Infantry, though only a letter or two of the last word is plain.

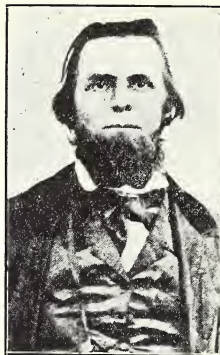
A child came across the broken marker under the spreading branches of great old walnut trees, where many dead lie

under the blue grass, awaiting the day when all Easter promises will be fulfilled.

As time has worn the old marker, it also may have healed the sorrow of some heart left to wonder what became of this soldier who marched away from Dixie Land way back in the sixties. Or, it may be that one of a succeeding generation may recall the story of some dear old relative who died wishing that she knew where her boy was sleeping. Of course, all trace of the grave was gone, but it may be that some one who reads this will be glad to know of the slab, which tells so little and yet awakens memories and touches hearts to whom such relics are sacred.

CAPT. WILLIAM RATLIFF.

This picture of Capt. William Ratliff, of Fannin, Miss.,



CAPT. WM. RATLIFF.

was sent by his niece, Mrs. Lou Ratliff McClellan, of Coleman, Tex., who wishes to hear from any of his comrades of the war now living. While she is not able to give the command with which he served, she says Captain Ratliff was known as one of the bravest of cavalymen, and would go into battle waving his hat and urging on his men. In this brave attitude he was shot from his horse and taken off the battle field as dead; but he came to, sat up, and spat out the ball which had laid him low. He was sent home to recover, and it was months before he could return to his command. His dash and daring caused

him to be nicknamed "Hurricane Bill."

A SON OF THE MARTYR MUMFORD.

In connection with the death of William B. Mumford, pioneer druggist of Kansas City, Mo., on February 19, the *Kansas City Star* made some reference to the tragic fate of his father at the hands of General Butler in New Orleans during the Federal occupation of that city. William Bruce Mumford, Sr., was a successful merchant of that city before the war, and he had fought in the Florida war, but a broken leg had prevented his enlisting in the Confederate army. When the Federals captured New Orleans he was assisting merchants in removing their wares from the invaders, and while doing this he tore down a flag they had raised. For this he was shot by order of General Butler. His wife then removed to Wytheville, Va., with her children, and later lived in Washington, D. C., for some years. After her death the sons went West and became successful business men of Missouri and Kansas.

In sending report of his brother's death, Charles B. Mumford, of Muncie, Kans., writes that his brother's wife shortly followed him in death, both having succumbed to influenza, which developed into pneumonia. Mrs. Mumford was a native of Alabama, born in Montgomery. A daughter by his first marriage, Miss Celeste Mumford, and this brother are the only survivors of the family.

FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

(Continued from page 185.)

the name of Taylor, and belonging to Company L, of our regiment, shot the general from his horse. As he hit the ground, Taylor said, "Now, —, I reckon you will surrender," whereupon Farnsworth drew his pistol and shot himself.

We regarded that as one of the best fights we put up during the war, and feel that we should have credit for it.

THE 4TH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

BY J. A. CHAPMAN, M.D., GALLOWAY, FLA.

As we desire true history of the War between the States, I am writing to correct an error made by Comrade J. W. Minnick in the *VETERAN* for February. In writing of the Peninsular Campaign, he speaks of General Rodes having been colonel of the 4th Alabama. As a member of Company B of the 4th Alabama Regiment from its formation at Dalton, Ga., until its surrender at Appomattox, I must say that General Rodes never commanded the 4th Alabama Regiment. At its organization, Egbert J. Jones was elected colonel; E. M. Law, lieutenant colonel; and Charles L. Scott, major. At the first battle of Manassas, early in the engagement, Colonel Jones was killed and Major Scott wounded. In falling back to a new position, Lieutenant Colonel Law was also wounded, leaving the regiment without a field commander. While the captains of the regiment were holding a brief council of war to determine who should take command, General Johnston came up, and, learning the situation, said to our flag bearer, Robert Sinclair: "Sergeant, hand me your flag." The noble boy replied: "General, I cannot give up my flag, but I will put it wherever you command." And nobly did he carry it, not only through that day, but until the Second Battle of Manassas, when he fell in its folds, baptizing it with his own life's blood.

General Johnston went on to another part of the field, and General Bee, learning of the situation, took personal command, the 4th Alabama being a part of his brigade. While leading it and some Mississippians to recover a battery, he was killed, leaving the regiment again without a commander. Colonel Austin had charge of the regiment until Colonel Law recovered from his wound, and commanded it until the first battle of Cold Harbor, where he commanded a brigade; Colonel McLemore then had charge of the regiment. Being left sick at Boonsboro, Md., I fell into the hands of the Federals. Returning to Virginia, I was given charge of a ward in a hospital at Farmville, and there remained until late in 1864, and was then with the regiment until its surrender at Appomattox.

By request of General Law, the 4th Alabama retained its organization, though much depleted. I recall that Company B was commanded by a lieutenant, and at the surrender (if my memory is not at fault) there were only thirteen of us who stacked arms there; I don't recall how many there were in the regiment at the time. Our company, which became Company B in the organization of the regiment, left Tuskegee, Ala., on May 20, 1861, and was then known as the Tuskegee Zouaves, E. M. Law, captain.

My parole was as follows: "Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 10, 1865. The bearer, Private, J. A. Chapman, of Company B, 4th Regiment Alabama, of Perry's Brigade, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed. William M. Robbins, Major Commanding."

"Undisturbed?" Did they leave us undisturbed? The

seven or eight years of reconstruction, in which the Federal government did all in its power to place the people of the South under negro rule, will answer the question. We trust some day there will be a true history of the War between the States in our schools.

DREAMING.

BY LANSE HENDRIX.

He marches away in his slumbers,
With a gay, romantic heart,
And thinks of the coming battles
In which he will soon take part.
He thinks of a mother he's leaving,
And a sister so bonny and gay;
But his thoughts are most of another,
The beautiful, dark-eyed May.

Again he's with Lee in Virginia,
Where the Rappahannock flows;
Forming in line of battle
To fight the Northern foes.
His heart is again rent with passion,
His mind is fiery with hate,
He rushes into the battle,
Leaving his safety to fate.

He sees the flag of the Southland
Flaunt proudly in the breeze,
And hears the shouts of the soldiers
Ringing in all the trees.
He sees the opposing enemy
Retire from the field in defeat,
And a thrill runs through his body,
From his head to the soles of his feet.

The scene is removed in a moment
To another battle field,
Where the fight has raged for hours,
And neither side will yield.
Again the vision takes him
To a field that's farther away,
Where the men in blue are victorious,
And slowly retreat the gray.

Very true and vivid
Do all those battles seem;
But, alas, he wakes to find that
He's only had a dream.
A little maid before him,
Her head a mass of gold,
Whispers softly: "Grandfather, dear,
Your tea is getting cold."

[Sent by A. B. Hendrix, of America, Ala., as the composition of a grand nephew when sixteen years old.]

Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn, of Sierra Madre, Cal., writes of the *VETERAN*: "Aside from the interest awakened constantly by its perusal, I own also to sentimental reasons, having been honored through intimate acquaintance with its founder, Col. S. A. Cunningham, and having served through the war with those who gave their all at the behests of principle and constitutional liberty. In fact, I cannot forget the CONFEDERATE VETERAN!"

EVENIN' IN TEXAS.

BY ADDIE GRAY, DENVER, COL.

I'm wishin' fer old Texas, fer a breath of Southern air;
Fer a glimpse of wavin' prairies, decked with wild flowers
everywhere;

Where the roses and cape jessamines is always smellin' sweet,
An' the dainty blue-eyed violets make a carpet fer your feet.
Jes' to be ag'in in Texas, a-watchin' the settin' sun
Paintin' the sky with pictures, beautiful, every one
From the softes' tints of pink an' gray to clouds of dazzlin'
gold,

Wrought by the hand of a Master whose art is never old.
An' when old day sinks down to rest, a-smilin' back at ye,
An' twilight falls like a silver cloud out of heaven's canopy,
Showin' the bright-eyed stars, like angels a peepin' through
To see the round white moon arise in mists of perfect blue.
An' off in the distance ye can hear the call of the whippoor-
will,

An' the tinklin' bells of cows comin' home across the hill;
An' the mockin' bird a singin' from an old oak tree nearby,
In a burst of sweetest melody, soars a-warblin' toward the
sky

An' a minute pauses in the air, then comes a-singin' down.
An' ye have a sorter feelin' as though paradise ye'd foun'
Away down there in Texas, the dear old Lone Star State,
Where there is kindly welcome for the stranger at the gate;
Where ye lose that lonesome feelin' and ye think ye'd like to
stay

An' look at the sunset pictures a-purty nigh alway.

"UNCLE ALLEN," A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. H. NEWMAN, DADEVILLE, ALA.

There lives in Dadeville, Ala., a unique character in the person of an aged negro whose name is Allen Wesley. He went through the war as body servant to James Willis, of Pikesville, Coosa County, Ala. According to his statement, Mr. Willis entered the service under a Captain Rogers, whose command was under General Buchanan. Later he was transferred to a company under General Bragg.

"Uncle Allen," as he is called by every one, claims to have been ninety-eight years old the 15th of last May. We all know that many old negroes really do not know their ages, while others are prone to exaggerate, but "Uncle Allen" seems quite positive about his. Physically he looks well and strong, but his steps are very slow, though not faltering. His mental facilities seem unimpaired. He has an exceedingly independent spirit and is rarely idle, doing odd jobs about town. Before he grew so feeble he had charge of several gardens and kept the cemetery in order. He never misses a reunion of the Confederate veterans, and he says that he promised to attend them all and does not mean to break his promise. When asked to relate some of his war experiences, he very modestly replied that he had nothing thrilling to tell, that somehow he never cared much about talking about the war, and that there were many things he had forgotten. He said that he drove a powder wagon for some time and was once wounded in the right leg below the knee.

"Uncle Allen" lives all alone in a small cottage, where he does his own cooking, housekeeping, and mending. He has been married four times and is again a widower. He has three children, one in Montgomery, one in New Orleans, and the other one out West. When he was asked if he had all

that was necessary for his comfort, telling him that the United Daughters of the Confederacy were under obligations to look after the old soldiers and that he should also receive aid if he needed it, he replied: "Thank you, mistis, I asks nothing of nobody. Somebody told me about the Red Cross helping folkses, and I said: 'I don't know nothing 'bout dem Red Crosses, all I wants to know is whar' I kin git a place to work and make de dollar.'" Such a spirit is, to say the least, commendable. It is altogether probable that he has some money saved, for he lives a frugal life.

It is indeed refreshing in this day of graft and greed to meet with one so contented, industrious, and independent, though that person be but a humble ex-slave. If he should come to want, we are confident that the citizens and Daughters of Dadeville will see to his welfare.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

In the absence of the Managing Editor from his office, he has asked me, as Chairman of the Committee on Publicity, to report what has been accomplished since our last report through the VETERAN.

A letter to each Chapter was sent out as soon as the addresses reached me, and I do hope each Chapter will feel it a duty to sell at least as many as ten copies of our book before August. Remember that at St. Louis we pledged ourselves to sell 10,000 copies this year, and to do this every Daughter must do her part. South Carolina has just sent in an order for twenty copies and North Carolina and Colorado ten each.

Alabama, through her Director, Mrs. Web Stanley, has sent me a check for \$8 for the publicity fund, and one dollar each comes from the following Chapters: Fayette, Sidney Lanier, Sumter, John B. Gordon, Sophie Bibb, R. D. Jackson, Bessemer, and Stonewall-Ensley. Before our next report I hope that many Chapters will have sent in something for this fund, for in no other way can we build a monument to those dear mothers of the sixties.

The Historian of the Harris Flanagin Chapter, of Arkadelphia, Ark., has reported that out of her office hours she has sold her allotment of books. We could all do this by a little effort.

To the Directors of Colorado, Florida, Alabama, and South Carolina, I want to send thanks for their words of encouragement and promises of greater activity in this work.

Daughters, place this monument to our mothers and grandmothers in all the homes and libraries in your community, for if we don't place such truths where the children can read them, they will never know how brave and true were these great women of the old South.

TEMPE WHITEHEAD HOLT, *Rocky Mount, N. C.*

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

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Advance orders will be taken for "A Scrapbook of Valuable Information about the South," \$2. Send orders direct to M. Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

Who has a copy of "Company Aitch" for sale, and what is the price? Send reply to the VETERAN.

E. Berkley Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., is still anxious to learn something of the manufacture of firearms for the Confederacy in Nashville, Gallatin, Tenn., and Tallasee, Ala? Who were the proprietors?

THEIR DRAWBACK.—Mrs. Blank (to laundress): "And how is your newly married daughter getting on, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown: "O, nicely, thank you, ma'am. She finds her husband a bit dull; but then, as I tell her, the good ones are all dull."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. N. J. McLean, of Kansas City, Mo. (3110 Washington St.), is very anxious to complete a set of Confederate buttons showing the coat of arms of each State. She lacks those for Florida, North Carolina, and Missouri. A relative, an officer in the Confederate army, had these State buttons on his coat, and some of them have been lost. She will appreciate hearing from anyone who can supply any of them.

Mrs. J. T. Cain, Jr., of Bradford, Tenn., asks for information of the service of her father, Archibald Houston Luker, of which she knows nothing. He was a native of Mississippi, and she hopes that some comrade from Coahoma County can give his record as a soldier of the Confederacy. After the war he lived at Friar's Point, on the Mississippi River, but he died many years ago. A brother, Moses Luker, was also in the Confederate army.

Who has for sale a copy of "The Klux Klan, It's Origin, Growth and Disbandment," by J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson? A patron of the VETERAN is anxious for a copy.

WANTED.—Copies of "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison," written by herself. Anyone having a copy for sale will please write to the VETERAN, stating condition and price wanted.

WANTED.—Minutes of the General U. D. C. Conventions for the years 1896, 1899, and 1900. Anyone having these copies for sale will please notify Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, 41 South Battery, Charleston, S. C., stating price.

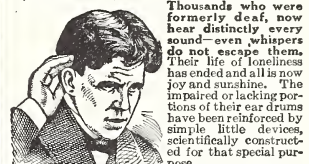
If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

—R. L. Stevenson.

L. V. Wyrick, of Athens, Tex., would like to hear from some of the boys who were in Elmira prison with him, in Ward 51, and especially from Hiram Parrett and Tom Loyd, with whom he bunked. He was captured on May 10, 1864, and sent to Point Lookout, then to Elmira on August 17, 1864, and did not get out until June 27, 1865. He mentions several boys from Tennessee—fine young men, he says—among them being Ira Hibbetts, Ben Hill, Hugh Phillips, Billy Stevens, Sam Collins, Dave Harbeson, Perry Cole, Hiram Parrett, and Tom Loyd.

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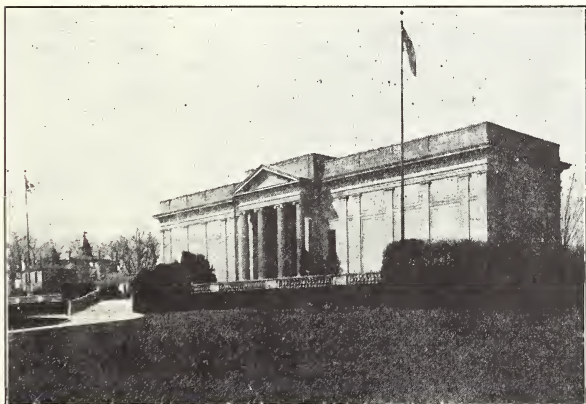
The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

JUNE, 1922

NO. 6



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

In this "Battle Abbey of the South," at Richmond, Va., are the wonderful mural paintings by a noted French artist and doubtless the finest collection of portraits of Confederate leaders in existence. A special invitation is extended to all attending the reunion in Richmond to visit this shrine of the Confederacy.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

ODDS AND ENDS OF BOOKS OFFERED.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Southern States of the American Union, by J. L. M. Curry..... | \$1 00 |
| Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession, by Maj. E. W. R. Ewing..... | 1 00 |
| Williamson's Life of Jackson (for the young)..... | 1 00 |
| History of Henry County Commands, with Roster, by Lieut. E. H. Rennolds.. | 1 00 |
| Rhea and Meigs Counties (Tenn.) in the Confederate Army, by V. C. Allen.. | 60 |
| The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, May, 1775, and the Lives of Its Signers, by George W. Graham..... | 1 00 |
| Echoes from the South, Comprising Some of the Most Important Speeches, Proclamations, and Public Acts Emanating from the South During the War between the States, published 1866..... | 1 00 |
| Martyrdom in Missouri—A History of the Religious Proscription, the Seizure of Churches, and Persecution of the Ministers of the Gospel in the State of Missouri During the War between the States. By Rev. W. M. Leftwich, D.D. (2 vols.)..... | 4 00 |
| The Great Revival in the Southern Armies, by W. W. Bennett, D.D., 1877.... | 1 00 |
| Christ in the Camp, by J. William Jones, D.D. (This is new stock offered at the very special price of \$1.50 in cloth, and \$2 for the half leather.) | |
| Butler and His Cavalry, by the late Col. U. R. Brooks..... | 2 50 |
| The Valley Campaigns, by Thomas A. Ashley..... | 1 00 |

"DR. GANDER OF YOUNGLAND."

The late Gen. B. H. Young had many pets on his farm near Louisville, Ky., and chief among them was a big old gander he called "Doctor." It was his delight to tell stories of his farm friends, especially to little children, and he wrote a book about them, in which he and the "Doctor" hold many intimate conversations, discussing the good and the bad traits of the animals and fowls and of human nature in general. This book he had published to be sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., in which he was deeply interested. The book will entertain the children and teach them the law of kindness to dumb animals. Every copy of the book sold adds a dollar to the monument fund. The price is \$2 postpaid, and copies can be obtained from the Standard Printing Company, of Louisville, Ky. Don't fail to get a copy.

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HEROES OF LONG AGO.

BY MARGARET FRAMPTON HARPER.

Give praise to our new heroes,
Hail their medals bright;
They bore the heat of battle
Far into the night.

But think not of forgetting
Our heroes of long ago,
Who fought and died for freedom,
Suffered relentless woe.

They finished a holy warfare,
Their sun has long since set,
But their many deeds of daring
Let us not forget.

The pitiless anger of the mighty
Was against them hurled,
But they rose to heights of honor,
Astounding the world.

Those silent gray-clad figures
Made a deathless fight,
Following their great commander,
Upholding the right.

A great nation can be made, they say,
If we forget it all;
I had rather be loyal and true,
Even though empires fall.

Why not blot out all history
Made in ages old,
Napoleon, Washington, and the bold
conquerors
Whose deeds stir our soul?

Would that our veins were emptied
Of the blood our heroes gave
Rather than dishonor the cause
They gave all to save.

Fathers, brothers, and grandsires old,
Torn by many scars,
With hands uplifted and blood-stained,
Grasped the Stars and Bars.

Forgive! Yes, we have forgiven
All the cruel past;
But to forget is not our duty
As long as life shall last.

PETTIBONE



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UNIFORMS, and
a complete line
of Military Sup-
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books, Flags,
Pennants, Ban-
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PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1922.

No. 6.

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

IN VIRGINIA.

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia;
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long,
As in Virginia;
Nor quite as filled with happy song
As in Virginia;
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia.

There is nowhere a land so fair
As in Virginia;
So full of song, so free of care,
As in Virginia;
And I believe that Happy Land
The Lord's prepared for mortal man
's built exactly on the plan
Of Old Virginia.

—Selected.

INVITATION TO RICHMOND.

To all Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans.

In June, 1862, the anxious eyes of an anguished South were fixed on its capital, Richmond. McClellan with 100,000 men had compassed her about; Lee with a scant 60,000 guarded her gates. With one voice the Confederacy resolved that Richmond should be saved. So from every Southern State came reinforcements and to their sons already in the field solemn exhortation to die before they yielded the citadel of the South to the Federals. That gallant army, hastily gathered, held Richmond against the full strength of the North, and, in the great campaign of the Seven Days, thrust McClellan back to his gunboats. Richmond pledged herself then not to forget.

Now, sixty years later, in June, 1922, the friendly eyes of a prosperous South once more will be fixed on Richmond, still the capital of Southern memories. She will not be beleaguered this June, but she will call for the remnants of the army that defended her, for their comrades of the West, for their wives their widows, their daughters, and their sons.

Richmond will call them all, not that she may be saved, but that she may be privileged to serve. In the exercises of four days—including the laying of a corner stone for a monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury and a great review before Lee and Davis, Jackson and Stuart in bronze—Richmond will seek to show that she still remembers.

You are most cordially invited to join the army whose coming will "relieve" Richmond. The conventions of the Sons of the Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will open on June 19; that of the United Confederate Veterans on June 20. All will conclude June 22.

The form of entertainment adopted and so generally approved at Chattanooga will be followed: Visitors can procure lodging and breakfast in private homes at from \$1.25 to \$2 per day. The other two meals will be supplied those who desire them as guests of the city of Richmond and the Commonwealth of Virginia.

The program of exercises and entertainments probably will make this, the thirty-second reunion of the Confederate veterans, the greatest in their history. Besides the great review and the ceremonies at the corner stone, there will be addresses by some of the South's greatest orators, receptions, a grand ball, band concerts, opportunities to visit the Battle Abbey and the Confederate Museum, numerous side trips, camp fires—"the old days" back again in all their colorful glamor.

For any desired information, address the General Chairman, Travelers Building, Richmond, Va.

Cordially and respectfully,
JO LANE STERN,
General Chairman Reunion Committee, Richmond, Va.

REUNION RATES.—The railroads have announced the one-cent-per-mile rate for the Richmond Reunion to veterans, and to the other Confederate organizations one fare for the round trip.

JUDGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

The following tribute appeared in the *News Leader*, Richmond, Va., April 13, 1921, under the title,

"WHOM ALL RICHMOND LOVES."

The *News Leader* is sure it speaks in the name of 171,666 Richmonders when it congratulates Judge George L. Christian on his eightieth birthday.

To many of us the beloved jurist and lawyer has been a symbol of the Confederacy. His maimed body and his frequent suffering from a wound sustained fifty-seven years ago in Spotsylvania have made him represent to the city the burdens men gladly bore for the sake of the Southern cause. To read the modest but beautiful "Confederate Memoirs and Experiences" he wrote some years ago for private circulation not only is to have this view confirmed, but is to look into a generous heart.

The Judge has devoted himself to the service of the commonwealth in faithful adherence to General Lee's exhortation: "Let us try to make Virginia great again." With the late Dr. Hunter McGuire, he prepared a series of reports on American histories that did much to insure the South justice in the school books our children must study. Individually, and as a member of the publication committee of the Southern Historical Society, the rare knowledge and the unfeigned patriotism of Judge Christian have shown themselves in many a valuable contribution to our history. At the bar, on the bench, and among his friends he has been an honor to Richmond.

In congratulating him to-day, Richmond imposes only one condition—that he accept the city's good wishes as a solemn promise that he will round out at least another decade, in the full assurance that his bow will abide in its strength.

REUNIONS OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Time and place where these meetings have been held following the organization of the Association at New Orleans, 1889; also the names of commander and the adjutant general are here given:

1890. July 3, Chattanooga; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; D. A. Given, adjutant general.

1891. June 2; Jackson, Miss.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; D. A. Given, adjutant general.

1892. April 8, 9; New Orleans; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1893. Birmingham reunion, postponed.

1894. April 25, 26; Birmingham; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1895. May 22-24; Houston, Tex.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1896. June 30-July 1, 2; Richmond, Va.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1897. June 22-24; Nashville, Tenn.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1898. July 20-23; Atlanta, Ga.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1899. May 10-13; Charleston, S. C.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1900. May-30, June 3; Louisville, Ky.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1901. May 28-30; Memphis, Tenn.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1902. April 22-25; Dallas, Tex.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; George Moorman, adjutant general.

1903. May 19-23; New Orleans; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1904. June 14-16; Nashville, Tenn.; John B. Gordon, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1905. June 14-16; Louisville, Ky.; Stephen D. Lee, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1906. April 25-27; New Orleans; Stephen D. Lee, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1907. May 30, 31; Richmond; Stephen D. Lee, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1908. June 9-11; Birmingham, Ala.; W. L. Cabell, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1909. June 8-10; Memphis; C. A. Evans, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1910. April 26-28; Mobile Ala.; C. A. Evans, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1911. May 16-18; Little Rock, Ark.; George W. Gordon, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1912. May 7-9; Macon, Ga.; G. I. Walker, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1913. May 27-29; Chattanooga, Tenn.; B. H. Young, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1914. May 6-8; Jacksonville, Fla.; B. H. Young, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1915. June 1-3; Richmond; B. H. Young, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1916. May 16-18; Birmingham; George H. Harrison, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1917. June 3-6; Washington, D. C.; George H. Harrison, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1918. September 24-27; Tulsa, Okla.; K. M. Van Zandt, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1919. October 7-10; Atlanta; K. M. Van Zandt, commander in chief; W. E. Mickle, adjutant general.

1920. October 5-8; Houston, Tex.; K. M. Van Zandt, commander in chief; A. B. Booth, adjutant general.

1921. October 25-28; Chattanooga, Tenn.; K. M. Van Zandt, commander in chief; A. B. Booth, adjutant general.

U. C. V. NOTES.

The Chairman of the Reception and Entertainment Committee for the Richmond Reunion calls attention to the U. C. V. regulations which provide that each Department, Division, and Brigade shall be allowed representation of six ladies for its sponsorship staff.

Only the six ladies appointed by the Commander in Chief and by the Department Commanders will be entertained by the reunion city.

Badges will be provided for the official ladies appointed by the Commander in Chief and by the Divisions Commanders.

Escorts will be provided for the official ladies of Departments, Divisions, and Brigades, and automobiles for the parade.

Sponsors' badges are to be made of red and white satin ribbon, about two and one-half inches wide—no blue, as given in error.

The St. Louis Camp No 731 U. C. V., will bring before the Convention in Richmond a resolution asking Congress to provide for the admission of Confederate veterans to those National Soldiers' Homes in States where there are no Confederate Homes—this to provide for those veterans of the Confederacy living in States outside of the South.

CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.—Biscoe Hindman, Chicago, \$5; Mrs. E. W. Foster, Nashville, Tenn., \$5; W. S. Hammond, Windsor, Ontario, Canada, \$2; Mrs. B. L. Herring, Tallahassee, Fla., \$2; H. Duckworth, Charlotte, N. C., \$1.

THE BATTLE ABBEY.

BY JUDGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, RICHMOND, VA.,
Vice President and Chairman of Executive Committee, C. M. A.

The Confederate Memorial Institute, commonly known as the "Battle Abbey," was practically completed and opened to the public on May 3, 1921. The name "Battle Abbey" has been criticized, but since our memorial, like that erected on Senlac Hill, is intended to commemorate great deeds performed in a great cause by illustrations heroes and statesmen, it seems that the name "Battle Abbey" is not inappropriate.

On the 5th of this month was commemorated the first anniversary of the completion and opening of this memorial. To say that it has been visited by at least fifteen thousand people during the first year of its opening, with but little advertisement of its beautiful grounds and buildings with their contents, is a sufficient warrant for saying that it is the pride and pleasure not only of Confederate soldiers and their sympathisers, but of thousands of visitors who have come from all sections of this country and many from foreign lands to see it.

A very distinguished artist from New York told me recently that the mural paintings by the distinguished French artist, Charles Hoffbauer, could hardly be duplicated or equaled anywhere in the world. They are very spirited, and each and every panel of the room containing these paintings is viewed with admiration by all visitors.

The beautiful paintings given to the State of Virginia by her distinguished and devoted son, Judge John Barton Payne, some of them by old masters, and all of them beautiful and valuable, are also hung in one of the rooms of the building and are viewed daily and admiringly by many visitors.

The Annex, recently constructed by the Confederate Memorial Association, with the aid of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, C. V., of this city, and known as the Camp's portrait gallery, contains some hundred and fifty portraits of distinguished Confederates, both heroes and statesmen, and this number is being almost daily added to. While many of the portraits are not real works of art, nearly all of them are good likenesses, and, in course of time, we believe this will be the most valuable and celebrated portrait gallery of Confederates in the world, and of inestimable interest and value.

This building, with the contents so inadequately described, is located in a beautiful park containing six and one-third acres of ground laid off by a distinguished landscape gardener, located in the most progressive and beautiful part of Richmond, and is pronounced "a thing of beauty and joy forever" by all who see it. As is well known, these grounds and building are open every day (except Sunday), free to Confederate soldiers and students and school children. It is regarded as one of the most attractive places in historic Richmond.

These grounds and building will be open to all visitors during the days of the approaching reunion, and it is the earnest desire of all of us that as many veterans and their friends as can possibly do so shall visit this great memorial to the Confederate cause and its defenders. We think, and that is the universal verdict, that it is a beautiful, lasting, and appropriate memorial to the Confederate dead and living.

As has already been shown by the reports of the President and published in this periodical, nearly everything that has been done up to this time toward the erection and beautifying of these buildings and grounds has been done by the State of Virginia and its citizens. We sorely need the aid and coöperation of the other Confederate States, and the States and territories which sympathize with our cause, to help us in securing this endowment and in securing statues, busts, or portraits of the great leaders of the Southern Confederacy.

THERE IS NO FAILURE.

After reading the letter of Capt. Carter R. Bishop to the Governor of Massachusetts, as published in the *VETERAN* for March, James S. Bethune, of Washington, D. C., wrote to Captain Bishop, saying:

"I am not writing to criticize the natural and, in the circumstances, innocent use of 'failure' in your recent letter to Governor Cox of Massachusetts, but merely to take advantage of the opportunity to invite your attention to the attractive verses written by Thomas Speed Mosby, and copied by me from the *Baltimore Southern Methodist* of February 3, 1910. I am sure you will appreciate my motives in writing you and inclosing a copy of the lines referred to."

To this Captain Bishop responded in the following:

"My dear Captain Bethune: All the time I consumed in writing Governor Cox the nicest letter I could would have been more than well spent if it had produced no other result than that of suggesting to you the occasion as opportune for sending me one of the grandest, most profound, and most beautiful poems in the English language. It is new to me, and will henceforth be one of my most cherished possessions."

This is the poem:

There is no failure Life itself's a song
Of victory o'er death, and ages long
Have told the story old of triumphs wrought,
Unending, from the things once held for naught.
The battle's o'er, though defeated now,
In coming time the waiting world shall bow
Before the throne of truth that's builded high
Above the dust of those whose ashes lie
All heedless of the glorious fight they won
When death obscured the light of victory's sun.

There is no failure. If we could but see
Beyond the battle line; if, we could be
Where battle smoke does ne'er becloud the eye,
Then we should know that where these prostrate lie
Accoutered in habiliments of death,
Sweet Freedom's radiant form has drawn new breath.
The breath of life which they so nobly gave
Shall swell anew above the lowly grave,
And give new life and hope to hearts that beat
Like battle drums that never sound retreat.

There is no failure. God's immortal plan
Accounts no loss a lesson learned for man.
Defeat is oft the discipline we need
To save us from the wrong, or teaching heed
To errors which would else more dearly cost;
A lesson learned is ne'er a battle lost.
When'er the cause is right, be not afraid;
Defeat is then but victory delayed—
And e'en the greatest vict'ries of the world
Are often won when battle flags are furled.

Dr. A. W. Littlefield, "the Massachusetts Confederate," refers to the article about the only chicken that escaped Sherman (page 163, May *VETERAN*), and says it is a mistake that there is only one other instance of the use of a cock on a church steeple, as he has frequently seen them in the New England States, "and that the new building of the Second Church in Boston has such a weather vane." Anyway, this is the only chicken that Sherman failed to get in Raleigh, N. C.

GENERAL LEE ON STATE RIGHTS.

BY F. M. COLSTON, BALTIMORE, MD.

The reticence of General Lee in regard to the political conditions before and after the war is well known, but in the recently issued book, "General Lee after Appomattox," edited by Professor Riley, of Washington and Lee University, there is a letter written by him in 1866 to Sir John Acton (afterwards Lord Acton), in which he expresses his convictions, as follows:

"LEXINGTON, VA., December 15, 1866.

"Sir: Although your letter of the 4th ulto. has been before me some days unanswered, I hope you will not attribute it to a want of interest in the subject, but to my inability to keep pace with my correspondence. As a citizen of the South, I feel deeply indebted to you for the sympathy you have evinced in its cause, and am conscious that I owe your kind consideration of myself to my connection with it.

"The influence of current opinion in Europe upon the current politics of America must always be salutary; and the importance of the questions now at issue in the United States, involving not only constitutional freedom and constitutional government in this country, but the progress of universal liberty and civilization, invests your proposition with peculiar value, and will add to the obligation which every true American must owe you for your efforts to guide that opinion aright. Amid the conflicting statements and sentiments in both countries, it will be no easy task to discover the truth, or to relieve it from the mass of prejudice and passion with which it has been covered by party spirit.

"I am conscious of the compliment conveyed in your request for my opinion as to the light in which American politics should be viewed, and had I the ability I have not the time to enter upon a discussion which was commenced by the founders of the Constitution and has been continued to the present day. I can only say that while I have considered the preservation of the constitutional power of the general government to be the foundation of our peace and safety at home and abroad, I yet believe that the maintenance of the rights and authority reserved to the States and to the people not only essential to the adjustment and balance of the general system, but the safeguard to the continuance of a free government. I consider it as the chief source of stability to our political system, whereas the consolidation of the States into one vast republic, sure to be aggressive abroad and despotic at home, will be the certain precursor of that ruin which has overwhelmed all those that have preceded it. I need not refer one so well acquainted as you are with American history to the State papers of Washington and Jefferson, the representatives of the Federal and Democratic parties, denouncing consolidation and centralization of power as tending to the subversion of State governments and to despotism. The New England States, whose citizens are of the fiercest opponents of the Southern States, did not always avow the opinions they now advocate. Upon the purchase of Louisiana by Mr. Jefferson, they virtually asserted the right to secession through their prominent men; and, in the convention which assembled at Hartford in 1814, they threatened the disruption of the Union unless the war should be discontinued. The assertion of this right has been repeatedly made by their politicians when their party was weak, and Massachusetts, the leading State in hostility to the South, declares in the preamble to her Constitution that the people of that commonwealth 'have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State, and do, and forever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction,

and right which is not or many hereafter be by them expressly delegated to the United States of America in congress assembled.' Such has been in substance the language of other State governments, and such the doctrine advocated by the leading men of the country for the last seventy years. Judge Chase, the present Chief Justice of the United States, as late as 1850, is reported to have stated in the Senate, of which he was a member, that he knew of 'no remedy in case of the refusal of a State to perform its stipulations,' thereby acknowledging the sovereignty and independence of State action.

"But I will not weary you with this unprofitable discussion, unprofitable because the judgment of reason has been displaced by the arbitrament of war, waged for the purpose, as avowed, of maintaining the union of the States. If, therefore, the results of the war is to be considered as having decided that the union of the States is inviolable and perpetual under the Constitution, it naturally follows that it is as incompetent for the general government to impair its integrity by the exclusion of a State as for the States to do so by secession; and that the existence and rights of a State by the Constitution are as indestructible as the Union itself. The legitimate consequence, then, must be the perfect equality of rights of all the States—the exclusive right of each to regulate its internal affairs under rules established by the Constitution, and the right of each State to prescribe for itself the qualifications of suffrage. The South has contended only for the supremacy of the Constitution and the just administration of the laws made in pursuance of it. Virginia to the last made great efforts to save the Union, urged harmony and compromise. Senator Douglass, in his remarks upon the compromise bill, recommended by the committee of thirteen in 1861, stated that every member from the South, including Messrs. Tombs and Davis, expressed their willingness to accept the proposition of Senator Crittenden from Kentucky as a final settlement of the controversy, if sustained by the Republican Party, and that the only difficulty in the way of an amicable adjustment was with the Republican Party. Who, then, is responsible for the war? Although the South would have preferred any honorable compromise to the fratricidal war which has taken place, she now accepts in good faith its constitutional results and receives without reserve the amendment which has already been made to the Constitution for the extinction of slavery. That is an event that has long been sought, though in a different way, and by none has it been more earnestly desired than by the citizens of Virginia. In other respects, I trust that the Constitution may undergo no change, but that it may be handed down to succeeding generations in the form we received it from our forefathers.

"The desire I feel that the Southern States should possess the good opinion of one whom I esteem as highly as yourself has caused me to extend my remarks farther than I intended, and I fear it has led me to exhaust your patience. If what I have said should serve to give any information as regards American politics, and enable you to enlighten public opinion as to the true interests of this distracted country, I hope you will pardon its prolixity.

"In regard to your inquiry as to my being engaged in preparing a narrative of the campaigns in Virginia, I regret to state that I progress slowly in the collection of the necessary documents for its completion. I particularly feel the loss of the official returns showing the small numbers with which the battles were fought. I have not seen the work by the Prussian officer you mention and, therefore, cannot speak for his accuracy in this respect.

"With sentiments of great respect, I remain your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE."

This letter, written while General Lee was President of Washington College, is unique, since its author was extremely cautious and reticent among his own people on the subject which he discussed freely with his foreign correspondent. It will be found in Lord Aston's "Correspondence," I, 302-305.

(Since sending this article, Comrade Colston has gone to join his old commander on "fame's eternal camping ground."

GENERAL LEE JUST AFTER THE WAR.

In the sketch of Capt. Edmund Randolph Cocke, appearing in the "Last Roll" of this number, there is reference to his mother's having offered General Lee a home just after the war closed. This offer is gratefully referred to by Capt. R. E. Lee in his "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," of which he writes.

"The house he was occupying in Richmond belonged to Mr. John Stewart, of 'Brook Hill,' who was noted for his devotion to the cause of the South and his kindness to all those who had suffered in the conflict. My brother Custis had rented it at the time he was appointed on Mr. Davis's staff. A mess had been established there by my brother and several other officers on duty in Richmond. In time, my mother and sister had been made members of it, and it had been the headquarters of all of the family during the war, when in town. My father was desirous of making some settlement with his landlord for its long use, but before he could take the final steps my mother received the following note from Mr. Stewart:

"I am not presuming on your good opinion when I feel that you will believe me, first, that you and yours are heartily welcome to the house as long as your convenience leads you to stay in Richmond; and, next, that you owe me nothing, but, if you insist on paying, that the payment must be in Confederate currency, for which alone it was rented to your son. You do not know how much gratification it is, and will afford me and my whole family during the remainder of our lives, to reflect that we have been brought into contact, and to know and to appreciate you and all that are dear to you."

"My father had been offered, since the surrender, houses, lands, and money, as well as positions as president of business associations and chartered corporations. 'An English nobleman,' Long says, 'desired him to accept a mansion and an estate commensurate with his individual merits and the greatness of a historic family.' He replied: 'I am deeply grateful; I cannot desert my native State in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortunes and share her fate.'

"Until his death, he was constantly in receipt of such offers, all of which he thought proper to decline. He wrote General Long: 'I am looking for some little, quiet home in the woods where I can procure shelter and my daily bread, if permitted by the victor. I wish to get Mrs. Lee out of the city as soon as practical.'

"It so happened that nearly exactly what he was looking for was just then offered to him. Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, of Cumberland County, a granddaughter of Edmund Randolph, had on her estate a small cottage, which, with the land attached, she placed at his disposal. The retired situation of this little home, and the cordial way in which Mrs. Cocke insisted on his coming, induced my father to accept her invitation.

"Capt. Edmund Randolph Cocke writes me the following:

"OAKLEY, VA., October 25, 1896.

"My mother, whose sympathies for everybody and everything connected with our cause were the greatest and most

enlarged of anyone I ever knew, thought it might be agreeable and acceptable to General Lee to have a retired place in which to rest. Having this little house unoccupied, she invited him to accept it as a home as long as he might find it pleasant to himself. The General came up with your mother and sisters about the last of June, Gen. Custis Lee having preceded them a day or two on Traveler. At that time our mode of travel was on the canal by horse packet; leaving Richmond at a little before sunset, the boat reached Pemberton, our landing, about sunrise. General Custis and I went down to meet them, and we all reached home in time for breakfast. That night on the boat the captain had had the most comfortable bed put up that he could command, which was offered to your father. But he preferred to sleep on deck, which he did, with his military cloak thrown over him. No doubt that was the last night he ever spent under the open sky. After a week spent here, General Lee removed, with his family, to "Derwent." There he spent several months of quiet and rest, only interrupted by the calls of those who came in all honesty and sincerity to pay their respects to him. Old soldiers, citizens, men and women, all came without parade or ceremony. During this time he rode on Traveler daily, taking sometimes long trips, once, I recall, going to his brother's, Mr. Carter Lee's, about twenty miles, and at another time to Bremond, about thirty miles. During the month of August he was visited by Judge Brockenborough, of Lexington, who, as rector of the board of trustees of Washington College, tendered him, on behalf of the board, the presidency of the college. After considering the matter for several weeks, he decided to accept this position.

"During that summer he was a regular attendant at the various churches in our neighborhood, whenever there was service. I never heard your father discuss public matters at all, nor did he express his opinion of public men. On one occasion I did hear him condemn with great severity the Secretary of War, Stanton. This was at the time Mrs. Surratt was condemned and executed. At another time I heard him speak harshly of General Hunter, who had written to him to get his approval of his movements during the Valley Campaign against General Early. With these exceptions, I never heard him speak of public men or measures."

A PILGRIMAGE.

In "General Orders No. 1," the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., Judge Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., concludes:

"Veterans: We will now make another pilgrimage to Richmond. There, at the shrine of Lee's statue we will honor the memory of one of the greatest of his race. We will go as Americans, as we always were, and not omit to remember the magnanimity of Grant.

"Lee could not, with his skeleton army, successfully make further resistance to an overwhelming force immediately in his front and with other armies within striking distance. But he fought and won for the political freedom of his people more battles than our own great Washington, oft defeated. It has gone into history for all time that Lee was grand in victory and equally great in misfortune.

"Men may differ as to the causes of our fratricidal strife, but we of the South know that the fundamental issue was the balance of power between States; that slavery was the subordinate incident with no way, as Thomas Jefferson said, to get rid of it and that if the institution was a sin every section contributed to its existence and was equally responsible. The statement is not merely argument, but history itself."

ARLINGTON.

BY W. O. HART, IN NEW ORLEANS WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

The story of how Arlington, the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee before the War between the States, became the property of the United States not being generally known, a few words on the subject may be of interest.

The lands comprising this estate or property are a part of an original grant of six thousand acres from William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, to Robert Howsen, in October, 1669, in consideration of the said Howsen having transported a number of settlers into the colony. In the same year Howsen conveyed these lands to John Alexander, the consideration being hogsheads of tobacco, and on December 25, 1778, Gerald Alexander, to whom the property had descended, conveyed the Arlington tract, about 1,100 acres, to John Parke Custis, the consideration named being £11,000 in Virginia currency.

John Parke Custis was the son of Martha Washington by her first marriage. He was aid-de-camp to Washington during the Revolution, and upon his death, November 5, 1781, of camp fever contracted at Yorktown, Washington adopted his two youngest children—George Washington Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis.

George Washington Parke Custis, who inherited the Arlington estate from his father, was a member of Washington's family until the death of Washington in 1799, and soon after removed to Arlington, where he resided until his death, October 10, 1857.

By his will, bearing date of March 26, 1855, he devised the "Arlington House Estate" to his daughter and only child, Mary Ann Randolph Lee, wife of Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee, United States Army, for her use and benefit during her natural life, and on her death to his eldest grandson, George Washington Parke Custis Lee, to him and his heirs forever.

By an executive order by the President of the United States, dated January 4, 1864, the entire tract of 1,100 acres, more or less, was "selected for government use for war, military, charitable, and educational purposes," under the provisions of the Acts of Congress of June 7, 1862, and February 6, 1863. By the same order it was directed that the property be sold to meet the payment of \$92.07, direct taxes due thereon. This was done January 11, 1864, and the property was bid in for the United States for the sum of \$26,800. Mrs. Lee, having died in 1873, legal proceedings contesting the legality of the tax sale were instituted by George Washington Parke Custis Lee as heir under the will of his grandfather, George Washington Parke Custis. The cause was heard in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, and verdict rendered in his favor, which, upon appeal, was affirmed by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States December 4, 1882.

The suit, which was originally commenced in the Circuit Court for the County of Alexandria, in the State of Virginia, was removed by the defendants into the Circuit Court of the United States, where it was argued by eminent counsel, the Solicitor General of the United States appearing for the defendants. At the outset the Attorney-General of the United States, Hon. Charles Devens (the suit having been brought while President Hayes was in office) excepted to the jurisdiction of the court on the ground that the suit was in effect against the United States, which had not given its consent to being sued. The court overruled the exception, holding that the suit was properly brought against the custodians of the property though they held their authority from the United States.

The claim of General Lee was that the tax, insignificant in

amount, was offered to the Commissioners of the United States on behalf of Mrs. Lee, but was not accepted owing to the rule adopted by the commissioners that no tax could be paid except by the tax debtor in person. This was to allow in all cases where the tax debtor was in the Confederate lines, the sale of his property. The Supreme Court, as well as the Circuit Court, found that this rule was oppressive and illegal, and decreed the title of Mrs. Lee never to have been divested. The rights of the United States were reserved in these words: "If satisfied that its title has been shown to be invalid, and it still desires to use the property, or any part of it, for the purposes to which it is now devoted, it may purchase such property by fair negotiation, or condemn it by a judicial proceeding, in which a just compensation shall be ascertained and paid according to the Constitution."

The court in its opinion, which is reported in the 106th United States, beginning at page 196, paid a deserved tribute to judicial authority, using this significant language: "From such a tribunal (the Supreme Court of the United States) no well-founded fear can be entertained of injustice to the government, of or a purpose to obstruct or diminish its just authority."

The opinion of the court was rendered by Mr. Justice Miller, of Iowa, one of the greatest minds that ever sat in the court, was concurred in by Justices Field, Harlan, Matthews, and Blatchford. Mr. Justice Gray rendered a dissenting opinion, and concurred in by Mr. Chief Justice Waite, and Justices Bradley and Woods. The dissenting opinion did not pass on the merits of the case, contending that the court had no jurisdiction. The decision was rendered in October, 1882, and, exercising the option suggested in the opinion, Congress, by act of March 3, 1883, appropriated the sum of \$150,000 for the purchase of this property, and on March 31, 1883, George Washington Parke Custis Lee conveyed to the United States by deed the title to the property in question for the sum appropriated.

REMINISCENCES OF ROUSSEAU'S RAID.

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

I think it was in the late summer, or early fall, of 1863 that Longstreet's Corps was detached by General Lee from our Virginia army and sent to Chattanooga to help Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the Tennessee campaign. I have not attempted to verify the chronology, as it is not material to this story of Rousseau's Alabama raid, which occurred somewhere about the time of the battle of Chickamauga.

I was a boy of twelve years, at home in Talladega, Ala., the sole male white protector of my mother, with three young unmarried and two married sisters, with their children, whose husbands were off at the front with the Virginia army. One of them, Gen. William F. Perry, helped to raise the 44th Alabama Infantry and went out as its major, and General Perry's brigade went to Tennessee with Longstreet to help win the Tennessee campaign.

My father had died the year before, and my two brothers and three brothers-in-law were all at the front, on the firing line.

There were no soldiers, except a few old men and boys, in the conscript camp quartered in Talladega when Rousseau's command, after several days of suspense and uncertainty as to the direction of the raid, was reported by amateur scouts as headed toward, and getting very near to, Talladega. It had been decided that as soon as it became evident the raid would surely visit our village I should take my unmarried sisters and such of our valuables and supplies as could be loaded in our

two-horse wagon and repair to Chandler Springs, there to remain until the Yanks had passed through. So as soon as the news came that the cavalry was getting near I made hurried preparation to get some old silverware, jewelry, and prized old family portraits and paintings, as well as the best part of our larder supplies—cured meat, coffee, sugar, flour, and salt, of which the family had a rather good store—loaded into our wagon so as to make a quick get-away to the hills.

My father was a wholesale merchant at Selma, Ala., when the war began and had provided what he hoped would prove an ample supply for the family until the war was over. Especially had he provided such articles as coffee and sugar, which, at the time of this raid, had become exceedingly scarce in the South. Coffee was a rare and precious luxury that was used only to mix with substitutes like rye and sweet potatoes—about one-third coffee—which made a very palatable and satisfactory substitute for the usual undiluted luxury. My mother always furnished *real coffee* to those in our town who were sick and needed such a stimulant, but, by careful guarding, our supply of coffee was not entirely exhausted even when the long, weary war was over.

When the news came about 4 P.M. that the raiders had arrived within a short distance of town, I had Nelson, a young family negro, son of our old cook, "Aunt Rachel," to start out with the loaded wagon; and the horses were hastily hitched to the carriage, in which my sisters and a young girl cousin, and Tom Garrett, a young boy soldier wounded and home on furlough, were driven after the wagon. I rode my horse, and, all in a tremor of excitement we started for the Hillabee hills, hoping to reach Chandler Springs, about fourteen miles distant, by nightfall. When our cavalcade had proceeded some miles into the country, we discovered dense clouds of black smoke rising in the direction of home, indicating that the vandals were destroying our beloved town. However, we were in no mood to tarry long watching the melancholy spectacle, but, with hearts full of anxious foreboding, we quickened our pace as much as the hilly road would permit and about 8 o'clock arrived at our destination. After getting supper, worried beyond control, I decided to return home and see what had happened. So about 9 o'clock I mounted my horse and, leaving Tom Garrett (after the war Garrett was secretary to Senator John T. Morgan) to look after my folks, I started on the dark and gloomy ride home, where I arrived about midnight. I shall never forget the thrills of that lonely ride through the pine and rock-clad hills of Clay County. Several times on the way I imagined that a blackened pine stump alongside the moon-lit road was a "deserter" waiting to shoot me when, with thumping heart, and a funny feeling as if my hair was rising on my head, I dug my heels into my pony's sides and swept by in a gallop.

When I got into town, I silently hitched my horse in a fence corner of our ten acre cornfield on the south side of our home and crossed over to the horse lot, where my two faithful dogs met me with a joyful, though rather reproachful, whine for having left them behind, perhaps. I petted them and bade them be quiet, then stole around the house to my mother's window, without waking anyone on the premises. When I tapped on the window she seemed greatly alarmed and *surprised* that I had returned. She told me that the commander had been courteous and had refrained from any vandalism. She had sent to him for protection, and he had sent her assurance that he was a "Kentucky gentleman" and was not making war on women and children nor allowing his soldiers to burn homes and private property. I was also informed that the only property destroyed was the saltpeter works, under supervision of Lieutenant Chaudron from Mobile; the jail,

with liberation of some deserters confined therein; and the railroad depot, where much government supplies were stored—all of which had made the heavens black with smoke and had so alarmed us after we left town. Mother commanded me to return at once to my sisters and stay away until word was sent that the raiders had left the vicinity. I at once returned to Chandler Springs, arriving about daybreak, explaining to my anxious sister that all was well at home. Two days later we got word that the Yanks had gone, and we returned home not to run again until a later raid, many months after, by Colonel Croxton, which proved more destructive to life and property than that of General Rousseau, the "Kentucky gentleman."

The special point of this story is to accentuate the important part the women and boys and loyal slaves played at home during the War between the States, when the men were on the firing line, and to inquire if women were not in fact as truly war veterans as those men who were fighting the battles at the front. Also, to wonder why a boy, too young to be a soldier himself, whose father was too old to enlist, and, moreover, had died in the second year of the war, after doing all possible to help, and whose mother had sent older sons to the front, one of whom had died on the battle line—I say, to wonder why such a boy with such a mother and such a father should not have been allowed the pleasure of affiliation with the "Sons of Confederate Veterans" organization.

A friend of mine insisted on bringing up the question at the reunion in Little Rock many years ago, but the convention passed it by on the constitutional provision that *only a son of a soldier in active service* can belong to the Association.

WHY IS IT?

My father was too old a man
To meet the foe on battle field,
And yet he *served* our gray-clad clan
E'en though he failed to musket wield.

For though too old to don the gray
And march forth at his country's call,
And though from camp thus forced to stay,
He played the hero through it all!

For he gave *all his time and thought*
To feed our soldiers in the fight;
And, as a loyal veteran, wrought
To ease their families' lonely plight.

My mother, too, worked soon and late
All through the war success to gain.
She noble son did consecrate
To battle line, who died in vain.

My father died in sixty-two,
He did not live to see the end.
His loyal heart was spared the grief
That broken lives tried hard to mend!

'Now, he who sprang from *veteran stock*,
The brother of brave soldier slain,
Cannot with "Sons of Veterans" flock—
Ah, well—he will not now complain!

In the names and work of Washington, Marshall, Jefferson, Henry, Clark, and Monroe the South led in shaping a new republic out of rebellion, revolution, jarring elements, and jealous States.—*Andrews.*

HOW THE ORPHANS LEARNED TO DIG.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

I shaded my eyes with my hand and gazed in astonishment at the rugged, sunburned soldiers working like beavers upon the construction of the earthworks. The sticky Tennessee clay yielded to their swift, adept labors and molded itself into long, plastic, elevated lines that gave off the damp, welcome odor of fresh plowed earth.

"For the love of heaven, Cunny," I inquired of the veteran who lounged near these unparalleled activities, "what has happened to the Orphans?"

Cunningham smiled loftily.

"You mean what unclean spirit has entered their manly breasts and persuaded them to lose their dignity in labor?"

"Yes," I admitted, "something like that."

"Well, sir," said Cunny, "I don't blame you for being surprised at the sight, since you are well aware of the ethical attitude of the Orphans toward manual labor."

"I always understood that they held manual labor in the deepest veneration," I ventured.

"So they do," agreed Cunny with a grin. "Something altogether too sacred for them to profane by a familiar touch."

"I don't believe I ever saw them digging a real trench before," I averred.

"True," admitted Cunny, "but I venture to predict that henceforth you will never see them fail to dig one if they are given half a chance. They have had their lesson, sir, and I must say that they have proved apt scholars. It didn't take but one day at school to make philosophers of them."

This sounded interesting to an unlimited degree.

"Tell me about it, Cunny," I coaxed, offering him a cigar I had been fortunate enough to save from a supply I had gotten at headquarters. Lighting his cigar, Cunny leaned back luxuriously against the trunk of the oak under which we sat and blew lazy rings of smoke from his lips, at intervals, as he told me how the Orphans had been persuaded to a strictly military view of the utility of earthworks.

* * *

The conversion of the Orphans was a long time in coming, but when the time did arrive it all happened mighty quick, I can tell you. And, likewise, there was a mighty big price paid for it in a very short time also.

The day before that recent little tiff with old Tecumseh's warriors, we noble and labor-venerating Orphans had been assigned to our position on a V-shaped projection of the ridge the army was occupying. We had scarcely arrived on the ridge when we were ordered to construct earthworks. You can imagine how that order appealed to our religious natures after a march of ten miles on an empty belly and with the thermometer trying to look innocent and unconcerned at a hundred and two in the shade. I shall always regret that I couldn't absorb the profanity of that occasion in all its original and colorful phraseology. With those matchless phrases on my lips I could route Sherman's army single-handed.

"We're soldiers, not figgers."

"We came here to fight with guns, not to dig with spades."

"We'll die before we'll dig."

And so they complained all down the line. They mentioned certain officers with irreverence, and their parents before them. They referred to them as dogs and gave the world to understand that they applied the humble metaphor with all of its delicate innuendo. They spat huge quantities of tobacco juice from their lips and swore mighty oaths, with black faces. It seemed, for a while, as though there would be mutiny. Then old Colonel Harvey came along and listened to us growl

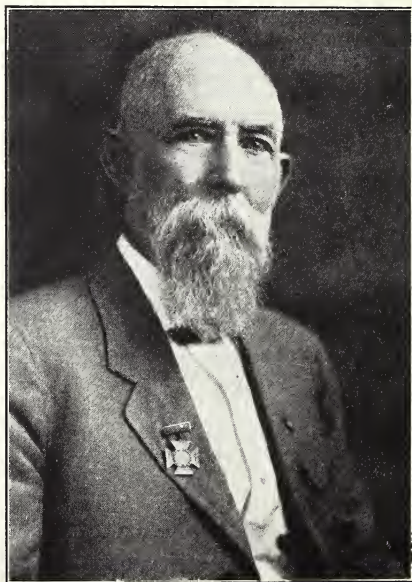
for a bit. I was as wrathful as the balance, and we were fierce to listen to, but Colonel Harvey only smiled grimly as he took in the situation.

"If you are soldiers, obey orders," he advised, in a tone that made us jump. "And if any of you want a chance to die rather than dig, just let him refuse to dig, and he will have his wish gratified."

That silenced all of us right off the reel, as though our vocal chords had been paralyzed, for well we knew that old Harvey wouldn't stand for any foolishness on an occasion of that kind. Instead of digging a real trench, however, we waited until the Colonel had gone on to another part of the line, and then laid piles of rails along the intended line of entrenchment. Scooping out a shallow ditch, we covered the rails over with the loose dirt, making them look like a real earthworks. They would have stopped a bullet effectively enough, but against artillery they were no more useful than a paper screen. While we were making our labor-saving counterfeit, Kinky Smith, the sharpshooter, came along. He turned pale when he saw what we had done.

"You boys would better throw those rails away," he warned "and get the best works that muscles and sweat can secure. I am reliably informed that old Sherman has come to the conclusion that your religious training has been neglected of late and is going to prevent you from backsliding by giving you a little foretaste of hell to-morrow."

"What do you mean?" we inquired, "what do you know about it?"



F. A. HOWELL, OF DURANT, MISS.,

Brigadier General 1st Brigade Mississippi Division U. C. V. Enlisted in Company F, 11th Mississippi Regiment, August 16, 1861; was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and on that account entered the cavalry service, joining Company A, 6th Mississippi Cavalry, Mabry's Brigade, Chalmers' Division, under General Forrest, and serving with that command to the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., May 19, 1865. He was one of four brothers in the service who survived the war.

"Well," replied Kinky, "I messed with the Tigers to-night and, learning that you boys were over here, I began to look around for you. As I passed headquarters I heard the voices of the commanders issuing from the tent in tones that indicated that something exciting was on the boards. My infernal curiosity was aroused, and I made up my mind to hear what they were saying."

"You blame fool," interrupted one of the boys, "if you had been caught snooping on a council of war, you'd have been shot."

"I wasn't born to be caught," laughed Kinky, who, as you know, is a regular dare-devil, "and, anyhow, I'd as soon be shot as to die with curiosity; or to be gored by a bull with ten horns as to miss anything I wanted to see. So, anyhow, I wiggled on my belly past the sentry and got next to the tent without being seen. Lifting the wall of the tent a bit, I could see very plainly all that went on inside without running any risk of being seen myself. The Commander and his staff were there in all their glory. They had discussed the coming battle thoroughly and seemed agreed that the weakest part of our line would be here where the ridge projects in the shape of the letter V, toward the position of the enemy. They agreed that Sherman would probably enfilade the position with a dozen or so batteries and then try to take it by storm."

"That's cheerful news, Kinky."

"Let him go on with the story."

"Go on, Kinky, what did they do next?"

"When they had agreed on all these points, the Commander offered the honor of holding the position to the Yellow Hammers. All eyes turned toward their brigadier, who rose, in a nervous and embarrassed sort of way, and thanked the Commander for the great honor that had been conferred on him and his brigade: but, he explained, that owing to certain delicately significant political conditions existing at this time in the State of Alabama, he did not deem it advisable to accept the lofty honor, much as his heart yearned for the glory thereof. He felt, he said, that on an occasion of this kind all personal preferences and desires should be sternly subordinated to the public welfare."

"The blame scoundrel," interrupted one of the boys, "to be trying to cast a slur on his own men in the eyes of the whole army, when every one knows that a braver set never shouldered a musket than the Yellow Hammers."

"He wasn't the only brigadier who slurred his own men at that meeting," resumed Kinky, with a slight sneer. "The desire to renounce all earthly honors for the public good seemed to be dominating all of them to-night. Each of the brigadiers in turn was offered the honor and each in turn followed the lead of the Yellow Hammer and declined the place of peril because of grave political considerations and such stuff. You'd have thought the Confederacy would have disintegrated over night if one of their brigades was thus honored above the rest of the army. Old Hardee sat there by the Commander through it all and listened with contempt to the farcical excuses of the brigadiers. When they had finished the Commander glanced inquiringly at Hardee."

"Have you any suggestions, General?" he asked.

"Old Hardee arose and the brigadiers looked ill at ease as he saw, with his contemptuous glance."

"There is one brigade of fighting men in this army," he said, "who have no spokesman here to-night to protect them. Give them place to the damned Kentuckians—they'll hold it."

"And so, boys," concluded Kinky, "it was unanimously agreed that you should have the distinction of being enfiladed by a dozen or so Yankee batteries to-morrow. You'd better take my advice and dig your trenches wide and deep."

But we Orphans scornfully refused to heed Kinky's advice.

"We'll not march all day," we growled, "and then dig trenches all night and fight all the next day. We're not made of iron. The way they want to work us, we'd go to sleep right in the line of battle."

"Old Tecumseh will wake you if you do that," replied Kinky. "And if he can't arouse you with his cannon, Gabriel will try with his bugle later on."

"We won't dig, anyhow," we stated emphatically, "enfilade or no enfilade. We are not dogs, and we've got to have sleep. That's all there is to it." And we continued throwing the loose earth over the rails.

"All right, boys," warned Kinky. "It's your funeral, not mine. You've already dug a ditch deep enough to bury you in when the battle is over, and that is all we have a right to ask. But most of you will enter on a long sleep to-morrow, if sleep is what you're after."

"Quit your evil prophesying, Kinky," we chaffed him. "Old Hardee was right. He knows us. We'll hold this ditch, all right, no matter how many voices old Sherman may speak with when he commands us to clear out."

"Well, good-night, boys," said Kinky, in a sad voice, as he arose and stretched himself. "I've got to leave you now. I hope to God you'll change your minds about these works, though. It'll be simply murder when the shells explode in these rails to-morrow."

We had many a good, hearty laugh at Kinky's expense after he had left.

"The generals scared him."

"He actually seems to think that we can't hold out."

"He never was much of a hand with a spade himself, I've noticed. All this talk about work is for the benefit of some one else. The idea of Kinky expecting us to work, well as he knows us!"

We continued constructing our imitation earthworks. By ten o'clock the work was done and we rolled up snugly on our blankets.

"If we had done as Kinky wanted us to do, we would have been working all night," we congratulated ourselves. "As it is we will get a few hours sleep before reveille. We'll be fresh as daisies when we shake hands with old Tecumseh in the morning."

When Colonel Harvey prodded us loose from our blankets at dawn, those works were as beautiful a sight as you ever laid your eyes on. They looked like they had been made to enable a handful of fighters to hold back an army with banners. The Yanks didn't let us spend much time in admiring them, however, for we had no sooner stowed away some grub under our belts than we heard a dull roar from over the valley where the Yankee batteries were stationed, and a big shell came whizzing by over our heads, hell bent for destruction.

"Too high," we yelled, derisively, as it exploded behind us.

The next one fell short. They seemed to be getting our range, however, and in a few minutes the shells were bursting all around us. Whenever one hit among the rails and exploded, the result was horrible. The rails were hurled about in the maelstrom of the explosion like so many mauls or clubs in the hands of a hundred-armed giant. Soldiers were mashed beyond recognition. Huge, flying splinters tore through living flesh and the hot blood gushed out in torrents under their uniforms from the severed veins of what had been living men. Their batteries played upon us from three sides, and there in the ditch it became like the crater of a volcano during an eruption. Yet there was something sternly beautiful in it, too. The flames of the bombs, as they exploded around us, seemed like great, crimson flowers blooming through the

smoke. Old Harvey stalked along our line, grim as the devil, and rapped with his saber any Orphan whom he suspected of being afraid. That old man must have a heart of granite. He is never afraid.

"It is nothing," he roared. "They're trying to drive away Kentuckians with a little artillery fire. We'll show them the stuff the Orphans are made of, won't we, boys?"

"We shouted a fierce reply, more to get up our courage than anything else. It's wonderful how it revives you in a fight to let out a fierce yell once in a while, isn't it? During all this time we hadn't a thing to do except wait. There was positively no enemy within the range of our rifles on whom to lavish our attentions. That is the terrible part of a battle to the infantry, just sitting there, helpless, waiting for the assault we knew must come. It seemed as though we had been for ages amid the thunder and the smoke before the Colonel observed, through his glass, the dark hordes of the Yankee infantry moving forward to the assault. So great had been the nervous tension under which we had chafed that, although a third of our company lay dead in the trenches, we welcomed this change with absolute relief.

"Thank God, we'll have a chance now to do some real fighting," exclaimed one of the boys, who voiced the sentiments of us all.

We cocked our guns and crouched down in what was left of our earthworks. Soon the thunders of the artillery died away, and the shells ceased bursting around us. The Yankee cannoners were afraid of hitting their own assaulting column. The blue columns emerged from the drifting smoke and the sunlight glistened on their fixed bayonets as they came on like the billows of the sea.

"They're closing in," shouted old Harvey, with a deep voice like the growl of a bulldog. "Ready now, boys, and wait until you can peck the freckles off them with your muzzles. Then let 'em have the compliments of old Kentucky."

As the smoke lifted, the blue bellies came swarming upon us. Our uneasiness had long since vanished, for when it comes to fighting with the rifles, we Orphans feel that it is our turn to shine. We could almost touch the freckles on their faces, sure enough, when we let them have the first volley at pointblank range. Some of them were powder burned. They reeled back in confusion, thus affording us time to reload and meet the second assault. We repulsed six assaults that day. Never did the Orphans demean themselves more manfully. Clubbed guns became the usual order. It would have made old Flintlock happy if he had lived to see the stand his boys made in that fight. It was nothing more nor less than our grim ability to give and to receive the cold steel that enabled us to hold out. Our numbers were reduced to a handful and our trenches were stained with the blood of those who had fought to take it and those who had fought to hold it. When the blue wave dribbled back in defeat, for the last time, they left many of their bravest and best with us.

About sunset the Commander and his staff, including Hardee, rode up. Old Hardee's eyes lit with joy as he observed our tattered flag whipping about, saucily, in the breeze over the scarred and battered trench. Colonel Harvey greeted his superiors with one of his customary stiff salutes.

"You have saved the army, Colonel, you and your men," complimented Old Hardee, who loves a good fighting man as much as Moses did the ten commandments.

"You used good judgment, General," replied Colonel Harvey, "in putting Kentuckians into the breach. And we want you to know that it was partly to vindicate your confidence in us that we Kentuckians have held the ditch."

Without knowing what Kinky had told us of Hardee's re-

marks, Colonel Harvey had made a statement that recalled to the General his profane reference to us the night before as the "damed Kentuckians." He turned pink with confusion, then made a gesture of impatience as though brushing the matter away with his hand.

"I hope you will continue your glorious work of to-day through to-morrow's battle," he replied lightly. "They will go after you in real earnest to-morrow."

"Do we hold this position again to-morrow, sir?" asked Colonel Harvey.

"Yes—if you can."

The Colonel drew himself up proudly. "We will hold it, sir."

Hardee's eyes gleamed with appreciation. "I know you will, Colonel," he replied, simply, and, turning his horse, rode away with the Commander and his staff. We Orphans wiped the perspiration from our brows and looked at each other in amazement.

"If they weren't after us in earnest to-day," sighed Longigan, "then I hope never to see them when they do come in earnest. That was about as close to hell to-day as I wish to come."

It was a mournful and chastened legion of Orphans who busied themselves burying the dead that night, I can tell you. Those horrible wounds would have made us sick had they been inflicted on the enemy, so you can imagine how we felt in viewing them on our own comrades. The roll call that night helped to identify, as dead, some of the poor fellows whose bodies were mangled past all identity.

But, as I was telling you in the beginning, we had learned our lesson. Every Orphan possessed an expert knowledge of the value of earthworks made of loose earth. Although our company was torn to pieces and the regiment and brigade had been terribly mauled, the survivors worked like Trojans all that night and constructed works that would have taxed the muscles of two brigades to equal in such scant time. You see they had their hearts in it that night, and it made a lot of difference. I happened to be specially detailed as an orderly at the time and did not get a chance to help in the work. I wanted to help, though, for I had learned my lesson, along with the rest, and felt that no fortification could be too strong to protect such a precious soldier as myself. I was standing around between calls, near Company F, watching the work, and so I happened to be there when Kinky Smith strolled up, anxious to see how his old comrades had fared. As he noted the idlest of the idlers, and the haughtiest of the haughty, working shoulder to shoulder like beavers, he sized up the situation at once, and his sides shook with mirth.

"You shouldn't work so hard, boys," he advised ironically. "At the rate you are going, you won't get any sleep to-night or to-morrow. And you are not dogs, you know. You must have sleep."

"We don't want any sleep," chorused the Orphans.

"You are not made of iron," reminded Kinky.

"So we found when the shells burst among us yesterday," they retorted.

"Only niggers work," sneered Kinky.

"This isn't work," laughed the Orphans. "It is a pleasure to us to do it."

"How deep do you intend to dig that trench?" wondered Kinky.

"Plumb through to China, if old Tecumseh will give us time," admitted the Orphans.

However, Old Tecumseh had learned a lesson, too, and not a shot was fired the next day, nor for many days thereafter.

JAMESTOWN ON THE JAMES.

First honors due to Jamestown, old Jamestown on the James. Where our Fathers came a-sailing, a-sailing from the Thames, In a Trinity of good ships, of Destiny in deed, Sarah Constant as the flag ship, the Discovery and Goodspeed.

The birthplace of Virginia, the mother colony;
The birthplace of our freedom, independence, sovereignty;
The birthplace of democracy by legislative claims,
The birthplace of the nation—is Jamestown on the James.

They reached there May the thirteenth in the year of sixteen seven,

Thus priority of settlement to the famous spot is given.
Next day they made their landing on Jamestown's sacred sod,
When Robert Hunt with pious words made thankful prayer to God.

The Thames and James, their waters are one within the sea,
Their shores are one by kindred tie and will forever be;
The English tongue, our common tongue, weighed anchor in the Thames;
The English tongue, our common tongue, dropped anchor in the James.

Then let us sing of Jamestown, of Jamestown on the James,
Where our fathers came a-sailing, a-sailing from the Thames;
The birthplace of the nation that sweeps from sea to sea,
The birthplace of democracy, the People's Sovereignty.
—Sterling Boisseau, Richmond, Va., in *Tyler's Quarterly*.



THE OLD CHURCH TOWER AT JAMESTOWN,

All that remains of the first English settlement in America.

1**

VIRGINIA FIRST.

BY DR. LYON G. TYLER, IN TYLER'S QUARTERLY.

The name first given to the territory occupied by the present United States was Virginia. It was bestowed upon the country by Elizabeth, greatest of English queens. The United States of America are mere words of description; they are not a name. The rightful and historic name of this great republic is "Virginia." We must get back to it, if the country's name is to have any real significance.

Virginia was the first colony of Great Britain, and her successful settlement furnished the inspiration to English colonization everywhere. For it was the wise Lord Bacon who said: "As in the arts and sciences the first invention is of more consequence than all the improvements afterwards, so in kingdoms or plantations, the first foundation or plantation is of more dignity than all that followeth."

On May 13, 1607, the pioneers brought over by the Sarah Constant, the Goodspeed, and the Discovery arrived at Jamestown, on James River, and founded the Republic of the United States based on English conceptions of justice and liberty. The story of this little settlement is the story of a great nation expanding from small beginnings into one of more than 100,000,000 people, inhabiting a land reaching finally from ocean to ocean and abounding in riches and power, till, when the liberties of all mankind were endangered, the descendants of the old Jamestown settlers did in their turn cross the ocean and help to save the land from which their fathers came.

Before any other English settlement was made on this continent, democracy was born at Jamestown by the establishment of England's free institutions—jury trial, courts for the administration of justice, popular elections in which all the "inhabitants" took part, and a representative assembly which met at Jamestown, July 30, 1619, and digested the first laws for the new commonwealth.

That at Jamestown and on James River was the cradle of the Union—the first church, the first blockhouse, the first wharf, the first glass factory, the first windmill, the first iron works, the first silk worms reared, the first wheat and tobacco raised, the first peaches grown, the first brick house, the first State house, and the first free school (that of Benjamin Syms, 1635).

In Virginia was the first assertion on this continent of the indissoluble connection of representation and taxation.

In 1624 a law was passed inhibiting the governors from laying any taxes on the people without the consent of the general assembly, and this law was reenacted several times afterwards. In 1635, when Sir John Harvey refused to send to England a petition against the king's proposed monopoly of tobacco, which would have imposed an arbitrary tax, the people deposed him from the government and sent him back to England, an act without precedent in America. In 1652, when the people feared that parliament would deprive them of that liberty they had enjoyed under King Charles I, they resisted and would submit only when the parliament commissioners signed a writing guaranteeing to them all the rights of a self-governing dominion. And when, after the restoration of King Charles II, the country was outraged by extensive grants of land to certain court favorites, the agents of Virginia, in an effort to obtain a charter to avoid these grants, made the finest argument in 1674 for the right of self-taxation to be found in the annals of the seventeenth century. Claiborne's Rebellion and Bacon's Rebellion prove that Virginia was always a land of liberty.

During the eighteenth century the royal governors often

reproached the people for their "republican spirit," until, on May 29, 1765, the reproach received a dramatic interpretation by Patrick Henry arousing a whole continent to resistance against the Stamp Act.

Virginia founded New England. In 1613 a Virginia Governor, Sir Thomas Gates, drove the French away from Maine and Nova Scotia and saved to English colonization the shores of Massachusetts and Connecticut. In 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers were inspired to go to North America by the successful settlement at Jamestown. They sailed under a patent given them by the Virginia Company of London, and it was only the accident of a storm that caused them to settle outside the limits of the territory of the London Company, though still in Virginia. The Mayflower compact, under which the forty-one emigrants united themselves at Cape Cod, followed pretty nearly the terms of the original Virginia Company's patent.

In 1622 the people at Plymouth were saved from starvation by the opportune arrival of two ships from Jamestown, which divided their provisions with them. Without this help the Plymouth settlement would have been abandoned.

The forty-one Pilgrim Fathers established an aristocracy or oligarchy at Plymouth, for they constituted an exclusive body and only cautiously admitted any newcomers to partnership with them in authority. As time went on, the great body of the people had nothing to say as to taxes or government.

Citizenship at Plymouth and in all New England was a matter of special selection in the case of each individual. The terms of the magistrates were made permanent by a law affording them "precedency of all others in nomination on the election day." The towns of New England were little oligarchies, not democracies. It was different in Virginia. There the House of Burgesses, which was the great controlling body, rested for more than a hundred years upon what was practically universal suffrage (1619-1736), and even after 1736 many more people voted in Virginia than in Massachusetts. There was a splendid and spectacular body of aristocrats in Virginia, but they had nothing like the power and prestige of the New England preachers and magistrates.

"By no stretch of the imagination," says Dr. Charles M. Andrews, Professor of History in Yale University, "can the political condition in any of the New England colonies be called popular or democratic. Government was in the hands of a very few men."

Virginia led in all the measures that established the independence of the United States. Beginning with the French and Indian War, out of which sprang the taxation measures that subsequently provoked the American Revolution, Virginia, under Washington, struck the first blow against the French, and Virginian blood was the first American blood to flow in that war. Then, when, after the war, the British parliament proposed to tax America by the Stamp Act, it was the Colony of Virginia that rang "the alarm bell" and rallied all the other colonies against the measure by the celebrated resolutions of Patrick Henry, May 29, 1765, which brought about its repeal.

Later, when the British parliament revived its policy of taxation in 1767 by the Revenue Act, though circumstances made the occasion for the first movements elsewhere, it was always Virginia that by some resolute and determined action of leadership solved the crisis that arose.

There were four of these crises:

1. The first occurred when Massachusetts, by her protest, in 1768, against the Revenue Act, stirred up parliament to demand that her patriot leaders be sent to England for trial.

Massachusetts was left quite alone, and she remained quiescent. Virginia stepped to the front and by her ringing resolutions of May 16, 1769, aroused the whole continent to resistance, which forced parliament to compromise, leave the Massachusetts men alone, and repeal all the taxes except a small one on tea. After the assembly "The Brave Virginians" was the common toast throughout New England.

2. The next crisis occurred in 1772. In that year the occasion for action occurred in the smallest of the colonies, Rhode Island, by an attack of some unauthorized persons on the sloop *Gaspée*, which was engaged in suppressing smuggling. The king imitated parliament by trying to renew the policy of transporting Americans to England for trial, but Virginia caused the king and his counselors to desist from their purpose by her system of intercolonial committees, which brought about a real continental union of the colonies for the first time.

3. The third crisis occurred in 1774, after a mob of disguised persons threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor. Though Boston did not authorize this proceeding, parliament held her responsible and shut up her port. Virginia thought this unjust and was the first colony to declare her sympathy with Boston and the first, in any representative character for an entire colony, to call for a congress of all the colonies.

And to that congress, which met September 5, 1774, she furnished the first president, Peyton Randolph, and the greatest orators, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee.

The remedy proposed by this congress was a plan of non-intercourse, already adopted in Virginia, to be enforced by committees appointed in every county, city, and town in America.

4. The fourth crisis began in 1775 with the laws passed by the British parliament to cut off the trade of the colonies, intended as retaliatory to the American nonintercourse. This led to hostilities, and for a year, during which time the war was waged in New England, the colonists held the attitude of confessed rebels, fighting their sovereign and yet professing allegiance to him. When the war was transferred to the South with the burning of Norfolk and the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, this attitude became intolerable to the Southerners, and they sought for a solution of the difficulty in independence.

While Boston was professing, through her town meeting, her willingness "to wait, most patiently to wait" for congress to act, and the assembly of the province deferred action till the towns were heard from, it was North Carolina, largely settled by Virginians, that on April 12, 1776, instructed her delegates in congress to concur with the delegates from the other colonies in declaring independence, and it was Virginia that on May 15, 1776, commanded her delegates to propose independence. The first explicit and direct instructions for independence anywhere in the United States were given by Cumberland County, in Virginia, April 22, 1776. Unlike the tumultuary, unauthorized, and accidental nature of the leading revolutionary incidents in New England, such as the Boston Tea Party and the Battle of Lexington, the proceedings in Virginia were always the authoritative and official acts of the colony.

All the world should know that it was Richard Henry Lee, a Virginian, who drew the resolutions for independence adopted by Congress July 2, 1776, and that it was Thomas Jefferson, a Virginian, who wrote "the Declaration of Independence," adopted July 4, 1776, a paper styled by a well-known New England writer as "the most commanding and most pathetic

utterance in any age, in any language, of national grievances and national purposes."

During the war that ensued, Virginia contributed to the war what all must allow was the soul of the war, the immortal George Washington, whose immense moral personality accomplished more in bringing success than all the money employed and all the armies placed in the field; and the war had its ending at Yorktown, only a few miles from the original settlement at Jamestown. The father of this great republic was a Virginian.

Virginia led in the work of organizing the government of the United States. She called the Annapolis Convention in 1786 and furnished to the Federal convention at Philadelphia which met, as the result of this action, its chief constructor, James Madison, who has been aptly described as father of the Constitution. She furnished the two greatest rival interpreters of its powers, Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall, and gave the Union its first President, George Washington.

Virginia, through her explorers, generals, and Presidents, made the Union a continental power.

It was Patrick Henry and George Rogers Clark who effected the conquest of the Northwest Territory, which eventually added five great States to the Union. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark made the first thorough exploration of the West. And Louisiana, Florida, and Texas were added to the Union by Virginia Presidents—Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler. Nor can it be forgotten that all the Far West was the result of the annexation of Texas by Tyler, indirectly leading to the Mexican War, whose success was assured by two Virginia generals, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott.

Had the New England influences, which were opposed to the annexation policy, dominated, the United States to-day, if it existed at all, would be confined to a narrow strip along the Atlantic shore.

A Virginia President, James Monroe, gave to the world over his name the Monroe Doctrine, which has regulated, to the present day, the relations of America to the nations of Europe and the rest of mankind. "America for Americans," he said in substance.

Virginians created those ideals for which the Republic of the United States stands to-day—democracy, religious freedom, and education.

Democracy.—Not only did Virginia have the first legislative assembly, which rested for more than a hundred years on universal suffrage; she was the headquarters, after the American Revolution, of the great Democratic-Republican party, under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson. This party was the champion of the popular idea against the aristocratic notions of the Federalists, who had their headquarters in New England. By completely destroying the Federalist party, Virginia sowed the seeds of democracy throughout the United States and the world. All political parties in the United States since that time have the same creed as to the equality of the citizen. Thomas Jefferson is incomparably the greatest living influence in America. He is, in fact, the founder of Americanism, as we understand it.

Through an act of which the same great man was the author Virginia was the first State in the world to impose a penalty for engaging in the slave trade (1778), and in the federal convention in 1787 her delegates bitterly opposed the provision in the Constitution, supported by the Puritan delegates from New England, permitting the slave trade for twenty years. New England men were great shippers of slaves.

Religious Freedom.—After the same manner Virginia sowed the seeds of religious freedom. All New England, except

Rhode Island, in colonial days was principled against religious liberty. Even after the American Revolution, the preachers and a group of laymen in each community grasped all power and the people were forced into submission. In 1793 only one in twenty of the people in Connecticut exercised the right of suffrage. Even in Rhode Island there were, till a late date, laws against Roman Catholics voting or holding office, and it took Dorr's Rebellion, in 1842, to break up the restrictions on the ballot handed down from colonial days.

The persecuting spirit was not absent in Virginia, but it was never so severe or relentless as in New England. And for many years before the American Revolution there were no religious qualifications for voting.

The Declaration of Rights of Virginia, drawn by George Mason in 1776, and imitated by all the other States, placed the principle of religious freedom, for the first time, upon a truly philosophic basis. Virginia was then the first State in the world to proclaim absolute equality and freedom of religion to the people of all faiths—Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, etc. The principle enunciated by Mason was enacted into law by Thomas Jefferson, whose bill for religious freedom in 1785 invested conscience with the wings of heaven.

Education.—Finally, it was a Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, that furnished the ideals of popular education. The system of schools, as they existed in Massachusetts in colonial days did not remotely resemble the present ideal. As a system they were under no central authority, were not free to the scholar, who had to pay for tuition, and were primarily directed to the maintenance and upholding of the Congregational Church. None but members of that Church could be teachers in Massachusetts. In practice, the towns neglected their responsibilities "shamelessly," and a large percentage of the people could neither read nor write.

Virginia did not go far in her educational system, but in her ancient laws for educating poor children and establishing and financing William and Mary College the colony clearly recognized education as a public function. As to the general supply of education, however, the colony had by far the best libraries and teachers, and, according to Mr. Jefferson, the mass of education, accomplished through tutors and private schools, "placed her among the foremost of her sister States" at the time of the Revolution. But it was the great bill of Thomas Jefferson, in 1779, correlating the different gradations of schools, beginning with the primary schools and ending with the university, that furnished the real ideal on which the public school system of the United States rests to-day.

Before 1861 the Union consisted practically of two nations, separated by Mason and Dixon's line, differing in habits of thought, customs, and largely in institutions. It was only the pressure of British taxation that brought these two nations together, and immediately after the peace in 1783 the separative forces began to exert themselves. They were first sharply manifested in New England, where plans of secession were discussed as early as 1800. So far did this spirit proceed that in 1812-1814 the New England States professed the extreme doctrine of State rights and did all they could to paralyze the arm of the federal government during the course of a war with the greatest power in Europe. As late as 1844 the Massachusetts legislature, after declaring that "uniting an independent foreign State [like Texas] with the United States was not among the powers delegated to the general government," stated its resolve to be "to submit to undelimited powers in no body of men on earth," and in 1845 it announced the doctrine of nullification by declaring that the admission of Texas "would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts."

But by this time the great increase in the wealth and population of the North, chiefly, due to the foreign immigration, caused New England to abandon the separatist policy and substitute that of nationality to be preserved by force. The South, now being the weaker section, was compelled into the opposite policy, and, finally, obeying the dictates of its economic and social forces, seceded from the Union and organized a separate government.

Virginia, who had a sentimental attachment to the Union, attempted to preserve it by the peace conference, but, finding that impossible, and placed in a dilemma of fighting the Northern Union or fighting the Southern Confederacy, she allied herself with the latter, of which she was really an integral part. In the light of the doctrine of self-determination, now so generally admitted, it appears one of the most astonishing things in history that eight millions of people, occupying a territory half the size of Europe, with a thoroughly organized government, and capable of fighting one of the greatest wars on record, were not permitted to set up for themselves.

By the results of the war, one of the two nations of the old Union was wiped out and incorporated into the other. But Virginia was the capital of the Southern Confederacy and the battle field of the war, and the veterans of Virginia and the South have lived to see the principle of self-government and self-determination for which they fought accepted by the world at large.

In the war for Southern independence, as in the American Revolution, Virginia furnished the ideal man. In one war it was George Washington, and in the other it was Robert E. Lee. Both these great men were distinguished by the union of a handsome person with a supremely majestic soul, brave, refined, dignified, and clean. They were, indeed, kingly men.

The contributions of Virginia to science should not be passed by in this summary of her priorities. Among the creators of an epoch, the following may be mentioned particularly: James Rumsey first demonstrated in her waters, in 1786, the possibilities of steam as applied to a river boat. Cyrus Hall McCormick revolutionized agriculture throughout the world by his invention of the reaper. Matthew Fontaine Maury about the same time did the same thing for ocean navigation. He furnished the plans for the laying of the Atlantic cable, and was the father of the modern science of torpedo and mine laying. In recent days, Walter Reed, of Gloucester County, was foremost in discovering the cause of yellow fever and rendering that dread disease innocuous.

During the war for Southern independence it was the iron-clad Virginia (or Merrimack), constructed by two master engineers, John L. Porter, of Portsmouth, Va., and John Mercer Brooke, of Lexington, Va., that showed, in an epoch-making battle fought in Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862, with the Federal wooden battleships, the superiority of iron ships over wooden ones, no matter how gallantly manned and bravely fought.

Then and there Virginia genius and invention founded the present navies of the world.

The Monitor, which engaged the Virginia the next day (March 9, 1862), had no share in this glory. Naval warfare would have been revolutionized if it had never showed up. The battle of the ninth is only interesting as it affords a test of the prowess of the two vessels. The Monitor was driven from the field, and ever after avoided conflict with the Virginia, though repeatedly challenged in Hampton Roads to a new trial of strength.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

A few years ago a certain Daughter of the Confederacy wrote to a high officer and asked for data concerning the Immortal Six Hundred. She was promptly referred to Tennyson's Poems.

I had always supposed this was too good to be true until I made a similar request of a well-known library in a large city and received by return mail a delightful "Source Book of English Poetry," the pages concerning the "Charge of the Light Brigade" carefully marked.

It seems to me, therefore, desirable that this year's program for the Children of the Confederacy should teach them something of our own Six Hundred, especially as Southern books go rapidly out of print, and I am informed that not many copies remain of the second edition of Maj. J. Ogden Murray's "Immortal Six Hundred."

First, let me insist that our six hundred and sixty Confederate officers do not hold their title under a junior patent, for Tennyson uses only one adjective describing the heroes of the Light Brigade, "Noble Six Hundred." The exigencies of the meter limited him to two syllables. The moral seems to be that one stirring poem of only six verses can take such a profound hold upon the imagination that the number "600" automatically suggests Balaklava and the most dramatic incident of the Crimean War. O that Pickett's charge had been commemorated in such deathless words! A few minutes of splendid daring crowned the Light Brigade with fadeless glory; long months of anguish proved the metal of the Confederate officers.

The story has a preamble which begins in Charleston, in June, 1864. Charleston had been bombarded by the Federal guns for some time, and Gen. Sam Jones, C. S. A., commanding the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, notifies General Foster, commanding the Federal forces on the coast of North Carolina, that five general officers and forty-five field officers of the United States army, prisoners of war, have been brought to Charleston for safekeeping, and that they will be provided with commodious quarters in a part of the city occupied by noncombatants, the majority of whom are women and children, adding: "It is proper, however, that I should inform you that it is a part of the city which has been exposed day and night to the fire of your guns." In other words, the Federal officers were placed in what was presumably the most protected portion of the city. To this mild and courteous communication, General Foster replies in substance that General Beauregard had been notified that Charleston was to be bombarded, and that if women and children had been retained in the city exposed to fire, "it is a matter decided by your own sense of humanity. I must, however, protest against your action in thus placing defenseless prisoners of war in a position exposed to constant bombardment. It is an indefensible act of cruelty and can be designed only to prevent the continuance of our fire upon Charleston. . . . I have forwarded your communication to the President, with the request that he will place in my custody an equal number of prisoners of like grades, to be kept by me in positions exposed to the fire of your guns so long as you continue the course stated in your communication."

General Foster did not forward the letter; he sent a telegram, which did not state the facts, but on the contrary stated that he had been notified by General Jones that five general officers and forty-five field officers of the United States army had been placed in Charleston to be retained under

fire, and he asks for an equal number of "Rebel" officers of equal rank, that he may place them under fire. The "Rebel" officers are immediately gathered at Fort Delaware by General Halleck's order, "to be treated in precisely the same manner as the enemy treats ours—that is, to be placed in a position where they will be most exposed to the fire of the Rebels.

. . . Rebel officers will be treated with the same severity that they treat ours." The stage is all set, the Confederate officers duly placed at Hilton Head to be fired on by the Charleston batteries, when, lo! there is objection, emphatic and expressed with convincing fervor. A situation which would have suited Gilbert and Sullivan has arisen. The five general officers and forty-five field officers have not been consulted in all these arrangements, and the following protest against his action appears in the following letter, quoted verbatim:

"Maj. Gen. J. G. Foster, Hilton Head, S. C.

"General: The journals this morning inform us, for the first time, that five general officers of the Confederate service have arrived at Hilton Head, with a view to their being subjected to the same treatment that we are receiving here. We think it just to ask for these officers every kindness and courtesy that you can extend to them in acknowledgment of the fact that we, at this time, are as pleasantly and comfortably situated as is possible for prisoners of war, receiving from the Confederate authorities every privilege that we could desire or expect, nor are we unnecessarily exposed to fire.

"Respectfully, General, your obedient servants, H. W. Wessels, T. Seymour, E. P. Scammon, C. A. Heckman, Alexander Shaler, Brig. Genls. United States Volunteers, Prisoners of War."

The happy sequel was the exchange of the Federal officers and the Confederate officers at Hilton Head. After this incident was closed, to the satisfaction of all parties (except General Foster), the story of the Six Hundred begins. There were six hundred Federal officers, prisoners of war, sent from Macon to Charleston in the hope that they would be exchanged for Confederate prisoners of war of equal rank. The specific order dealing with the exchange of prisoners is found in the following telegram to the Secretary of War:

"Mr. Stanton: Please inform Maj. Gen. J. E. Foster that in no circumstances will he be allowed to make exchange of prisoners of war. Exchanges simply reinforce the enemy at once, while we do not get the benefit of those received for two or three months and lose the majority entirely. I telegraph this from just hearing 500 or 600 prisoners had been sent to Major General Foster.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieut Gen.*"

Meanwhile, at Fort Delaware, on the Pea Patch Island in the Delaware River, there were 1,500 Confederate officers, prisoners of war. Their quarters were fairly comfortable, and they were given two meals per day, not the kind that would tempt the dying anchorite to return to life, but nutritious, as prison fare goes. Throughout the fort floated vague rumors, "grape," in prison slang, that there would be an exchange of prisoners. Who were to be the fortunate ones? On the afternoon of August 7, 1864, the prisoners were ordered to fall in line and answer to their names as they would be called for exchange. The six hundred who were chosen were exuberant, and three days later they embarked on the small steamship Crescent City, with 300 guards and several gunboats to chaperone the party. One good thrill relieved the frightful seasickness and suffering in the hold where the prisoners were huddled. The Crescent City ran aground. The gunboats had disappeared. A few bold spirits under the lead of Col. Van Manning demanded the surrender of the

ship. While the terms were being arranged, the gunboats came in sight, and the plan was defeated. Four officers managed to escape during the voyage, one being concealed by the stewardess, a faithful negro woman, until the ship returned to New York.

When the Crescent City reached Charleston Harbor the flag of truce boats could be seen, but there was no exchange of prisoners, and the destination of the Confederate officers was Morris Island, under the fire of the Charleston batteries, where a stockade had been built inclosing about two acres of ground for their prison. The guns of Fort Sumter, Fort Moultrie, and Johnson Island constantly fired on the Federal batteries flanking the stockade, and the monitors, batteries, and fleet replied. Many weeks of hardship, wretched food, sickness, and death ensued, all aggravated by the humiliation of being guarded by a negro regiment. The next move was to Fort Pulaski, on Cockspar Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River, under the guard of a white regiment, the 127th New York, with a humane colonel, anxious to treat the prisoners kindly, and distressed at the meager rations allowed them.

A bleak Christmas day was spent at Fort Pulaski. There were four inches of snow on the parade ground, very little fire, scant cover, and many sick from scurvy. Cats and dogs had confidently entered the prison bounds, but soon it was discovered that the tracks did not lead out again. Finally only one cat remained, the sleek and pampered pet of the colonel's wife. Out of regard for her his life was spared. As for the rats! Never was there a Grimalkin in La Fontaine's Fables who could equal them in catching the elusive rodent! The prisoners formed among themselves a Relief Association, and each evening before taps they sang the songs of Dixie. On Christmas Eve, 1864, Major Murray accidentally discovered a trap door under his bunk. The result was a plan to escape. It was thwarted by the treachery or cowardice of one of the party just as the sentinel was about to be seized and a boat secured to take them across the river. On March 4 all the prisoners at Fort Pulaski were marched on board ship and taken back to Fort Delaware. Many had succumbed to the terrible privations of the winter, and the rest were emaciated wrecks. Arriving at Fort Delaware, they found many old comrades, whose condition compared most favorably with the remnant of the Immortal Six Hundred.

A pleasing contrast to the dark colors in which most of this picture is painted was the kindness and sympathy of the two New York regiments which guarded the prisoners, the 127th at Fort Pulaski, the 157th from Fort Pulaski to Fort Delaware.

Such, briefly summarized, are the leading facts related in the valuable book of Major Murray, who last year rejoined his comrades who had entered the rest eternal. There are complete rosters by States of all the officers, and fourteen States were represented. A majority of them were captured at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864.

At the reunion of Confederate Veterans "The Immortal Six Hundred" occupied a unique place; and when they gather at Richmond next June, although the survivors are few in number, they will receive a welcome which will assure them that their courage and fortitude are among the proudest memories of the War between the States.

"But we have fallen on evil times indeed,

When public faith is but the common shame,

And private morals held an idiot's creed,

And old world honesty an empty name."

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

(From address by Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy, on Memorial Day, May 10, in Wilmington, N. C.)

In both sections of our republic Memorial Day has been made the occasion for fighting over again the decisive land battles of the war. And properly so, for the bulk of men who wore the gray and who wore the blue served in the army. Has not the time come when the part played on the sea should be emphasized? The battles of Lee and Jackson and Bragg, not to recall those of all the heroes of the Confederate army, have been studied in our schools and some of their tactics, particularly Jackson's, adopted in European warfare. But who knows even the outline of the daring adventures afloat, and what historian has given them their proper place in the appraisement of the contending forces? To be sure, the contest between the Merrimac and the Monitor excited the astonishment of the world at the time, but how many school-children know that the appearance of the Merrimac did more to send terror to Washington than Jackson's celebrated Valley campaign, and that the construction of the Virginia (Merrimac) and the Monitor scrapped every fighting ship of every navy in the world? And how many of us recall what became of those two ships after their meteoric encounter?

It has been the custom of many students of the war to say if this or that had happened or had not happened, this or that struggle would have ended differently. I shall essay no such rôle, but some touch with the naval forces and some little review of the wars which have been waged convinces me that in the final analysis Mahan was right when he essayed to prove that the nation which controls the sea is the nation which alone wins the victories that abide. Sea power governs. While the World War was won on the Eastern front and the chief service the navies rendered was to keep free and safe lanes for the transportation of troops and supplies for their own forces and prevent supplies reaching the enemy, if Germany could have had safe egress and ingress to the markets of the world for the supplies its armies needed, who can say that the war would have ended so soon? And if the American navy had not successfully safeguarded two million troops in their passage to France, might there not have been another story?

If I were to permit myself to enter into the inviting post mortem of IFS I would say: "If there had been lacking the successful running of the blockade into Wilmington, and IF Fort Fisher had not heroically held out so long, the Confederacy would have collapsed long before Appomattox."

Here in Wilmington, where the successful running of the blockade made possible the clothing and supplies of the Confederate army, the efficacy of sea power has never been doubted. However, comparatively little appreciation of the naval forces of North or South has found its way in the mind of the people. Of the comrades of the sea it has been truly sung

"Their feats, their fortunes, and their fames

Are hidden from their nearest kin;

No eager public backs or blames

No journal prints the yarns they spin;

Unheard they work, unseen they win."

The story of the men of the Confederacy who dared the perils of service afloat is one of gallantry and audacity with scarcely a parallel. The oft-repeated fiction that before secession navy yards in the South had been supplied for the looked-for struggle has lessened a true appraisement of what the Confederate navy was able to do. The truth is that when the Confederate government was organized at Montgomery

it had no navy or even the shell of one. The navy yards taken over did not afford the Confederacy a single ship worthy to meet an antagonist.

In May, 1861, Semmes writes that he "assumed command of the whole navy of the Confederate States of America—one merchant screw steamer of 501 tons burthen." However, after being fitted as a man-of-war—she had been a packet ship between New Orleans and Havana—the Sumter soon gained world-wide celebrity on the seas, and within a few months had captured scores of United States ships and sent terror to other shipping in Southern waters.

In proof that the South had not provided against the day, Raphael Semmes records that immediately upon his reporting to President Davis on February 20, 1861, Mr. Davis, as recorded by Captain Semmes, "explained to me his plan of sending me back to the city of Washington and thence into Northern States, to gather together, with as much haste as possible, such persons and materials of war as might be of most pressing necessity." Semmes tells us that "so exclusively had the manufacture of all those articles been confined to the Northern States, we had not even percussion caps enough to enable us to fight a battle, or the mechanics with which to make them, although we had captured all the forts and arsenals within our limits except Fort Sumter and Fort McRae." As further evidence of the paucity of naval equipment, Semmes was commissioned to buy two or more steamers, but though he was able to buy percussion caps and batteries of light artillery, powder and other munitions in New York, he was unable to secure a single ship of any character. Virginia had not yet succeeded. The possession of the Norfolk Navy Yard later did bring considerable help to the Confederacy, but that was not because it had been stocked for the purpose, for it had only the equipment needed for a yard of its class.

This is not the occasion—I I were fitted for the task—to tell the story of the men who made up the Confederate navy, which kept at bay what came to be before 1865 the most powerful navy in the world—the only time in history when the United States navy was bigger than that of Great Britain. The daring conception of the submarine and its efforts in Charleston harbor, the construction of armor-plated ships which revolutionized naval craft the world over, the skill and ingenuity in bringing the terrible instrument of the torpedo to perfection, and the successful "defi" of the cordon of ships blockading Southern ports—each alone gives the basis for an address.

To-day, if I could hope to portray his service so it would be felt by all, my heart's desire would be to send the young people to a study and adoption of the spirit of a valorous son of the sea—John Newland Maffitt. Let us take him to-day as the type, as the model, as the pattern of the immortal hero of the Confederate navy. Let us discover what manner of man he was and whether there may not be borrowed from his life incidents and deeds which may, by adapting them to this day, enable us to follow duty that leads to distinction, as did this golden-hearted gentleman, a fine product of the Cape Fear country.

The successful running of the blockade made long resistance by the Confederacy possible. "Maffitt became," says Semmes, "more famous as a blockade-runner than any other man in the war." According to Semmes, Captain Maffitt was "a perfect master of his profession, not only in its practical, but in its most scientific branches, and could handle his ship like a toy. Brave, cool, and full of resources, he was equal to any and every emergency that presents itself to a sailor's life."

Where did he get these rare qualities, for the skill in the

hazardous navigation which won Semmes commendation does not come by accident? Heredity, as well as environment and opportunity, plays its part. The father of Captain Maffitt was an Irishman, belonging to that optimistic race which has given so much to American confidence and courage and cheerfulness. Moreover, the father was a Methodist preacher of the pioneer days when courage and resourcefulness and ability to live with little salary were requirements. This earth has produced no men of more robust faith and high resolve than the old-time circuit rider. He went with the first settlers who felled forests, gave comfort to the begrimed miner, and, indifferent to his own ease, was the forerunner of Christian civilization. Militant and happy, gifted with rare eloquence, stern in self-denial, he carried the gospel of grace and glory wherever he went. If he happened to be an Irishman, as was Maffitt's circuit-riding father, his sense of humor and fervid eloquence lifted the stern decrees into the realm of joy and happiness. He not only became a minister who attracted large congregations, said "in the pulpit, to resemble Curran at the bar," but became chaplain of Congress. The son inherited the stern qualities of his father and this story of the preacher-father indicates that his disregard of danger came from the same forbear: Desperate characters in Memphis, where Rev. J. N. Maffitt was preaching, seeing that their associates quit gambling with them after hearing the evangelist, resolved to kill the preacher. They went to the church where he was preaching, and one of them aimed a pistol directly at him and fired. What happened? "The bullet," so we are told, "passed so near Mr. Maffitt's head as to sever a lock of his hair, yet he took no notice, but finished his sermon and coolly gave out the hymn. The man, who had looked to see him drop was so overcome with surprise, admiration, and superstitious fear, that, before he left the building, he and his comrades had renounced their evil life and afterwards assisted Mr. Maffitt in his labors."

It was the son of such a father, who, recovering from yellow fever and with a small crew, determined to take the Florida into Mobile, and did so under the galling fire of three enemy cruisers which vainly sought to thwart his purpose. In the race one 11-inch shell entered the Florida's side and passed entirely through her. Another shell entered the cabin. The fore-topmost mast and fore-gaff were shot away. But, Captain Maffitt, when his death seemed imminent, was as cool while his ship made the passage as his father had been when the bullet severed a lock of his hair while he was preaching. There is something in devotion to a cause which gives superhuman ability to rise superior to fear.

Referring to Maffitt's exploit, Semmes said: "This was the most daring and gallant running of the blockade that occurred during a war so fruitful of daring and gallant acts."

The naval literature of the world glows, and properly, with praise for Farragut's bold dash through the torpedoes into Mobile Bay. . . . The record is that Maffitt, too weak to move without assistance, was assisted on deck, sent every sailor below except only the man at the wheel, and with face set and lips closed he sailed through the jaws of death undaunted and unafraid. Read the story of boldness without eclipse. It will tingle the blood in your veins and make you proud that North Carolina produced such a hero! Farragut and Maffitt, Southerners both, gave a new glory to courage and gave distinction and honor to Mobile Bay. Their audacious daring was the incentive to Dewey at Manila, Hobson at Santiago, and to men of like mettle in the World War.

The Confederate cause could be upheld as long as cotton could be exchanged for munitions and military needs. As long as blockade runners into Wilmington could evade the

cruisers outside, just so long could Lee maintain his army. Grant's "fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer" was masterly strategy for a general with unlimited supplies and forces. But the tightening line around Lee was not so much the superior land forces as the increasing sea forces, which hermetically sealed up the ports of the South. Most of them were sealed early in the war. Wilmington, thanks to the navigable skill and disregard of danger of Maffitt and his associates, protected by Fort Fisher, defied every attempt at bottling. Let Maffitt in his own words tell of the requisites for successful running of the blockade:

"None but the experienced can appreciate the difficulties that perplexed the navigator in running for Southern harbors during the war. . . . The usual facilities rendered by light-houses and beacons had ceased to exist, having been dispensed with by the Confederate government as dangerous abettors of contemplated mischief by the blockaders.

"Success in making the destined harbors depended upon exact navigation, a knowledge of the coast, a flawless approach, and banishment of the subtle society of John Barleycorn. Nonexperts too often came to grief, as the many hulks on the Carolina coast most sadly attest."

What gave Maffitt what his enemies regarded as uncanny power to evade every trap laid for him? I profoundly believe that every man born into this world has his work laid out for him and wins success if he finds it and embraces it. The treacherous shoals of the North Carolina coast have ever been the dread of men who go down to the sea in ships. Knowledge of the shifting shoals and inlets was requisite for the difficult job of running the blockade.

What made Maffitt the master of this one essential knowledge upon which the life of the Confederacy depended? History is full of what most historians call coincidences, but which Christian men attribute to providence. Many years before the war, Commander Maffitt was ordered to the Coast Survey and assigned to duty first on the North Atlantic coast and later on the South Atlantic Coast. He became an expert in hydrography and was continued in the important work of surveying and resurveying the coast from Beaufort to Charleston nearly all the time for the ten years preceding the war. In 1851 he made his headquarters at Smithville, now Southport, and was near enough his boyhood home at Fayetteville to renew that intimate association with the people of his State denied to most men in the navy. In the years that followed he learned every part of the North and South Carolina coast; so well, indeed, that blindfolded he could sail in and out of inlets where the most expert navigator, lacking this knowledge, would go ashore.

After fourteen years of this duty, out of a clear sky in 1857 came the blow that is worse than execution to a naval officer. Without warning he was notified that the "Retiring Board" had furloughed him because, with fifteen others, he had been found "incapable of performing promptly and efficiently all duty ashore and afloat." Instead of accepting the sentence that doomed with what he regarded as dishonor, Commander Maffitt hastened to Washington, demanded a court, summoned witnesses, conducted his own case, and in a hearing still regarded in the navy with admiration was so completely vindicated that the President and Secretary of the Navy admitted that injustice had been done. Do we see the hand of Providence in this vindication? He was promptly restored, placed in command of the Dolphin, later assigned to the Crusader, which was ordered to intercept and capture slaves and pirates. It is interesting to know that he was the first naval officer to capture a ship filled with slaves. It contained four hundred and fifty who had been bought from the king of Dahomey

and were being brought as slaves into New Orleans. But that is an incident which is referred to now only to show that Southerners were most alert to stop the slave trade, which was most repugnant to them. "The courtesy and commiseration manifested by Captain Maffitt toward the captured Africans were the theme of particular commendation at Key West and Havana," was the newspaper comment of the day.

The calamity which threatened Captain Maffitt (being furloughed because fourteen years continuous service in the hydrographic work had unfitted him for command of fighting ships with their new ordnance) raises a question I pass on to wiser heads. If he had been assigned in those years to other duty he could not have been the unerring pathfinder of safe inlets on the North Carolina coast. Without that knowledge, he could not have successfully himself brought in more ships than any other captain, or given advice and direction to others who also eluded the pursuer and landed their cargoes safely in Wilmington. Was it an accident, incident to the service, that for fourteen years he had surveyed and resurveyed these waters? Or did some power higher than human agency intervene to prepare him for the work upon the success of which so much depended to his State and his Southern home? One thing is plain to all, these fourteen years of hydrographic work gave the South in its day of sore need the one man, and the only man, who possessed the knowledge without which the blockade running would have been much less successful.

There is not wanting similarity between John Paul Jones and John Newland Maffitt. They were indeed shipmates in the audacity with which they sailed the seas, sunk ships of the enemy, fought at close quarters, and, in home and European waters, sent terror to timid souls. They were both advertised as pirates, held up as terrible men of the sea, and both live to-day as embodying the sort of spirit which President Wilson emphasized in his address to the men of the American navy in 1917, when he said: "Please leave out of your vocabulary altogether the word 'prudent.' Do not stop to think about what is prudent for a moment. Do the thing that is audacious to the utmost point of risk and daring." I would not be holding up Maffitt to-day as your naval hero if fifty years before he had not put into practice the audacity, daring, and intrepidity which President Wilson called upon the men of the American navy to adopt when they entered the World War. They demonstrated that they were of the same mettle that gave us Jones and Maffitt and Dewey.

War at its best is cruel and destructive. Is there such a thing as a civilized war upon the part of the nation seeking dominion over others? The last war would seem to give a negative answer. The defense of the murder on the high seas of women and children was that the peculiar conditions of the war made it impossible to save noncombatants. It was no answer to the world indictment.

In the sixties the South was from the first threatened with suffocation. To be bottled up at its ports was to die from want of life sustenance. The order for a blockade of all Southern ports was a more serious menace than invasion by hundreds of thousands of armed soldiers. The paramount problem was how to keep the roads of the sea open, how to defeat the blockade, how to swap cotton for munitions and supplies. This was primarily a task for sea-faring men. With little facilities and less material and even less mechanical assistance, what was accomplished is almost miraculous. Maffitt and other daring spirits defied the power of hundreds of ships assigned to blockade duty for nearly four years. They were forced to sink the ships they captured, and Maffitt alone sank scores. But in no instance did he omit caring for the women and chil-

dren on the captured ships, and providing for their safety often giving up his own cabin to them.

"The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring."

And yet report said when he carried the Florida into Brest: "1. 'The Florida's hull was filled with gold captured from the enemy.'"

2. "Commander Maffitt was a sea wolf whose thirst for blood could not be quenched."

3. "His officers were the most desperate pirates that ever roamed over the ocean."

4. "His crew were the refuse of the earth, a set of desperadoes and cutthroats."

5. "Before entering the roads, the Florida had been seen with several corpses hanging from her masts."

Worse things were believed of John Paul Jones. To-day England and Scotland are proud to claim him, though when he was alive he was the Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones to the children. He died full of honors, but before his native island joined with France and Russia in doing him honor. Captain Maffitt was more fortunate. The tales of his piracy did not survive the period of Reconstruction. He and his officers and crew were vindicated from every libel uttered against them by the men they had captured. The master of the Estelle, captured and sunk by Maffitt, wrote:

"Captain Maffitt and officers were every inch the considerate gentlemen and attentive officers. I was on the Florida two days. I take justice in doing credit to my captors, however much I may feel from another point of view. Generosity and courtesy on the part of enemies should not pass unheeded by, as the rigors of a sad and unnatural war may be somewhat mitigated by politeness and manly forbearance."

If I were to quote from all who were taken captives who gave testimony to the uniform humanity of Captain Maffitt it would consume too much time. Every person, except one female termagant, to whom he gave his stateroom, fell under the charm of kindness and consideration of the gallant Cape Fear captain.

His courtesy became known in the North, too, and when a gentleman, who, with his wife, making ready for a port in Southern seas, was expressing to a friend his fervent hope that no "Confederate pirate" would catch sight of him, the friend said: "I know Maffitt and, if you like, I can give you a note of introduction to him. If you should fall foul of the Florida, it may serve some purpose." He wrote out the note, and handed it to his friend as he was sailing. On the tenth day out his ship was overtaken and captured by Maffitt. When he was taken aboard the Florida he promptly presented his letter of introduction. Captain Maffitt laughed, gave his own cabin to the gentlemen and his wife until a few days later they were safely landed. That courtesy was characteristic, but the incident is extraordinary. It is probably more remarkable that in nearly every instance some member of the crew, seeing his spirit toward his men, made application to serve with him, and some of his captives were enrolled.

When the war was over, Captain Maffitt renewed his friendships and relations with his naval associates who had remained in the Federal service. Indeed, the chasm was found to have been no chasm at all between brave souls. Upon his return from England, shortly after landing in New York, he made his way to the Brooklyn navy yard and, walking toward the office of an old shipmate, suddenly felt himself blindfolded by hands from behind, and a voice cried out, "I have at last captured the old pirate," and the reunion between those comrades of the

mist unhappily separated by sectional estrangement, may be better imagined than described.

I have said that the South's greatest heritage in the days following the war was the lofty character of its leaders. Impoverished and depressed, there remained the rock foundation of character to build upon. Youths in the South, sorely tempted, had held before them the truth that no people are poor whose character can stand the test of defeat and distress. Lee and Hill, teaching Southern boys more by their lives than by their precepts, were the light by which Southern youths were enabled to walk to the high places and reconstruct a civilization into which was carried the best of all that glorified the old South.

Perhaps one sentence written by Gen. William C. Preston of Captain Maffitt best illustrates the ingrained honor of Maffitt and his shipmates and comrades. The war over, with no means, Captain Maffitt made application to the marine board in Liverpool for a master's certificate, so that he might obtain employment in the only profession that would bring him support. In a letter of recommendation, after telling of his reputation for skill among the seamen of all nations, he added: "Captain Maffitt's present honorable poverty attests his probity." He had captured scores of ships, some of them loaded with thousands of dollars of silver bars, and had taken much money and other valuables. "These hands are clean," said Vance, in a memorable speech. In most wars, morale and morals come to the breaking point. Soldiers and sailors, who forsee defeat, are sometimes stamped into moral irresponsibility and grab all in sight. Captain Maffitt saw the end when blockade running became more and more difficult. In the North many fortunes were made and in the South some were made which could not have stood the light. The debacle following the World War shows the peril to private and public morals that comes in the wake of war. If asked, "What is the chief glory of the Confederate sailor or soldier or statesman?" I would answer in the words used of Maffitt in 1865: "His present honorable poverty attests his probity."

The plain message of the hour to those of us of a later generation is: Emulate the courage and daring of the Maffitts and seek to be worthy to receive their mantle by the exercise of those high virtues which shone superior to defeat, disaster, and distress. The probity that prefers poverty to doubtful practices is the sure and only foundation upon which personal and national permanent prosperity can be built.

A GREAT OLD-TIME SCHOOLMASTER.

BY J. H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

In the days of the Southern Confederacy my services as a soldier led me across Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. In each of these States I met Confederate ladies who, finding that I was from Nashville, Tenn., asked me much about the Rev. C. D. Elliott, principal of the old Nashville Female Academy, the school at which they had been educated.

Who that was familiar with Nashville in those days, when she was recovering from the desolations of war, can forget an oldish gentleman of courtly manners, yet positive and aggressive in social intercourse, his whole appearance expressing the personality of the man?

I can see him now, a man rather slender, neatly dressed in clerical black, his stiff iron-gray hair, through which his hands were often thrust, his near-sighted eyes hidden with large glasses as he walked daily through the thoroughfares of the city, ready to greet politely every one he met. He seemed continually absorbed in deep thought, talking to himself as

he walked, often gesticulating with outstretched arms, the fingers of his hands, bent with rheumatism, expressive of his thoughts and emotions. As he walked and communed with himself, he seemed often to come to some satisfactory conclusion; then he would stop for a moment and look about him as if to say: "Now, that point is settled." Then again the meditations were renewed with his walk or ended by a conversation with a chance friend.

This man, apparently eccentric, had been one of the strongest influences for good in the intellectual and social life of the South. It was the Rev. Collins D. Elliott, D.D., principal of the largest and most successful school in the South and possibly the oldest chartered female school in the United States.

When the war began in 1861, the pupils of this academy numbered six hundred and were gathered from all over the South. It was my privilege to become very intimately acquainted with Dr. Elliott through all the last years of his life, in which his activities as a teacher ceased because of changed conditions and ideals of teaching, and I heard from his own lips his theories and methods of education. On these subjects his convictions were positive and clear and his assertion of them consistent and bold. With much of modern methods of teaching he had no sympathy. He had a wonderful faculty for selecting the very best teachers in every department of instruction, and he was intensely devoted to the ideals of the South. A strict disciplinarian, he believed thoroughly that the object of education was to form and develop character as well as to equip each individual with sufficient and accurate knowledge to meet the responsibilities of life.

He was very careful for the bodily comfort and training of the girls committed to his care; therefore, he would not tolerate many-storied buildings. His college grounds were extensive, with numbers of two-storied buildings in which the pupils were housed; the stairways in these buildings must always be of gentle slope. Besides the college grounds, Dr. Elliott provided beautiful buildings outside the limits of the city, where pupils attending from the far South could spend their summer vacations and enjoy the charms of old-time social life amid healthful surroundings.

In later years Dr. Elliott occupied the position of chaplain of the State penitentiary at Nashville, Tenn., at the small salary of \$400 or \$500. The position was comparatively a sinecure, consisting mainly of one sermon on Sunday and the direction of the prison Sunday school. Age and infirmity prevented his doing much pastoral work among the prisoners, and an effort was made to have him removed and to give the position to some young theological student, to whom the salary would be a help.

There were three Confederate veterans, ministers of the gospel, devoted personal friends of Dr. Elliott—Elder R. Lin Cave, of the Christian Church, Dr. D. C. Kelley, of the Methodist Church, and myself, a Presbyterian pastor—who determined to defeat this scheme. We, therefore, consulted with the warden of the penitentiary, Capt. Ferg Harris, another old Confederate, and agreed that when Dr. Elliott was unable to attend to his duties at the prison one of us would take his place and carry on his work.

This appointment was in the hands of the Governor of the State, and it was reported that he had promised to make the change; so I was delegated to interview the Governor in regard to this matter. Gen. William B. Bate was Governor at the time. It was a rainy Saturday that I went to call on Governor Bate, and I found him in his office at the Capitol, alone. He sat at his desk before a blazing fire, one of the most genial and approachable of men. I had known him when we

were both serving in the Confederate Army in North Georgia; so there was no lack of subjects for us to discuss.

I told him the object of my visit and enlarged on Dr. Elliott's loyalty to our cause and his helpfulness to our soldiers. I rather think it was a touching sight, and illustrative of the old-time Southern life, to see the Governor of the State, who had himself been a distinguished general in the service, talking on terms of perfect social equality with an old-time Confederate private, who was only a pastor of a small Presbyterian Church.

The interview lasted for two or three hours, and I found that General Bate had the finest and highest ideas as to the duties of the chaplain's service at the penitentiary and the remuneration of the office—ideals which were rendered nugatory by the pitifully inadequate salary voted by the legislature. As I rose to go, the General took my hand and, putting his arm over my shoulder, said: "Doctor, when I determine to make the change, I will let you and your friends know."

It was also my privilege for several years to pay special attention to Dr. Elliott, which was very gratifying to him. He had been largely neglected by his own Church, the Methodist, and one of his daughters was a member of my Church, Moore Memorial Presbyterian. He was a fine reader of the Scriptures and able in prayer; so I asked him to be with me every Sunday and to take part in the morning service, and, when I should be absent, I desired him to render the proper courtesy to whatever minister should fill my place.

One morning, when he was a little late, I sent for him, and, as he came into the pulpit nearly out of breath, he said to me: "McNeilly, this is the most beautiful thing you ever did in your life." What a privilege to minister to one of Christ's faithful servants in time of need!

It has been my precious privilege through all the years of my ministry to minister to multitudes of my old comrades, first on the field of battle, on the march, and in camp; since then, again and again to them in time of affliction and trial; and let me say that their love is my most precious inheritance and abounding comfort.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, DELAPLANE, VA.

As we old Confederates look back upon the stirring events of the War between the States, which swept over our dear Southland, ending many precious lives, breaking many hearts, and desolating many happy homes, we become reminiscent and like to fight our battles over again until their memory comes back to us so vividly that we recall

"When the bare-headed colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud;
When the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden
At the touch of leaden
Rifle breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!"

After the death of General Stuart, I continued my work as scout in the enemy's lines in the Wilderness campaign, May,

1864, acting under General Lee's immediate orders, going day and night into Grant's lines, getting information of his position and movements, and reporting the same as soon as possible. I had done this until I had broken down (or nearly so) two horses and was myself nearly worn out with fatigue and loss of sleep. To get some rest and food for myself and horse, I had ridden over to Major Fitzhugh's, Chief Quartermaster of the Cavalry Corps, and after feeding my horse and getting something to eat myself, I took my blanket and went into the woods near the parked wagons to get some sleep. I hadn't more than laid down when some one rode up looking for me, and a driver of one of the wagons told him where I was. He handed me an order from Gen. Robert E. Lee to go again into the enemy's lines and report such information as I could obtain of their position, etc., just as soon as possible. The name of the messenger was Fred Moore, whose home was near Aldie, Loudon County, Va.

This was on May 11. Entering the enemy's lines not far from Salem Church on the Old Plank Road, five miles from Fredericksburg, where Grant had his headquarters at the time during the series of battles which followed in rapid succession, we went among them and soon ascertained the direction they were moving and the different commands of the Army of the Potomac engaged therein. I then told Moore that we would get back to General Lee as soon as possible, with such information as we had been able to obtain, but he begged me to stay long enough for him to get a fresh horse, as his was about broken down, and, as mine was in the same fix, I agreed.

Fredericksburg was Grant's base of supplies, and the Plank Road was in constant use—loaded wagons with ammunition and other supplies moving along it, also ambulances filled with sick and wounded infantry, reinforcements from Washington for the army, etc. Now and then, for a few moments only though, there would be just two or three passing. So we took position on the side of the road and waited for a squad small enough for us to handle. In a few minutes an officer, handsomely uniformed, mounted on a splendid horse, accompanied by his orderly, rapidly galloped up to us on their way to Fredericksburg, I suppose. We both had our pistols out, hidden behind our legs. I said to Moore: "I will take the officer and you take the orderly." When he got within a few feet of me, I raised my revolver and ordered him to surrender. In an instant he jerked out his revolver and leveled it at my breast. I saw that unless I fired instantly he would kill me; so I shot him dead. As he fell from his horse Moore fired at the orderly and, missing him, shot the major's horse in the head—that was the officer's rank, as I saw by the insignia of rank upon his collar.

Just at that moment about fifty of the 13th New Jersey Cavalry came around a bend of the Plank Road, about one hundred yards from us. This regiment was Grant's provost guard, and was called the "Butterfly Cavalry." They wore long capes, lined with yellow flannel, which, when thrown back, reminded one of a flock of gigantic butterflies. Our pistols were still smoking, and as they rode rapidly up we spurred our horses into the thick pine forest and had gotten some hundred yards from the road (they did not follow us into the woods), when we rode into about twenty infantry. Fortunately for us, their guns were stacked (and perhaps not loaded). I was riding in front of Moore, and we made so much noise that they evidently thought it was the advance of a considerable force of cavalry. Presenting our pistols, I ordered them to double quick and, when we had driven them a short distance away from their muskets, turned them loose. We had not gone far when we came face to face with a mounted

artilleryman, his blue uniform with red trimmings indicating that service. I had not returned my revolver to the holster and involuntarily raised it. That was a mistake. We did not wish to be bothered with a prisoner right in the heart of the enemy's lines, and I hadn't the heart to kill him after his surrender; so we concluded to take him with us. I told him that if he betrayed us by word or gesture I would shoot him on the spot, as we had determined not to be captured. But I also promised that if he would go with us quietly I would release him when I got through the lines. We were galloping along a narrow road running parallel with the Plank Road, when we came face to face with an officer and about twenty men, with their pistols drawn. "Who are you?" said the officer. For once I lost my presence of mind and was so badly scared I couldn't speak. Fortunately, Moore was cool and self-possessed and calmly answered that we had been to Fredericksburg with a squad guarding the ambulances with the wounded and, in returning, had ridden out in the country to get some milk. I kept my eye on our prisoner, but he was quiet. I don't think the officer suspected us in the least, for he said: "You men had better get back to the Plank Road as soon as possible. A major has just been shot there, and I am looking for the party who killed him." He then left us, and a few minutes later we met another detachment of the same regiment, but they stopped only to ask if we had seen or heard of the men who had killed the officer. Of course we were ignorant of the event and expressed our sympathy.

We then rode back to the road and crossed it, riding through a large body of infantry moving in front. Early next morning I reported to General Lee, and, according to my promise, I released our prisoner. I would have kept his horse, but he was worthless.

This adventure unnerved me, and I felt for a while as if I had just come out of a spell of typhoid fever. Moore went to Texas after the war and, I learned, died of yellow fever. He has a nephew living near Aldie, Loudon County, Va., who told me he had heard his uncle speak of this adventure. His name is also Fred Moore.

What I have related is hard to believe, and for that reason this is the first time I have ever written it for publication. The following letter from General Lee shows that he had confidence in me and believed my statements, as does that from General Stuart:

"LEXINGTON, November 6, 1865.

"Mr. Channing M. Smith served in the cavalry of the Confederate army and was one of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's most trusted scouts. He was frequently sent in charge of detached parties to watch the enemy and gain information of his movements, etc., and always acquitted himself well. He sometimes acted under my special directions; and I found him active, bold, faithful, and intelligent in the discharge of his duties and very reliable.

R. E. LEE."

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 20, 1864.

"Lt. Col. W. H. Taylor, Ass't Adj't General.

"Colonel: I have the honor to report the following affair (petite guerre), which occurred in the operations within the enemy's lines near Catlett's Station on the 16th inst:

"Privates Channing M. Smith, Richard Lewis, and Lowe, of Company H, 4th Virginia Cavalry, acting as scouts in Fauquier county, met and attacked a party of five of the enemy, killing four, one escaping. This affair reflects great

credit on the valor and skill of the gallant scouts who executed it, and too much praise cannot be awarded them.

"Their operations serve to inspire confidence in our men and keep our enemies in a state of constant and wholesome terror. The attention of the Commanding General is called to these young men, who are continually giving evidence of their gallantry and daring by similar exploits. I have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"J. E. B. STUART, Major General."

"INDORSEMENT HEADQUARTERS,

"April 20, 1864.

"Respectfully forwarded for the information of the Department.

"I have on several previous occasions called the attention of the Secretary of War to the gallantry of Channing M. Smith and other young scouts of this army.

"R. E. LEE, General."

THE RECORD THAT HE MADE.

BY D. B. EASLEY, COMPANY H, 14TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Many of the old boys are giving their experiences in the days from 1861 to 1865, but none of them give their stealing record. As I think that should be kept straight, I will give mine.

I went into the charge of Pickett's Division on July 3, 1863, stripped to my shirt sleeves, and in due time landed at Fort Delaware with my entire worldly possessions, consisting of shoes, socks, pants, drawers, shirt, and part of a hat.

As long as it was warm, I borrowed a roundabout occasionally, and washed my shirt in the moat; also my drawers and socks, without any borrowing, but I could not see that I improved them much. Along toward October it was getting cool, and roundabouts were hard to borrow.

I fought shy of details, but they got me once to unload a boat, and I stole enough sugar and coffee to make it pretty dear work to the Yankees.

Once, about night, I was in a detail to pump water from the moat around the fort, and they put two to pump, and the others to rest near a water tank. Just then a belated detail of Rebs marched by going into the barracks. I stole the tin cup from the tank, and fell in behind them. If the rebel sergeant, or the Yankee who counted us in, found he had a man too many, he held his peace. Shortly after that I got too near the gate, and a Yankee called "Hike Out," whose last name was Adams or his first Adam, slapped me on the shoulder, and said: "I want you to go and help unload a boat, and you can steal all the sugar and coffee you want." I told him I could steal all I wanted inside. He said, "You are the man I want; maybe you won't steal so much," and told Sergeant Wolf to watch me, that I was fixing "to give him the slip." He soon came back with twenty-nine others, and took us out to the hospital.

It was a long hall, one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in length, about four feet off the ground, to put it above the tide, with a wing on each side every thirty or forty feet, which constituted a ward, with a door and steps on each side of each wing. "Hike Out" wanted us to move the things in the storehouse to the other end of the hall opposite the dead house, to do away with two half wards.

I dived in first and got an assortment of clothes that they must have captured on a blackader, and struck out down the hall, but cast my eye back at "Hike Out" till he dived into

the storeroom; then I went down the steps beside a wing and under the house, slipped a shirt over mine, a pair of pants over my old ones, a hat and pair of shoes instead of my old ones, also a roundabout, then walked out to where one of my regiment had a detail cleaning up around the hospital, told him what I had done, and asked him to pass me into camp that night. I thought of this plan for awhile, and then felt certain that some one would find the clothes I had left under the house; the Yanks would find me, and I would find the dungeon under the fort, said to be below the river.

The galvanized barracks ran up to the hospital grounds; perhaps I should say that a "galvanized Yankee" was a rebel who had taken the oath of allegiance. They had a door guarded by a sentinel, and another sentinel at the cook house where we ate, and I must do the Yankees the justice to say they made them wait till we were done. I walked up to the sentinel as if I owned the place, pushed up his gun with my arm, and walked down their barracks to the cook room, pushed open the door, and walked in. Meals were over, and the Yankee who had charge was out, but all the rebel cooks came running, calling out: "What do you want in here." I glanced them over, and, selecting a man named Potter from Arkansas, told him to come down between the tables, and I would tell him. Then I told him what I had done, and that I wanted to get back into our barracks. He stepped to the door and opened it, and I stepped out. I had been gone about half an hour, carried a turn of clothes about twenty steps, and stolen a suit.

Shortly after that, they sent us to Point Lookout. Somebody stole my hat on the boat while I slept. They put us in Sibley tents, sixteen to a tent. We slept eight on a side, and sewed our blankets together; four to go under, and four over us. I forgot to say that the Yankees stole the patent right on the tents from General Sibley, as he was in our army.

I enjoyed my clothes probably half the winter; then some one cut the tent and stole my clothes from under my head as I slept. This left me with shirt, drawers, shoes, and socks, and I had gotten some sort of a hat, but no coat or pants. They sent me my breakfast, consisting of five crackers and a piece of pickled pork, about the size and length of my three fingers, but not so thick, I am small and my fingers small in proportion; but at dinner they said if I was not sick, they could not send it, if I was "naked, poor, despised, forsaken." This did not grieve me much, as it consisted of a cup of so-called soup, made by throwing a double handful of beans or rice, into a hundred-and-twenty-gallon kettle after the pork had been boiled to the last notch, cooled, and all the grease skimmed off and sold.

I missed my breakfast next day, but some unknown friend at the hospital sent me a pair of pants and a Yankee coat with the tails cut off, making it a roundabout. I swore—this is to be taken literally—"that I would starve and freeze before I would wear that coat." So I gave fifty crackers to boot for a Confederate roundabout, and lived on three crackers a day, the little piece of meat, and the hot water soup till I paid it.

The moral of this story is: There is nothing in stealing, even from the Yankees, but the pleasure you get in doing the stealing.

HER MARITAL CREED.—Old Aunt Dinah had taken her fourth husband at the age of seventy, and when her horrified mistress said, "Why, Aunt Dinah, you surely haven't married again!" she gave the smiling answer: "Yessum, honey, I has. Jes' as of'en as the Lord takes 'em, so will I."

WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY DECCA LAMAR WEST, WACO, TEX.

(Essay which won the Anna Robinson Andrews Medal in the General U. D. C. Contest.)

"As violets, our women, pure and tender;
And when they spoke their voice did thrill
Until at eve the whip-poor-will,
At morn the mocking bird, were mute and still,
In the land where we were dreaming."—*Lucas.*

Tradition, history, poetry, and fiction accord to the Southern woman beauty, grace, charm, delicacy of feeling. The way she rose to meet the emergency of war, and the still more strenuous period of reconstruction, proved her also strong, capable, intelligent, and self-reliant. Why this development of character was a surprise to the world, and even to herself, is difficult to explain. Why she was pictured as lazy, lackadaisical, and entirely dependent on her "black mammy" or maid is still a mystery.

She was this type only in rare cases; she was born with the spirit of her pioneer colonial and revolutionary ancestors. She was an executive, responsible for the clothing, feeding, housing, training, both physical and spiritual, of hundreds of human beings. She was an expert psychologist, a factory superintendent, a domestic science teacher, only she did not know it and would have been vastly alarmed if she had been called any of these things. The Southern lady was the original exponent of "Americanization," though the word did not come into use until long after the "peace that passeth understanding" was hers. Now her daughters and granddaughters might well emulate her example, for, though different, the problem is still with us.

With all due regard for our boasted work in the World War, "it is to laugh" when we compare much of it with that of the women of the Confederacy. The vast majority of the "moderns" rode to Red Cross headquarters in comfortable motor cars, well-fed, well-dressed, sat under the breeze of an electric fan, knitted, rolled bandages, or cut and sewed garments. How did her labor compare with that of her Confederate mother? Her mother, if she lived in the Old South, had torn up her best linen to make bandages for the wounded; had gone without proper food that she might have better supplies to take to the hospitals. Often she had seen father, husband, brothers all go, never to return. She forgot the taste of coffee; she boiled the dirt from the smokehouse floor to get salt for seasoning; sugar was an unknown quantity, not merely an allowance of two pounds a month.

She was up early and late; the negroes must be kept busy; somehow they must be fed and clothed; they must be taught the principles of the Christian religion, and that they had been taught them for a hundred years was amply proven by the faithful devotion they showed the mistress and children when their masters were away at the seat of war. We prate of "Americanization"; the women of the Confederacy and their mothers Americanized an almost savage race in two generations.

Did the woman of the Confederacy live in the far Southwest, while she did not have the terrible devastation to endure, yet her anxiety was frequently greater, for her entire family would be in the "old States," her husband away at the front, there would be months that she had no news of either. In our day of cablegrams, telegraph and telephone communications, what can we realize of her agony, her soul sacrifice? I have heard such women tell of living in isolated villages, where every man was in the army, except those too old and

feeble to serve. In some cases, young women, with only one or two negro women servants and their little children, were in the midst of wooded outskirts where there was more danger from Indian raids than from the dreaded "Yankees."

Southern women were also chemists, a term which they would undoubtedly have resented as smacking too much of "trade." Yet during the entire war they learned to utilize bark, berries, leaves, etc., for dyes, dyeing their clothing, rags for rugs, carpets, and quilts. They substituted compounds of various herbs for tea and coffee, and if only their commercial instincts had equaled their patriotism, postum, cereal, and many breakfast foods would have filled the coffers of the South instead of the North, for the ingenuity of the Confederate women was responsible for most of these discoveries. She added pharmacy to her other accomplishments, for she compounded from herbs many simple remedies for her children and servants. Our book, "Southern Women in War Times," is replete with interest, yet scarcely a story that we cannot match with one which our mothers told us. History has as yet given her no conspicuous place; drama and fiction have but lightly touched it.

Publishing houses being chiefly a monopoly of the North, stories depicting Southern scenes and character are rarely marketable; the halcyon periods of Cable, Page, Ellen Glasgow, and Mary Johnston seem to have passed. The prurient taste of the present day would not be satisfied with the simple tales of our Confederate mothers. Divorce courts and eternal "triangles" held no part in their lives, or, if they did, were guarded behind closed doors and never occupied page 1.

One of the most amusing stories of a Confederate woman is told in Roosevelt's biography. He was just old enough to know that his father and mother held radically different views on the war without perhaps realizing its significance. His mother had reprimanded him for some childish offense; so to get even with her, that night, when he said his prayers, he prayed long and earnestly for the success of the Union forces, watching his mother surreptitiously to see how would take it. Her sense of humor (and the sacredness of the hour of prayer) saved him from the punishment he richly deserved, but he relates that it was thoroughly understood he was not to repeat that particular petition.

Another story of Mrs. Roosevelt's waving a Confederate flag from the window of her New York residence reveals from whom the immortal "Teddy" inherited some of his courage. Emma Sansom's ride behind General Forrest to show him the ford, that he might overtake General Streight's forces, is one of the most thrilling bits of heroism, especially as related in the poem by John Trotwood Moore.

One of the most pathetic, as well as brave, incidents of the war was that of Miss Boteler, of Virginia, going into her burning home and singing, "Thy Will Be Done," then closing and locking her piano as the flames began to crackle about the walls of the room.

The useless destruction of homes occupied by defenseless women and children was so cowardly, so dastardly, that the fact that the women who endured it could so soon forgive, even if they could not forget, is another proof of the wonderful Christian fortitude of the Southern women. Truly, only by the grace of God could she have retained the dignity, the sweetness, the charm and graciousness that have made her famous the world over.

Of the women who have passed from our own ranks who were truly Confederate women we should know more; to those still left, yet who are growing too feeble to attend conventions, we should render homage, never forgetting that they did the pioneer work of our organization. We may sit at their

feet and learn many things, of kindness and courtesy which, in our busy lives, we are seeming to forget. A remark overheard last year bore a significance that must give us pause; it was that "Mrs. Blank should be chairman of a certain committee because she has money." Now, any practical person realizes that money is a necessity for carrying on an enterprise, but it should never be the first requisite.

Our early organizers sought to recognize and honor those who had rendered service to the Confederate cause; there are still some able to render service to this association. They are truly Confederate women, their children having been taught to respect and honor the cause for which their fathers and mothers suffered. Are we showing them the respect and loyalty to which they are entitled? Just as the principles for which they stood in the dark days of 1861-65 were sacred to them, so is this organization which perpetuates them. In it commercialism should have no place. Brains, birth, and breeding were the standards of the Old Southland of the Confederate woman; let us emulate her example.

Yes, on our knees to the Confederate woman!

AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3.

BY J. O. BRADFIELD, AUSTIN, TEX.

In the February number of the *VETERAN*, the article on "Gen. E. M. Law at Gettysburg" shows some discrepancies which, for the sake of history, should be corrected. General Law was one of our best and most highly esteemed officers, and it is unfortunate that this article appeared after his death so that he could not give the real facts in the case. The 4th Alabama Regiment is given credit for the defeat of Kilpatrick's cavalry. This is incorrect. I was in the fight, and every incident is still clear in my mind. Here are the facts as they actually occurred:

On the morning of July 3, 1863, General Hood had sent Jim Deering on a scout to the right of our lines. Deering discovered that the summit of Little Round Top was entirely unoccupied. He immediately hurried back and reported to General Hood, who was so impressed with the importance of the situation that he sprang on his horse and rode into that raging hell of death and destruction to order out troops to take possession of Little Round Top. He was wounded before he reached us, but sent word to General Law, who was left in command, to send the 1st Texas Regiment.

The wounding of Hood caused some confusion and delay, and it was perhaps an hour before the 1st Texas was detached and sent on its way. We reached the foot of Little Round Top and began the climb. There was a battery in our rear firing over us, and when we got to within about two hundred yards of the summit, the shells began to fall into our ranks. Col. F. S. Bass, commanding the regiment, put J. C. K. Mullan on his horse and sent him back to tell the battery to raise their guns. Just at this time rifles began to pop at us from the top of the mountain. Two regiments of Federals had beaten us to it by about two minutes. And so we lost Little Round Top and the battle of Gettysburg. In the files of the *VETERAN* of twelve of fifteen years ago may be found an article by the chief of ordnance of Mead's army corroborating this statement.

Having failed to reach the summit, Colonel Bass fell back to the foot of the mountain. He was then ordered to take position a mile further back to guard our wagon trains against Kilpatrick's cavalry. We took position in an open field along a very large rock fence. Two hundred yards to our right was

(Continued on page 236.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Not far ahead we all shall camp,
Beyond life's battle lines,
With comrades true who marched in front
And rest beneath the pines.

"The reveille, the call to arms,
For us no more shall sound,
Nor thundering arms disturb our sleep
Who bivouac under ground.

"Let silent stars stand sentinel,
No foe invades our grave;
The Captain of salvation comes
To furlough home the brave."

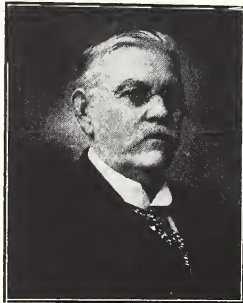
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ELLIS:

Benjamin F. Ellis, of Orrville, Dallas County, Ala., passed away on February 12, 1922. He was born April 21, 1838, so was near fourscore and four years of age. His father moved from Georgia to old Cahaba, Ala., on the Alabama River, but later located near Orrville, and reared a large family of children. When the War between the States came on, this family contributed four stalwart young men to the Confederate army, one of whom, James, never returned, being killed at Malvern Hill.

On May 16, 1861, B. F. Ellis was married to Miss Josephine Weaver, and in a few months went away to the war, enlisting in the 58th Alabama Infantry Regiment, for a long time known as the 9th Alabama Battalion.

When he returned home in May, 1865, it is said that, after plowing one day, he told his young wife he believed there was an easier way for him to make a living for her than by farming. So he went to New Orleans, purchased one thousand dollars worth of goods on credit, and began merchandizing, a business he thoroughly mastered, and which, with extensive farming operations, enabled him to amass a considerable fortune.

Always he manifested a patriotic spirit, keeping in close touch with public matters, but never for a moment considering the candidacy for any office. When he began to live a less strenuous life, the citizens of his county drafted him for the



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ELLIS.

State Senate, to which he was elected without opposition, and his service to the State as Senator was considered invaluable. His genial disposition, his benevolent, honest face, and his commanding presence won him a place in everybody's heart. He survived his devoted wife two years. His declining days were made happy by the loving administrations of his devoted children, two of whom—a son, Senator James B. Ellis, and daughter, Mrs. R. L. Sutton—survive him. Two brothers, J. M. and George W. Ellis, and a sister also, are left of the large family.

He was devoted to the interests of the Confederate veterans, and was made Commander of his Brigade, U. C. V. He was buried in his Confederate gray.

His Church life began at the age of twelve, when he was baptized into the fellowship of Providence Church. His fine business sense was worth much to his Church and denomination.

(Rev. W. B. Crumpton.)

CAPT. EDMUND RANDOLPH COCKE.

Capt. Edmund Randolph Cocke died at his ancestral home, Oakland, in Cumberland County, Va., on February 19, 1922, where he was born on March 25, 1841.

He was educated at Washington College and Princeton University, but left Princeton the year before his graduation to enter the Confederate service.

He enlisted with his brother as a private in Company E ("Black Eagle Company"), 18th Virginia Infantry, on April 23, 1861, under Capt. Carter H. Harrison. He was rapidly promoted to the captaincy of the company, and toward the close of the war he served as major until he was captured at Sailor's Creek on April 6, 1865, and subsequently was imprisoned at Johnson's Island until June. He was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, where his oldest brother, Lieut. William Fauntleroy Cocke, was killed; and of the twenty-four men remaining in his company at the time of this charge, nine were killed and fourteen wounded.

When in school at Lexington he was a member of the Sunday school class taught by Maj. T. J. Jackson, afterwards the immortal Stonewall. He was a close friend of the Lee family and was with Gen. R. E. Lee at the time of his death. In the book on "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, there is a reference to the beautiful hospitality extended by the mother of Captain Cocke to General Lee's family after the war.

Captain Cocke was a man of scholarly attainments, with a mind of rare quality, and his memory for facts was most unusual.

(Edward Walton, Cartersville, Va., Company D, 38th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.)

DR. J. A. DAVIS.

Dr. J. A. Davis was born in Green County, Ala., July 19, 1846, and died February 24, 1922. He enlisted as a private in the 7th Mississippi Cavalry, Duff's Regiment, and was assigned to Forrest's command, with which he served two years in Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee, participating in the raids for which that command became famous and taking part in the battles of Harrisburg, Oxford, and West Point, and was in the celebrated march to Nashville.

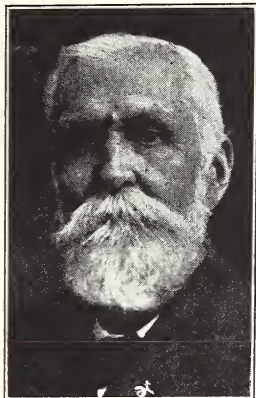
Dr. Davis was an honored member of the John B. Gordon Camp, No. 200, U. C. V., of Norman, Okla. He had retired from active practice.

(R. E. W. Ince, Commander, J. W. Armstrong, Adjutant.)

CAPT. N. T. ROBERTS.

Capt. N. T. Roberts, for sixty-two years a resident of Jefferson County, Ark., died on March 4, at his home in Pine Bluff, at the age of eighty-five years.

He was a native of Alabama, having moved to Arkansas in 1860. He enlisted in the first company from Little Rock, Company G, 1st Arkansas Mounted Rifles, Colonel Churchill, in May, 1861. His regiment was in Ben McCulloch's Brigade, and its first engagement was on "Bloody Hill" at the battle of Oak Hill, Mo. He was sergeant major of the regiment and was shot through both shoulders, but returned to the command in time for the battle of Elk Horn Tavern. In the



CAPT. N. T. ROBERTS.

In the spring of 1862 he was with the Army of West Tennessee, commanding his old company G, and through the Kentucky campaigns in Gen. E. Kirby Smith's corps. After the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., he was appointed by General Smith to the advance guard of General Fagan's Division in Price's last Missouri raid. His service was from May, 1861, to May 1865.

Captain Roberts was one of the oldest and best beloved citizens of Pine Bluff. He was one of the organizers of Lakeside Methodist Church and its Sunday school superintendent for twenty-five years. He was a Royal Arch Mason and the first member to be initiated in the present Sahara Temple.

He was an ardent member of the United Confederate Veterans and was elected major-general to represent the Division of the Dallas reunion, also general of the entire Arkansas Division.

PHILIP G. PALMER.

Philip G. Palmer, son of Dr. John Saunders and Esther Simons Palmer, was born at Balkdam Plantation, St. Stephen's Parish, Charleston District, S. C., February 23, 1844.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, he was attending Wofford College, but in April, 1862, he left college and joined Gaillard's Battery (Santee Light Artillery), Capt. Christopher Gaillard. The battery was employed only for coast defense till the spring of 1865, when it was ordered to North Carolina. At that time young Palmer was orderly sergeant of the company. After Lee's surrender, though still a mere youth, he took charge of the men and brought them safely home in May, 1865.

In April, 1866, he married his cousin, Miss Samuella Jeanan Palmer. In January, 1911, he removed his family to Summerville, S. C., where his wife died in January, 1920.

After a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian patience and fortitude, he died on March 10, 1922, and was buried by the side of his beloved wife in the churchyard of St. Paul's Church, Summerville, S. C. He is survived by one son and four daughters.

COMRADES AT AUGUSTA, GA.

The deaths in Camp No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., from April 26, 1921, to April 26 of the present year have been as follows:

Samuel C. Wilson, courier-sergeant on staff of Gen. B. D. Fry; died May 22, 1921.

Joseph T. Newman, of 1st Augusta Battalion, Western Army; died May 27, 1921.

Wyatt E. Johnson, of 2d South Carolina Artillery; died June 10, 1921.

Thomas C. Sumner, of 5th Georgia Regiment, I. K. Jackson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division; died August 25, 1921.

Newton M. Belding, of 6th Georgia Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, T. J. Jackson's Corps; died September 3, 1921.

C. E. Edenfield, of 10th South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps; died September 21, 1921.

W. K. Nelson, sergeant of 5th Georgia Infantry, Sorrell's Brigade, Anderson's Division; died October 7, 1921.

John Henry Meyer, of 3d South Carolina Cavalry; died October 11, 1921.

John C. Lewis, of 10th Georgia Regiment, Semmes's Brigade, McLaws's Division; died Nov. 19, 1921.

Eugene F. Verdery, of 63d Georgia Infantry; died December 21, 1921.

Seth D. Conner, of 6th Alabama Regiment, Rodes's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division; died December 22, 1921.

W. C. Rountree, of 2d South Carolina Artillery, Elliott's Brigade, Taliaferro's Division; died December 28, 1921.

James R. Phillips, of Cobb's Legion, Young's Brigade, Hampton's Division; died March 3, 1922.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian Camp 435, U. C. V.]

CAPT. JOHN H. GRABILL.

The life of Capt. John H. Grabill, of Woodstock, Va., covered eighty-three years in the most momentous periods of our history, and in the making of that history he was an active participant and bore a man's part. His death on February 8, 1922, took from the community one of its most progressive citizens, honored and respected by all.

Born March 8, 1839, at Mt. Jackson, Va., the son of Ephraim and Caroline McDonald Grabill, he was but two weeks old when his parents removed to Woodstock, and there the remainder of his life was spent. He was graduated from Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa., in the class of 1860, and had scarce returned to his home when Virginia called her sons to arms. As Lieutenant Grabill of Company C, 33rd Regiment of Virginia Infantry, Jackson's Brigade, he took part in the first battle of Manassas and was a witness to the baptism of fire and blood of that great captain of all time, Stonewall Jackson. Later on he was transferred to the cavalry and promoted to captain of Company E, White's Battalion, the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. At Brandy Station he had two horses shot under him, and he was captured and confined at Old Capitol Prison, later being transferred to Johnson's Island, from which prison he was released on parole in February, 1865. The end came while he was a paroled prisoner.

Shortly after the war, following the noble example of General Lee, he and P. W. Magruder opened the Woodstock Academy and for several years devoted themselves to the education of the youth of Virginia. He was the first superintendent of schools in the country, and helped to establish the first public school at Woodstock, having become a champion of that system of education.

Though taking an active interest in all public affairs, it never interfered with his religious life. He joined the Method-

ist Church in 1850, and for seventy-two years he had been an example by his devotion to his Christian duties, and serving his Church in various official capacities. He was a Mason for sixty-two years, and the oldest member of Assia Lodge at Woodstock.

Captain Grabill was married in December, 1866 to Miss Mary Hollingsworth, who survives him with their four daughters and four sons.

CALVIN J. HANKS.

Memorial resolutions passed by Camp 28, U. C. V., of Memphis, Tenn., at the meeting on May 6, state that: "in the death of Calvin Jones Hanks this Camp and Company A, Uniformed Rank, have lost a valued and esteemed member, whose ever loyal presence at our meetings will be sadly missed—one who, as a soldier, did his whole duty through those stirring and strenuous days of 1861-65. As a citizen, he was true and law-abiding; as a friend, ever responsive to those ties that bind us heart and hand. Not again will he gladden us with his usual cheer.

"Calvin Jones Hanks was born at Clarksville, Ga., on December 16, 1834. When only three years of age he was robbed of his father by the hands of an assassin. Soon thereafter his mother moved with her relatives to Searcy, Ark., where comrade Hanks continued to live until after the close of the War between the States. Early in the spring of 1861 he joined the first company of Southern soldiers raised in his county (White) and served as a member of Company E, 1st Arkansas Battalion of Cavalry, doing duty for several months along the State border on the Missouri line, afterwards serving with distinction upon the staffs of Gens. Dandridge McRae and James F. Fagan, in the Trans-Mississippi Department; and he was paroled at Shreveport, La., on June 7, 1865. . . . For some years then he was engaged as chief clerk of steamboats plying the Memphis and White River trade. Thus he was engaged when the war clouds appeared upon the horizon.

"Returning to his devastated home in 1865, he became a commercial traveler for a Louisville (Ky.) firm. After a few years he joined the Memphis firm of Brooks-Neely & Company as salesman in Arkansas, which firm he served for more than thirty years. Then, age coming upon him, he retired to his farm home at Germantown, Tenn., until some months ago, when sickness came upon him and he was compelled to go to the hospital for several weeks, then was taken to his daughter's home, where he departed this life on March 20, 1922. He left surviving an only daughter, Mrs. B. M. Bruce, of this city.

"Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory.

"Committee, F. D. Denton, M. D. Patterson, M. V. Crump."

J. IRA JONES, Sr.

In New York City, on February 24, 1922, the soul of J. Ira Jones passed to his eternal reward. He had not been well for a year, and was visiting his sons in the Eastern cities, hoping to grow stronger.

Mr. Jones was born April 25, 1842, in Sussex County, Va., and was married to Miss Iola Clay, of Lagrange, Fayette County, Tenn., on November 17, 1869. This union was blessed with four sons and three daughters. Mr. Jones was a man of sterling worth and the type of those who can be depended upon as loyal to his country, to his State, and to his community. In each locality where he resided during his long life, he was considered a most substantial citizen, and he was always looked upon by the children and young people as their very best friend. The beautiful spirit of fellowship existing

between him and his sons was a quality which any father might take as an example. He was ever forgetful of himself in giving service to God and to his fellow man. His loyalty to his Confederate comrades was especially beautiful, and he never missed meeting with them if possible to do so.

He belonged to the 154th Senior Regiment, Company K, Colonel Preston and Captain Dashiell being his officers, Maney's Brigade. He was sworn into service on May 14, 1861, and was in several heated engagements; was wounded three times. After receiving a severe wound in the foot he was sent to the Macon, Ga., Blind School Hospital, where he remained several months, and then was removed to Talladega, Ala., where he was on crutches for over a year. Later on he again entered the service and was discharged October 7, 1864. At the close of the war he entered business at LaGrange, Tenn., and several years later was in business at Newbern, and later on removed to Nashville, Tenn., to educate his children. His home was in Jackson, Tenn., during the last twenty-seven years of his life.

S. W. HOOD.

As a feather is wafted upward, so floated the gentle spirit of S. W. Hood, on March 14, 1922, at the age of eighty-two years. He was born January 1, 1840, and entered the War

between the States at the age of twenty-one. He was a member of Company H, 5th Alabama, and in Rhodes's Division of the Virginia Army. He was wounded twice, first at the battle of Manassas and again at the fatal battle of Gettysburg.

Shortly after his return from four years' service to his country he was married to Miss Mary E. Long, who preceded him into the Great Beyond.

A perfect type of that flower of chivalry, a Southern gentleman, he exemplified in principle and character the best gift

that life and heritage bequeathed him—a friend faithful and true, a Christian humble and sincere, a soldier without fear,

Resolutions of Respect Adopted by the S. W. Hood Chapter, U. D. C., Aliceville, Ala., March 29, 1922.

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom and love to remove from our midst Mr. Samuel W. Hood, our beloved honorary member, and the one for whom our Chapter was named, therefore be it

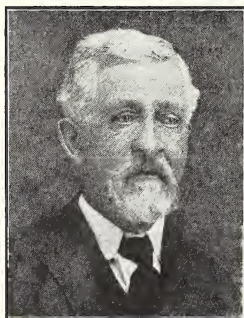
Resolved: 1. That we, the S. W. Hood Chapter, feel a deep sense of loss of one who has endeared himself to all by his gentleness, humility, and service.

2. That while we mourn our loss, we bow in Christian submission to Him who doeth all things in justice and mercy, in love and truth.

3. That we express to his loved ones our deepest sympathy and commend them to the care of Him who was his guide and comfort.

Respectfully,

MRS. JOHN A. SOMERVILLE, SR.,
MRS. J. M. SUMMERVILLE,
MISS WILLIE GARDNER,
MRS. J. V. PARK.



S. W. HOOD.

JAMES ALEXANDER HUTCHESON.

On March 19 at midnight the spirit of James A. Hutcheson, Confederate veteran, of Staunton, Va., passed over to join his comrades on the eternal camping ground.

James Alexander Hutcheson enlisted in October, 1862, in Company E, 5th Virginia Infantry, and became a member of the famous Stonewall Brigade. He served for two years, fighting in all the brigade's engagements in that time. In September, 1864, he was captured by Custer's men and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, there to remain until June, 1865. Mr. Hutcheson was a man past seventy-seven years, a Christian and a gentleman, a man beloved by family and friends. His wife died some years ago, but a number of children and grandchildren remain to mourn the loss of one of the best of fathers. Loyalty to his country, to Virginia, and to his friends was characteristic of him. His life was one of integrity, faithfulness, and purity, and the consolation of a Christian remains to his children.

"I cannot say, and I will not say, that he is dead.
He is just away.

With a loving smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there."

A. H. ROLLER.

Albert H. Roller, Confederate veteran, died at his home near Weyer's Cave, Va., August 31, 1921, in his eighty-fourth year. He was born and reared in Augusta County, Va., a son of John W. and Susan Roller, and a direct descendant of John Roller, a member of Colonel Pasey's regiment during the Revolutionary War, under the command of Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Albert Roller and three of his brothers enlisted in the Confederate army and served with distinction and gallantry throughout the war. He was at that time in business in Roanoke County, so it was his fortune to cast his lot with Company I, known as the "Roanoke Grays." Early in the spring of 1861 they offered their services to the Confederacy under command of Capt. M. P. Deyerley, and the company became a part of the 28th Virginia Regiment of Infantry. He was a lieutenant in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and was one of the few men to reach the top of the ridge. Comrade Roller was a devoted member of Mt. Horeb Presbyterian Church, and an elder in that Church for forty-nine years. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ann Carpenter, and three children—Mrs. James B. Rawlings, Herbert H. and J. Wilmer Roller.

JOHN K. WOMACK.

The funeral of Elder John K. Womack, who died on April 4, at the age of seventy-eight years, was held at the family burial grounds near Eagleville, Rutherford County, Tenn., on the following day, which was the forty-ninth anniversary of his wedding. His wife survives him with four daughters and a son.

Elder Womack was for thirty-four years a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, and for twenty-five years served the University Street Church in Nashville, Tenn., as its pastor. For some years he had been honorary pastor of that Church, ill health preventing his active service.

Comrade Womack joined the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, and served in Baxter Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry. He was captured and sent to Camp Morton, Ind.,

where he was held prisoner for eighteen months. He was a member of Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry Veterans, of Nashville, in whose activities he took great interest, always esteeming it an honor to wear the uniform of gray. His devotion to the Confederate cause was second only to his Church.

JOHN ARCHER CLARKE.

Entered into eternal rest, at Nashville, Tenn., on March 17, 1922, John Archer Clarke, Virginian and Confederate soldier.



JOHN ARCHER CLARKE.

He was of French and English ancestry, lineal descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the youngest child of Louisa Crenshaw and John G. Clarke, of Virginia, born June 24, 1847. Left an orphan at the age of nine years, he was sent to a private school at Petersburg, Va., and was preparing for a military education when the war broke out. At the first call for troops the little orphan lad went to the recruiting office (with shoulders heavily padded, blocks of wood in his boots, and

accompanied by his black boy) and asked to be allowed to fight. He was told to wait and eat more bread and butter. Again, in 1862, he made another attempt, but, being under-sized, he was unable to carry regulation equipment and was again turned down. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had been a classmate of his father's at West Point, and they had served together in the Mexican War, and through General Johnston's influence young Clarke at last entered the service of the Confederacy as a clerk in the quartermaster's department in the fall of 1862; later he was transferred to Mahone's Division, where he did wonderful work as a special envoy, and won the admiration of General Johnston, who sought to allow him to enter field service, but he was captured while on a special mission. However, he made his escape three weeks later, carrying with him valuable papers, which he turned over to Johnston. He was again taken prisoner in December, 1864, and was held at Fortress Monroe until late in April, 1865. He never took the oath of allegiance.

Mr. Clarke was a gentleman in the old-fashioned sense of the word—a lover of sports, clean of speech, well versed in the history of his State and country, and he had traveled extensively throughout the United States. He gave up his medical career while in the last year of the course, and went into the business of saddlery and harness-making. He became an expert in this work and won many prizes for it.

His love for his native State, Virginia, was almost idolatry. He was a true friend, a frank and fearless enemy. He became a White Leaguer when he first went to New Orleans to live, and was active in the fight against the Kellogg faction. He was also a member of the Ku-Klux Klan.

Comrade Clarke was married to Miss Marie Anna McCabe, a Creole belle of New Orleans, descendant of an old aristocratic family of French and Scotch ancestry. Four daughters were born to them, two surviving him.

He was proud of his country, of his State, and he taught his children to love the Southland.

PRESTON C. LORICK.

Comrade Preston C. Lorick died of heart failure: at his residence in Columbia, S. C., on January 7, 1922, in his seventy-ninth year.

He was born at Sandy Run, Lexington County, S. C., August 15, 1843, the son of Jacob and Mary Ann Geiger Lorick. He was a student at Wofford College when the war came on, but left school and enlisted, August 20, 1861, in Company B, Hagood's 1st South Carolina Regiment. He was mustered into service at Summerville, S. C., October 31, 1861, and from that time on was in the thickest of the fighting, participating in the battles of Secessionville, Second Manassas, around Chattanooga and Nashville, then at Richmond and Petersburg, and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

On account of failure in health, Comrade Lorick was sent home to recuperate, and after a few weeks rejoined his command. This was his only leave of absence during his four years in the war.

After the war he moved to Columbia and formed a partnership with W. B. Lowrance in 1869, which continued for forty-six years. His old partner of nearly fifty years said that in all that long association they had never had a break in their friendship and affection.

Comrade Lorick was married October 23, 1871, to Miss Agnes F. Dreher, who survives him with two sons and a daughter—Lee A., Henry D., and Miss Margaret I. Lorick—all of Columbia. The youngest son, Julian P. Lorick, died several years ago.

Comrade Lorick joined the Presbyterian Church soon after locating in Columbia, and was a devoted member, and for many years a deacon in the Church.

He was buried in Elmwood Cemetery, his funeral being largely attended by relatives and friends, and the many floral tributes testified to the high esteem in which he was held.

A good Samaritan, grateful of himself in his ever-ready desire to be of help to his fellow man, one altogether loving has gone to his reward. Many living can testify of their own personal experience, as well as that of many others who have passed over the river, of his many acts of kindness and most unostentatious deeds of love; he was ever ready to help the unfortunate and in these acts his left hand knew not what his right hand did, and no one ever knew from his lips of his charity and acts of kindness.

(Committee: W. B. Lowrance, J. L. Wardlaw.)

R. R. ARRINGTON.

On March 14, 1922, the hand of death invaded our ranks and removed from our midst Comrade and Brother R. R. Arrington. He was born in Twiggs County, Ga., in December, 1845, moving to the county of Sumter when quite young, and making his home in the Shiloh neighborhood ever afterwards. In 1863, as a boy of eighteen years, he enlisted in the Confederate service and served to the close of the war in Fin-

ley's Battalion. He was an honest, upright, and brave soldier, rendering faithful service for the love and patriotism he had for his country and in defense of its constitutional rights.

In October, 1867, Comrade Arrington was married to Miss Eleanor Williams, member of a noted Presbyterian family of his immediate community, and of this union there were six sons and three daughters, all of whom, with their mother, survive him.

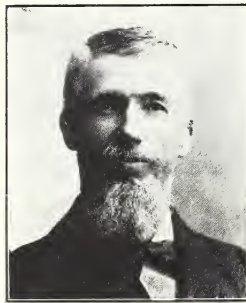
Comrade Arrington was a consistent member of the Shiloh Baptist Church. He was a great lover of his Church and always stood for the principles it advocated. In the struggle for a living during the days of reconstruction, and afterwards, his occupation was that of a farmer, being classed as one of the sturdy yeomanry of the country, never seeking prominence or political preferment, but in all the positions he held it was his purpose to give efficient service. He was a member of Camp Sumter No. 642 U. C. V. He has left to his posterity the blessed heritage of a well spent life, and his influence for good will last long after his body has moldered in the narrow confines of the tomb.

(Committee: J. A. McDonald, W. S. Moore.)

(From resolutions read in open session of Camp Sumter U. C. V., on May 2, 1922, and unanimously adopted. H. D. Watts, Commander, C. S. S. Horne, Adjutant.)

ELI H. MCKINNEY.

Eli H. McKinney, born in Surry County, N. C., November 6, 1839, died at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., February 11, 1922, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a brave Confederate soldier, an upright citizen, and a devout Christian.



ELI H. MCKINNEY.

At the beginning of the War between the States, Comrade McKinney enlisted in the Confederate army and served faithfully to the end. He was a member of the 21st North Carolina Regiment, Trimble's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps and a noted sharpshooter. He participated in the first battle of Manassas, the battles of Jackson's Valley campaign, Antietam, Gettysburg, and the battles around Richmond. In the

second battle of Cold Harbor he was severely wounded, from which he did not fully recover until long after the war closed.

Comrade McKinney was married to Miss Myra Scott, of Surry County, N. C., in August 1865. She was a close relative of Governor Franklin of North Carolina, and a woman of fine character. Soon after his marriage he removed to the West, but his love of the South never waned, and in the course of a few years he returned and finally located in Knoxville, where he led an exemplary life for more than thirty years. He was a member of the Fred Ault Camp, No. 5, U. C. V.; and he was a charter member of the Magnolia Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor and the chaplain of the Camp, and his body was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, attended by many friends and relatives. A son and two daughters survive him.

COMRADES OF ARKANSAS.

J. Ed Murrey Camp, No. 510 U. C. V., of Pine Bluff, Ark., has cause to lament the deaths of three noble, chivalrous Southern gentlemen and brave Confederate soldiers, who passed away during the months of February and March, each at the age of eighty years. They served long and faithfully, always on the firing line, brave, unyielding, and unconquerable. They were nature's noblemen and, in all the walks of life, among the South's indomitable fighters and heroes.

Maj. John W. Ragland, a hero from Lagrange, Ga., was born in Greenville, Ga., April 26, 1837, and enlisted in the Confederate army at Lagrange, in 1861, Company K, 13th Georgia Regiment. He fought in the Virginia campaigns under Jackson, and was courier and color bearer in many battles, besides serving as a private in the ranks.

He was paroled April 10, 1865, and his parole is lovingly cherished by his family. It was signed by Gen. John B. Gordon.

Comrade Ragland died February 2, 1922.

He had lived in Pine Bluff for a period of forty years, and measured up to the full standard of a noble citizen. His life was one unceasing round of usefulness and goodness, and he proudly bore the grand old name of Southern gentleman and Confederate soldier.

Capt. N. T. Roberts, another hero in the Confederate army, was called to his reward in the month of March. Capt. "Terry" Roberts, as he was familiarly known, was over eighty years of age. He served in the Southern army in the Trans-Mississippi Department under Generals Price, Marmaduke, and Joe Shelby and was noted for his bravery and fighting qualities. In recognition of his service, he was a trusted, as well as a skillful and successful, leader of a band of intrepid scouts in all the campaigns of the army.

He served in two of Price's raids into Missouri and won the commendations of his superior officers. The most daring and desperate undertakings in those fearful campaigns were assigned to him, and in all engagements, large or small, he acquitted himself with the welcome plaudits of his comrades and the generals in charge.

For forty years he was an honored and praiseworthy citizen of Jefferson County and Pine Bluff, and was frequently given recognition by his fellow citizens by being elected to county clerk and circuit clerk. He wore his honors well and proved himself true in all the relations of life.

He was a leader in all the progressive features of agriculture, trade, and commerce, as well as a beloved officer and worker in the Methodist Church, South.

Comrade J. C. Hierschspiel, of King's Missouri Battery, died during the month of March. He was a brave and true Confederate soldier from first to last. He served in the battle of Corinth and the siege of Vicksburg, and was afterwards in the Trans-Mississippi armies under Generals Price, Marmaduke, Cabell, and Joe Shelby. He was distinguished for his knowledge of artillery service. Brave, vigorous, and intrepid, he always commanded the praises of his superior officers and comrades.

After the war he settled in Pine Bluff, Ark. Here he was noted for his characteristics as a loyal soldier of the Southern cause, a true friend, and an upright citizen. "Phil" Hierschspiel, as he was known by his friends and citizens, was a type of sterling manhood and useful worth.

[Junius Jordon, Adjutant J. Ed Murrey Camp, No. 510 U. C. V.]

MRS. CAROLINE WARE GAY.

Retrospects are inevitably saddening, yet, in some instances, the mind reverts to the past with such fond recollection that a pleasant, peaceful calm is felt.

To the mind of the writer, as it takes a backward track, came two visions this day in speaking of one who held our heart's love from childhood. Those two visions are the celebration of her eighty-sixth and last birthday, the other the occasion of her funeral in her old home, LaGrange Ga., the "City of Elms and Roses," where she was known and beloved by all. The sixteen candles burning upon the one occasion so typical of her perennial youth; upon the other, the floral tributes, the last assemblage of friends, and the songs of the choir, as if the very angels themselves were welcoming her home. Death had lost its sting.

On January 25, 1922, there passed into the great beyond the spirit of the exemplary Christian and citizen and champion of the Southern Confederacy, Mrs. Caroline Ware Gay.

During the War between the States, she was known to her friends as "The Little Rebel." She loved to recount her thrilling experiences in the sixties, but always with such modesty and womanly devotion that her war enemies were compelled to admire her.

"Time goes, you say? Ah! no.
Alas! time stays. We go."

One's life work is perhaps never completed, but one's acts and deeds live on for time's uses, they never die.

Identified prominently with the Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Mrs. Gay will be publicly missed. But it was at home, with her family and friends, that she was best beloved. She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Gay Nix, and her grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Nooner, Miss Julia Nix, Miss Mary Nix, and other relatives.

With military honors she was laid to rest by the side of loved ones in Hillview Cemetery at LaGrange, and with an escort of veterans, younger friends as pallbearers, and the flag of Dixie draping her flower-covered casket, "taps" was gently sounded and the curtain fell upon the life of this great little woman.

(Annie Cartwright McClure, LaGrange, Ga.)

J. K. WOMACK.

J. K. Womack, who died at his home in Hillsboro, Tex., October 8, 1921, was a soldier of the Southern Confederacy, a member of Company K, 4th Louisiana Cavalry. He entered the service of his beloved Southland at the age of sixteen years, and served his country faithfully to the end. He lived to the good age of seventy-five years.

J. K. Womack was one of Hill County's noblest citizens, and had lived there for twenty-five years. His integrity, his faithfulness in duties intrusted to him, his loving care for his family, and his devotion to friends endeared him to all. As a citizen, he kept abreast of the times and formed his opinions after due deliberation, and was firm in his convictions. As a city official, he was honest and faithful to the charges intrusted to his care. By his death, there is a vacant seat in the councils of Hillsboro Camp U. C. V., to which he was endeared by his true Southern spirit, his fraternal ties of comradeship, and his ever kind and genial disposition.

[From memorial resolutions passed by the Camp as presented by the committee composed of W. L. McKee, Tam Brooks, C. H. Moore.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga., *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn., *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark., *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C., *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala., *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla., *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C., *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa., *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CHENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala., *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: At this season of the year many of our Divisions are holding their annual conventions. I only wish that it might be possible for me to express to them in person my best wishes for success in their work. But the distances in our country are so great, and the dates of the conventions so conflicting, that the thought has come to me that States located near together might so arrange their conventions in consecutive weeks that it would become possible for the President General to arrange a schedule of travel which would enable her to realize her hope of meeting with many of the Divisions during her term of office. A few days ago I had the pleasure of being the guest both of the District of Columbia Division and of the Philadelphia Chapter, and from these visits, with their lavish hospitality and their warm welcome, I have drawn fresh inspiration for my work. In Washington the beauty of the Dixie Ball, given by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, the reception, luncheon, dinner, and tea, at which I met Daughters from all over the United States, are memories to be treasured; while the trip to Valley Forge, which preceded a reception in Philadelphia, made me proud of the time when colonists from North and South fought side by side in defense of a common principle.

The Jefferson Davis Monument.—The convention held at Tampa, Fla., in 1919, voted to contribute \$10,000 toward the completion of this monument, and the sum was raised by a contribution of twenty-five cents *per capita* throughout the organization. Last year, at St. Louis, the Daughters voted to assume, in addition to what they had already done, the obligation of completing the monument by raising all the money needed to finish it. The impression seems to have gone abroad that Divisions which met the twenty-five-cent quota have thus completed their contribution to the work. But this is not so, because their representatives in the convention pledged them to finish the monument and so changed their entire relation to the work. I do not fear for its completion, for what the Daughters undertake they always accomplish, but I do want you to realize what we have pledged ourselves to do. Let every Division Director of this work bend all her energies toward selling the dollar certificates, and let every Daughter lend a hand.

The Lee Memorial Chapter.—All money from the Chapters and members should be sent only through the Chapter Treasurer to the Division Treasurer, unless your method is to send to your Division Director, who in turn transmits it to your Division Treasurer. As no special treasurer for this fund has been authorized by the general organization, the Division Treasurer transmits to the Treasurer General.

I have made this statement detailed in order to provide against the sending of funds directly to Washington and Lee University, as formerly was done.

It is easy to see the widespread interest in this memorial

through the many contributions from Northern veterans. I have told you of the first, which came from New York, and of those from Boston; and now, as Pittsburgh's first offering, comes a check for one hundred dollars from Col. J. M. Schoonmaker, President of the P. & L. E. R. R., who commanded the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and who was elected to honorary membership in the Pittsburgh Chapter because he had refused to burn Lexington on the ground that it was an unfortified city. Colonel Schoonmaker writes: "I consider it a privilege to contribute to this good work, and in so doing as a Union officer pay tribute to one of America's greatest generals." Surely the whole nation is beginning to realize that Lee was a great American.

New Jersey Now on the Map of the Confederacy.—It will not be many years before every State contains at least one Chapter of our organization. A step in this direction was taken when on May 5 I had the pleasure of meeting a group of Southern women in East Orange, N. J., for the formation of the first Chapter in that State. They began with more than twenty members, all enthusiastic over the new work, and our best wishes go with them.

By-Laws.—There seems to be a great confusion in the minds of many persons as to the date of our next annual convention, owing to the fact that there were two amendments offered at the convention in St. Louis. It is most important to have this clearly understood, in order that no misunderstanding may arise. Let me say for your information that the date as fixed by the by-laws is the third Wednesday in November. I will ask all Division and Chapter Presidents to make this fact known to their members on every possible occasion, in order that we may have a full attendance.

Last, but not least, I must speak of the luncheon given to me on April 29 by the New York Division in recognition of the great honor which had come to New York through my election. My illness, earlier in the winter, had made it necessary to defer this tribute; but, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, it surpassed in brilliancy anything heretofore undertaken by the Southern women in New York. The great ballroom of the Biltmore was filled to capacity by more than six hundred guests, including two ex-Presidents General, Mrs. White and Mrs. Odenheimer; the Division President of the District of Columbia, Mrs. Hutton; Mrs. Chandler as representing the Philadelphia Chapter; and Mrs. Lee, Honorary President of the Illinois Division. Words fail me when I attempt to express my appreciation, but I was inspired by the thought of what the Division had accomplished on this occasion. I can only try to prove myself worthy of the affection they have shown for me.

Faithfully yours,

LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Many divisions—Alabama, California, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee—held their State conventions in May.

Children of the Confederacy.—Papers in the hands of the Director General on June 1 will be registered and certificates sent, and State Directors are requested to send no papers that will reach that office after June 1.

On August 1 the work will be resumed, and it is hoped that every U. D. C. Chapter will appoint a leader, and that the Birmingham Convention in November will record the fulfillment of Mrs. Massey's aim: "A Director in every State, a Leader in every Chapter."

DIVISION NOTES.

Washington.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Seattle, observed on January 19, the anniversary of the birth of General Lee at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kelleher. Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher offer their home every year to the Chapter for the commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of the great leader of the Confederacy.

Out of the funds raised for the maintenance of certain beds in the American Base Hospital at Neuilly, France, during the World War, the Robert E. Lee Chapter had left \$200, which they have turned over to the Raines Noble Post No. 1, of Seattle, for relief work for veterans and the families of veterans of the World War.

Alabama.—Memorial Day, April 26, was observed generally throughout Alabama by the United Daughters of the Confederacy with appropriate exercises, the Confederate veterans being honored guests of every Chapter.

The Alabama U. D. C. "Cookbook" has been completed, and 3,000 copies have been turned over to the Division by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, at Troy, from whom copies may be ordered. The proceeds are to be used for the endowment of the Lewellen H. Bowles Scholarship. The book has tried recipes from many prominent women and from prominent officials and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The first copy of the book was bought by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Maryland.—Mrs. James G. Gaskins has resigned as State Director of C. of C.

Missouri.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Blackwater, had a big Easter bazaar, which was a great success, both socially and financially. This Chapter gives silver spoons to babies born into the Chapter, and recently presented three to new U. D. C. babies.

The Mattie E. Catron Chapter, of West Plains, recently held a "White Elephant" sale, which proved a great success financially.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Poplar Bluff, recently entertained veterans and their wives of that vicinity at luncheon, followed by a delightful program. The Chapter voted that "Veteran's Day," as the occasion was called, will become an annual event in the Chapter's calendar.

Daughters from various parts of the State will gather at the Confederate Home in Higginsville on June 3, to celebrate, with the veterans, the birthday anniversary of Jefferson Davis. This has been the custom for several years, and is known as Home-Coming Day, which is greatly enjoyed by all who attend.

South Carolina.—A plan that has worked well in the South Carolina Division is of interest. The State is divided into

four districts, named according to sections. Each district has a Vice President, who holds a conference once a year (usually in the spring). At this conference all phases of the State Division and general work are discussed, and plans are perfected whereby the Chapters in each district shall do their part. A friendly rivalry exists as to which district can make the best report, and at the end of the year, when the State convention is held, these Division Vice Presidents are pleased to make a good showing of their stewardship.

The dates set for the four district meetings are as follows: Edisto District, Mrs. W. R. Darlington, First Vice President, at Saluda, April 27; Piedmont District, Mrs. R. C. Sarraat, Second Vice President, at Clemson College, April 28-29; Pee Dee District, Mrs. Monford Scott, Third Vice President, at Latta, May 9; Ridge District, Mrs. W. F. Marshall, Fourth Vice President, at Winnsboro, May 5.

(Tennessee and Virginia also hold these district meetings.—EDITOR.)

Virginia.—Loudoun Chapter mourns the death of their beloved Mrs. Janet Knox Harrison, widow of the late Powell Harrison, a leading lawyer of the Loudoun bar, and daughter of Captain Magill Fauntleroy, of the Confederate navy, and Janet Knox, both prominent families of Loudoun County, Va.

The summons to enter eternal rest came suddenly, March 21, 1922. Mrs. Harrison was not only a charter member, but the organizer and founder of the Loudoun Chapter. In May, 1896, she gathered a few descendants of Confederate veterans and organized the first Chapter U. D. C. in Northern Virginia. Through the many years that have passed, she never wavered in devotion to the Confederate cause, and she has left an influence that will live forever as a benediction.

HERO FUND SCHOLARSHIPS.

All World War veterans holding scholarships in the Hero Fund, who will not graduate at the close of the present school year, have been recommended by their colleges for reappointment.

Those who will graduate are: Jack Freeman, from Alabama, at University of Alabama; Charles Nicholls, North Carolina, at the University of North Carolina; Frank Keith, South Carolina, at Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

Those reappointed are: John Bush, Alabama, University of Alabama; E. Ormund Barr, Washington, D. C., University of Virginia; Maurice Langford, Florida, University of Florida; Judson B. Holloway, Florida, Washington and Lee; Charles S. Prickett, Georgia, Wofford College, South Carolina; W. H. Abbitt, Kentucky, Yale, Connecticut; I. J. Bernstein, Missouri, University of Missouri; O. F. McGill, North Carolina, Washington and Lee; McL. D. Brooker, South Carolina, Atlanta Southern Dental College, Georgia; James T. Barrow, Tennessee, Cumberland University, Tennessee; B. G. Garrett, Virginia, Washington and Lee, Virginia; George B. McCreary, Virginia, Randolph-Macon, Virginia.

Division Chairmen of Education are requested to note the following changes in Circular No. XIV, University of Alabama scholarship and Alabama Polytechnic Institute should read "to be awarded 1922."

Two scholarship have been given the United Daughters since the circular was issued;

Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va., tuition in literary course, value \$170, obtained by Miss Annie Mann, Recording Secretary Virginia Division; and Gulf Park College, Gulfport, Miss., tuition scholarship, obtained through the efforts of Mrs. Newton D. Goodwin, President Mississippi Division.

ERRORS IN THE U. D. C. MINUTES.

"FOR MY DARLING."

The Recording Secretary General wishes to call attention to two mistakes in the by-laws of the St. Louis minutes. She regrets exceedingly that they were made through an oversight on her part.

Art. VIII, Sec. 1, page 354: In second line at top of page substitute the word "Registrar" for the word "President."

Art. VIII, Sec. 2, page 354, should read: "Three uniform demits (one for Chapter Registrar, one for Division Registrar, and one for Registrar General), which contain the records of eligibility," etc.

For action on the adoption of this section of the by-laws, see page 233 of the proceedings.

Faithfully,

ELOISE WELCH WRIGHT,
Recording Secretary General.

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The following books are wanted for placing in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, Canada, and copies contributed will be appreciated:

Life of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Thomas Nelson Page.

The War between the States, by Alexander H. Stephens.

The Men in Gray, by Dr. R. C. Cave (three copies wanted).

Destruction and Reconstruction, by Gen. Richard Taylor.

Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Dr. J. William Jones.

The Recent Past, by Bishop Wilmer.

Address Miss Elizabeth H. Hanna, Chairman General Committee on Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books, No. 47 East Thirteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Robert E. Lee on furlough at Arlington, October, 1859.

Describe the John Brown raid, its object, its supporters, and Colonel Lee's part in its suppression.

Note especially that the attitude of the Abolitionists in exalting John Brown as a martyr contributed to the sectional misunderstandings which culminated in war.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1922.

BOY SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Sam Davis of Tennessee, the hero who was hanged.

[The VETERAN can furnish a pamphlet giving the story of this boy's heroism. Price 15c.]

My Dear Children of the Confederacy: Those who desire to purchase copies of "The Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," by Mrs. Susan R. Hull, may apply to Miss Amy E. Hull, The Arundel, Baltimore, Md. Price, \$3.50 per volume, delivered. Only a limited number of copies are for sale, and they are the last of the edition. Through the kindness of a friend, I located these copies, and I would suggest that the C. of C. Chapters buying them present them at the close of the year to some library where they will be accessible for future reference, as the book is now out of print.

With best wishes for the C. of C., sincerely,

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historian General.*

[During the War between the States, there was picked up on a street in Nashville, Tenn., an envelope containing a small Confederate flag made of silk ribbon. There was no name or anything else to indicate the owner, but it was evidently intended for a soldier sweetheart at the front, as the words, "For My Darling," were written on the envelope. It was subsequently given to Mrs. William Hume, whose husband was a Confederate soldier, and has been treasured by her ever since. This poem, by Mrs E. M. Hussey, of Nashville (whose pen name is Dorothy Sherwood), was read by Mrs. Hume to the State Convention U. D. C. at Chattanooga, in May.]

Fond fingers had fashioned the flag so fair,
And woven the stars with loving care,
And then, as she sped with flying feet,
It had dropped there alone in the cold dark street.

'Twas a stranger bent and found it there,
And searched for the maker with kindly care,
But only this legend in pencil it bore,
"For my darling," just this, and nothing more.

There was never a name nor a line to tell
Of the girl who loved sweetheart and country so well;
And so, in time, to one it was given
Whose own beloved for the right had striven.

And she laid it away in her treasure store,
And tenderly thought of the legend it bore,
Of what was the fate of "My darling" that day—
Did he fall to his death in the dreadful fray?

Did he know that the girl whom he loved was true?
Did he live her pathway with flowers to strew?
But no echo comes from that long sealed page.
No light is shed by seer or sage.

We only know 't was love's story old
And a girl's true heart that was pure as gold;
But fain would we know if reunion sweet,
Was thine, O maid of the flying feet!

Rest faithful heart, if your "darling" came
When the light of peace had quenched war's flame;
And rest in the Lord, for his love will bless
The soul that gives all in its country's stress,

But ever the past its secret will keep,
If they lived in love or in sorrow sleep;
If she mourned his loss with bitter tears
Or lived in joy through long, happy years,

But this we know, though the years be long
Since they sang together love's old sweet song,
If they lived in peace or in silence lie,
True love is eternal and cannot die.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—Attention is called to the misplacement of quotation marks in the article by Mrs. A. A. Campbell on "Jack Jouett's Ride," by which it seems that a great part of the article was quoted from Judge Duke's story in the *Youth's Companion*, when, in fact, Mrs. Campbell gave it in her own language after getting the facts as stated. See page 177, column 2, beginning fifth paragraph. None of this should be under quotations, which were put in by proofreader.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

| | |
|--|--|
| MRS. A. McD. WILSON..... | <i>President General</i> |
| 435 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga. | |
| MRS. C. B. BRYAN..... | <i>First Vice President General</i> |
| Memphis, Tenn. | |
| MISS SUE H. WALKER..... | <i>Second Vice President General</i> |
| Fayetteville, Ark. | |
| MRS. E. L. MERRY..... | <i>Treasurer General</i> |
| Oklahoma City, Okla. | |
| MISS DAISY M. L. HOBSON..... | <i>Recording Secretary General</i> |
| 7500 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La. | |
| MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD..... | <i>Historian General</i> |
| Athens, Ga. | |
| MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..... | <i>Corresponding Secretary General</i> |
| College Park, Ga. | |
| MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE..... | <i>Post Laureate General</i> |
| 1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. | |
| MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS..... | <i>Auditor General</i> |
| Montgomery, Ala. | |
| REV. GILES B. COOKE..... | <i>Chaplain General</i> |
| Mathews, Va. | |



STATE PRESIDENTS

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| ALABAMA—Montgomery..... | Mrs. R. P. Dexter |
| ARKANSAS—Fayetteville..... | Mrs. J. Garside Welch |
| FLORIDA—Pensacola..... | Mrs. Horace L. Simpson |
| GEORGIA—Atlanta..... | Mrs. William A. Wright |
| KENTUCKY—Bowling Green..... | Miss Jeannie Blackburn |
| LOUISIANA—New Orleans..... | Mrs. James Dinkins |
| MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg..... | Mrs. E. C. Carroll |
| MISSOURI—St. Louis..... | Mrs. G. K. Warner |
| NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville..... | Mrs. J. J. Yates |
| OKLAHOMA—Tulsa..... | Mrs. W. H. Crowder |
| SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston..... | Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith |
| TENNESSEE—Memphis..... | Mrs. Charles W. Frazer |
| TEXAS—Houston..... | Mrs. Mary E. Bryan |
| VIRGINIA—Front Royal..... | Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy |
| WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington..... | Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey |

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Your President General has been ill for several weeks and wishes the members of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association to know why she has not been prompt with her correspondence. She is improving and will be quite well by the time the reunion is held at Richmond. She also urges all delegates who intend going to the reunion to make reservations at the earliest possible moment, as there will be an unusually large attendance, the largest perhaps in recent history of the organizations meeting in conjunction; and if the reservation is delayed, the delegates may not be able to secure desirable rooms in the Jefferson Hotel, which is the official headquarters of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Nothing has been left undone to make this a memorable occasion, and surely no more fitting place could have been selected than Richmond, the heart of the Confederacy.

Although your President General has been ill, she is already making final plans to be at the reunion and hopes to meet delegates from every Chapter of Memorial women in the organization. It is, therefore, important that every Memorial Association send one or more delegates, in order that this may be a never-to-be-forgotten convention.

The first State Memorial Association ever held in the South was that of the Georgia Memorial Association, which met at the call of the Georgia State President, April 28, in Atlanta. Mrs. William A. Wright, the newly elected State President, presided, and many interesting matters came before the conference.

Mrs. Wright has been untiring in her effort to make the Georgia Memorial Association a tremendous success, and her address before the members was filled with the fire of patriotism and loyal sentiment for the things that the Old South held dear and sacred. She urged that Junior Memorial Associations be formed, as the time is near at hand when there will be great need for the younger generation to carry the torch of adherence to the obligations left us to fulfill by our mothers.

Another important admonition given the convention was that each association should have a definite work to do and should do it well. The most important activity before the Memorial women at this time, she said, is that of aiding the veterans in completing the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky.

All organizations present made reports, and regrets were expressed for the illness of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, your President General. A letter of love and appreciation, expressing the hope that she would soon be well, was sent to her.

After the conference, which was held in Edison Concert Hall, Mrs. Wright entertained the members of the Georgia

Memorial Association at luncheon at her home on East Fifteenth Street, which was decorated in lovely spring flowers. A bowl of sweet peas held the center of the lace-covered table, while silken Confederate flags were draped in the room, and small flags were used to ornament the various courses as they were served. Following the luncheon, Mrs. Wright gave the guests an automobile ride to the Confederate Soldiers' Home and to Oakland Cemetery, where the Confederate dead are sleeping; and they had the opportunity of seeing the handsome marble shaft and the granite Lion of Lucerne, monuments erected to the memory of the heroes of the Confederacy.

Besides being the State President, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. Wright is President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, the second oldest patriotic organization of women in America, an Association founded in 1866 by Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan, Mrs. Benjamin Crane, and Mrs. Hogue, of Atlanta, after the Columbus Association was founded.

That the Memorial Day spirit still lives was demonstrated on April 26, when thousands of patriotic men, women, and children paraded the streets, visited the various Georgia cemeteries, and placed garlands of fragrant flowers on the graves of the Confederate soldiers. Atlanta had an unusually large and sympathetic demonstration, as did Rome and other towns and cities of the State.

A most remarkable Association of Memorial women has been organized in Dallas Tex., and is called the Dallas Southern Memorial Association. This Association has Mrs. S. M. Fields as its President, and there are one hundred and seventy-two charter members. Nothing like that has been accomplished before. The organization is enthusiastic and its members are filled with the patriotism needed to carry it on.

Mrs. Lillian Perkins, of Tulsa, has been appointed State President of Oklahoma and is working actively for the success of the memorial work in that State. Mrs. Perkins is a talented woman, well known as a newspaper writer, is prominently connected with the Daughters of the Confederacy, and is a fluent speaker and organizer.

The work on the Stone Mountain Monument is going forward, Gutzon Borglum, the noted sculptor having started on the central figure to be carved on the sheer side of the mountain, on a surface one thousand feet high with a long and imposing sweep at the base. The two other figures to be in the center of the panorama are Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis. A pageant in action of hundreds of horsemen and soldiers afoot will fill the sides to the base. At the foot of this gigantic monument, the largest and most wonderful in the world, there will be a large museum cut into the solid granite, where Confederate relics will be kept.

AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3.

(Continued from page 225.)

a two-story stone residence. At the end of the rock fence to the left was a heavy skirt of timber through which a light rail fence ran. Pickets were thrown out along this rail fence under Captain Parks. Captain Wilson, of Company D, was ordered to take a man from each company (twelve in all) and go after water for the regiment. Wilson and his twelve men were cut off from the regiment and captured by Kilpatrick as he came in, thus finding who we were and where we were. Kilpatrick came up through the timber to within about three hundred yards of us, where he halted and detached four hundred men under General Farnsworth to ride to our rear and keep us from getting away. They came through at the edge of the timber just below the rock fence, General Farnsworth halting at the fence to see his men pass. In passing they cut off Captain Parks and two of his pickets from the regiment. They dodged behind a pile of rocks, but as General Farnsworth turned to go on with his men, he saw them, and, drawing his pistol, ordered them to surrender. Instead of obeying him, one of Parks's men fired, and remarked: "It is your time to surrender now." Farnsworth was shot through the stomach and fell from his horse, but still held to his pistol. He raised to a sitting position and, turning to the man who shot him, said: "I'll be damned if I ever surrender to a rebel." Then placed the gun to his head and shot his own brains out. Thus died as gallant a man as ever wore the blue. I was in plain view of the whole scene.

Just at this time Kilpatrick's men charged across our front, firing as they passed, but did us no harm, as the rock fence protected us perfectly. We got several of them as they drove by, as the range was close and deadly.

In the meantime the four hundred rode on, not knowing that Farnsworth was killed. Having gone about half a mile, they turned and charged back, firing as they came. By the time they reached us, their guns were all empty and they had only their sabers. We hugged the rock fence and held our fire until they were within thirty yards of us. Horses and riders went down in piles. Before we could finish reloading, they were on us. Many of the boys did not take time to withdraw the iron ramrods from their guns, but shot ramrod and all into the bunch. Then it was sabers, bayonets, clubbed muskets, and rocks, as no one had time to reload. The affair was over in a few minutes and only sixteen out of the four hundred got away. There were only one hundred and thirty-five of us in the fight, so we thought we had done a fair day's work. I am sure that no member of the 4th Alabama Regiment, who was at Gettysburg, will claim that he was within a mile of where this fight occurred. I was a member of Company E, 1st Texas Regiment.

MARY LAUCK—ONE OF A TYPE.

BY T. H. LAUCK, LEANDER, TEX.

In submitting this letter from my long deceased sister, I feel that I am divulging something made holy by consecrated care and associated with almost worshipful traditions and beloved memories of the time when so many of the feeble relics of to-day lived in a "Land of Dreams!" I was shown this faded letter at the home of my brother-in-law, Capt. D. C. Grayson, in Washington, D. C., when I was on a visit to him last October, and I begged a copy of it for publication in the VETERAN. Its unconscious revelation of the spirit and prescience and wisdom of the daughters of that early period of the war is as delightful as it is astounding to a dreamer who never gave a thought to the real meaning of the life

called for in the "Second Line of Defense." Thus it happened that in discovering this treasured letter, I found that I had also discovered the real character of my sister. I could write a long story of her and her class in telling of how they endured stintings, hazardous risks, and trials of all kinds to be faced in a section of the Valley of Virginia lying so near the Potomac.

Once my sister had to do the honors (?) at her father's table when Brigadier General Steinwehr imposed himself and his staff upon the household, and had the secret pleasure of giving him a Southern girl's rebuff when he essayed to kiss her hand, German fashion, upon leaving the table, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat, cursing and fuming at the lack of culture (?) in that land of "barbarians." Notice the date of the letter, which was only sixteen days after the first company organized in Luray had marched northward toward Harper's Ferry, and between those two dates the girls of secession, dom discovered themselves and realized to a startling degree that they were women of the South, and what it meant to their loved ones at the front!

I got home four times during the war, once as a wounded man, once as a sick man, and, lastly, on a short furlough, February 1, 1864; and in none of these visits was it revealed to me what had to be endured by the keepers at home that our hospitals should be supplied with relishable food and a full plate and a full cup of something rare should be set before the transient soldier guest.

My sister was married on February 13, 1866, to Captain Grayson, and died February 27, 1867, leaving a son who is now Judge D. L. Grayson, of Chattanooga.

This is her letter:

"LURAY VA., June 18, 1861.

"Lt. D. C. Grayson,

"My Friend David: Hoping that kind providence will bring our Page infantry together, I most cheerfully avail myself of the opportunity to reply to your welcome letter of the 10th. I should have written to you sooner had I been posted upon my military movements. However, my writing at all must prove how much your letter was appreciated, especially when I had not flattered myself that I would be so kindly remembered by any of my friends. We girls know how to value a friend, but our friendship sinks into insignificance when we remember those young hearts who have sundere every endearing tie, sacrificed all comforts, and are now periling their lives for the sake of the helpless, for the homes of their country. I do not exaggerate the picture, David, believe me. This awful trial has developed the nature of girlhood; we are no longer timid, thoughtless creatures as you were wont to see us, but have merged into serious, patriotic womanhood. When I say 'patriotic,' I mean that our sense of duty is not less ardent than our affections. We glory in the sacrifices we, too, can make; but we glory not in the pangs of an uncertain separation; therefore rest assured that you all are not alone in regretting such a sorrow, heavily as it may fall upon some. For every drop of blood poured forth upon the battle field, a thousand tears will be shed. Whether your destiny be a soldier's grave or a happy reunion, our tears will consecrate one and welcome the other!

"The news to-day is very impressive. The movements of both armies seem to be decided. The novelty of the war has worn off, and stern reality stares us in the face. I humbly pray that our noble army may prove equal to the contest. I shudder to think what may be the result. Not that I dread a total defeat, O, no! none of us can doubt the power of the God of justice, the wisdom and valor of the South; but at what a sacrifice may our independence be gained!

"You will not expect any news. There is none worthy of a soldier's attention. However, if you have any such desire, Sonnie can give you a few extracts. In writing to him I write as to a child, as he has not yet outgrown the propensities of simple, unsophisticated childhood. (Don't tell him I think so; it would wound and perhaps dampen his ambitious feelings.) David, shield my brother, not from danger, he is eager to bear his part, but from evils which you may see surrounding him; and may God shield you, as your reward, from all danger, is the prayer of

MARY."

FOR SOUTHERN LIBERTY.

I'll sing you of our little band 'way out on the frontier,
To fight for Southern liberty we've left our homes so dear;
To the cause of freedom, ever right, we'll lend a helping hand,
To drive the foeman from our soil and rescue our fair land.

Chorus.

O Liberty, we love thee and for thee we will stand!

Our homes among the mountains of Virginia may be found,
And also in the valleys of the "Dark and Bloody Ground;"
We've left our sweethearts and our wives around our flag to rally,
Our cry is liberty or death, and sounds from hill to valley.

We are but few, but firm and tried, we care not for the foe;
We love to see the battle rage and lay the Northmen low.
Our cause so just, our hearts beat high, we feel the patriot's pride
To know the God of liberty is fighting on our side.

To the cause of Southern liberty in blood we've been sealed,
No thought of submission in any heart concealed,
But if our gallant sunny South is ever forced to yield,
We hope our bodies may be found on her last battle field.

[This poem was written by Lieut. Col. Clarence J. Prentice, a son of George D. Prentice, the "poet editor" of the *Louisville Journal*, afterwards the *Courier-Journal*, one day while standing in the commissary department of his battalion, using a barrel head as a table. It may be sung to the tune of "The Good Old Irish Gentleman All of the Olden Time." I hope it will interest the readers of the *VETERAN*.—REV. GEORGE D. FRENCH, *Morristown, Tenn.*]

FATHER AND FOUR SONS IN RANKS.

BY JAMES L. ANTHONY, BELLBUCKLE, TENN.

When the war began in 1861, I was barely fifteen years of age, but my father, W. H. Anthony, and my two older brothers, Robert H. and Roddy S. Anthony, volunteered in Col. Peter Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment, which was afterwards designated "The 1st Confederate," it having been mustered in and left the State in April, 1861, before the State seceded. My father served the regiment as chaplain till May, 1862, when he resigned on account of being afflicted with rheumatism contracted in camp.

My two brothers served through all the battles in Virginia, beginning with the first battle of Manassas and continuing through to Gettysburg. They were in the famous Pickett's charge, where Robert H. lost his left leg, taken off above the knee.

On the fiercest day of the battle at Gettysburg, the third day of July, 1863, Roddy S. was captured and carried to Fort

Delaware prison, where he remained until the close of the war. He is now living near Tullahoma, Tenn., hale and hearty, at the age of 81. Robert H. Anthony died in Victoria, Tex., at the age of 72.

I had another older brother, Nicholas, who volunteered in another regiment in 1862, but he served only a few months and was discharged on account of disability.

In the fall of 1864, Maj. Jordan Hayes had instructions to raise a battalion of cavalry. He raised three companies of perhaps fifty men each, or boys, I should say, for there were not sufficient whiskers in the entire bunch to line a bird's nest. We attempted to go out with Hood's army, but were cut off, so we turned and went out through East Tennessee and into North Carolina, across South Carolina, and across Georgia below Atlanta into Alabama, to a point on Coosa River, some miles below Gadsden, where we were when the war ended. We broke camp there May 15, 1865, and were paroled in Chattanooga on the 16th and went into Tullahoma in a box car, upright, however, on the 17th.

I make no claim to any heroic deeds, but am entitled, perhaps, to one distinction. I belonged to a family whose father and four sons all served in the Confederate army and were all honorably discharged. The three oldest, or two of them at least, served in the first regiment made up in the State, and I, the youngest, in the very last command made up in the Confederacy and perhaps the last whole command paroled. I have the muster roll of my company.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF ONE COUNTY.

A work to be commended is that undertaken by Commander F. M. Taylor, of Ben T. Embry Camp No. 977, of Russellville, Ark., who has compiled a list of all surviving persons in Pope County who served under the Confederate flag. The list totals fifty-four, the youngest of whom is 74, and the oldest 92. Most of these veterans are active members of Ben T. Embry Camp and seldom miss the annual reunions held in August at Gravel Hill camp ground north of Russellville. This is one of the most active U. C. V. Camps in the State.

Following are the living members of Ben T. Embry Camp, all of whom saw active service in the War between the States:

Russellville.—R. C. Berryman, 78; W. M. Oates, 74; Capt. R. J. Wilson, 86; R. O. Morton, 75; H. H. Youngblood, 77; Capt. J. W. Russell, 82; L. C. White, 84; H. S. Simpson, 77; John Clingman, 78; W. A. McKinney, 76; M. H. Baird, 77; Dr. R. H. Gardner, 76; S. A. Henry, 80; J. W. Standford, 76; W. J. Evans, 77; R. C. Loflin, 79; C. D. Hendrick, 77; W. J. Sherrill, 80; G. W. Walker, 79; J. R. Rankin, 79.

Atkins.—D. B. Wheeler, 77; Elbert Slicker, 74; T. B. Burnett, 74; J. N. Burnett, 83; J. D. Hogan, 83; W. P. Lazanby, 77; Thomas H. Farmer, 77; W. M. Byerly, 74; J. C. Alewine, 79; A. J. Barham, 77; J. W. Johnson, 76.

Dover.—R. C. Bowden, 77; W. H. Poynter, 75; C. M. Adams, 74; F. M. Taylor, 75; A. L. Cashell, 79; W. S. Hutchinson, 76.

Scottsville.—J. B. Curtis, 75; M. T. Hale, 79; J. W. Sande, 79; Sam Brummett, 85; B. B. Baker, 97; J. P. Turner, 77; J. F. Ledford, 78.

Hector.—W. D. Van Zandt, 74; R. I. Griffin, 77; D. M. Griffin, 80.

Gumlog.—T. P. McCain, 78; J. A. Byers, 85.

London.—W. H. Spillers, 79; J. C. Clayton, 77.

A. J. Shields, 75, Nogo; S. G. Harris, 80, Ross; G. P. Minor, 79, Pottsville.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

On behalf of the U. D. C. Committee, the Managing Editor would report that the outstanding feature of the month of May has been the good work done by Mrs. A. Matthews, of Black Mountain, N. C., in securing the coöperation of the newspapers of her community. A recent issue of the *Asheville Times* carried a splendid editorial article entitled "A True Picture." This reads, in part, as follows:

"The D. A. R. and the U. D. C. are performing a valuable service in their endeavors to keep history straight. It is not an easy task to align even specific events and secure a correct interpretation of them, and it is far more difficult to secure a true perspective of conditions of life in the past. . . .

"And such books as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi,' with their portrayal of the unusual, have made a deep and very erroneous impression of life in the South in the days before the Civil War. Even while there are with us those who participated in that life, the latest generation even in the South has acquired a faulty picture of things as they were. . . .

"The absurdity of these conceptions does not make their eradication easy, as the U. D. C. knows—and it is highly important that they be removed. A wide misconception of sectional life is harmful in the highest degree, and the South has suffered from this cause much more than the North or West. There civic and private virtues have been magnified while in the South the opposite qualities are too frequently exaggerated. . . .

"'Women of the South in War Times,' a book which the U. D. C. has widely circulated, is highly helpful in correctly picturing earlier life in the South.'"

Mrs. Matthews has been able to get this coöperation on the part of the newspapers through her ability to present principles and her interest in the principles rather than in things of lesser consequence, such, for example, as personalities and general impressions.

The seven States now leading in the distribution of "The Women of the South in War Times" since the St. Louis convention in November are as follows: North Carolina, South Carolina, West Virginia, Arkansas, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR BEAUVOIR CONFEDERATE HOME.

A special proclamation has been issued by Governor Russell, of Mississippi, designating May 2 as "Beauvoir Hospital Day," the day on which the people of that State are asked to make a contribution toward the erection of a new hospital building for the inmates of the Beauvoir Confederate Home. This movement originated with Superintendent Elanathan Tarrt, of the Home, who, with his good wife, has been doing everything possible with the means at hand to make the last days of the inmates comfortable and pleasant, and his efforts secured the passage of a bill by the last legislature authorizing the board of supervisors of each county in the State to donate funds to build this hospital. By calling on each county for a special donation, the amount required will be equally divided and will not be a hardship on any; and the Governor has set this special day for each county district to make up its quota.

The amount required to build a modern, fireproof, brick hospital of one hundred rooms will be at least \$100,000, and by a contribution of \$1,000 from each of the eighty-two counties, the greater part of the sum needed will be secured; then Mr. W. M. Lampton, known for his generosity to and inter-

est in the veterans of the Home, has agreed to make a donation of ten per cent of the amount collected to build the hospital.

Superintendent Tarrt says: "It is sunset with the old Confederate veterans. Help me to build them a comfortable hospital before they all cross over the river."

THE LEE HIGHWAY.

The Lee Highway, designated by action of the Virginia Assembly and by the signature of Gov. E. Lee Trinkle of that State on March 20, is in all probability the route of greatest historic interest in the eastern part of the United States. The points of historic interest will thrill the traveler throughout the entire route from Washington to Warrenton, Va., and present themselves immediately after crossing the Potomac River via the Key Bridge into Virginia.

Some of the historic points which are made easily accessible by means of this highway are the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee and the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., the old colonial church (Falls Church), the construction of which General Washington assisted in and in which he served as a vestryman. Thence on to Fairfax, Va., which is the county seat of Fairfax County, and one finds the well-known Fairfax Courthouse. Through history it has been associated with the Washingtons, the Masons, and the Lees. It is one of the oldest courthouses in the State, and its records, which include the original will of George Washington, are among the oldest and most interesting in Virginia. Capt. John C. Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles, fell on June 1, 1861, being the first soldier to fall on either side in the War between the States. A monument is erected in the courthouse yard to his memory.

Driving on for a distance of approximately ten miles, one comes to Centreville, which was the scene of much activity previous to the first battle of Manassas. This was one of the great stopping places in the days before the war, when the stage line was operated between Alexandria and Washington. The Bull Run Mountains and the intervening country render a beautiful view from this point. Through this point General Braddock and General Washington marched to engage the French and Indians on the frontier.

Farther along the road one arrives at the stone bridge which spans Bull Run on the line of the pike and which was blown up by Stuart's Cavalry of the Southern forces to stop retreating Unionists in the first battle of Manassas. About a mile west of this bridge is the Stone House, which stands near the center of the First Manassas battle field. Cannon balls are imbedded in its walls, having been fired during this first battle. The Henry House, which was in the thickest of this first battle of Manassas, is to be found about one quarter of a mile south of the Stone House. A grandson of the Henry's occupying the house at that time resides there now. Guides may be obtained at this point to show you over the battle fields of Manassas and other points of interest. A few miles farther a monument on the south side of the road indicates a spot where Generals Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson met in conference on the second battle of Manassas, August 29, 1862.

The mill and dam at Buckland is well worth seeing, and the gently rolling country just off of the highway is most beautiful. It is but a short trip from here into Warrenton, Va.

The Lee Highway passes Luray, Va., with its wonderful caverns, within easy reach of the tourist, bringing it within ninety-three miles from Washington by the most direct and feasible route. After excessive rains it is not possible to get through these roads, but at other times they are entirely passable, being dragged and kept in as good shape as possible.

Mrs. Emily G. Ravenel, of Savannah, Ga. (116 East McDonough Street), wishes to procure the following numbers of the VETERAN to fill out the file of the Savannah Chapter U. D. C.: 1896, September; 1900, July; 1905, July.

George Echols, Attalla, Ala., who belonged to Company H, 2nd Georgia Regiment, would like to hear from some one who could help establish his record, as he wishes to enter a Confederate Home. Address Mrs. T. S. Williams, President U. D. C., Attalla, Ala.

The widow of George Lyon would like to secure the name and address of some comrade who can prove his service in the Confederate army. He was a member of Company I, 42nd Regiment Georgia Volunteers (Henderson), Stovall's Brigade. Address Frank Reagan, 519 Bibb Realty Building, Macon, Ga.

Mrs. Sarah Lee, of Beaumont, Tex. (2306 Linson Avenue), wishes information of Francis Marion Drinkard, who entered the Confederate army in June, 1861, from Washington, La., as a member of Captain Offord's company. He was sent to Richmond, Va., and was there after the war. Mrs. Lee is his foster sister and would like to learn something of him.

H. E. Patterson, of Temple, Tex., makes inquiry in behalf of G. M. Collier, formerly of Lawrence County, Tenn., who wishes to join the Sons of Confederate Veterans and needs to have the war record of his father, B. L. Collier, who, after joining the army, was rejected because of disability and hired a man by the name of Bell as a substitute. Any information concerning his record would be appreciated.

W. A. Scott, of North Tazewell, Va., wishes to ascertain the war record of his father, Samuel Scott, but does not know the command with which he served; had heard him speak of being at "High Bridge," which was near Farmville and Petersburg, Va. Samuel Scott was reared in Prince Edward County, Va., near Worsham, and had a brother, William F. Scott. It is hoped that some comrade will remember his service. Mr. Scott also mentions uncles on his mother's side—A. E., Alexander, and Bruce Watson, sons of Joseph A. Watson, who were in the Confederate army; they lived near Hampden Sidney, Va.

Any surviving comrades of Thomas Elliott, who served with the 47th Alabama Regiment and was killed near the close of the war near Richmond, Va., are asked to write to his widow, Mrs. W. E. Elliott, at San Augustine, Tex., who wishes to secure a pension. She is now eighty-five years of age and in needy circumstances.

A. A. Anthem, of Cooley, Okla. (R. F. D. No. 3, Box 7), wants to hear from any surviving comrades who can testify to his service in the Confederate army. He served in Company I, of Captain Howell's company, was wounded at Manassas, and was transferred to General Cox's Brigade and was in Company D. He served until the surrender, and now wishes to get a pension.

Miss Mary Mitchell, librarian of the public library of Webb City, Mo., is interested in getting data on the Mitchell family, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give information on that line. Her revolutionary great-grandfather, James Mitchell, of North Carolina, died in Maury County, Tenn. She also mentions David Craig and Davy Crockett as connections of the family.

The widow of Asa B. Crowson wishes to get in communication with any surviving comrades of her husband whose testimony will help her to establish his record as a Confederate soldier; she is trying to get a pension. Asa B. Crowson entered the Confederate service in the spring of 1862 and was first in the infantry; was subsequently transferred to Company C, 3rd Arkansas Cavalry, which was sent east of the Mississippi and attached to the Army of Tennessee. He was in the battles of Corinth, Chickamauga, in the Atlanta campaign, returning with Hood, and was at Franklin and Nashville; he made his escape into Alabama and there surrendered in 1865. Address Mrs. Asa B. Crowson, Ladonia, Tex.

I love the modest maidenhood,
The deference paid to womanhood,
The chivalric and gentle blood
In Old Virginia.

I love the love of native soil,
The simple faith that trusts in God,
The heads bowed 'neath the chastening rod
In Old Virginia.

—E. B. Valentine.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little Wilsons, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drum, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 885 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.



M. S. Pyle, of Alto, Tex., is trying to secure testimony to his record as a Confederate soldier that will enable him to get a pension. He volunteered at Marshall, Tex., in December, 1863, in Captain Stith's and Beard's company, and later was transferred to Company E, Harrison's Cavalry Regiment, at Waco. The regiment then joined Magruder's command at Fort Smith, Ark., and there Comrade Pyle was captured and sent to a prison near Galveston, and was released after the surrender. He was reared by a relative named Balmon, who lived near Marshall, Tex., on Parker Creek. Any information can be sent to Capt. P. A. Blakey, Alto, Tex.

Don't Wear a Truss



BROOKS' APPLIANCE is the modern scientific invention, the wonder full new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. Nosives, Nollies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never on sale in stores. Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for trade mark signature of C. E. Brooks and his picture on every genuine. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. Brooks, Inventor
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First Fight Between Ironclads

WHO has not been thrilled by the story of the fight between the first ironclads in naval warfare? And who of us of Confederate ancestry has not resented the telling of the story as a Federal victory? Few historians have given credit where due in that fight, nor has Confederate genius been properly recognized in the making of the first ironclad warship in the history of the world.

The Facts of the Fight

Read the story of this great naval engagement as told by E. V. WHITE, late of Portsmouth, Va., who was a junior engineer on the Virginia, and who tells the story as "a witness and participant," his position giving him the best opportunity for observation of the fight.

Get This Booklet

This story is offered in a handsome pamphlet, illustrated, to all who renew their subscriptions to the *Veteran*, to all new subscribers, and to all who send one or more subscriptions *during this month of June*. Just ask for it. That's all.

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The Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

JULY, 1922

NO. 7



THE GREAT CONFEDERATE SEAL
Now in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, and it was his "proud privilege to follow the fortunes of that army as private soldier or chaplain from Harper's Ferry in 1861 to Appomattox Courthouse in 1865—to know personally many of its leading officers—to mingle freely with the private soldiers in camp, on the march, in the bivouac, on the battle field, and in the hospital—and to labor in those glorious revivals which made nearly the whole army vocal with God's praises."

These experiences he put in book form under the title of "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in Lee's Army," in which many incidents are given of the concern manifested by General Lee for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers under him, and there are many other incidents showing the wonderful influence of religion upon that army as a whole, and individual instances of its comfort to the wounded and dying. It is doubtless the most comprehensive work of the kind ever published, and is replete with interest from beginning to end.

A list of the chaplains of the Army of Northern Virginia is also given, and an appendix gives instances of the work of grace in other armies of the Confederacy.

A special price on the last of the edition enables the VETERAN to offer this work in new stock at \$1.50 for the cloth and \$2 for the half leather. And a very special offer of it in either binding is made with a year's subscription at \$2.50. Those taking advantage of this offer can also have the pamphlet on the "First Fight between Ironclads" by asking for it.

Send all orders to the VETERAN.

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FACTS ABOUT THE SOUTH.

Here is some information that will be not only interesting, but also an inspiration to you as a Southerner.

Did you know that the South produces—

About 100 per cent of the country's cane sugar?

About 100 per cent of the country's peanuts?

About 92 per cent of the country's sweet potatoes?

About 90 per cent of the country's early spring vegetables?

About 60 per cent of the country's grain sorghums?

About 45 per cent of the country's peaches?

About 45 per cent of the country's chickens and other fowls?

About 35 per cent of the country's citrus fruits?

About 33 per cent of the country's eggs?

About 30 per cent of the country's apples?

About 25 per cent of the country's sugar?

About 100 per cent of the country's bauxite?

About 100 per cent of the country's barytes?

About 100 per cent of the country's fuller's earth?

About 99 per cent of the country's sulphur?

About 99 per cent of the country's phosphate rock?

About 90 per cent of the country's aluminum?

About 60 per cent of the country's graphite?

About 45 per cent of the country's asphalt?

About 33 per cent of the country's pyrites?

About 33 per cent of the country's talc and soapstone?

About 32 per cent of the country's coal?

About 24 per cent of the country's lead and zinc?

And, again, that the South has—

About 40 per cent of the country's swine?

About 35 per cent of the country's cattle?

And of course King Cotton should have been included in the above list, for it is undoubtedly the greatest financial asset which the South has to-day, despite the boll weevil.—*Compiled by Rose & Son, members American Cotton Exchange, New York City.*

A TRIBUTE.

The day, the hour, the place have met,
Friends, we'll ponder, "lest we forget"
The bravest men who ever died
For the noblest cause that was ever tried!

The men whose graves we deck to-day,
Dead for half a century are they;
But unforgotten! As the long years roll
Of tribute they shall have a toll.

The "thin gray line" grows almost bare
As one by one, now here, now there,
A fellow comrade joins the band
Of heroes, dead for Dixie Land.

Conquered? Yes! Defeated? Never!
Unnumbered hosts their ranks could
sever.

In dauntless courage their ashes rise
To claim for them a victor's prize.

Pause! think! revere! they gave their all
In answer to the Southern call.
And in this land for which they died,
A day for memories we set aside.

This is the day—and while love shall
last,
Let echoes ring from out the past.
While Southern hearts beat warm and
true
Confederate gray, we reverence you!

(This poem was written by Miss Rutson Hatchett Lutz and read by her at the Memorial Day exercises in Montgomery, Ala., on April 26. She is a senior of the Sidney Lanier High School of that city and a promising young writer.)

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1922.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THE REUNION IN RICHMOND.

The fame of Virginia hospitality was not dimmed by any lack in the entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans in their thirty-second annual reunion, June 20-22. The old Confederate capital was turned over to them literally for the three days, and the city was alive with color and activity in their behalf. Provision had been made for the entertainment of several thousand veterans in homes of the city, but the number coming in was larger than was expected, so arrangements were made to house the surplus in vacant city buildings, and in that way all were provided for. It was estimated that more than six thousand veterans attended this reunion, and the additional visitors were several times that number.

The convention opened on Tuesday morning, June 20, and the addresses of welcome all breathed that spirit of hospitality and appreciation of the visitors that made them feel doubly at home. "The city is yours" was the sentiment of every speech, and every veteran felt it. Gov. E. Lee Trinkle gave them welcome in the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and paid eloquent tribute to the leaders of that great cause; Mayor Ainslie greeted them by his welcome for the city of Richmond; Commander W. B. Freeman, of the Virginia Division U. C. V., voiced a cordial greeting from comrades of the State; and the addresses by Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, and Dr. Douglas Freeman, who made the special reunion address, stirred all to wildest enthusiasm.

A short business session was held in the afternoon for the report of the Adjutant General and the appointment of committees, after which came the reception at the Governor's mansion to veterans and official ladies of the reunion as the special entertainment of the day. The spacious mansion was crowded during the hours designated.

The Wednesday sessions were given over to business and the election of officers. Of the most important reports was that on the Jefferson Davis Memorial, at Fairview, Ky., which was made by Gen. W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, Ky., now President of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. Following his report, it was resolved by the United Confederate Veterans in convention assembled in Richmond, Va., June 21, 1922:

"That all Confederate organizations of men and women are hereby urged to earnestly and actively endeavor to secure at once the sum of \$30,000 necessary to complete the Jefferson Davis monument, now being erected at the birthplace of the only President of the Confederacy, at Fairview, Ky.

"That the quickest and best way to raise this money is by means of a loan, without interest, to be made by the men and women of the South who are financially able to do so, this sum to be repaid when the Daughters of the Confederacy, pursuant to their promise to complete the monument, have finished the collection of the money necessary for this business."

The amount needed to complete the monument is to be loaned by the moneyed men of the organization, it is understood, who will be repaid from collections made as designated.

A resolution was adopted to provide a suitable memorial to the faithful slaves of the South. While nothing definite was set forth, plans for this will be perfected later, and the amount to be collected and the site of the memorial will be decided upon.

The movement for a Confederate monument in Los Angeles, Cal., was indorsed by unanimous vote.

Some other resolutions passed were as follows:

That the graves of Confederate veterans be marked with a cross of honor, four inches square. This resolution calls upon the members of the families of the veterans to see that the cross marks the grave of all veterans who have died and those who die in the future.

That the Sons of Confederate Veterans become associate members of the United Confederate Veterans without having a vote at the U. C. V. meetings. Many Camps have already admitted the Sons to membership, and the purpose of the resolution was to let other Camps of the organization know that there is nothing in the constitution to prohibit their taking similar action.

The report on the Battle Abbey was made, in which was included the article by Judge Christian in the *VETERAN* for June. The thanks of the convention were voted to Judge Christian and others for the excellent manner in which the Abbey is being conducted, and the support of the people of the South for this great institute was earnestly urged.

A message of sympathy was sent to President Wilson, whose name was cheered in the convention whenever mentioned.

Thanks to the city of Richmond, the State of Virginia, the members of the reunion committees, and the press of the "Capital of the Confederacy" were expressed in a series of resolutions at the last.

The report of the History Committee, Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, Chairman, set out the work that had been accomplished in eliminating from schools such histories as were found to be unfair to the South. A part of this report was the commendation of the pamphlet by Col. H. W. Johnstone, of Curryville, Ga., which brings out some heretofore unknown history of events just preceding the War between the States. The report is here given in full:

"To the United Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va.:

"Comrades: Your Rutherford Committee, appointed to endeavor to have the truth of Confederate history presented to the world, and especially to the young of the South, has the honor to submit its annual report.

"For reasons heretofore given, your committee has been obliged to restrict its scope of work, almost exclusively, to watching and influencing State school book adoptions, in order to secure the adoption of textbooks for use in the Southern schools, teaching our youths the great historic truths of the Confederate struggle, thus enabling them to justify, approve, and commend the actions of their forbears in the sixties. As previously reported, Mississippi and Texas had made selections of histories fair to the South, and we are glad now to report that during the past year the States of North Carolina, Louisiana, and South Carolina have made adoptions of books fair to the South. In every case your committee has presented the importance of this matter to the adopting boards. It is gratifying that this sentiment is sweeping over the South, and the various adopting boards seem determined to allow in their schools only such histories which fairly teach the magnificent history of the Southern States of our Union.

"It is with the utmost pleasure that we invite attention to the splendid work done in the State adoptions by the textbook committees of the respective State divisions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. These committees have worked most earnestly and efficiently and have largely contributed to the glorious achievements of securing in the States histories true and loyal to the Confederacy.

"To show how fully this sentiment has been aroused, we cite North Carolina's action in particular. This State had on its list of adopted books for high schools, from a previous adoption, a history which taught the young that the Confederate cause was 'an unworthy one.' The contract had some time to run. But when the false teachings of this history was called to the attention of the State Board of Education it broke the contract, assuming whatever pecuniary damage may arise, and eliminated the book from its schools.

"Your committee would, especially commend a pamphlet by Colonel Huger W. Johnstone, of Curryville, Ga., on the 'Truth of the War Conspiracy of 1861,' and published by that great-hearted Southern historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford. This presents the official evidence gathered principally from the United States government archives, which proves the Confederate war was deliberately and personally conceived and its inauguration made by Abraham Lincoln, and that he was personally responsible for forcing the war upon the South.

"To instill further into the young of the South the truths of the Confederacy's magnificent struggle for constitutional

liberty, the chairman of our committee has prepared a lecture teaching these truths, which should be impressed upon the young of the South. This lecture has been delivered in the colleges and high schools and much good has been thereby accomplished. Your members can aid in this good work by suggesting to any institutions of learning in their respective neighborhoods that they arrange to have this lecture delivered. It will be history told by one who helped to make it.

"Your committee, unless you direct otherwise, will continue its work. We believe that the constant agitation of the great Confederate organizations, the Veterans, Daughters, and Sons, is producing fruit; that the sentiment has been so aroused that perverted Yankee histories will no longer be used to instruct our children; that the young will now be taught that the South was right, yea, eternally and everlastingly right, in fighting for these principles upon which our glorious country was founded.

"Respectfully submitted for the Rutherford committee.

"C. I. WALKER, Chairman."

The adoption of the resolution accepting this report, in so far as the paragraph in reference to Lincoln's responsibility for the War between the States, was repudiated by Commander in Chief Julian S. Carr, and the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, C. B. Howry, in a statement given to the newspapers after the reunion. Why a protest was not made against it at the time of its adoption has not been explained. It is unfortunate that such protest was not made, so that the matter might have been referred for further consideration, and thus this confusion and misunderstanding which have so aroused the people generally could have been avoided. To put the blame on Lincoln alone for having conceived and inaugurated the War between the States will need strong proof to sustain, but that he had a part in the events which precipitated the conflict cannot be denied. That the South was forced to fire on Fort Sumter because of its secret reinforcement, despite Federal assurance to the contrary, is well known; and Lincoln knew that this first shot would fire the Northern heart to answer his call for troops to invade the South.

If all this agitation but result in our people giving more study to the history of that period, there will be hope to yet establish the truth of it.

A joint memorial service was held at noon on Wednesday by the three organizations in convention to pay tribute to those who had passed over since the last reunion, a long list of whom shows many vacant places in the ranks.

W. McDonald Lee, of Virginia, was elected Commander in Chief Sons of Confederate Veterans; and Carl Hinton, of Colorado, was reelected Adjutant in Chief.

The election of officers for the organization was by acclamation, after a heated contest for Commander in Chief, Gen. J. A. Thomas, of Georgia, being put in nomination for that office. His withdrawal left no opponent, and the election went by acclamation, as follows:

Commander in Chief, Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina.
Commander Army of Tennessee Department, J. A. Thomas, of Georgia.

Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, C. B. Howry, of Washington, D. C.

Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, E. W. Fitzpatrick, of Texas.

(Continued on page 278.)

COL. JOHN A. WASHINGTON, C. S. A.

In a communication to the *National Tribune*, Z. T. Starkey, of the National Soldiers' Home, at Quincy, Ill., gives his version of the killing of Col. John A. Washington, last of the name to own Mount Vernon, and who was on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee. Mr. Starkey refers to "Brig. Gen. John A. Washington, in command of a squad of Confederate cavalry on a scouting expedition along Deer Creek Valley in West Virginia about fifteen or twenty miles south of Beverly," and says:

"I was a member of Company E, 3d Ohio, commanded by E. P. Abbott. I was on picket duty and had just been relieved, and was looking down the valley when I saw this squad of cavalry pass a house in which several of the members of the 14th Indiana were engaged in playing cards. They saw the squad, too, and opened fire, and I saw the commander fall. I immediately rushed down and, placing the body in my blanket, with the assistance of several of the boys who were members of the card party, carried him to the picket post, where his identity was established by our captain, who had heard the firing and came out to ascertain the cause.

"Captain Abbott and General Washington were members of the same class at West Point, and when the war broke out found opposing forces, and he identified the body as soon as he saw it. It was later under a flag of truce returned to his troops."

Letters from General Lee to his wife and to the Governor of Virginia, touching on the death of Colonel Washington, disprove the story told by Mr. Starkey. Another instance of a soldier's imagination carrying him beyond fact. General Lee's letters also give some interesting points on the Cheat Mountain effort. He wrote to his wife as follows:

"VALLEY MOUNT, September 17, 1861.

"I received, dear Mary, your letter of the 5th by Beverly Turner, who is a nice young soldier. I am pained to see fine young men like him, of education and standing, from all the old and respectable families in the State, serving in the ranks. I hope in time they will receive their reward. I met him as I was returning from an expedition to the enemy's works, which I had hoped to have surprised on the morning of the 12th, both at Cheat Mountain and at Valley River. All the attacking parties with great labor had reached their destination, over mountains considered impassable to bodies of troops, notwithstanding the heavy storm that set in the day before and raged all night, in which they had to stand up till daylight. Their arms were then unserviceable and they in poor condition for a fierce assault against artillery and superior numbers. After waiting till ten o'clock for the assault on Cheat Mountain, which did not take place and which was to have been the signal for the rest, they were withdrawn, and, after waiting three days in front of the enemy, hoping he would come out of his trenches, we returned to our position at this place. I cannot tell you my regret and mortification at the untoward events that caused the failure of the plan. I had taken every precaution to insure success, and counted on it. But the Ruler of the universe willed otherwise and sent a storm to disconcert a well-laid plan and to destroy my hopes. We are no worse off now than before, except the disclosure of our plan, against which they will guard.

"We met with one heavy loss, which grieves me deeply; Colonel Washington accompanied Fitzhugh on a reconnoitering expedition, and I fear they were carried away by

their zeal and approached within the enemy's pickets. The first they knew was a volley from a concealed party within a few yards of them. Their balls passed through the Colonel's body, then struck Fitzhugh's horse, and the horse of one of the men was killed. Fitzhugh mounted the Colonel's horse and brought him off. I am much grieved. He was always anxious to go on these expeditions. This was the first day I assented. Since I had been thrown into such intimate relations with him, I had learned to appreciate him very highly. Morning and evening have I seen him on his knees praying to his Maker.

"The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.' May God have mercy on us all! I suppose you are at the Hot Springs and will direct to you there. Our poor sick, I know, suffer much. They bring it on themselves by not doing what they are told. They are worse than children, for the latter can be forced."

On the same date he wrote to "His Excellency, Governor John Letcher":

"My Dear Governor: I received your very kind note of the 5th instant, just as I was about to accompany General Loring's command on an expedition to the enemy's works in front, or I would have before thanked you for the interest you take in my welfare, and your too flattering expression of my ability. Indeed, you overrate me much, and I feel humbled when I weigh myself by your standard. I am, however, very grateful for your confidence, and I can answer for my sincerity in the earnest endeavor I make to advance the cause I have so much at heart, though conscious of the slow progress I make. I was very sanguine of taking the enemy's works on last Thursday morning. I had considered the subject well. With great effort the troops intended for the surprise had reached their destination, having traversed twenty miles of steep, rugged mountain paths; and the last day through a terrible storm, which lasted all night, and in which they had to stand drenched to the skin in cold rain. Still, their spirits were good. When morning broke, I could see the enemy's tents on Valley River, at the point on the Huttonsville road just below me. It was a tempting sight. We waited for the attack on Cheat Mountain, which was to be the signal. Till 10 A.M. the men were cleaning their unserviceable arms. But the signal did not come. All chance for a surprise was gone. The provisions of the men had been destroyed the preceding day by storm. They had nothing to eat that morning, could not hold out another day, and were obliged to be withdrawn. The party sent to Cheat Mountain to take that in rear had also to be withdrawn. The attack to come off from the east side failed from the difficulties in the way; the opportunity was lost, and our plan discovered. It is a grievous disappointment to me, I assure you. But for the rain storm, I have no doubt it would have succeeded. This, Governor, is for your own eye. Please do not speak of it; we must try again.

"Our greatest loss is the death of my dear friend, Colonel Washington. He and my son were reconnoitering the front of the enemy. They came unawares upon a concealed party, who fired upon them within twenty yards, and the Colonel fell, pierced by three balls. My son's horse received three shots, but he escaped on the Colonel's horse. His zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself carried him, I fear, too far. We took some seventy prisoners, and killed some twenty-five or thirty of the enemy. Our loss was small

besides what I have mentioned. Our greatest difficulty is the roads. It has been raining in these mountains about six weeks. It is impossible to get along. It is that which has paralyzed all our efforts."

A. P. HILL'S LIGHT DIVISION.

BY SERG. B. F. BROWN, COMPANY L, FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, McGOWAN'S BRIGADE, LIGHT DIVISION, 1861-1865, AUGUSTA, GA.

The famous Light Division of Maj. Gen. Ambrose Powell Hill was composed of Pender's North Carolina, Archer's Tennessee, Branch's North Carolina, Gregg's (afterwards McGowan's) South Carolina, Field's Virginia, and Thomas's Georgia Brigades, and Pegram's battalion of artillery, which brought on the Seven Days' Battles on June 27, 1862, and which constituted a command whose record is unsurpassed in the annals of war for quickness of movement, dash in attack, and steadiness and dogged determination in resisting assault. Hill bore a conspicuous part in all the battles around Richmond against McClellan, and at Frazier's Farm, on June 30, 1862, won imperishable laurels for himself and his division. It was Hill who, sword in hand, and in his shirt sleeves, led at Cedar Mountain the charge that saved the day; it was Hill who, at Second Manassas, when told that Maxcy Gregg said he had no ammunition, but would hold his position with the bayonet, exclaimed, "He is the man for me," and to another brigade cried: "Good for you, boys! Let them have the rocks a little longer and I will send you ammunition and reinforcements."

Such was the spirit of the man. He inspired by his voice, his example, and his personal appearance. In stature he was about five feet ten inches, slightly built, with hazel eyes that would light up with almost steely glint under the excitement of battle; and he wore both beard and mustache, while his hair, which was usually long, was disposed to curl.

He rarely wore a coat or sack or blouse throughout the warm summer days, but was generally in his shirt sleeves. There was nothing of the sloven about him, for he was not only the incarnation of the soldier, but a gentleman every inch of him. His shirts were usually of figured calico and immaculate in their neatness.

At Harper's Ferry, on September 15, 1862, the Light Division received the flag of surrender, and with it 11,000 prisoners, and then, by a forced march that was Napoleonic in its celerity, covered the distance between that point and Sharpsburg, seventeen miles, arriving in time to get on Burnside's flank, roll it up like a scroll, and enable General Lee to hold his position. Hill covered with his division the return of General Lee's army to Virginia, and, at Boteler's Ford, not only held McClellan in check, but administered to him a terrible defeat and recaptured thirty pieces of artillery. This was entirely of his own conception, as he was without orders from either General Lee or General Jackson. At Fredericksburg his division formed the right of Jackson's Corps, at Chancellorsville it formed the center and participated in that wonderful flank movement, planned and executed by the immortal Jackson, by which he passed around Hooker's right and assailed it from the rear.

Upon the death of General Jackson, General Hill was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, a position General Lee had designed him for some months before, as will be seen from a letter of General Lee to President Davis, October 2, 1862, at the close of the Maryland campaign, in which he said: "Next to these two officers, Generals Longstreet and

Jackson, I consider General A. P. Hill the best commander with me. He fights his troops well and takes good care of them." His corps was formed of Heth's, Pender's, and Anderson's divisions, the distinguished honor of commanding the Light Division falling to Maj. Gen. W. D. Pender. The great responsibilities of the lieutenant generality seemed to have told upon his naturally buoyant spirits, and there was ever after a gravity about him that he maintained until the day of his death. He gave up the familiar shirt sleeves and regularly wore the uniform of a lieutenant general, which added to his quiet, thoughtful mien. He had ceased to be the inspiring Hill of the old Light Division.

His old division missed his magnetic presence, which bound him to them with hooks of steel. He was always close up to where the fighting was heaviest. At Second Manassas he was never out of sight of his division; and who does not remember how he would dash up to the man with the white feather and rap him over the shoulders with his long, small, flexible Harper's Ferry sword; or, if the fleeing one was out of reach of his sword, would pull his pistol and say: "Stop, damn you, or I'll blow your brains out?" But all the man had to do, when the general stopped him, was to say, "I can't stand it, General. I haven't the courage," when the general would immediately tell him: "Go to the rear, then, before you cause good men to run."

How he looked upon stragglers will be seen from his report of the Maryland campaign. In that report he says: "Had all our stragglers been up, McClellan's army would have been completely crushed or annihilated. Thousands of thievish poltroons had been kept away from sheer cowardice. The straggler is generally a thief and always a coward, lost to all sense of shame; he can only be kept in the ranks by a strict and sanguinary discipline."

As an instance of his buoyancy of spirits, it will be recalled with what a dash he entered into some of the squirrel chases of his division as it lay near Berryville, Va., in the fall of 1862. Whenever the men saw a squirrel up a tree they at once set up the most hideous yells at the nervous little animal, which often would, in its bewilderment, spring for the nearest tree, sometimes thirty or fifty feet distant. Of course, it would come short of reaching it and fall to the ground; then the pursuit would commence. Whenever one of these incidents occurred near General Hill, instantly he would join the crowd and, with pistol in hand, yell as loud as any of them and say: "Stand aside, boys, and let me get a crack at him."

His great spirit ceased from him in front of Petersburg, Sunday, April 2, 1865, while endeavoring to retrieve a disaster, a victim to the chivalrous daring for which he was always distinguished.

In the closing hours of General Lee, he said, "Send for Gen. A. P. Hill," and in the dying moments of Stonewall Jackson he exclaimed: "Send A. P. Hill to the front." It is a most interesting coincidence that among the last thoughts of the two greatest soldiers of the South, the fidelity and devotion of Gen. A. P. Hill should have had so conspicuous a place.

It was not the intention to write a complete sketch of General Hill, but to merely touch upon some of the characteristics which so endeared him to both his superior officers and his men.

The two lieutenant generals—Jackson and Hill—under whom the Light Division served, received their death blows upon the battle field, and on the field of Gettysburg its immediate commander, the lamented Major General Pender, laid down his noble life. The Light Division then passed to

the command of Maj. Gen. C. M. Wilcox, under whom it fought until the end of the war.

"No epitaph more noble and sublime
Hath e'er been writ in all the tide of time,
Nor yet can be; it doth all fullness fill—
These death's undying words: 'Tell A. P. Hill!'

"Hill was already Fame's, but Jackson's death
Confirmed her verdict with his latest breath;
So Lee's last words, as his great heart grew still,
Were Fame's and Jackson's own: 'Tell A. P. Hill!'

"Prepare for action!" Ah! the action's done.
These three have met on fields beyond the sun;
But Fame endures and shall endure until
Her trumpets cease to sound—"Tell A. P. Hill!"

FAMOUS RIFLES.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRETN, LA.

The article in the February VETERAN on "A Whitworth Rifle with a History" brought up the thought that there were others which, if their histories were known, would compare favorably with Henry Green's and without detracting a single particle from Green's enviable record. I had the opportunity and good fortune, more or less, of becoming acquainted with a pair of those super-rifles belonging to sharpshooters of Longstreet's Corps in which there were twenty, as I was informed by the men who carried them.

The first I saw was at Campbell's Station, some seventeen miles below Knoxville, Tenn., on November 14 (about), 1863, when part of Burnside's Corps was forced back into Knoxville from Loudon and Lenoir Station. My command, the 6th Georgia Cavalry, under Col. John R. Hart, had that morning crossed the Tennessee on a pontoon, following Longstreet's advance guard, which had become engaged with some Union cavalry, almost as soon as it had crossed, in a lively skirmish. In this there were some casualties on both sides, which caused the Federals to fall back on their main force at Lenoir, while part of them went up the Kingston and Knoxville road. We were sent over as soon as the firing began, and, in fact, until it did begin we thought we had been the first to cross the river. We followed their retreating cavalry up the Kingston and Knoxville road, but did not get in range of them until they halted at the junction of the Kingston and Lenoir and Loudon roads, near a large brick house, Campbell's. There they decided to make a stand, though only few in numbers, and as we came in range—a long one—they opened on us. We filed off to the left and formed a line on an eminence above and below a farm house and barn, with our battery (Higgins's) in the center, and began exchanging compliments and the time of day. They appeared to have been armed with short range carbines, and their fire was ineffective, as we had but one man in my company wounded by a spent ball. But it hit him in the pit of the stomach and raised an ugly lump without actually breaking the skin. But Bob was a very sick boy for a while.

We had better guns, "imported Enfields" mostly, with a sprinkling of captured guns of all brands, which proved more effective in combination with our three-inch Parrotts and a smoothbore twelve-pound Napoleon, and induced our friends to withdraw out of sight; we did not follow. Why, we did not know at the time, but shortly afterwards we learned the reason for our not pushing farther forward at that time.

The firing having ceased on both sides, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I ventured across the road and crossed a field beyond toward the Lenoir and Loudon road. There was a fence about midway between the two roads (Kingston and Loudon), and a large cherry tree near the fence, in which a gap had been made by cavalry, as the hoofprints clearly indicated. I made for the gap, going up hill, and was surprised to see a long column of bluecoats emerge from the woods down the road to my right and form in line to the left of the road. One, two, three, four, five, and so on until at least 10,000 men, as near as I could judge, debouched into the field and formed in column of regiments, advancing rapidly toward Campbell's Station, less than a quarter of a mile distant from where I stood.

Here, then, was the explanation and reason for our not moving on Campbell's Station. After the cavalry had disappeared up the road, seeing that I would impede their march, I turned toward my own command and, in retracing my way through the gap in the fence, happened to glance to the right, when I saw the butt of a gun only slightly protruding from beneath the briars that grew in the fence corners. Without a moment's hesitation, I stooped and picked it up, looking around to discover, if possible, the owner. No one was in sight anywhere near. I called: "Hello, there!" Receiving no answer, I examined my new acquisition—"capture"—more closely, and found that it was a rifle such as I had never before seen, and undoubtedly a formidable weapon. Heavy (I judged about thirteen pounds weight), more deeply grooved than any gun I had ever seen, of smaller caliber than any of our guns, and it was sighted for 2,200 yards. "Gee whillikins! Why that is one and a quarter miles!" Some sharpshooter's gun, I surmised and the owner has been captured or killed. Well, I have his gun anyhow.

I didn't have time to examine the arm in all its aspects, as the bluecoats were advancing very rapidly across the field and road, being then less than a quarter of a mile distant. In fact, they seemed to be in a hurry. Longstreet's men were following rather too close for comfort and in greater numbers. Their business was to keep going. I started down the hill with my own gun slung over my back and carrying my capture on my right shoulder, and was "making tracks" toward my command, now in full view of the retreating Federals, who paid no attention to it, seemingly at least, but rolled on across the field and disappeared beyond Campbell's house. While they passed within easy range of our battery, and even of our rifles, not a shot was fired from either side; why? I had almost arrived at the Kingston road when I heard behind me a call, repeated several times, to which, at first, I paid no attention; but at last, I turned to see who was yelling, "Hey, hey there!" with such insistence, and found I was being pursued on the run by a "grayback" like myself, waving his hat and yelling: "Hey there! you've got my gun." Stopping short, I waited, till he caught up with me, when almost out of breath, he repeated: "You've got my gun." I demanded proof. "Where did you lose it?" He replied: "I didn't lose it at all—when I got to that cherry tree, I found I was ahead of the Yankees. They were coming up both roads, and I found myself not only ahead of their cavalry, but between two troops, and I thought I was a goner. But I determined they should not get my gun, so I pushed it under the briars there by the tree, hopped over the fence, and ran along it some distance, and then got back on this side and crawled under the briars in a fence corner and lay here until they had passed by. I don't know whether or not they saw me before I hopped the fence. You fellows were pushing them pretty close (which was a fact), and I

guess they were looking back oftener than ahead; but they cut across the field to join the others coming up the Loudon road and went through the fence at the tree. I was afraid some of them would see my gun and get it, and that would have put me in a fix." He then told me it was a "Whitworth Rifle," English make, and that "they cost \$1,200 each; that there were "only twenty of them in Longstreet's Corps" in the hands of sharpshooters only, who were exempt from the usual soldier's routine—guard mounts, drills, etc.—and that every man of them acted on his own free will when there was anything doing, without restraint, subject only to orders from the division commander or Longstreet himself.

He showed me the cartridges, the ball over an inch long, with a powder charge of near three inches in length. Though it was a muzzle-loader, its range was beyond any gun I had ever handled. I could do no better than return the gun to its owner, but how I hated to give it up. I offered to trade my long Enfield for it and give him "boot." "Good Lord, boy! I wouldn't dare go back to camp without my gun. I'd be court-martialed and shot if I lost it that way." Sound reason for keeping it, I admitted, and at the same time became aware of how very foolish my offer to swap must have sounded to him, as it did to me later.

We walked down to the Kingston road, quite near by then, and there we parted, he going toward the rear, while I rejoined my command at the farm house, up the lane west of the road and watched the Union troops pass on up the road, paying no attention to us. Later, on January 17 following, near Dan-dridge, I again saw one of those Whitworth rifles in action. But, to quote Kipling, that is another story, and with a bit more action and interest, which I may inflict on the VETERAN'S readers some day.

FROM GLOOM TO GLORY.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is the end of the year 1864. A half dozen soldiers from Middle Tennessee were standing on the pontoon bridge across the Tennessee River. They had come with General Hood into Tennessee, hoping to reach their homes and their people, whom they had not seen for three years, and they hoped also to secure comfortable clothing to replace the rags and tatters in which they were wrapped. But the battle of Nashville shattered all of their hopes, and for a week past they had been part and parcel of that little handful of Confederate soldiers who protected the rear ranks of Hood's army from the daily attacks of General Thomas's veterans. For three days and nights they had been literally without a bite to eat, and were now going back into that country, ruined and despoiled, from which they had come to win back their homes. It was indeed a gloomy prospect that lay before them. As one of that number, all that I had received from home was two packages of Confederate bills. My father had sent me \$10,000 in Confederate money, and a friend had sent me \$3,000. Of course, to them it was useless; it might secure comforts for me.

After crossing the river, a three days' ration was issued to us, and while it was a liberal ration, I ate up every scrap of mine at one meal.

As I stood in rags and tatters (I had not had opportunity to secure good clothes from the quartermaster), I saw close by a large building, and found it was the hotel at Luka Springs, an old-time summer resort. It was crowded with refugees, and I heard that among them was Captain Boude, one of Morgan's captains and a classmate of mine. He had been wounded and was now in the chaplain service. Without

thinking of my personal appearance, I determined to visit him at once, and made my way to the hotel. As I knocked at the door of his room and looked in, I saw him sitting by a candle stuck in a black bottle, reading. His wife was on a sofa near by with her baby. Not waiting for my knock to be answered, I stepped into the room. Captain Boude sprang up and rushed forward to meet me. He was a large man, much larger than I, and dressed in a splendid uniform, a thorough contrast to my tattered appearance.

His greeting was: "What do you mean by coming in here, you dirty beast? Don't you know this is a private room? You have no business in here!" It was the deepest humiliation of my life, the very gloomiest experience of the war. I was tempted to turn and leave without explanation, but almost involuntarily I cried out: "Why, Boude, don't you know me?" The next moment began the compensation, for that big fellow had his arms around me, hugging me almost to death, and calling to his wife: "Come here, Nell; it's Jim." And while he sympathized deeply with me, yet he could not resist his sense of the ridiculous in this appearance of a Presbyterian preacher, and so, taking his candle, he walked around me, with appropriate comments, and laughing more than he had done during the whole war. The contrast between my appearance three years before and of that night was too much for him. Such mirations as he made over me attracted a laughing crowd from all over the hotel.

Captain Boude insisted that I should spend the night with them, so I slept in a little cubby-hole next their room.

After breakfast the next morning, Boude went part of the way with me to my command. I saw that he was much troubled, and asked him what his trouble was. He said to me: "It is something that *you* can't help, and there is no use worrying you with it." I insisted that our intimate friendship entitled me to know, that I might at least sympathize with him.

Taking out of his pocket a \$20 gold piece, he said: "This morning we ate the last of our rations; we haven't a dust of meal or flour, or a slice of bacon, nor a cent to buy more with. Ever since the beginning of the war, I have kept a little store of gold for any emergency that might arise, but Confederate money will at least buy something to eat, and I am going to sell this gold for a thousand dollars, Confederate money, which will supply our immediate wants for a while to come."

It was then *my* hour of glory dawned to more than brighten all my gloom. Standing by my friend, even in my rags, and swelling with pride, I said: "I am the very fellow that *can* help you." Out of my pocket I drew my roll of \$10,000 and said: "Help yourself to whatever you need. It is all mine, and I have more beside."

I never saw a greater expression of thankfulness than came into his face. He took \$2,000, and the hugging was renewed. Let me say that at the moment of his greatest success, Rockefeller, nor Carnegie, in the endowment of some great enterprise, never felt the joy, the gladness, the triumph that came into my heart in the helping of an old comrade.

We then went into the quartermaster's store and I bought a complete outfit of Confederate clothing and settled down to the permanent enjoyment of the glory that was mine, thanking God for the opportunity and the means to meet it.

Hereafter, we shall see the truth arise
Above the mists that gather cold and gray,
The ray of faith break through the pregnant East,
And, waiting for the sign, shall know 'tis day.

—Virginia Frazier Boyle.

BRIG. GEN. WALTER H. STEVENS.

[The following tribute was found among the papers of the late Lieut. James McH. Howard, of Baltimore, Md., who was A. A. G., Engineer Corps, A. N. V., from August, 1864, to April 9, 1865.]

Many names have been justly mentioned in the pages of Southern war literature for duty done and service performed, but little has been said of the services of one who was particularly identified with the siege of Richmond and Petersburg. The man, by birth and education a Northern man, is I think the more deserving of honorable mention from the fact that he sacrificed his family and many social ties to identify himself heart and soul with the cause which his convictions told him was right. Such a man was Walter H. Stevens, Chief Engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia.

General Stevens was born in Pen Yann, Yates County, N. Y., where he spent the early part of his youth until his departure for the Military Academy at West Point, at which institution he graduated in his class and was assigned to duty in the Engineer Corps of the army.

He married a lady of Louisiana, and for some years before the war he lived in Galveston, Tex., being an engineer duty under Beauregard along the Gulf Coast, and at one time under the orders of the Lighthouse Board.

At the breaking out of the war, though strongly urged and importuned to cast in his lot with the North and to remain in the service of the United States, he made up his mind to fare for better or for worse with the people of his adopted home, and early in 1861 he was found in Virginia at the first fight at Bull Run and afterwards at Manassas as chief engineer of the then Army of the Potomac.

With this army he was identified until after the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, enjoying the friendship and confidence of the commander of that army.

After the defeat of McClellan, he remained in Richmond in charge of constructing the line of defenses around that city—a system of works the excellence of which was commended by General Lee when, after a thorough and laborious examination, he turned to Colonel Stevens and said: "Well, sir, I have gone around all your lines—and have yet to see a dead space."

These same defenses enabled General Lee to have many more men with his army, as he felt that Richmond was rendered comparatively secure against any sudden dash of the enemy by the small force in the batteries around the city, assisted by the reserve force composed of department clerks and citizens of Richmond, and, as the same time, exerted a certain moral influence upon his opponents, who several times came in sight of, but never had the temerity to charge, these formidable looking works.

I well remember Colonel Stevens during the Kilpatrick raid in the spring of 1864. He was able to get together only three hundred and eighty men on the Brooke Pike, while Kilpatrick, with his 3,500, was but a mile from his front and pushed his skirmishers nearly to our breastworks. He was advised to string his small force along the works to prevent the passage of the enemy and disclosing of his weakness, but he made up his mind at once that the attempt would not be made, and preferred making a strong show at one point to extending his line to tenuity.

While on construction duty at Richmond, Colonel Stevens enjoyed intimate relations with the commanders of that department, both Gen. G. W. Smith and his successor, Gen. Arnold Elzey, and his counsel was sought and desired frequently when the city was threatened by an advance of the

enemy. His efforts for the proper defense of the city were never thoroughly seconded by the people of the State, and his call for negro labor to carry on the necessary work upon the fortifications, though ardently seconded by both Governors Letcher and Smith, were neglected or not enforced by the county authorities and people, who, though willing to expose their own lives or to give up their children to the cause, were, as a rule, recalcitrant when called upon for their negroes.

One call particularly during the last year of the struggle for 5,000 negroes did not, I think, bring in more than 500, and that at a time when his design and endeavor was to so strongly fortify the line between Chaffin's Bluff and the Chickahominy—and that by a series of dams, abatis, and cheveaux de frise—as to enable General Lee to leave Longstreet's Corps on the south side, while the north of the James could be safely held by a skirmish line and artillery.

In the summer of 1864 Colonel Stevens succeeded Gen. Martin L. Smith as chief of the Engineer Corps, A. N. V., and from that time till the close of the war his connection with General Lee was an intimate one.

Able, energetic, and devoted, his whole time and talents were given up to "the good of the service," and I never knew more disappointment on his part than when, after Beauregard's defeat of Butler on the north side of the Peninsula (during which Stevens rendered most valuable service), the coöperating force near Petersburg failed to attack and complete the work, which should have resulted in Butler's destruction.

During the siege of Petersburg in the latter part of the summer of 1864, Colonel Stevens was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, a just recognition of his hard work and high ability. He indicated early in the siege the point where the enemy would mine, and his prediction was sadly verified before our countermine was completed. After the first few weeks, our system of countermines and galleries was in such complete condition that we had no more fear of mining on the part of our opponents.

I remember hearing General Stevens's account of several remarks and characteristic incidents concerning General Lee which I have never seen in print, so will venture to give them.

General Lee and his staff occupied a house in Petersburg at the time. Several of the staff were engaged in expressing their hopes as to the successful end of the war, this one would be willing to give up this object of his life, another that, to end it! General Lee, who had come into the room, listened in silence for a while and then interposed: "Yes, gentlemen, be willing to give up everything save honor and truth to end this unhappy war."

At another time General Stevens remarked to his chief, who had directed him to have more traverses thrown up along the line: "General, don't you think that will be unnecessary work?" The General mildly looked at his subordinate and said: "If it saves the life of one of my soldiers, don't call it unnecessary work."

Another scene between the two occurs to me. It was when Grant's lines were slowly stretching around toward the south side of the railway and Stevens, much exercised, asked General Lee's permission to talk to him freely as he wished about the operations of the siege. This was immediately granted, and Stevens, his voice choking with feeling, commented:

"General, you are a scientific engineer yourself, and know that with the numbers on our side and the numbers against

us in regular siege operations what the result must inevitably be?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, General, the campaign has now become a regular siege; and if this cannot be broken up, it is a mere question of time."

"Yes sir."

"Well, General, I hope you won't think me impertinent after your permission to speak of a plan that has occurred to me."

"Go on, sir."

"General, operations have now ceased in the Valley. Would it do to bring Early's Corps from the Valley, and place it around upon our right with some ostentation as if to commence hostilities against Grant's line from that quarter, and, in the meantime, have one or two choice brigades, which I will guarantee to cross from the north to the south bank of the Appomattox at night by pontoon boats in the rear of the enemy's line, and hold on to that point, and while you attack them in front along the river, I, or whomsoever you may designate, will attack them in the rear and so make a fatal break in Grant's line, while your force may follow it up from the front, if successful."

He told me he had gotten thus far, not venturing to look at General Lee.

"When I looked at him," said he, "the tears were on his cheeks, and, putting his hand on my head, he said: 'Young man, it is a noble plan, but I have not got the men.'"

He mentioned this as the one instance in which he saw his General exhibit great feeling.

I remember well the night of sorrow when Richmond was evacuated, the passage of the troops through the streets, the pillage by the mob, the farewells to the friends who had to remain behind us, but one incident I particularly remember occurred as we were burning the Mayo bridge. General Stevens remained on the bridge till the troops and a number of citizens passed out, and the enemy was close to us in the streets—though not firing on us. As the flames mounted to a man's height, Stevens rushed through them to the Richmond side, and then came back to us through the flames, saying:

"I want to be the last man to leave this city I have worked so hard to defend."

In this he was disappointed, for, a few moments afterwards, a citizen dashed through the fire and joined us, and thus won the melancholy honor of crossing last.

During the retreat, though seeing the end clearly himself, his precept and example were to encourage others to bear their troubles cheerfully and to do all that each could do toward averting the final calamity.

After the surrender he made his way to Mexico and had charge there of the Imperial Railway from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, which position he held until his death in Vera Cruz, where he died in 1866 or 1867, lamented by all who knew him truly. He now sleeps his last sleep among the gallant dead at Hollywood. Alas, I shall not see his like again!

[Lieutenant Howard, born in Baltimore, was a member of the noted Howard family of Maryland, and was a student at the University of Virginia when the war came on. He went to Richmond and joined Company C, 1st Maryland Infantry, under Capt. E. R. Dorsey, who was succeeded by Capt. Robt. Carter Smith, and served through the war. A sketch of him will be given later.]

PARKER'S BOY BATTERY.

Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Historian General, writes:

"A letter from Mr. William McKendree Evans, of Richmond, Va., one of the six surviving members of the Parker Boy Battery, informs me that the battery was composed entirely of Virginians, and not of boys from Maryland and Georgia, as was stated in my article in the April VETERAN on 'Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy.'

"I am glad to make this correction, and to add the further facts, given me by Mr. Evans, that the battery was commanded by Dr. W. W. Parker, an eminent physician of Richmond. Gen. J. Thompson Brown, former commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., was a lieutenant and afterwards captain of the battery. It was raised in the city of Richmond, mustered into the Confederate army on March 12, 1862, and, of the one hundred and thirty-five members enrolled on that date, not more than ten were over twenty-one years of age.

"Parker's Boy Battery distinguished itself at Sharpsburg as well as at Gettysburg, and its guns were the last to leave both these battle fields."

Comrade Evans was the youngest member of the Boy Battery, and is one of the few remaining members. Writing further of his experience at Gettysburg, he says:

"The incident at Gettysburg is very fresh in my memory. The battery was a part of Alexander's Artillery Battalion. In the charge of that battalion, we captured the peach orchard, which position we occupied at the time the Confederate army left the field, July 4, 1863. The retreat began in the early afternoon, the artillery being drawn off as quietly as possible. The other batteries of our battalion had all left the field by about four o'clock, leaving one battery at a time. When we were about to leave, our captain noticed that the Yankees were preparing to advance from the foot of Little Roundtop, and, instead of carrying out our orders to retire, our captain opened fire on the head of the advancing column. The effect of our shots convinced them that it would not be healthy for them to push too fast after 'Mars Bob.'

"Shortly after our first firing on this line, one gun of another Virginia battery on our right prepared to leave the field, and as the gun was the same caliber as ours, we borrowed what little ammunition they had left, only a few rounds. When this gun had drawn off, we knew that we were the only guns on the late battle field of Gettysburg, and that there was very little, if any, infantry left.

"About this time the Yankees made a second attempt to advance. A few well-directed shots told them we were still there, and they again retired behind Little Roundtop. You will by now have seen that our captain knew more of the situation than any other officer in the army, and was entirely willing to sacrifice the battery if it would gain important time for General Lee, and no one will ever know what it was worth.

"Hearing our firing, General Longstreet sent Maj Fairfax to ascertain the cause. Major Fairfax asked Captain Parker why he had disobeyed orders to retire more than two hours before. The explanation was quickly made by Captain Parker, and, while the major was still with us, another advance was attempted from Little Roundtop, with the same results as before. Major Fairfax then complimented Captain Parker, and asked him to hold the position until he could bring us infantry support, which he did. We did not leave the field of Gettysburg until its was too dark for the Yanks to see us go.

"As we were the last guns to leave the battle field of Sharpsburg, so we were the last guns to leave at Gettysburg."

COL. TOM D. THOMSON.

Col. Tom D. Thomson, born in Limestone County, Ala., in his early manhood became a citizen of Arkansas, and when the first call for troops was made in 1861 to defend the Southern Confederacy, he responded and went out as a private in Captain Jordan's company of the 15th Arkansas Regiment. He was with this regiment at Fort Hindman, Ky., and at Forts Henry and Donelson, then joined Captain Dawson's company of the 33rd Arkansas Regiment, and was elected first lieutenant. Later he became captain, and was in command at the battle of Prairie Grove, North Arkansas, in December, 1862. At the reorganization of the regiment he was elected lieutenant colonel and commanded the regiment in the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864. In April of that year the bloody battle of Jenkin's Ferry was fought, and there he performed his most thrilling act of bravery by rallying his men when they had met with a severe repulse and were retreating in wild disorder. Out of two hundred men, ninety-nine of them, including two gallant officers, Col. H. L. Grinstead and Lieut. Hugh McCallum, had been killed in the onslaught, and the survivors were completely demoralized, when the brave young lieutenant colonel, by his daring example, inspired them to a renewal of the attack. For this he was promoted to colonel and held that position to the close of the war.

When Hugh McCallum Camp U. C. V. was organized at Camden, Ark., Colonel Thomson was elected its first com-

mander, and was annually reelected until his death in 1900. A brave soldier in war, in private life he was an upright, law-abiding, Christian gentleman. In his home life he was tender and devoted, and to his friends he was the ideal host, combining all the characteristics of Southern traditions, broad in his sympathies, and loyal to every demand for the uplift of the community. Who could ever forget his pride in his fine orchard or his delight in bringing in for his guests baskets of ruddy apples or luscious white and yellow peaches? A rose garden was also his delight. Things seemed to grow under his touch as if by magic.

When the story of Camden, Ark., is told, the name of Tom D. Thomson will be in the shining list of those most honored and beloved.

A daughter of Colonel Thomson is Mrs. J. T. Sifford, of Camden, who is well known as a writer of both prose and verse. Some of her best known and most appreciated poems are "The Rebel Yell," "Arlington," "Black Mammy," and tender memories of her father and mother are expressed in "A Picture" and "Grandma's Dress." A beautiful trait of character is her devotion to the South and to Arkansas, and some of her most notable work in a historical way has been the enshrining of the beauty spots about Camden in her descriptive poems. In 1915 she won the loving cup offered by the U. D. C. for the best article on the Ku-Klux Klan, and also won the banner for the best historical article.

THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The water's sweet in Brandywine!
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battle field or fray?

The brave corn lifts in regiments
Ten thousand sabers in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plow the field no more.
The heroes rest! O, let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell,
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain;
Shall we neglect the lessons taught,
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold!
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold!
O, rise and sing a song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

—Joaquin Miller, in "The Song of the Centennial."



COL. TOM D. THOMSON.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(From address by Dr. S. A. Goodwin at the memorial service following his death.)

Jefferson Davis was a patriot. The storm-cradled nation, whose course his genius guided through all its years of bitterness and blood, is a thing of the past, but the principles which called it into existence and placed him at its helm will live as long as liberty has a champion or patriotism a friend. Sweet to the memory of every Southern heart is the proud consciousness that it was no lust for pelf or power, no love for gold or gain, no strife for coronet or crown that induced him to forswear the government under whose ægis he was born, whose institutions he loved, whose battles he fought, and upon whose escutcheon he had shed a new and richer luster, but fidelity to principles bequeathed him by his fathers and a deathless devotion to the State whose interests he had sworn to protect. The gigantic struggle which he guided, and for whose origin he was hunted and hounded, and for whose disastrous end the ignorant and the selfish, even among his own people, have held him alone blameworthy, had to come. He was simply one of the great factors in the mighty movement; but he did not set in motion the war. The reasons for it were written on the first slave ship that crossed the Atlantic; they are found in the history of the colonies; in the climate, the soil, the productions and genius of the people; and in the very formation of the compact that constituted the union of the States. To deny that the States in adopting the Constitution reserved to themselves certain rights is to betray the most palpable ignorance of the whole history of the government. Virginia ratified the compact with hesitating pen in one hand, whilst with the other she held the Bill of Rights in which she refused to delegate to the general government the privilege of controlling her own institutions and of enacting her own laws. The right of the State to control her own institutions and to frame her own laws was one of the fundamental principles of the American Constitution. The object of the compact was for mutual protection, and not the interference of one State with the local laws or individual institutions of another. Of the rightness or wrongness of State sovereignty it is now needless to speak. The arbitrament of the sword has settled that question and thrown the institution of slavery forever behind us. Suffice it to say, Mr. Davis, in common with Jefferson, Calhoun, and many other statesmen, believed in the right of secession, and in his senatorial speeches, and in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," he has given reasons for his belief in arguments that are overpowering and with logic that is irresistible. When, therefore, the sacred compact was denounced by the fanatical partisans of the North as "a covenant with death and a league with hell," and, instead of being used for the protection of all the States, was perverted into an instrument for the oppression of those of the South, Mr. Davis, in common with many of the wisest and most patriotic men of the South, advised withdrawal from the Union and the formation of the Confederate government. But he did not do this until he had exhausted every argument in favor of the Constitution as originally adopted and had tried every honorable means of reconciliation. The South sought nothing but the protection of her property and the rights of her citizens. She wanted no war, she wished to depart in peace. She was moved by the same spirit that actuated Washington and Jefferson, Hancock and Adams, and all the other founders of the republic when they threw off the yoke of British oppression and rallied the

lovers of freedom in defense of their altars and their fires. The British government denounced the signers of the Declaration of Independence as rebels, stigmatized Washington as a traitor. The United States government denounced the founders of the Confederate States as rebels, stigmatized Davis as a traitor, and raised an immense army to put down "the rebellion." Only those who are blinded by passion and perverted by prejudice can fail to see the analogous causes that called into existence the two governments. The success of the first is the admiration of the world; the defeat of the second is stigmatized as rebellion.

"'Rebellion,' foul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortals ever lost or gained."

As President of the Confederacy he has been denounced as a traitor and villified as a murderer; but no man has dared to charge him with malfeasance in office or prostituting the public service to private aims. During all the carnage of war, the trials of public life, the suspicion of friends, and the persecution of enemies, he maintained a stainless character and an unspotted name. A devout student of God's Word, a man of prayer, and a firm believer in Christ, and an ardent supporter of the gospel, his piety shed its luster over his home, softened the rigors of his prison life, sustained him under the reverses of fortune, sweetened the sorrows of old age, lighted him through the dark valley and shadow of death, and finally placed upon his head a crown that will shine with ever-increasing splendor when the skies of worldly glory have darkened and her scrolls have gone to decay. The heart that offered its blood for our liberty has ceased to beat; the lips that were eloquent in our defense are silent; the arms that did battle for us are motionless; but his deeds, embalming all that is heroic in action, pure in patriotism, lovely in virtue, and sublime in Christianity, "will smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

"Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramid set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness—
To which I leave him."

AT GAINES'S MILL AND MALVERN HILL.

Maj. G. W. B. Hale writes from Rocky Mount, Va.: "The article in the May VETERAN by Capt. John G. Herndon was very interesting, yet some of his statements are not in accord with facts as to the battle of Malvern Hill, so far as I remember. He says: 'The fight was on at Gaines's Mill hot and fierce. At a little house on the road we found General Ewell wounded, about half way up the heights.' General Ewell was not wounded at Gaines's Mill; it was General Elzey who was wounded. I was with General Ewell the next day at Malvern Hill. Again Comrade Herndon writes that 'the naturally strong position at Malvern Hill, being supported by gunboats, "Mars Robert" deemed it unwise to sacrifice his men.' The fight at Malvern Hill was extremely fierce, led by General Magruder, who made six assaults and was repulsed each time with tremendous slaughter. I slept on that field that night amid the dead and wounded. A shell burst within two feet of my left ear, destroying its hearing and paralyzing my left side. I recovered from the paralysis, but have never heard out of that ear since. I am still hale and hearty at eighty-two last April."

JEFFERSON DAVIS ON CONSCRIPTION.

RECENTLY DISCOVERED LETTER OF CONFEDERATE PRESIDENT
TO WAR-TIME GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA IS STRONG DE-
FENSE OF THE WAR DRAFT ACT.

BY CLEBURNE E. GREGORY, ATLANTA, GA.

Delving into the personal papers of the late Capt. Tip Harrison, of Atlanta, who had been private secretary to several Georgia governors, his son, William D. Harrison, tax clerk in the office of the Comptroller General of Georgia, recently rescued from the dust of decades a twenty-page letter from Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, to Joseph E. Brown, war-time Governor of Georgia. The letter is in reply to an objection to conscription raised by Governor Brown, and is one of the strongest arguments on record for the legality and necessity of the Confederate conscription act.

Although admitting that the Confederate armies were outnumbered at the time the letter was written, May 29, 1862, and that the draft was an act of self-preservation, President Davis expresses implicit confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Confederate cause and suggests the possibility of future wars with the United States and Mexico, "after we have gained our independence."

The full text of the letter is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, 29 MAY, 1862.

"Dear Sir: I received your letter of the 8th in due course, but the importance of the subject embraced in it required careful consideration, and this, together with other pressing duties, has caused delay in my reply.

"The constitutional question discussed by you in relation to the conscription law had been duly weighed before I recommended to Congress its passage; it was fully debated in both Houses; and your letter has not only been submitted to my Cabinet, but a written opinion has been required from the Attorney General. The constitutionality of the law was sustained by very large majorities in both Houses. This decision of the Congress meets the concurrence not only of my own judgment, but of every member of the Cabinet, and a copy of the opinion of the Attorney General herewith inclosed develops the reasons on which the conclusions are based.

"I propose, however, from my high respect for yourself and for other eminent citizens who entertain opinions similar to yours, to set forth somewhat at length my own views on the power of the Confederate government over its own armies and the militia, and will endeavor not to leave without answer any of the positions maintained in your letter.

"The main, if not the only, purpose for which independent States form unions or confederations is to combine the powers of the several members in such manner as to form one united force in all relations with foreign powers, whether in peace or in war. Each State amply competent to administer and control its own domestic government, yet too feeble successfully to resist powerful nations, seeks safety by uniting with other States in like condition, and by delegating to some common agent the combined strength of all in order to secure advantageous commercial relations in peace and to carry on hostilities with effect in war.

"Now the powers delegated by the several States to the Confederate government, which is their common agent, are enumerated in the eighth section of the Constitution, each power being distinct, specific, and enumerated in paragraphs separately numbered. The only exception is the eighteenth paragraph, which, by its own terms, is made dependent upon those previously enumerated, as follows: '18. To make all

laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers,' etc.

"Now the war powers granted to the Congress are conferred in the following paragraphs: No. 1 gives authority to raise revenue necessary to pay the debts, provide for the common defense, and carry on the government, etc. No. 11 to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water. No. 12 to raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years. No. 13 to provide and maintain a navy. No. 14 to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

"It is impossible to imagine a more broad, ample, and unqualified delegation of the whole war power of each State than is here contained, with the solitary limitation of the appropriations to two years. The States not only gave the power to raise money for the common defense, to declare war, to raise and support armies (in the plural), to provide and maintain a navy, to govern and regulate both land and naval forces, but they went further and covenanted, by the third paragraph of the tenth section, not to engage in war unless actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

"I know of but two modes of raising armies within the Confederate States—viz; voluntary enlistment, and draft or conscription. I perceive in the delegation of power to raise armies no restriction as to the mode of procuring troops. I see nothing which confines Congress to one class of men, nor any greater power to receive volunteers than conscripts into its service. I see no limitation by which enlistments are to be received of individuals only, but not of companies or battalions or squadrons or regiments. I find no limitation of time of service, but only of duration of appropriations. I discover nothing to confine Congress to waging war within the limits of the Confederacy, nor to prohibit offensive war. In a word, when Congress desires to raise an army and passes a law for that purpose, the solitary question is under the eighteenth paragraph—viz: 'Is the law one that is necessary and proper to execute the power to raise armies?'

"On this point you say: 'But did the necessity exist in this case? The conscription act cannot aid the government in increasing the supply of arms, or provisions, but can only enable it to call a large number of men into the field. The difficulty has never been to get men. The States have already furnished the government more men than it can arm,' etc.

"I would have very little difficulty in establishing to your entire satisfaction that the passage of the law was not only necessary, but that it was absolutely indispensable; that numerous regiments of twelve-month men were on the eve of being disbanded, whose places could not be supplied by new levies in the face of superior numbers of the foes without entailing disastrous results; that the position of our armies was so critical as to fill the bosom of every patriot with the liveliest apprehension, and that the provisions of this law were effective in warding off a pressing danger. But I prefer to answer your questions on other and broader grounds.

"I hold that when a specific power is granted by the Constitution like that now in question, 'to raise armies,' Congress is the judge whether the law passed for the purpose of executing that power is 'necessary and proper.' It is not enough to say that armies might be raised in other ways, and that therefore this particular way is not 'necessary.' The same argument might be used against every mode of raising armies. To each successive mode suggested the objection would be that other modes were practicable and that, therefore, the particular mode used was not 'necessary.' The true and only test is to

inquire whether the law is intended and calculated to carry out the object; whether it devises and creates an instrumentality for executing the specific power granted, and if the answer be in the affirmative, the law is constitutional. None can doubt that the conscription law is calculated to raise armies; it is, therefore, necessary and proper for the execution of that power and is constitutional unless it comes into conflict with some other provision of our Confederate compact.

"You express the opinion that this conflict exists, and support your argument by a citation of those clauses which refer to the militia. There are certain provisions not cited by you which are not without influence on my judgment and to which I call your attention. They will aid in defining what is meant by 'militia' and in determining the respective powers of the State and the Confederacy over them.

"The several States agree not to keep troops or ships in time of peace. (Art. 1, Sec. 10, Par. 3.)

"They further stipulate that a well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. (Sec. 9, Par. 13.)

"That no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger. (Sec. 9, Par. 16.)

"What, then, are militia? They can only be created by law. The arms-bearing inhabitants of the State are liable to become its militia if the law so order, but in the absence of the law to that effect the men of a State capable of bearing arms are no more militia than they are seamen.

"The law also tells us that militia are not troops, nor are they any part of the land or naval forces; for militia exist in time of peace, and the Constitution forbids the State to keep troops in time of peace; and they are expressly distinguished and placed in a separate category from land or naval forces in the sixteenth paragraph above quoted: and the words 'land or naval forces' are shown by paragraphs 12, 13, and 14 to mean the army and navy of the Confederate States.

"Now, if militia are not the citizens taken singly, but a body created by law; if they are not troops; if they are no part of the army and navy of the Confederacy, we are led directly to the definition quoted by the Attorney General that militia are 'a body of soldiers in a State enrolled for discipline.' In other words, the term 'militia' is a collective term meaning a body of men organized, and cannot be applied to the separate individuals who compose the organization.

"The Constitution divides the whole military strength of the States into only two classes of organized bodies; one, the armies of the Confederacy; the other, the militia of the State.

In the delegation of power to the Confederacy after exhausting the subject of declaring war, raising and supporting armies, and providing a navy, in relation to all which the grant of authority to Congress is exclusive, the Constitution proceeds to deal with the other organized body, the militia, and instead of delegating power to Congress alone or reserving it to the State alone, the power is divided as follows—viz., 'Congress is to have power' to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Confederate States, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions. (Sec. 8, Par. 15.)

"To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing that part of them as may be employed in the service of the Confederate States, reserving to the States, respectively, the appointment of officers, and the authority of training the militia, according to the discipline prescribed by Congress.' (Par. 16.)

"Congress then has the power to provide for organizing the arms-bearing people of the State into militia; each State has the power to officer and train them when organized.

"Congress may call forth the militia to execute Confederate laws; the State has not surrendered the power to call them forth to execute State laws.

"Congress may call them forth to repel invasion; so may the State, for it has expressly reserved this right.

"Congress may call them forth to suppress insurrection, and so may the State, for the power is impliedly reserved of governing all the militia except the part in actual service of the Confederacy.

"I confess myself at a loss to perceive in what manner these careful and well-defined provisions of the Constitution regulating the organization and government of the militia can be understood as applying in the remotest degree to the armies of the Confederacy; nor can I conceive how the grant of exclusive power to declare and carry on war by armies raised and supported by the Confederacy is to be restricted or diminished by the clauses which grant a divided power over the militia. On the contrary, the delegation of authority over the militia so far as granted appears to me to be plainly an additional enumerated power intended to strengthen the hand of the Confederate government in the discharge of its paramount duty, the common defense of the States.

"You state after quoting the twelfth, fifteenth, and sixteenth grants of power to Congress that 'These grants of power relate to the same subject matter and are all contained in the same section of the Constitution and by a well-known rule of construction must be taken as a whole and construed together.'

"This argument appears to me unsound. All the powers of Congress are enumerated in one section and the three paragraphs quoted can no more control each other by reason of their location in the same section than they can control any of the other paragraphs, preceding, intervening, or succeeding. So far as the subject matter is concerned, I have already endeavored to show that the armies mentioned in the twelfth paragraph are a subject matter as distinct from the militia mentioned in the fifteenth and sixteenth as they are from the navy mentioned in the thirteenth. Nothing can so mislead as to construe together and as one whole the carefully separated clauses which define the different powers to be exercised over distinct subjects by the Congress. But you add that 'by the grant of power to Congress to raise and support armies without qualification, the framers of the Constitution intended the regular armies of the Confederacy and not armies composed of the whole militia of all the States.'

"I must confess myself somewhat at a loss to understand this position. If I am right that the militia is a body of enrolled State soldiers, it is not possible in the nature of things that armies raised by the Confederacy can be 'composed of the whole militia of all the States.' The militia may be called forth in whole or in part into the Confederate service, but do not thereby become part of the 'armies raised' by Congress. They remain militia, and go home when the emergency which provoked their call has ceased. Armies raised by Congress are, of course, raised out of the same population as the militia organized by the States, and to deny to Congress the power to draft a citizen into the army or to receive his voluntary offer of services because he is a member of the State militia is to deny the power to raise an army at all, for practically all men fit for service in the army may be embraced in the militia organizations of the several States. You seem, however, to suggest rather than directly assert that the conscript law may be unconstitutional because it comprehends all arm-bearing

men between 18 and 35 years; at least this is an inference which I draw from your expression: 'Armies composed of the whole militia of all the States.' But it is obvious that if Congress have power to draft into the armies raised by it any citizens at all (without regard to the fact whether they are or not members of militia organizations), the power must be coextensive with the exigencies of the occasion, or it becomes illusory; and the extent of the exigency must be determined by Congress, for the Constitution has left the power without any other check or restriction than the executive veto. Under ordinary circumstances the power thus delegated to Congress is scarcely felt by the States. At the present moment, when our very existence is threatened by armies vastly superior in numbers to ours, the necessity for defense has induced a call, not 'for the whole militia of all the States,' not for any militia, but for men to compose armies for the Confederate States. Surely there is no mystery on this subject. During our whole past history, as well as during our recent one year's experience as a new Confederacy, the militia 'have been called forth to repel invasion,' in numerous instances, and they never came otherwise than as bodies organized by the States, with their company, field, and general officers, and when the emergency had passed, they went home again. I cannot perceive how anyone can interpret the conscription law as taking away from the States the power to appoint officers to their militia. You observe on this point in your letter that unless your construction is adopted the very object of the States in reserving the power of appointing the officers is defeated, and that portion of the Constitution is not only a nullity, but the whole military power of the State, and the entire control of the militia, with the appointment of the officers, is vested in the Confederate government whenever it chooses to call its own action 'raising an army' and not 'calling forth the militia.'

"I can only say in reply to this, that the power of Congress depends upon the real nature of the act it proposes to perform, not on the name given to it; and I have endeavored to show that its action is really that of 'raising an army' and bears no semblance to 'calling forth the militia.' I think I may safely venture the assertion that there is not one man out of a thousand of those who will do service under the conscription act that would describe himself while in the Confederate service as being a militiaman; and if I am right in the assumption, the popular understanding concurs entirely with my own deductions from the Constitution as to the meaning of the word 'militia.'

"My answer has grown to such a length that I must confine myself to one more quotation from your letter. You proceed: 'Congress shall have power to raise armies. How shall it be done? The answer is clear. In conformity with the provisions of the Constitution, which expressly provides that when the militia of the States are called forth to repel invasion and employed in the service of the Confederate States, which is now the case, the State shall appoint the officers.'

"I beg you to observe that the answer which you say is clear, is not an answer to the question put. The question is, How are armies to be raised? The answer given is, that when militia are called forth to repel invasion the State shall appoint the officers. There seems to me to be a conclusive test on this whole subject. By our Constitution Congress may declare war, offensive as well as defensive. It may acquire territory. Now suppose that for a good cause and to right unprovoked injuries, Congress should declare war against Mexico and invade Sonora. The militia could not be called forth in such a case, the right to call it being limited to 'repel invasions.' Is it not plain that the law now under discussion, if passed under such circumstances, could by no possibility

be aught else than a law to 'raise an army? Can one and the same law be construed into a 'calling forth the militia,' if the war be defensive, and a 'raising of armies' if the war be offensive?

"At some future day, after our independence shall have been established, it is not an improbable supposition that our present enemy may be tempted to abuse his naval power by depredations on our commerce, and that we may be compelled to assert our rights by offensive war. How is it to be carried on? Of what is the army to be composed? If this government cannot call on its arms-bearing population otherwise than as militia, and if the militia can only be called forth to repel invasion, we should be utterly helpless to vindicate our honor or protect our rights. War has been well styled 'the terrible litigation of nations.' Have we so formed our government that in this litigation we must never be plaintiffs? Surely this cannot have been the intention of the framers of our compact.

"In no aspect in which I can view this law can I find just reason to distrust the propriety of my action in approving and signing it, and the question presented involves consequences both immediate and remote, too momentous to permit me to leave your objections unanswered.

"In conclusion, I take great pleasure in recognizing that the history of the past year affords the amplest justification for your assertion that if the question had been whether the conscription law was necessary in order to raise men in Georgia, the answer must have been in the negative. Your noble State has promptly responded to every call that it has been my duty to make on her, and to you personally, as her executive, I acknowledge my indebtedness for the prompt, cordial, and effective coöperation you have afforded me in the effort to defend our common country against the common enemy.

"I am very respectfully, your obedient servant.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"To His Excellency, Joseph K. Brown, Governor of Georgia, Milledgeville."

FIGHTING IN THE WEST.

BY W. H. PATTERSON, SMITHVILLE, MO.

In the summer of 1864, within the Union lines at Platte City, Mo., five companies of cavalry were organized for Price's army. These companies were made up principally of boys, about three hundred in all. We were mounted on good horses and were well armed. There was plenty of ammunition and guns at Platte City. These boys were all sworn in the service for three years, or during the war. First came Jim Bissett's company; second, Cap Annibus's company; third, Bill Downing's company; fourth, Fletch Taylor's company; fifth, Coon Thornton's company—all five companies being under Major Thraikill. We were expecting the enemy to attack us at any time, as there were at least 4,000 Union soldiers on our trail. We were ordered to fall in line and mount our horses, and told that we were bound for Iowa, that we would have soldiers to fight both going and coming, and if there was a man in the command who did not wish to go, to ride out. But all hollered "Iowa" and we moved out, with a beautiful silk flag presented by the ladies of Platte City. Johnson Barbee, our flag bearer, was in Thornton's company, and, in a battle the next day, Barbee lost the flag and his horse too.

Moving north we reached Cameron the next day, traveling all night. Sending Peyton Long in as a spy, he reported the town well fortified and full of Union soldiers. Our flag, which we prized so highly, having it in our possession only one night

(Continued on page 277.)

FROM THE PELICAN PINES.

[S. A. Steel, in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*.]

Some time ago my ear caught the bray of an ass mingling in the roar of the great wave that rolls around the world. A long-eared episcopal donkey from somewhere "up North" strayed into a Paris auditorium and made a speech in which he said: "The Southern Confederacy was a belligerent fighting to make slavery a permanent principle on which to establish and maintain national life." Bishop Atkins was not there to challenge the mendacious and malicious slander.

Brother Smith, let us take a walk in the Pelican Pines. Here are the remains of a once towering tree, whose trunk, sawed into plank, planed smooth as ribbon, has gone to make the floor of a palace, or, perhaps, of a place of worship. Be seated in "the cool and silence." Be reverent, for the mist of history broods all around these quiet woods. You are on a battle field. This hill once trembled to the thunder of a hundred guns, and in these now fragrant woods long lines of blue and gray clashed in furious combat. The wounded cried piteously for water, and the dying closed their eyes forever on this earthly scene. Thirty thousand Federals fled before fifteen thousand Confederates. Nor did they stop until they were safe behind the forts of Alexandria. I enjoy living on Confederate victory ground. Be silent, Smith, and shut your eyes, and you can see the Southern heroes who fell fighting here march past in phantom ranks. Repeat in their hearing the words of that bishop in Paris and hear the indignant denial that rises and roars in righteous resentment at the colossal lie. Don't be nervous, my-brother; that was only a lizard.

Listen, Smith, the South was more opposed to slavery than the North. In 1760, a hundred years before the strife, South Carolina passed an act to prohibit the importation of slaves into the colony, and England rejected it. Nearly one hundred petitions against the introduction of slavery were sent by the colonists of Virginia to the British Government, but in vain. As soon as Virginia became a sovereign State, in 1778, she abolished the slave trade, nearly thirty years before either England or New England gave it up. Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry were all opposed to slavery, but the cupidity of New England slave traders was too strong for them. But while Massachusetts was building slave ships to bring the captured natives of Africa to be sold into bondage here in America, Georgia, being a sovereign State, with the right to govern herself before the North destroyed that right, put the prohibition of the slave traffic in her constitution. To satisfy the slave traders of New England who had invested their money in slave ships, the Constitution of the United States protected the slave trade for twenty years, while the constitution of the Confederate States prohibited the slave trade from the day of its adoption. These facts show the attitude and sentiment of the South toward slavery.

Smith, bishops seldom stray into these sweet woods, where the very breath of nature inspires veracity; but in the far-off days of my youth I once mingled with bishops, and in those days a bishop was expected to tell the truth. But I am told things are different now.

Here is a pretty little romance for our Northern friends to enjoy. The last slave ship captured by an American vessel was *The Nightingale*. She was built, owned, manned, and equipped and sent out from Boston, the home of Wendell Phillips, to seize and bring Africans to this country to sell into slavery. When she was captured at the mouth of the Congo River she had nine hundred poor negroes from the jungles crowded between her decks, under the control of Yankee masters, with long lashes in their hands, with which they

drove them like so many beasts. The slave ship was captured by the United States sloop of war *Saratoga*. The executive officer of the *Saratoga* was Capt. John Julius Guthrie, a Virginian. When Captain Guthrie got back to the United States the war had begun between the North and the South. He immediately resigned from the United States navy and enlisted in the Confederate navy. So the last slave ship belonged to the Yankees, and its nine hundred suffering victims were set free and restored to their native country by a Southerner. No wonder the Northern histories can't afford to tell the truth.

Suppose this log we are sitting on had a tongue; it could tell us that when it was a slender sapling, the year before the war began in 1861, there were fifty-three thousand free negroes living in Virginia against nine thousand living in Massachusetts. That shows that the free negroes of that day knew that their true friends were in the South. Before the war there were in Charleston, S. C., three hundred negro slave owners—negroes who owned negroes! Didn't know it, Smith? I don't wonder, for the history you read was written by some Northern man who was too "sectional" to tell the truth, or too ignorant to write a book. There is enough of this to burn off the ears of an honest Yankee and make Mrs. Stowe file an application for permission to return and acknowledge her mistake.

It is hardly time for dinner, so listen, Smith: Many of the most prominent Confederate generals did not own slaves. General Lee inherited a few from the Custis estate, but he liberated them all before Lincoln had anything to do with the matter. On the other hand, General Grant owned slaves, and he did not liberate them, but held on to them until the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution abolished all slavery in the United States. General Stonewall Jackson for a while owned two negroes, a man and his wife, who begged Jackson to buy them. He kept a careful account of the wages he would have paid for white labor, and when they had worked long enough to repay the purchase money he gave them their freedom. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. A. P. Hill, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the most famous generals in the Confederate service, had no slaves. Yet that bishop said they were fighting to make slavery permanent. Either he knew what he was talking about or he didn't. If he didn't know, he was too ignorant to speak in public; and if he did know, somebody ought to read him the eighth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, and try to get him to the altar. Just so!

President Jefferson Davis owned slaves, and they were devoted to him. Instead of picking out a plantation where the slaves were mistreated, which were the exceptions, if she really wanted to tell the truth about slavery, why did not Mrs. Stowe select a plantation like "Brarfield," the home of Jefferson Davis? When a slave on that plantation committed an offense it was the rule that he was tried by a jury of his own color, who adjudged his punishment. Of course, she could not have made a "seller" by telling the truth. It would have broken up the abolition picnic. A short time after Mr. Davis was elected President of the Confederate States he wrote to his wife that whatever might be the issue of the struggle, "our slave property will eventually be lost." Does that sound like Mr. Davis was fighting to make slavery a permanent principle of government? And that was the general opinion of intelligent Southern people. My mother inherited a few slaves, and my father, who did not believe in slavery, urged her to get rid of them, and said: "However the struggle ends, the first shot will sound the knell of slavery."

And yet that bishop said the South fought to perpetuate slavery!

We cannot linger amid these sacred silences; but, Smith, all these woodland oracles, and all the golden buttercups burning in the grass, and every timid little violet peeping out from its vernal bed, and all these knightly pines with their nodding evergreen plumes, tell us that the brave men who fell fighting here on the Confederate side in that unhappy struggle were fighting for the right to govern themselves. In spite of all the Southern colonies could do to prevent it, slavery became a part of our social inheritance, from which we could not free ourselves suddenly without harm to both white and black, as was amply demonstrated when the North helped to make them free—and became inextricably entwined with the fundamental right of self-government, which the North denied, and to maintain which our Southern soldiers fought. Smith, a man who won't fight for his property is a mighty poor sort of man. I don't want to fall from grace, but if a man comes to my stable to take my horse, my gun will go off; he'll hear from it, even if he is a long-eared bishop.

There is much more these odoriferous pines, waving their graceful fronds above the sod where heroes sleep, have to tell us; but let us go to dinner and not keep Sister Steel waiting. It won't be such a dinner as you get at the Athletic Club, but it will be mighty good.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

This battle took its name from the Chancellor house in the Wilderness country, where the principal fighting took place, though there was hard fighting at Salem Church, between Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, at Marye's Heights, and at Hamilton's Crossing. The Confederates never won a greater victory in the war than this. Their leaders, Lee and Jackson, never showed greater wisdom and skill in conducting a campaign than they exhibited on this occasion. Their maneuver is a lesson for the military student of all future time. It was the climax of the remarkable career of Stonewall Jackson, the world's greatest military genius. He was a master of the art of war. To him Colonel Cook, who was an officer on his staff and had every opportunity to know, gives the credit for suggesting to General Lee the flank movement which surprised and routed Hooker's great army—a movement which involved the greatest risk, but which promised the greatest results; a movement which he perhaps would never have undertaken if he had not understood the mind of his enemy, and one in which, if he had not unfortunately lost his life, would perhaps have resulted in the complete destruction and capture of the Federal army.

No general ever planned a campaign better than did General Hooker, or executed his plan worse. In the beginning, Generals Lee and Jackson were completely surprised and outwitted by his maneuvers. They were obliged to make hasty dispositions of the small force under them to meet their great adversary, superior in every respect except in discipline and martial spirit. In this regard all, from the Commander in Chief to the humblest soldier, had the greatest contempt for the enemy.

Hooker had ample time—from December to April—to make every preparation for this new offensive, whose object was the capture of Richmond and the destruction of the Confederate government. He began his campaign when the Confederate army was divided—Longstreet with two divisions of about twelve thousand men had been sent away to south-east Virginia and could not come to render assistance until it

was too late. General Lee had with him only about fifty thousand men. His infantry and artillery were in various encampments from Port Royal, ten or twelve miles below Fredericksburg, to a point four or five miles above that town on the Rappahannock. His cavalry, under Stuart, was on picket along that stream to a point above Culpeper Court-house, watching all the fords, while his scouts, operating within the enemy's line, were observing and reporting every movement made or contemplated.

According to a printed statement of Major General Peck, United States army, issued some time after this battle, the Federal army contained one hundred and fifty-nine thousand and three hundred men, over three times the number Lee had to meet him. These troops were well fed and fully equipped in every respect, and lacked nothing except the prestige which was entirely on the side of the Confederates, and a leader.

To begin with, Hooker threw two pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock on April 28—one at Hamilton's Crossing and the other at Fredericksburg. Over these he sent thirty thousand men under Sedgwick, while he, with one hundred and ten thousand, crossed fifteen miles above, after driving off Stuart's cavalry pickets. He immediately fortified his position facing east, south, and west. His plan of campaign so far had worked to perfection and was a complete success.

All these movements of the enemy were made known to General Lee at daylight, and he and Stonewall had a hasty meeting to decide what course to pursue, whether to fall with all their weight on Sedgwick and destroy his force and then march to Chancellorsville and meet Hooker, or to leave a small force under Early to hold Sedgwick in check, while they marched with their main force to meet Hooker. The latter course seemed to them the proper thing to do, and Jackson set out immediately. History justifies the wisdom of their decision.

General Early, with eight thousand men, strung out at wide intervals from Hamilton's Crossing to a point some distance above Fredericksburg, defending a line perhaps five or six miles long, was left to cope with Sedgwick's army.

It is not the purpose of this article to give a detailed account of all the fighting over so great a field of operations, but to describe only those incidents which fell under the observation of the writer.

General Early had under him five brigades—Gordon's Georgia, Hays's Louisiana, Smith's Virginia, Barksdale's Mississippi, and Wilcox's Alabama. Hays's and Barksdale's brigades were strung out in a thin line on Marye's Heights in front of Sedgwick's main force, while Wilcox defended a position some distance above and entirely detached from Hays and Barksdale. To Gordon's brigade was assigned the task of holding in check the force which had crossed on the pontoon bridge at Hamilton's Crossing, also entirely detached from any other troops. Our brigade (Gordon's) was in camp not very far from Hamilton's Crossing at this time, and the 13th Georgia was on picket duty along the river. Everything for some time had been perfectly quiet, and the blue and the gray soldiers were apparently on very good terms; but when a vast army of them came down to the river with wagons loaded with pontoons to construct a bridge across the stream, trouble began, serious trouble. How many of the enemy were rendered *hors du combat* by this veteran regiment, concealed behind trees and other objects, we never knew; but if the story given us by the prisoners we took was true, it must have been out of all proportion to the number of our men in the engagement. The 13th kept up this decimating process, in which they suffered little or no loss, until they grew tired and finally withdrew to the other regiments, which had by this time left

their old winter quarters and were occupying the breastworks at the foot of the wooded heights, some half mile or more from the river. As soon as the 13th withdrew, the enemy came down and put in their pontoon bridge and crossed over a large force. They did not appear to be at all disposed to fight, but went to work immediately to construct a line of excellent earthworks parallel to an near the river. Behind these they lay concealed; but a battery of artillery advanced out into the open field and threw up redoubts, into which they placed their guns, screened from the view of our gunners by the grove of cedar trees lining the Bowling Green pike, half way between the two armies.

Their artillerymen seemed to be as peaceably disposed as their infantry and, I suppose, would have remained so if it had not been for the offensive opened on them by our gunners on the high wooded hills to the rear by order of General Early.

This was the situation when the 13th returned to us in the breastworks, and we (the 31st) were ordered to move forward and occupy the pike. When we reached it, Colonel Evans deployed the regiment in a long line, where we were protected by the high banks on either side of the road from any trouble the enemy might wish to make. Very early that morning, I climbed over the bank of the road in view of our battery, and was lying flat on my stomach, warming up my breakfast over a small fire made of little cedar limbs, when suddenly the battery opened on the enemy's redoubts, which they managed to locate through small openings in the cedars. The fuse was cut too short, and the first shell burst directly over me and a comrade, lying by my side, waiting for me to invite him to share my scanty meal. We jumped up suddenly, as the shrapnel dug into the ground where we had been lying, and landed, with Colonel Evans, who happened along just at the time, in the road with our comrades. This was the beginning of a very interesting artillery duel, in which we were exposed more to the fire of our own men than to that of the enemy. We were very near the enemy's redoubts and could see our shells as they plunged into them and exploded, while the solid shot of the enemy's guns knocked up the red dirt about our guns far to the rear of us. We were glad when it was all over, for we were in great danger the whole time, while we could do nothing. That night we were relieved by other troops and resumed our place in the breastworks. The next morning, just to our right, Stonewall Jackson, like a meteor from the sky, crossed our works and rode to the front, a hundred yards or more and dismounted. For a few moments he stood perfectly still, looking toward the enemy's line, then taking a piece of paper from his breast pocket, he wrote a few words; taking off his hat and shaking the drops of rain from it, he again looked toward the enemy's line, apparently in deep thought. He then wrote a few more words and handed the paper to a courier, who had ridden up. Mounting his horse, he rode like lightning, crossing our works at a bound, and disappeared from our view. It was the last sight we ever had of our beloved commander.

All that day and part of the next we stood there idle, listening to the roar of the guns at Chancellorsville, and were impatient and anxious to know what was going on. Finally, General Gordon mounted the works, with a piece of paper in his hand, and cried out: "Boys, do you want to hear the news? I have a dispatch from General Lee at Chancellorsville, and he says he whipped General Hooker all day yesterday; but to-day he expects to whip him out of his boots." At this announcement everybody in the line pulled off his hat and waved it over his head and shouted.

Our enthusiasm was now at the highest pitch, but we did not know what was in store for us a few hours ahead, for the

enemy in our front had slipped off under cover of night and had joined their friends at Fredericksburg, where Barksdale's Mississippians and Hays's Louisianians had repulsed Sedgwick. Joining their forces, the enemy outflanked and drove our brave troops from Marye's Heights, and were marching to strike General Lee in the rear, now fighting in a life-and-death struggle with his powerful adversary. General Lee's army would have been routed by Sedgwick, coming up in his rear at this moment, if it had not been for the good management of General Wilcox, who shifted his small brigade of Alabamians to Sedgwick's front and beat back his advance until he reached Salem Church, where he made a determined stand at a favorable place. But at this place Wilcox and his brave men could have been overwhelmed and routed if General Lee, who, at this time, was just getting ready to give Hooker the finishing stroke, had not sent a part of his force to his help. Sedgwick saved Hooker's army from destruction, and Wilcox saved the Confederates under General Lee from the same fate.

It was in the afternoon when the news came to General Gordon that Sedgwick had captured Marye's Heights, and he made haste to follow and attack him in the rear. We had not gone very far when some one overtook us and reported that the enemy was advancing on our old position to take Hamilton's Crossing. We were ordered to "right about" and "double quick" back to meet the enemy; but when we returned we found that it was a false report. The afternoon was far spent when we resumed our march, and as the sun was setting we came to a large field through which ran a low, dilapidated fence, overgrown with briars. Behind this was a long line of artillery—sixteen guns—with every man in position to open fire at the word. The guns were all pointing to a large body of woods, three or four hundred yards in front. This forest obscured our view of Sedgwick's movements on the Telegraph Road beyond. When we came to the artillery we were ordered to lie flat on our faces. Rising up to take in the situation in front, I saw a Confederate officer coming toward us from the woods in a rapid gallop, and, as soon as he was near enough to be heard distinctly, he called out in a loud voice: "Commence firing!" At this command the first gun on the right opened, then the next, until the sixteen had all in rapid succession sent a shell into the woods. Colonel Cutts rode around to the right and rear of the artillery and sat in the smoke on his horse to watch events. Rising again, I saw General Gordon coming across the field toward us, riding at a rapid pace, and as he drew near he commanded the gunners to cease firing; but they paid no attention whatever to what he said, and continued to fill the woods with exploding shells. This seemed to anger the general, and he rode up by the side of Colonel Cutts. A bitter but short discussion now took place between them, and Cutts finally gave the order to cease firing. Each of them had been reconnoitering in the woods. Gordon supposed it was occupied by our men, driven there from Marye's Heights. But Cutts had come upon Sedgwick's wagon trains just going into camp, and knew what he was about. We lay in line behind Colonel Cutt's guns all night, with our hands on our arms, ready to begin any minute the enemy might approach; and at the first dawn our (31st) regiment, under Colonel Evans, crossed the hedge and deployed at skirmishers in front of the artillery. The line was perhaps seven hundred yards long, and I think I never saw a finer sight in my life than the regiment presented on this occasion, as the men stepped proudly in their advance across this level open field, with the colors in the hands of "Bull" Everett, floating in the early morning air. Naturally of a cowardly disposition, I said to myself: "Now we are in the most imminent danger. Blue lines of the enemy are lying in wait for us

to approach nearer, when all of a sudden they will rise and fire a volley into our ranks." This I looked for every step of the advance until we reached the timber and passed through it, but we saw nothing of them but their wagons upset and their mules tangled up in their harness; but when we reached the opening beyond, a sight presented itself to our eyes that inspired every man to do or die. Before us was a long line of Sedgwick's trains, guarded by soldiers on each side, on their way to General Lee's rear. The land sloped gradually for a quarter of a mile to a wide creek near the road and rose abruptly on the other side. Down this slope we went in a trot until we reached the creek. This halted us until some of the men plunged in and found that it was fordable. Soon the entire regiment was across without the loss of a man, although the balls splashed the water around us. We made our way with difficulty up the steep bank on the other side and opened fire on the soldiers and teamsters. Some broke to the right, some surrendered, others turned back to Fredericksburg; but most of the soldiers fled up the steep hill to a line of breastworks on the top of the eminence overlooking Marye's Heights.

Colonel Evans now reformed the regiment, still under fire of the enemy, to advance and drive them out of their stronghold, thinking, as we all did, that there were no other troops in there but those we had already routed. But in this we were greatly mistaken. A whole division was lying there in concealment, waiting for us. Looking back toward the woods out of which we had just come, we saw the other five regiments of the brigade coming out into the open field. The men had taken off their hats and were waving them in the air and saying something which we could not hear, but we supposed by their actions to be saying: "Hurrah, boys, we are coming to help you!" while the color bearers were signalling with their standards their congratulations.

All things being ready, Colonel Evans ordered us to advance up the hill. We moved toward the breastworks on the crest in a desultory fire of the skirmishers of the enemy, whom we supposed to be the only occupants, and when we were in twenty feet of the works and were about to rush into them, a whole line arose and a sheet of fire and smoke broke out the entire length of the regiment. Our color bearer waved his flag and, shouting to us to follow, was about to plant the colors on the works; but Colonel Evans, seeing the trap into which we had fallen, succeeded with much difficulty in stopping the men where we lay for a while, during which the enemy wasted much ammunition without doing us any harm. Here we remained under the very muzzles of their guns, their balls passing harmlessly over our heads, supposing the other five regiments were coming up to our assistance. But they had turned to the right and driven the enemy out of the works on Marye's Heights below us and were holding them. Finally, Colonel Evans, seeing our critical situation, ordered us to fall back a few feet. This was a great mistake, for the enemy could now see us, and we suffered the loss of some of our best men. He then saw his mistake and ordered us to fall back down the hill to the other regiments holding Marye's Heights. When this order was given, all except one man, who was somewhat deaf, arose and started in a trot down hill in the open field, encouraged by the lively fire of the enemy at our backs. When we reached our friends, quite a discussion arose among some of our men as to who was the last to leave our place of danger. After this had gone on for some time, and the enemy was still expending a wonderful amount of energy and ammunition on the open field before them, casting our eyes back, we saw our deaf man still up there, holding his position defiantly, and the puffs of white smoke from his rifle indicated

the game but unequal fight going on. All contention now ceased, and it was admitted that Alex Pope was the bravest man in the regiment. About this time, I suppose, he looked to the right and left to see how things were going and, not finding anyone there, he decided it was about time for him to leave too, and this he did in fine style. Rising and stretching out his arms above his head, with his rifle in his right hand, he came down that hill at a two-forty rate, while his big whiskers divided and stood out straight on each side of his face.

This was one of the prettiest little retreats I saw during the whole war. It was seen and enjoyed by the whole company. The enemy, driven from this position, had fled into the city and were firing at us from church steeples and other high places in the town, but without doing us any damage.

Late in the afternoon orders came to keep our heads below the breastworks and move to the left flank. The brigade made a great circuit and formed on the right of Hays's Louisiana Brigade. Both brigades moved forward with others, and in spite of their batteries in front and the heavy guns mounted at Falmouth beyond the river, drove the enemy from every position into the river swamp, in a mixed up mass without organization, ready to surrender if ordered to do so. This was not done, and the remnant which was not killed or captured crossed over during the night and escaped.

In the morning our skirmishers advanced to the pontoon bridge in the river just as the cavalry came up to cross. When they found it in the possession of our men, they surrendered and wanted to know why our men had not come and captured the whole of Sedgwick's army, completely demoralized by the shells from our artillery.

Thus by bad management and want of concert of action on the part of General Early and the forces sent by General Lee to help him, Sedgwick escaped with a part of his army when all could have been captured. The loss of our brigade was comparatively light, perhaps not more than one hundred and twenty. Lieut. W. A. Acree, young, handsome, and accomplished, was shot dead that morning by my side, in front of the breastworks. He was laughing and waving his sword over his head when a ball struck him in the mouth and passed entirely through his head. I shall always remember his dying words, as his head sank to the ground. To the right of the company, at the same time, a boy, fighting by the side of our captain, received a painful wound through the neck. He fell down and rolled over, crying out continually: "Oh, Captain, they have shot me! Oh, Captain, they have shot me!" The captain ordered him to lie still and be quiet, but he rolled and cried all the same. At last he jumped up and ran along the firing line to where Everett had planted the regimental standard, and repeated the same thing to him. He replied: "Lie down and be still, you fool, or they'll kill you." He did so, but continued to cry: "Oh Bull, they've shot me." Everett failed to keep him quiet, and presently he again cried out: "Oh Bull, they've shot me." Everett now said to him: "It looks like they intended to kill you; get up and run for your life." He did so, but had gone only a few feet when he fell forward on his face. Thinking they had killed him, I paid no more attention to him, but I was surprised to know afterwards that he had escaped. When he returned to us from the hospital, he was in fine health, but was never afterwards of any service to us in battle. He was a perfect coward, rendered so by his frequent wounds, for those were not his first.

Walking over the ground soon after the fighting, to the left, where Hays's Brigade had struck the enemy, I saw more dead and wounded Federals lying in line than I ever saw at one place during the war. They had formed their line out in the open field, with a railroad cut, ten or fifteen feet deep, about

fifty yards in front of them. Beyond this, in the woods, General Hays had formed his men. They had swept across this deep cut in their rapid charge and, like a hurricane, had killed or wounded fully half of the enemy as they lay in thin line. There never were better troops in the world than Hays's Louisiana Brigade.

Soon after this the Yankee pickets would call across to us: "Hey there, Johnny got a sorry corporal you'd swap us for our general?"

THE NUTMEG AND THE CRACKER.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

When the first warm days of spring thawed away the winter snows, the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac and we of the Army of Northern Virginia came out of our rude winter huts and advanced our outposts through the red, squirming clay until we confronted each other in thin, long lines not more than a stone's throw apart.

One line of holes, or pits, dug in the ground indicated our position. A similar line, fifty yards in front of us, indicated the position of the Yankees. Each pit accommodated three or four soldiers. As these miniature earthworks were sometimes partially filled with water and were never entirely comfortable, we had entered into a tacit understanding with the enemy and allowed them to sit on the edge of their pits and chat with each other in return for a like courtesy extended to ourselves. While these unofficial truces lasted we enjoyed ourselves very much. Occasionally, however, some wild fellow cut loose with a rifle shot and there would be a sudden scramble for shelter by the pickets of both armies. A lively volley of musketry would then greet any venturesome head indiscreetly raised above the level of a rifle pit. When the excitement died out we would again crawl forth on the works, like turtles on a log, and sun ourselves.

I happened to be occupying a pit along with my two veteran friends, Long Pete and Carter, a circumstance much to my fancy, as the drudgery of picket duty is greatly lessened in the society of such choice spirits. These two rare soldiers never permitted the course of events to stagnate in their vicinity, and when I went on duty with them I always felt assured that there would be plenty of excitement and fun.

As we sat smoking and chatting in the bright sunshine, a flaming red head rose cautiously above one of the enemy's rifle pits and a mischievous pair of blue eyes surveyed us with mingled mirth and resentment. Carter leaped to his feet with a yell, as though touched by a galvanic battery.

"There's that infernal Nutmeg," he exclaimed savagely. Seizing Long Pete's musket, he discharged it in the air as a signal of resumed hostilities, and followed it up with a lightning-like shot from his own rifle at the auburn-haired foe who had appeared to view the moment before. At the crack of the rifle the red head disappeared like a flash and Carter swore softly at his bad luck.

"He got away from me again," he mourned inconsolably. "It looks as though the fates are against me."

Long Pete winked at me knowingly, as though to indicate that there was something deeply significant in all this strange activity. I was frankly puzzled.

"Carter," I ventured, as the firing produced by this sudden flurry began to die out, "why on earth did you break the truce just because the red-headed Yankee came out of his coop to get a little fresh air? It surely isn't because you enjoy being penned up in this infernal hole, is it?"

Carter and Long Pete laughed aloud.

"I have sworn the vendetta against him," explained Carter.

"I know of nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to pot this deceitful and treacherous little Nutmeg."

"Nutmeg?"

"Yes, certainly, he's from Vermont. Didn't you know that?"

"How did you come to have such a deadly grudge against him, Carter?"

The popping of the rifles had about ceased, and Carter settled himself as comfortably as possible in our cramped quarters before beginning his story.

The feud between this auburn-haired warrior and myself began sometime ago when I was doing picket duty along the Rappahannock. We were on one side of the river, the Yanks on the other. It so happened that this sorrel-topped Nutmeg was patrolling his little beat right across the river from me. We were within easy rifle shot of each other, although we never exchanged shots then any more than now. This Nutmeg and I soon established a long-range sort of friendship. One day I heard him shouting at me:

"Ho! Johnny Reb!" he called, friendly like.

"What do you want, Yank?" I sang out.

"Have you any tobacco?" he asked. "I am half dead for a smoke."

I was mighty glad to hear him ask that question, for I had seen him making coffee that morning and the sight had made me coffee hungry plumb to my toes. I knew he would trade some coffee for the tobacco, so I called back to him:

"Yes, I can spare some tobacco if you have any coffee to trade for it."

"Hurrah for you," he responded, gleefully. "Wade out along that riffle and put your tobacco on the big rock. I will come and get it and leave the coffee for you."

"You must think I'm a fool," I assured him politely, "to give you the ups on me in any such manner."

"I don't want any advantage, Reb," he protested in a hurt tone.

We wrangled around a few minutes and then agreed to meet at the big rock and exchange our tobacco and coffee. This was fair to both of us, so we waded out along the riffles and exchanged our stuff. He went wild over the tobacco, and you can bet I was tickled clear through to get the coffee. When we had finished these preliminaries we sat on the rock and talked to each other in a friendly way before returning to our posts.

"Do you think that you rebels have a chance to win out in the long run?" he asked me.

"There is nothing in the world can prevent it," I assured him.

"How do you figure it that way?" he persisted. "Of course I know that you Southerners are brave, and all that, but, my God man, we have the people and the money and the factories and the railroads all on our side. What have you to offset all these advantages?"

"The best army in the world under the best generals in the world," I retorted.

"Nothing of the kind," he said sharply. "Our soldiers are as good as yours, and we outnumber you two to one."

"It does your patriotism a compliment to say that," I replied, "but, as a matter of fact, Yank, you know that your army doesn't compare with ours. Numbers don't count so much unless they are trained right and led right. Your infantry can't shoot half as well as ours, and you have no cavalry to compare with the horsemen of Jeb Stuart. Look how he rode around McClellan on the Chickhominy raid."

"We'll get the cavalry before long," insisted the Nutmeg.

"You can't do it," I explained. "You don't have the fine horses in the North that we have here. And you can't create a breed of fine horses overnight with all your money, any more than you can produce a race of finished horsemen in a month or two. Such things are developed slowly."

"But," he persisted, switching the topic, "you Southerners are too impulsive. You don't figure far enough ahead on most matters, and this will prove your undoing in the end, as we Northerners are cool and calculating in all that we do."

"I fail to recall an instance where your foresight has been demonstrated in this war," I argued. "Lee and Old Jack have knocked all of your well-laid plans into a cocked hat so far."

The Nutmeg smiled at me, in a superior way.

"I have," he said, "demonstrated my meaning in the little trade we have just concluded. After all your wrangling and bagging you finally traded me two dollars' worth of tobacco for a dollar and a half's worth of coffee, according to the high prices we have to pay these days. And this in spite of the fact that I have lost some of my skill as a trader since adopting the profession of arms."

He was insolently and aggravatingly confident of his superiority and doubtless expected me to color with confusion, but I didn't.

"That is a fair sample of your boasted Northern foresight," I came back at him. "Just because the trade has been to your advantage according to the prices in the markets on your side of the river, you think I have been cheated with my eyes open. You don't realize, do you, that over here, where I do my buying, the coffee I have gotten from you is worth more than three times the tobacco I traded you for it?"

"You don't tell me!" he exclaimed, laughingly. "Well, that sure is funny. We have cheated each other and both of us have gotten the best of the bargain because of the difference in the markets on opposite sides of the river. Still, Reb, the shrewdness of your Yankee trader is proverbial. Surely no one will contend that your Southerner equals him in this respect."

"Certainly not," I answered ironically. "The history of all the recent commercial deals between the citizens of the two sections proves the contrary."

I don't know whether he felt the dig or not, but he seemed to be studying very deeply about something when we parted. After that, however, I felt sure that he would try to cheat me in some way, so I held him down to the mark in all our deals and gave him absolutely no chance to ring in any of his monkey shins on me. We met at the big rock nearly every day, and I became very fond of him and he seemed to take a liking to me. But, on the subject of a trade, we were both as cold as ice to all sentimental considerations and drove our bargains like two Shylocks haggling over a pound of flesh. Neither of us could ever get enough advantage over the other after that to enable him to do any crowing. When the last day of my picket duty rolled around we met at the big rock as usual.

"This is the last day I will be on picket duty here for sometime," I told him. "After this you will have to trade with my successor."

"That's funny," he observed, "this is my last day, too."

We both felt sort of solemn and embarrassed, like two friends about to part for a long time.

"I am certainly glad that I have had the honor of your friendship," I told him. "I shall always retain the pleasantest memories of the many engaging qualities of Vermonters because of having met you."

"The same to you, Cracker," he replied. "My opinion of the Georgia Cracker has vaulted skyhigh since I became

acquainted with you. And just to show my appreciation of your friendship, I am going to give you an unusually large portion of coffee to-day," and he handed me a bulky package of the aromatic beans.

I was deeply impressed by his speech. "Words cannot express my appreciation of your gift and the spirit in which it is given," I replied. "And to show that Georgia is not behind Vermont in extending such courtesies, I have brought you an unusually large plug of tobacco, in anticipation of this being our last meeting. I hope that it will serve to remind you in a pleasant way of our friendship for some time to come," and I handed him a huge plug, which he accepted with shining eyes.

"It is grand," he murmured, "to think of such a friendship existing between the soldiers of hostile armies."

"It is indeed wonderful," I agreed with enthusiasm.

When we parted I waded back to my side of the river with a glow of satisfaction in my heart. Being rather hungry too, I poured out some of the coffee the Nutmeg had given me and pounded it between two rocks. When it was ground fine enough to suit me I boiled it for a few minutes. When I went to drink it, however, I noticed that the water in the can had not been even partially colored by the coffee. Thinking that it had not been sufficiently boiled, I put it back on the fire and let it remain for sometime. When I took it off again the water was still colorless.

"That infernal Nutmeg," I muttered to myself, "he has tricked me in some way with this coffee."

I cracked a few more of the grains between the rocks and examined them carefully. They weren't coffee at all, but had been made from some kind of colored wood fiber. I was so mad at this discovery that I loaded my rifle and waited to get a chance at the Vermonter. Presently he came out and boiled some coffee over his fire while he leered tantalizingly at me. I snatched up my rifle and fired, knocking a whole in his coffee pot. He jumped up with a yell of rage and grabbed his rifle.

"You unsaved rebel," he yelled. "I'll teach you how to knock a hole in my coffeepot," and he sent a ball whizzing close to my head. Both of us then jumped for cover and peppered away at each other for quite a while without doing any damage. When we got tired of shooting at each other without result, and the firing died down, he crawled out where I could see him and, taking out the plug of tobacco I had given him, bit into it just to spite me. He then made a wry face, spat out the chew, as though it was nasty, and glared at me in a very malicious manner. Such was our parting and such was the beginning of the feud between us. Since then, whenever we get in the same vicinity, it is a battle to the death between us. You could not conceive how I despise that Nutmeg. I will never let up on the rascal as long as I live."

"You should not be so vindictive, Carter," I said as he concluded his story. "The Nutmeg merely wished to show you that Vermont produced better traders than Georgia, and he could think of no better way of convincing you than by exchanging his wooden coffee for your nice, pure tobacco. He did not mean to mar your idyllic friendship at all. He probably thought that you would take notice that Vermont is famous for its wooden nutmegs, you know. Anyhow, he certainly did give you a most artistic skinning on that deal."

Carter was not at all disturbed over my view of the matter. "O, I don't know so much about that," he replied with a smile. "You see, the tobacco which I traded him consisted mostly of the heel of a boot I had covered over with a thin

leaf of the weed. That's why he looked so sour when he bit into it."

A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY CAPT. R. N. REA, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

(Affectionately dedicated to my honorable uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rea, and their thirty-four children and grandchildren, of Grimes County, Tex.)

When Mississippi seceded from the Union in 1861, I was a boy of fifteen and a half years of age, a student of the Marion high school, which was composed of young men and boys. When school was convened on the day following this important event in the history of our country, our professor promptly dismissed us, and our schoolbooks were closed forever. Our school was organized into a military company with our teacher as captain, and the company went into a camp of instruction. After remaining in camp for some three weeks and not having been mustered into service, we began to fear that the war would close before we got to fire a shot. Three of my intimate friends and I held a counsel of war, and at that meeting we decided to get into the fight at once. (Those three friends were boys near my own age, and it is a singular fact that all three or them were afterwards killed by one cannon shell in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va.) Next day we took French leave of our old teacher and captain, bade an affectionate farewell to friends and relatives, and soon afterwards joined Company A, 13th Mississippi Regiment, then in camp at Union City, Tenn. There we were mustered into service of the Confederate States of America, with the immortal William Barksdale as colonel. He was a warm personal and political friend of my lamented father, who was killed in the Georgia campaign in 1864. We remained in a camp of instruction until the month of July, 1861, and finally our regiment, with the 12th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Mississippi Regiments, was ordered to Manassas Junction, Va. When we reached that place, we were ordered to double quick to the battle field, where the armies were then furiously engaged. The whole country was enveloped in dust and the smoke of battle, and as we went in we met thousands of wounded soldiers returning to the rear. This great battle, fought on July 21, 1861, was a great victory for the South. This being my first battle, it will perhaps be of interest to relate my impressions, personal observations, and experiences.

While the regiment stood in line, facing a clear, beautiful sunset, two men on horseback (and they were truly men in every sense of the word) rode to the center of our command. It was easy to recognize Colonel Barksdale, but the other, being a civilian, our curiosity was excited as to his identity. However, we had to wait but a few moments, for Colonel Barksdale raised his hat and said: "Men of the 13th, I have the honor to introduce to you President Davis." The President then spoke a few words, telling us of our victory. He was a fine representative of the old-time, well-groomed Southern gentleman, sitting gracefully his fine thoroughbred. He was then in the zenith of his glory, and I could never forget the picture. He and Colonel Barksdale were friends, had lived in the same town, and had represented Mississippi in the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington.

Next morning we went into camp on the romantic banks of Bull Run, not far from Centerville, with the historic Henry House in sight.

After roll call the next morning, I left camp to inspect the battle field, and soon I came to the very spot where Colonel Bee and his regiment lay asleep in death, with their faces

turned to the blue sky. Bee was lying in the center, with his North Carolinians all around him. It was Bee who gave to General Jackson the name of "Stonewall." "Look at Jackson," he said to his men to encourage them to stand firm when the enemy was pressing them, "standing there like a stone wall." It is a sincere regret that such a gallant knight should have so soon laid down his life, and it was still a greater bereavement that his country should lose his valuable services. It seemed to me, as I gazed upon these brave North Carolinians that I had never seen such large men in my life, and it has been stated that not one of them was under six feet in height. If such was a fact, they were not only great in life, but in death were even greater.

A shadow fell across my pathway, and, being recalled to life again, I saw, for the first time, one of Major Wheat's famous New Orleans "Tigers." He was an Irishman, with full brogue, and was the handsomest and most dashing soldier that I saw during the whole war. I looked at him with boyish admiration, and he began telling me how his Tigers had slain, upon the plains of Manassas, every member of the Elsworth Zouaves. This was a fact, because I saw them in great numbers in their shirts of red, and it was at that time well known that the entire command was decimated. The "Tiger" very soon invited me to accompany him over the battle field, and I gladly accepted his invitation. In a short time he began robbing the Federal soldiers, saying to me: "It is no harm; they have gone to their reward and nothing on their bodies will ever benefit them." I noticed that he secured plenty of ten- and twenty-dollar gold pieces from their watchpockets. We finally came to a Federal major with a bullet in his forehead. He was about twenty years old, handsomely dressed, and with a beautiful sword and pistol. The "Tiger" said to me: "My lad, you have not been through any of these men; suppose you try this one." Well, I had almost fallen into the logic of my new-found comrade, and I reasoned that he was possibly right under the present circumstances, so I proceeded to carry out his suggestions. The Federal major was a pretty picture as he lay upon his back in peaceful slumber. I was standing straight over him, and I began to inch up to him like a soldier dressing up on a line. Slowly bending my body, and just as my hand was about to touch him, I imagined that I saw him jump. This affected me like an electric shock and terminated in my defeat, and I never afterwards attempted it. I was scared, and badly scared. The "Tiger" looked at me in astonishment, and said: "My lad, how long has it been since you left your mother's lap?" He then proceeded to do up the poor dead major and succeeded in extracting three twenty-dollar gold pieces.

We then continued our exploration, and not far from this spot, we came to a small grove of oak trees, where an artillery company of the Federal army had been engaged in battle and many dead lay scattered around, a silent evidence of the deadly aim of our own cannonners. Among the slain I saw one leaning against a tree, his right leg shot off by a cannon ball, a small wooden pipe filled with tobacco firmly held between his teeth, and the tobacco was slightly burned on the top. Evidently his comrades, before retreating, had placed him in this position and at his request had filled and lighted his pipe, and the poor soldier, while attempting to smoke, had died in the effort. He looked like a man quietly smoking in the shade of the trees. At the time I was so impressed with this solemn scene that I shed tears of sympathy for his unfortunate fate.

Amid the sad and interesting scenes of the day, it passed quickly, and the sun fell below the horizon before I scarcely

knew it, and I returned to camp. I had seen great piles of army baggage, many thousands of stands of small arms, hundreds of cannon, and more dead soldiers than I saw upon any battle field of the war. All of these spoils of war fell into the hands of the victorious Confederates.

If I ever felt important in my life, it was in those days of rejoicing, and I was sure that I could whip ten Yankees. Is it any wonder, with an army like this, and with these sentiments, that Lee held out so long against such odds? It was never a mystery to me. The whole of that army at that moment was composed of men and boys who went into the war for the love of country, patriotic impulses, and to repel an invading army from their homes and firesides. It was an army composed of the fairest flowers of the Old South.

We remained in camp at Centerville until the latter part of August, when we received orders to march overland to Leesburg, a town of about 2,500 inhabitants and situated in Loudon County, some two miles from the Potomac River. After a march of two days, we reached our destination, and here a brigade was formed, with the 13th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Mississippi and 8th Virginia Regiments, with General Evans, of South Carolina, as commander, who afterwards became a general of high rank. Our surroundings at this ancient Virginia town were exceedingly pleasant, and Leesburg and its people have always been remembered with esteem and affection by me. It was a town always full of pretty and enthusiastic women, young and old, who at all times and upon all occasions extended to the Confederate soldiers a royal welcome to their homes and their hospitalities. You may know that we, the younger set, while in camp at the little city had a most delightful time. While in this haven of rest, camp duty was light, consisting of daily drills, guard duty, and picket duty on the banks of the Potomac. The Federal pickets occupied the banks of the river on the opposite side, and occasionally there would be lively times down the picket line. But soon those beautiful days came to a close, and war, stern war, came to us again in all of its hideous realities. The enemy on the opposite side of the Potomac became active, yea, very active. They were sending us a full measure of their leaden messengers in a manner that indicated business and were marching and countermarching in an endeavor to find the most suitable place to cross the Potomac to attack us. There was only one brigade here, and it seemed that if the enemy should attack us we would have to retreat, as we had but a small force of artillery. But to make up for the deficiency, General Evans had constructed a lot of wooden cannons and erected them on a high elevation, so that they could be plainly seen by the enemy. It was evident that General Evans was very uncertain about the point where the enemy would attempt a crossing. He would order us in haste to Gaines's Mill, on Goose Creek, and on our arrival we would quickly be ordered back to Leesburg, and vice versa, making us weary and sapping our enthusiasm and strength, until we felt like falling by the wayside. Finally all this continued marching and countermarching came to an end, and the Federal forces crossed the river at Ball's Bluff, right in sight of Leesburg town. We were glad that the fun would soon be on, and it was with pride and confidence that we marched from town to the battle field. General Evans was a wise and good commander, and, as the enemy crossed the river, he whipped them in detail. Our whole brigade was in this battle, and I among them. Those whom we let cross the Potomac never returned, and it was said that many thousands lost their lives in the river. I don't know how true this may be, for I did not see any. I saw several thousand

prisoners of war taken in this battle, and many dead and wounded. The Federal general in command was killed and his army taken prisoners. For this success and its able management, General Evans was promoted to major general, and I never saw the gallant little commander any more.

This, my second battle, is known in history as Ball's Bluff, but in our record it is known as the battle of Leesburg. I came out of this battle "right side up with care," but very soon afterwards I was stricken with rheumatism and was unable to walk. In a short time I was discharged, and when I left the army of Northern Virginia and the hospitable town of Leesburg, I could barely walk with the aid of a pair of crutches. I left my comrades with genuine regret, and was the bearer of many letters and messages for the dear ones at home. As I look back over the long years that have come and gone, I do not recall a single one of those comrades now living. I went directly from Leesburg to Richmond and spent several days with my father, who had rooms at the Spotswood Hotel. At that time he was an officer in the regular army, with the rank of major, and was on duty in the ordnance department in the city of Richmond. During my visit in this lovely old city, I saw many of the most important men of the South, and the capital seemed to be filled with Confederate officers having a high old time. When I left, I went home via Lynchburg, Liberty, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Corinth. The people of the South were all traveling in those days. Every train was loaded to its fullest capacity with passengers, and among them I saw people whom I never forgot. Among this number I saw Parson Brownlow, preacher, politician, and editor of the *Knoxville Whig*, a paper which had a large circulation and a national reputation and was cordially detested by the entire South. I also saw Andrew Johnson, at Greenville, Tenn., his home town; a staunch Union man, who finally rose to the presidency of this great country. In the course of time, I arrived at home, where my dear old mother and sisters were so glad to have me with them again that they would cry and they laugh and embrace me. When this little family scene came to an end, I am sure that I was the most perfectly squeezed boy that ever wore a gray jacket. Very soon my arrival became known throughout the confines of Lauderdale, and it seemed that every relative of Company A came to see me, and on this account it was no trouble to deliver all of the letters and messages entrusted to my care for delivery. I improved daily under the careful nursing of my mother, and in thirty days I was able to lay aside my crutches. Then I began having a real nice time, a royal time, such a one as comes to a man once in a lifetime. In the midst of these pleasures it occurred to me that home was no place for me, and I told my mother I was going to enlist in a new company which was being made up then. I joined this company, and in a short time its membership was completed. My father had let it be known among his friends that he desired active service, and while he was in Richmond these men elected him captain and the company was named in his honor, The Confederate Rea Warriors. He immediately resigned his office as major in the regular army, came home, and assumed command of the company. Through his influence, it was immediately sent to Vicksburg, and on our arrival at that old historic town, we were ordered into camp at Warrenton. Our company was a real green one, no one in it having seen service except myself. My father, however, was a fine tactician and a strict disciplinarian, and, under his skilled management, the company soon became known as one of the best drilled companies in and around Vicksburg. Gen. M. L. Smith was in command of the forces at that time,

and for a long time afterwards. A small force of infantry was stationed at Vicksburg, and our company became a member of the 7th Mississippi Battalion, with Lieutenant Colonel Balfour in command. It is said that he was a brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis, but however this may be, he was an officer unsuitable to command the battalion, and we very soon lost sight of him. I believe he afterwards was assigned to duty in Richmond. The battalion subsequently became the 46th Mississippi Regiment, in the year 1862. My company was known as Company F, but as the senior company of the regiment, it should have been A. Soon after the formation of this regiment, we were brigaded with the 17th, 18th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st Louisiana Regiments, commanded by Gen. S. D. Lee, this being the first brigade that he ever commanded, and in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, we won for him his promotion to a major generalship. Gen. W. E. Baldwin succeeded him. It is proper to state in this connection that Rea's, Hart's, and Sublett's companies of the 46th Mississippi Regiment, and Major Wofford's artillery company had been detailed and stationed at Chickasaw Bayou, doing picket duty and watching the actions of the Federal fleet then operating in the Yazoo River fully three weeks before General Sherman landed his army. When he did so, Company F was on picket duty and had the honor of bringing on the engagement which resulted in Sherman's defeat, and afterwards to participate in the general battle. The great old house burner skedaddled back to his fleet, and in a few days left with his immense fleet for Memphis, and we marched back to our camp, which was situated just above the Vicksburg city cemetery.

This was my third battle, every one of which was a complete victory for the South, and I still thought I could whip ten Yankees, even though there did come a time when I was convinced of the fallibility of this conviction, I was at that time enjoying the delusion in the fullest sense of the word.

We soon fell into normal conditions. Military affairs were active; a large force was busy building the immense fortifications around Vicksburg, and many hundred pieces of large cannon were being placed in commanding positions by eminent engineers; large quantities of quartermaster and commissary stores were being received daily, and with these came additional troops and our future commander, General Pemberton. There was a large army at Vicksburg and Haynes's Bluff, and it did not require much thought to conclude that the government was going to hold Vicksburg if it could. I must say that in those days of preparation, our general officers were active and fully alive to the importance of the occasion. We had had Sherman, whom we had caused to leave in sorrow, but now came both Grant and Sherman, assisted by the finest division generals in the Federal army, an army of 100,000, and the largest fleet of gunboats and transports that was ever collected together in any country of the civilized world. This large fleet was in command of Admirals Farragut and Porter, two very competent and able officers, whose names afterwards became famous. All Confederate soldiers who were in the siege of Vicksburg will remember Farragut's immense mortars and the regularity of his large shells, which fell in and around the city for forty days and forty nights. With this large army in our front, endeavoring to pass Vicksburg by every conceivable strategy known to the greatest military men of the time, is it any wonder that they succeeded in forcing General Pemberton and his army of 22,000 men to surrender? I was in the parapets with my company day and night during the entire siege, and I remember to this

day the pangs of hunger, and I remember also how good my ration of mule meat was to me. I shall not dwell upon the sad scenes which came to my notice, nor shall I refer to the heroic women and children of Vicksburg, nor to the gallantry of my comrades, because they are known throughout the length and breadth of our country. The beautiful national cemetery at Vicksburg is silent testimony to the valor of my comrades and a monument to their memory, even if it was planned by our adversaries to commemorate the heroism and memory of their dead soldiers. When you have inspected this beautiful cemetery, containing its thousands upon thousands of dead, continue your investigations to the historic city of Vicksburg, and you will find a most beautiful national park many miles in length, with the most costly and beautiful monuments in the United States. Every time I visit that old battle-scarred town I go out to visit the scenes of my boyhood trials during the siege. I get much comfort and satisfaction from every visit, and as I speed over the beautiful roadway and swiftly pass the many markers, tablets, and monuments on either side, is it any wonder that my heart swells with pride? I aided in making this history, and I am proud of it.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, there was placed a small white flag on the breastworks of our entire line, and the army in perfect order passed over the parapets and stacked their arms in silence. There was no demonstration by the enemy, and soon after I left for our company cook quarters, which was then located in the Vicksburg cemetery, where I found a rare dinner of mule meat being prepared by our company's cook. In a few minutes quite a number of my company arrived, and, a little later, a Yankee soldier made us a call. In order to show him our hospitality and to make him remember us, we then and there compelled the gentleman to dine with us on mule meat. It was fun to see him gag, but we made him swallow his dainty morsel.

Immediately after this, I went down on Washington Street and, upon crossing China Street, I saw a large body of Federal troops and a general and his staff riding in front. It at once attracted my attention, and I decided to wait for further developments. In a few moments they reached Washington Street, when the column was halted and ordered to stack arms. This officer was Gen. Frank P. Blair and his division taking possession of the city. He was a well-known politician of national fame prior to the war. I had seen pictures of this important man on many occasions, so I was able to recognize him on sight. After having been dismissed, the soldiers made a rush up Washington Street, and soon broke into and robbed every store on that street, and I have good reason to believe that they extended their vandalism throughout the length and breadth of poor old Vicksburg. When they broke into the Vicksburg bank, in the midst of this mass of human beings a gun exploded inside the bank building. It has always been to me a wonder how that mass of robbers escaped without accident. I prayed that some of them were killed, but my prayer was unanswered and all escaped unhurt.

I could record many pages of exciting events that rapidly occurred about Vicksburg, but I shall describe but one incident. Prior to the siege and while Grant's army was at Young's Point, our regiment did picket duty on what we called the "Devil's Backbone," which was a high ridge. The moon was bright and at 2 A.M. the fleet and army of Grant were clearly visible to the naked eye. We had just stacked our arms and the men were lying down for a rest. I was looking up the river, gazing at Grant's great army, and I saw floating with the tide a dark-looking object. It occurred to

me that it was a gunboat, and I said to myself, will the sentinel who was on duty at the water battery, never give the alarm? and about that time I heard him sing out "gunboat" and fire his piece, which was continued by every sentinel as far down as Warrenton. Simultaneously our water battery fired three shots at close range, and in an instant the gallant gunboat was under full head of steam, running down stream for all she was worth, leaving behind her a long line of the biggest, blackest smoke that I ever saw. She had now a hard road to travel, and she was in the swim "for weal or woe." She was known, and the Confederates were at that moment sighting carefully five hundred pieces of cannon on her. It seemed to me that she could not escape. I never took my eyes off that gallant boat. She was certainly running some, and by this time every piece on the river front was playing upon her. I saw cannon balls strike her, and it would seem to me that she was on fire, but on she went, getting into the fray deeper and deeper. At length daylight came, and as the sun was just peeping over the hills of Vicksburg the gallant gunboat had run the gauntlet and was watching to see what would happen. She was safe beyond peradventure. To my surprise and admiration, she at once turned her broadside to us and to show her defiance sent twelve shots into Vicksburg, whose hills were literally covered with women and children; but, thank God, she was at that very moment struck by one of our heaviest pieces and was sent to the bottom of the Mississippi River. I will not be certain, but I believe it was the "Osceola" of the Federal fleet.

I don't remember how long we remained at Vicksburg after the surrender, but know we left as soon as our paroles could be printed and signed by each man. When this was completed, we formed in regular order, were inspected by Federal officers to see if we had any contraband goods in our knapsacks or on our persons, and immediately thereafter we marched out of Vicksburg and began our long march overland to Enterprise, Miss., where we went into parole camp and remained until exchanged. As soon as we were outside of the fortifications, all of the Louisianians belonging to Baldwin's Brigade broke ranks and refused to go to Enterprise. They crossed the Mississippi and went to their homes, and I am told that they later served in the army west of the Mississippi River, known as the "Trans-Mississippi Department."

There were some important changes in our company now transpiring. Our first lieutenant was killed in the siege, and our third lieutenant was found incompetent and had failed to pass an examination before the brigade examining board. The second lieutenant had been ordered before the board for promotion to captain and had failed. In the meantime my father had been promoted to major of the regiment, and I had been elected first lieutenant. This was the only time in my life that I was ever a candidate for an office. In a few days I was ordered before the board and passed. A general brigade order assigning me to duty as first lieutenant in company F was read on dress parade, and I substituted a sword for a gun. I was now the commander of my father's old company, and I was as proud as Lucifer. I was also in direct line for promotion to captain, and I might just as well have taken the position then as later, but I listened to the pleadings of my second lieutenant and, out of sympathy, I signed his petition addressed to the board for a reexamination, thinking he would fail again, but alas! he passed and my captainship slipped through my fingers for a time. In due time we were exchanged and were ordered to Demopolis and from there to Resaca, Ga. We spent some time in Northern Georgia, and went thence to Mobile for a short time. While

there our brigade commander, Gen. William E. Baldwin, was accidentally killed, and our colonel (C. W. Sears) was promoted to brigadier general, and in the future commanded the brigade until he lost his leg upon the battle field of Nashville. This promotion advanced my father to lieutenant colonel of the regiment. We were ordered to Selma by steamboat via the Alabama River, where we remained until the opening of the Georgia campaign. We received hurried orders to march overland to Rome, Ga., and made forty miles per day until we reached our destination. At that North Georgia town we found three railway trains awaiting our arrival, which we boarded and, without a moment lost, reached Kingston, Ga., marched out in front of Sherman's army, and got right into the fight and the great Georgia campaign in earnest. This campaign began at the town of Dalton, twenty miles from Kingston. From that moment our command was in all of the fighting to Atlanta, and it was almost a continual battle, night and day, for a period of ninety days, and I was not absent a single day. When we reached Atlanta Sears's brigade was assigned to a position at the end of Peachtree Street, and upon what was known at that time as the Henderson Farm. After Johnston was removed and General Hood succeeded to the command of the army, it was perhaps fifteen days later before General Sherman (after bringing up his entire army and failing to take the city by assault) began his famous flank movement by way of Jonesboro. He was a sly old fox. The enemy in front became inactive and withdrew.

One moonlight night, about 1 A.M. as I lay upon my back looking at the blue skies and thinking of the loved ones at home, I was roused by some one asking for me. An officer approached me, who proved to be Capt. Sam Harris, of General Sears's staff, and said to me: "The General wishes to see you at his headquarters." I found the general busily writing by the light of an old tallow candle. He said to me in his old West Point pronunciation: "Take the seat, Lieutenant Rea. I have been ordered by General French to select the best officer in my brigade to go to the Chattahoochee River, at the railroad bridge crossing, and ascertain what is going on in our front. Either Sherman is retreating, or he is making a flank movement to get possession of Atlanta. You are to start at once, and you have an indefinite leave; you are allowed twenty-five men of your own selection." He then gave me the countersign, and shook me by the hand very warmly.

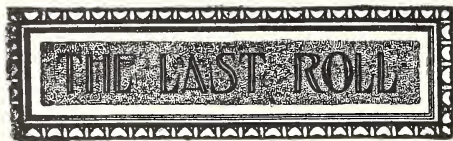
(To be continued.)

THE OLD SCORE.

BY LOUISE WEBSTER, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The scions of my family
Were rebels to a man;
My father fought in Vicksburg's siege
And knew the Ku-Klux Klan.
My mother rode to Carrollton,
Twelve miles through woodland drear,
To warn Confederate dragoons
That Northern troops were near.

I hear the fires of Southern sires
In artery and vein;
I call you "Yankee," and I meet
Your views with proud disdain;
Yet, in those tense, deciding days
Before the first shed gore,
Had they but loved as you and I,
There could have been no war.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"God rest them well! for the country's trust
And the country's fame
Are shined for aye in their hallowed dust
And surround each soldier's name.
God rest them well! If to-day they come
And can see the hearts of us
Beat glad in tune with the throbbing drum,
Then their rest is glorious."

CAPT. T. W. GETZEN.

Our beloved Commander, Capt. T. W. Getzen, died November 1, 1921, at the age of 85 years. He was born in Edgefield County, S. C., and enlisted in Company B, 19th South Carolina Regiment, was wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863; at Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864; and lost a leg at Bentonville, N. C., March 1865, the last battle of the Western Army.

Removing to Florida in 1868, he became prominent in county affairs, was tax collector in 1877-78, and was twice a member of the legislature. Always outspoken, he wielded an influence among his fellow citizens, faithful and true to what he believed. We honor his memory.

(T. J. Sommerall, Commander Camp 150, U. C. V., Lake City, Fla.; W. M. Ives, Adjutant.)

B. F. PASCHALL.

Comrade B. F. Paschall, member of Sul Ross Camp, U. C. V., at Denton, Tex., died on December 15, 1921, after several months' illness.

Benjamin Franklin Paschall was born in Weakley County, Tenn., January 19, 1846. The family removed to Texas and located in Kaufman County in 1853, where he lived until 1862, when he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company G, 12th Texas Cavalry. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Parsons. Comrade Paschall was retained in the Trans-Mississippi Department and saw service in Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana, more particularly in the campaign in Louisiana during the spring of 1864 and the following summer, which compelled the armies of Generals Banks and Steele to abandon their attempt to invade Texas simultaneously from the south and north. In 1871 Comrade Paschall removed to Denton, Tex., and engaged in business for himself, and there he had since lived. On January 8, 1873, he was married to Miss Mary Margaret Chambers, of Kaufman, Tex., who, with four of the six children born to them, survives him.

Comrade Paschall was initiated into the Masonic Order in 1868, and had attained high degrees, and was a highly esteemed and valued member, active to the last. He had been an earnest and consistent member of the Baptist Church for many years.

During his fifty years residence in Denton, no man ever had more friends than he, and no one will be missed more as a comrade, friend, and citizen.

JOHN H. CLACK.

John H. Clack, Confederate veteran and beloved citizen of St. Francisville, La., died on March 1, 1922, aged seventy-four years. His funeral was from the Catholic Church, of which he was a communicant, and after the Church services Maj. Gen. O. D. Brooks, Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., read the burial services of the organization at the grave.

Comrade Clack volunteered in Company I, 3rd Louisiana Cavalry, when he was sixteen years old and served faithfully till the surrender. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala. Returning home to West Feliciana, he took hold of home affairs, his father being old, and until 1892, when he was elected sheriff of West Feliciana, which office he held till 1916. He was twice married, first to Miss E. P. White, of Tunica, La., two children of this marriage surviving him. His second wife was Miss Lizzie Cox, of Franklin, La.; their children are Frank Clack and Mrs. R. B. Bonnette. Mr. Clack was a member of the local Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Brave, courteous, and chivalrous, he made one of the best sheriffs of the Parish of West Feliciana.

The U. C. V. Camp of West Feliciana, which was strong at one time, is almost extinct, only nine or ten being left, ranging in age from seventy-nine to eighty-six years.

(W. R. Campbell.)

MAJ. WILBUR F. FOSTER.

Crowned with honor and affection, Maj. Wilbur F. Foster entered into eternal rest on March 27, at his home in Nashville, Tenn., after a few days' illness. He left a record for integrity of character, faithful service for the betterment of Nashville, and for constancy in attachment for those he loved second to none who ever lived in this community.

He was born at Springfield, Mass., April 13, 1834, the son of Dexter and Uphasia Marie Allen Foster, coming South to practice his profession of engineering. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, as a private in Company C (Rock City Guards), Maney's 1st Tennessee Infantry, but later was advanced to the rank of major of engineers, which he held at the surrender. His earliest work was as supervising engineer for the construction of Fort Donelson and the water batteries. He had the full confidence of Gens. A. S. and Joseph E. Johnston, and he was active in the Atlanta campaign under the latter, receiving high commendation for his work in map making and for the intelligence displayed in laying out the Confederate works, rifle pits, breastworks, etc.

Following the war Major Foster was city engineer of Nashville from 1865 to 1884, after which he engaged in the general contracting business. He retired from active business life several years ago, but continued as a director in his company. He lived to be eighty-eight years old, and was active and alert up to his last illness.

Major Foster was not only a good soldier of the Confederacy, but was a faithful soldier of the Cross. He was long prominent in the affairs of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville. He was also a thirty-third degree Mason, and had held every high office in that order in Tennessee, his record being the most notable in the State of his day, and he had been signally honored by all Masonic Orders with which he was identified. He took part in many Masonic ceremonies in various parts of the country and wrote many books and papers on the subject.

Major Foster is survived by his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Nichol, of Nashville, a daughter, Mrs. C. C. Foster, and two grand-daughters. He was laid to rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery, at Nashville, with Masonic rites.

WILLIAM ROUNTREE DARLINGTON.

After a long illness, William Rountree Darlington passed away at his home in Allendale, S. C., on January 8, 1922.

He was born near Dunbarton, Barnwell County, S. C., in 1842, and until the last year of his life he took an active part in the welfare of his community. He was in many ways the most influential citizen in that section of the State.

He acquired his early education at Barnwell Male Academy. At the beginning of the War between the States he volunteered and was mustered into the 1st South Carolina Infantry in Charleston.



WILLIAM ROUNTREE DARLINGTON.

He served gallantly until the cessation of hostilities, the last three years as orderly or "top sergeant." He was in Charleston at the time of the attack on Fort Sumter, and later was with the army of the West, taking part in the fight at Belmont, Mo., Corinth, Miss., and other engagements in the upper Mississippi Valley. In 1862 he was returned to his native State, where he became a member of the 2nd South Carolina Artillery under Colonel Lamar, and was in the combined infantry and artillery service during the remaining war period. He was in Battery Reid, which was cited for conspicuous bravery at the battle of Secessionville. As part of General Hardee's Corps, he was in the engagement at Cheraw, Aversyboro, and Bentonville, N. C., and was with General Johnston's army at Greensboro when the surrender came. During the trying days from 1867 to 1876 he was most active in the reconstruction of the State.

Soon after the war he married Miss Lucy Allen, and became a planter and lived in Barnwell County. From this marriage there were four children—Thomas D., Laura Stoney, Lucy O'H., and William R. Darlington. After the death of his first wife he married Miss Elizabeth Porcher Stoney, of Charleston, S. C., who, with three of his children, survives him.

He was an upright citizen of strong convictions, loved and honored by all who knew him. He was a man of great and wide influence, his death being a sense of grief and personal loss to many people throughout the entire State.

FRANCIS SNOWDEN BARBOUR.

Francis S. Barbour, who died in Louisville, Ky., on November 8, 1921, was born August 27, 1843, at the old family homestead, "Gulvallis," at Prospect, Ky., the son of Dr. R. N. Barbour and Edmonia Bowies, both Kentuckians.

Comrade Barbour served with Morgan's men throughout the War between the States, and always took an active interest in all that pertained to the Confederacy. After the war he married Miss Anna Cleland, of Danville, Ky., and returned to Prospect. There he remained until twenty-two years ago, when he moved to Louisville and became associated with the Stewart Dry Goods Company, with which firm he was actively engaged up to his last illness. For fifty years he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He is

survived by his wife and two daughters and three grandsons; also by three nieces, whom he adopted.

Mrs. Barbour writes: "In our lot in Cave Hill Cemetery there are four Confederate soldiers awaiting the final bugle call. One of them is Col. J. W. Bowles, of Waynesville, N. C., who died in the summer of 1921; his brother, John B. Bowles, who was a prisoner at Johnson's Island, and in attempting to make his escape in December, 1864, he was shot and a bayonet run through his body. They were uncles of my husband. The third is John P. Winchester, a brother-in-law, who was a prisoner at Rock Island for two years; also a woman who nursed the sick and wounded, and requested to be buried with her 'boys.' Our lot is very near the Confederate lot, where lie so many of our brave boys."

FREDERICK M. COLSTON.

Frederick Mason Colston, who served as chief of staff to General Alexander, C. S. A., died at his home in Baltimore at the age of eighty-six years. He was born in Virginia, and educated in the public schools of that State and at Georgetown and Columbia Colleges in Washington, D. C., and went to Baltimore in 1853, where he was connected with various banking houses until 1862, when he went to Virginia and entered the service of the Confederate States in the Ordnance Department. Later he was commissioned as captain and transferred to the artillery arm of the service, and served with distinction in the campaigns of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and before Richmond and Petersburg.

After the war he returned to Baltimore, and in 1866 formed a banking firm, which is still in existence as the present firm of Colston & Co. He retired from business several years ago, but still kept up his interest in banking affairs.

In 1868 Captain Colston was married to Miss Clara Campbell, daughter of Justice John A. Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court. She survives him with three daughters and two sons. One son, Frederick C. Colston, served as captain of artillery during the World War, and died in France shortly before the armistice was signed.

Captain Colston always took a deep interest in the musical life of his city, was prominent as a club man, was affiliated with several financial institutions, and prominently identified with the affairs of the Maryland Line Confederate Home at Pikesville. He had been an appreciated patron of the VETERAN and contributor to its columns, an article sent by him shortly before his death appearing in the June number.

COMRADES AT GRANBURY, TEX.

The death roll of Granbury Camp No. 67, U. C. V., for the year ending April, 1922, was as follows:

Capt. J. R. Morris, Waller's Texas Battalion; died August 27, 1921.

A. P. Gordon, 2d Georgia Infantry; died November 9, 1921.

L. C. Cleveland, Company G, 7th South Carolina Cavalry; died November 23, 1921.

A. J. Collins, — Texas Infantry; died January 26, 1922.

W. E. Norman, 1st Arkansas Infantry; died April 30, 1922.

J. H. IVERSON, Commander.

J. H. DOYLE, Acting Adjutant.

COMRADES AT LURAY, VA.

List of members of Rosser-Gibbons Camp Confederate Veterans, Luray Va., who have died in 1922: Isaac Newton Kibler, Capt. R. S. Parks, M. Warfield Yates, William H. Rogers. (P. M. Kauffman.)

Confederate Veteran.

HON. WILSON G. LAMB.

One of the most widely known and best beloved citizens of North Carolina has been lost to that State in the death of the Hon. Wilson G. Lamb, of Williamston, which occurred on February 22. He was in his eightieth year, a native of Elizabeth City, and came of a family noted for its patriotism in war and achievements in time of peace. He was a descendant of Col. Gideon Lamb, an officer of the Revolution who fought under Washington. His brother, Col. John C. Lamb, commanded the 17th North Carolina Regiment, C. S. A., and was killed at Drewry's Bluff in 1864.

Wilson G. Lamb had received an appointment as naval cadet to Annapolis, but the outbreak of the war called him to the defense of his native State. In March, 1862, he enlisted in the 17th North Carolina Regiment, and on numerous fields of battle his courage and gallantry gained for him the confidence and commendation of his comrades in arms. He was attached to the Martin-Kirkland Brigade and commanded its skirmish line at Petersburg in 1864, winning a lieutenancy; he was wounded and sent home to recuperate, but returned to the front before he had fully recovered. He was made division provost marshal, and afterwards was acting adjutant of the 17th Regiment, and in the service of this command on the coast defenses he was in much hard fighting around Wilmington, Newbern, Kinston, and Goldsboro, and was with his regiment in the battle of Bentonville. At the surrender of his command, he concealed the regimental flag in the saddle blanket of one of his men, and many years later presented it to the North Carolina Hall of History as a memorial to the brave men who fought under it.

His later life was that of a successful business man, public spirited and devoted to the welfare of his State. He was deeply interested in politics, but never sought or accepted office. He was a Mason and a member of Camp John C. Lamb, No. 845 U. C. V. He was also deeply religious, serving his Church in many diocesan councils. His home life was ideal, for he was devoted and affectionate in any family relations. In June, 1870, he was married to Miss Virginia Louise Cotten, and to them were born three sons and five daughters, all except one daughter surviving him.

DR. ANDREW LEWIS ANDERSON.

Dr. Andrew L. Anderson, aged ninety-three years, died at the home of his step-daughter, Mrs. H. T. Patton, at Rockwood, Tenn., on May 10, 1922. He was a veteran of the Mexican War and of the War between the States and could recount many interesting incidents about Gen. Winfield Scott, Jefferson Davis, Zachary Taylor, and other prominent figures in American history.

His father, Col. Pierce B. Anderson, was killed at the battle of Stone Mountain early in the struggle between the States, while campaigning in West Virginia, his promotion to brigadier general coming after his death.

Dr. Anderson was a nephew of Governor Campbell, of Tennessee, and a grandnephew of Meriwether Clark, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the Lewis in his name being a tribute to that expedition. His grandfather was Joseph Anderson, one of the first United States Senators from Tennessee, and a brother, George B. Anderson, was for many years Congressman from Missouri.

Dr. Anderson was graduated from the old Franklin College, near Nashville, Tenn., receiving the B.A. degree, and at the University of Michigan he graduated second in a large class as Doctor of Medicine. He served as surgeon during the War between the States, and during all the years of his

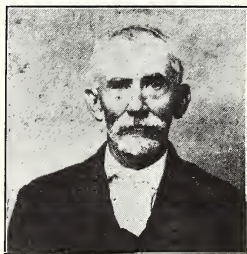
life he used his broad knowledge for the alleviation of human ills and the betterment of mankind.

He was married to Mrs. Amanda Brown, widow of Franklin Brown, and he was buried in the Brown Cemetery at Post Oak Springs, the last of an honored name, which he so worthily bore.

His mother was Anna Madison Luke, through whom he was connected with several prominent Tennessee and Kentucky families.

JAMES STOKLY VINSON

A loved familiar figure was missed from the streets of Pangburn, Ark., when James Stokly Vinson passed into the



JAMES STOKLY VINSON.

better land on January 30, 1922. He had lived a long and useful life, and his activity and interest in affairs about him continued to the end. He was born August 26, 1840, and had thus passed into his eighty-second year.

Comrade Vinson was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with Company D, 50th Tennessee Regiment, and he took part in the battle of Chickamauga, where a

younger brother lost his life. He was twice a prisoner, being taken from Fort Donelson to Camp Douglas, and after the battle of Franklin he was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio.

In July, 1867, he was married to Miss Eliza Barnett, who survives him with two sons and two daughters. There are also sixteen grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

For sixty-seven years he had been a consecrated, loyal member of the Baptist Church, and in his Church relations, as in his devotion to his country, his family, and his friends, he was noted for strict fidelity, in all relations of life measuring up to the highest. Quiet, modest, and unobtrusive, his way was marked by his helpful hands outstretched to the needy and fallen.

In 1883 he removed to Arkansas and there made his home to the end.

MAJ. J. O. MURRAY.

On June 12, 1921, Maj. J. Ogden Murray, a devoted soldier of the Confederacy, answered the last roll call and "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." He died in Radford, Va., of heart trouble, in his eighty-second year. His old friend and devoted comrade, Dr. W. P. Nye, and members of Dr. Nye's family, ministered to him in his last illness.

Major Murray was born in Louisa County, Va., and for a number of years after the war was engaged in newspaper work in Washington. He was on the *New York Sun* and the Associated Press and papers of his own in Virginia.

Major Murray's body lies at rest in the beautiful St. Andrew's Cemetery, near Roanoke, in his beloved State of Virginia. Rev. Father Gilsenan, rector of the Church of the Nazareth, preached the funeral sermon in St. Andrew's Catholic Church and officiated at the grave assisted by members of the William Watts Camp, U. C. V., and Daughters of the Confederacy. Many other friends of Major Murray were also present.

Father Gilsenan paid a beautiful and touching tribute to Major Murray and his services to the Confederacy and to the

Confederate veterans present, and the cause they so devotedly served.

He is survived by two sons, Henry L. Murray, of San Antonio, Tex., and William W. Murray, of Boston, Mass.

Major Murray had lived in Roanoke, Va., for about two years, with another old comrade and friend, Col. D. M. Armstrong.

CALVIN FISH.

Comrade Calvin Fish, a member of Sam H. Dill Camp No. 444 U. C. V., of LaFayette County, Ark., died at his home in the southern part of that county on January 19, 1922, aged 82 years. He was born in the State of Georgia, December 31, 1839; was married three times, and is survived by his wife and ten of the sixteen children that had blessed his home.

In the old town of Lewisville, in Lafayette County, Calvin Fish enlisted for the Confederacy under Captain Whitt Harris and proceeded to Camden, Ark., where he was mustered into Bankhead's Battalion of Artillery, which was then ordered to Columbus, Ky. He was twice wounded in the battle of Shiloh. His company sustained a great loss in that battle, after which it was consolidated with Captain Scott's Battery, and was then engaged in the battle of Chattanooga. With Sweet's Battery he went through the Georgia campaign, and was then transferred to the Shannon Scouts. He was paroled at Columbus, Miss., on April 26, 1865. He was truly a brave and gallant Confederate soldier.

Comrade Fish was a consistent member of the Baptist Church for more than forty years, and was in every sense a true Christian, devoted to his Church.

Our Camp has lost one of its most beloved and worthy members; the county has lost one of its foremost and best citizens; his Church has lost a devoted member; his family a kind husband and father.

(From resolutions passed by the Camp. Committee; R. L. Montgomery, J. E. Stuart, C. C. Hall.)

J. W. DAUGHERTY.

J. M. Daugherty, for forty years a prominent resident of Carterville and widely known throughout southwest Missouri, died on April 4, 1922, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. C. Rickman of Springfield, Mo., with whom he had resided since the death of his wife in 1918. He was eighty-six years old. Surviving him are four daughters and a son.

Comrade Daugherty was a veteran of the War between the States and was living in Kentucky when he joined the Confederate army. He was a member of the garrison which defended Vicksburg when Grant laid siege to that place. During the siege he carried a rifle that he had purchased, and when the city fell he was permitted to keep his weapon. He also served under General Beauregard.

He went to Jasper County nearly a half century ago and was active in democratic politics until stricken with his last illness.

In the early days he was a contractor and mine operator. He was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery at Carterville, after funeral services at the home.

REV. W. A. CARTER.

Rev. W. A. Carter, D.D., for twenty-four years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbus, Miss., died on February 26, at the home of his son, Judge W. A. Carter, in Tampa, Fla., in his eighty-sixth year. He was a Confederate veteran, having served as a private in the Woodruff Rifles of the 31st Alabama Regiment. Later he was a chaplain in the Confederate army.

William Arthur Carter was born in Mobile, Ala., in 1836, the eldest son of Dr. Jesse Carter. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and was in the ministry actively in Mobile and Pensacola many years before he went to Columbus. He retired from the ministry in 1905, but was often called to fill the pulpit for other pastors or to officiate at some ceremony. During his long pastorate the Church made substantial progress, and he not only endeared himself to his own congregation, but to the members of all other denominations in the city. He was universally beloved.

Although considered perhaps the greatest scholar in the Southern Presbyterian Church, he was withal a man of very modest disposition.

Dr. Carter married Miss Agnes Law Quigley, of Columbia, S. C., who died a year ago. He is survived by a brother, a sister, and three children.

During the forty-one years he was a resident of Columbus he endeared himself to its people.

DANIEL CUNNINGHAM.

After an illness of several weeks, Daniel Cunningham died at his home in Childress, Tex. He was born in County Clare, Ireland, August 29, 1838, and came to the United States in 1843 with his parents, who settled at LaCrosse, Wis. Daniel Cunningham came South when nearing his eighteenth year, locating at New Orleans. He joined the Confederate army at the beginning of the War between the States, enlisting at Toulana, Parish Rapides, La., in Company D, 6th Louisiana Regiment. He was at the first battle of Manassas, and was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, fighting under Generals Lee and Jackson. He was a prisoner at Point Lookout and was paroled in 1864. He went to Tennessee in 1865 and was married to Miss Anna E. Roberts, December 10, 1865. To them eleven children were born, seven now living, and there are thirty-one grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

Comrade Cunningham removed to Texas in 1869 and located at San Saba County, where he made his home until 1888, when he went to Wilbarger County, settling on a farm near Chillicothe. He moved to Childress in 1912. He was a worthy citizen as well as a Christian gentleman. He united with the Christian Church more than forty years ago and had endeavored to lead a life consistent with his belief. He was a good neighbor and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He had lived a long life and did much good during his many years.

GEORGE H. NICHOLAS.

George H. Nicholas, son of Lorenza and Martha J. Nicholas, was born March 21, 1844, in Buckingham County, Va., and answered the last roll call on January 31, 1922, at the place where he was born. He served three years in the Confederate army, first in the 25th Virginia Battalion, and then in the 57th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, as orderly sergeant of his company, and surrendered at Appomattox. He was adjutant of Camp No. 75 U. C. V. at the time of his death. It was his pleasure to attend all reunions and seemed as a boy of the sixties mingling with old comrades. He was intensely loyal to the memories of the Confederacy and all connected with it.

This good comrade, who never faltered in his duty as soldier or citizen, was reared amidst environments typical of the best traditions of the South. His wife was Miss Florence Reeve, who survives him with one son. He was a devoted husband and father.

THOMAS MILES JENNINGS.

Thomas Miles Jennings, veteran of the Confederacy, aged 78 years, a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp No. 75 U. C. V., died at Vinton, La., on May 1, 1922, at the home of his niece, Mrs. Ruth Wynne. He was born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1845, and went to Texas in his early days. He enlisted in the Confederate army and served as a courier during the war. A true and tried soldier and patriot has passed to his reward. He is survived by a sister.

R. R. ARRINGTON.

R. R. Arrington entered the Confederate service when quite young, joining Company D, 5th Georgia Reserves, and served his country gallantly throughout the war. He was a strict member of the Church and a good citizen. He had lived in Sumter County, Ga., all his life and there died on March 14, 1922.

FRANKLIN CHINN.

Life's close came for Franklin Chinn, one of the leading lawyers and best citizens of Frankfort, Ky., on the morning of May 22, 1922. He was born at Bell's Grove, Franklin County, on November 3, 1843, the son of Franklin and Annie Bell Chinn, and spent the early years of his life in that vicinity. As the War between the States came on the call came to him to help defend his native South. The consent of his mother was secured upon the promise that he would neither drink nor play cards, both of which promises were kept inviolate until his death. He immediately joined the cavalry forces of Gen. John Morgan. During his service with that famous leader he had many narrow escapes and engaged in some thrilling cavalry movements. At one time he was captured and imprisoned in Canada, but succeeded in making his escape and working his way back to his command. It was always with relish that he rehearsed with some of his old comrades the escapades they had under General Morgan.

After the war he taught school and was later appointed a deputy sheriff, during the tenure of which office he studied law and was admitted to the bar. His sterling qualities soon brought to him a lucrative practice, and as a lawyer he stood among the foremost members of the bar of his State. During his active practice of over forty years he was engaged in some of the most important litigation affecting the rich mountain sections of the State, and carried to successful conclusion a number of important cases before the Supreme Court of the United States.

An old war-time friend and associate said of him: "As a friend he was loyalty to the last degree. His helpfulness to others was never advertised, and few of his intimate friends knew to what extent his kindness of spirit went out to others, not only in the way of advice and comfort, but also in material assistance. In civic affairs the city always found him ready for service in any movement looking toward the betterment of Frankfort, and to his efforts and advice may be attributed many of the substantial improvements now enjoyed by the city."

He was an elder in the First Presbyterian Church in Frankfort, with which he had been identified for forty-five years and was until the past few years a constant and ardent worker in the Sunday school. His love for and interest in the work never slackened.

Comrade Chinn was married to Miss Elizabeth Hunt, of Greenville, Miss., in 1875, and he is survived by three daughters.

MAJ. JOSEPH B. CUMMING.

On May 15, 1922, at the age of eighty-six, Maj. Joseph B. Cumming passed away at his home in Augusta, Ga., after a useful and distinguished career on the battle field, at the bar, and in public life.

Early in 1861 he entered the service of the Confederacy as a private in the Clinch Rifles, Company A, of the Fifth Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. John K. Jackson. In September, 1861, he was made lieutenant in Company I, from Columbus, Ga., and in January, 1862, he was promoted to the captaincy of that organization, serving in that rank as assistant adjutant general in Jackson's brigade at the battle of Shiloh and the battle of Murfreesboro. In the latter battle he had a horse shot from under him, and at Shiloh he suffered a slight wound. After the battle of Murfreesboro he was ordered to report to Gen. William H. T. Walker, and, being subsequently promoted to the rank of major, he served in the adjutant general's department of Walker's command. Upon the reorganization of the army in 1865, just before the surrender, he was appointed colonel of a regiment made up of Stephen's brigade; but, the army being on the eve of surrender, he did not take command.

After his return home, Major Cumming devoted himself to the practice of his profession. He was ranked among the ablest members of the Georgia bar. In the midst of his large practice, however, he found time to devote a portion of his time and talent to the public service and held many positions of responsibility and honor.

Among these was a distinct honor conferred upon him when he was appointed by President Roosevelt as a member of the Chickamauga National Park Commission, he being the one member of this commission who had fought in the Confederate army.

WILLIAM E. BOZEMAN.

After an illness of several months, William E. Bozeman died in Dallas, Tex., on June 6, at the age of eighty-one years.

He entered the Confederate army by joining Company I, 3rd Alabama Infantry, at the organization of that regiment, April, 1861, and was among the first troops sent to Virginia. He participated in many battles, and at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, received a wound that incapacitated him for services till near the close of the war.

While still on crutches, Comrade Bozeman was married to Miss Sallie Pylant, an accomplished young woman of sterling merit, who proved an ideal wife, a helpmeet, an inspiration, and a source of mental and moral strength. Under her gentle influence, all that was good was developed. To them were born eight daughters, six of whom were reared to maturity and developed into estimable women. Five of these survive him, all mothers of children worthy of their parentage.

In 1877 the young couple moved from Coosa County, Ala., to Milam County, Tex., where he engaged in farming, made friends, and won the esteem of all with whom they were associated. For many years the husband was deacon in the Caddo Baptist Church at Baileyville, Tex., and both were zealous workers of the Church.

After fifty-four years of congenial companionship and mutual helpfulness, the wife died, and the joy of life passed with her, leaving only its duties and its burdens, which were performed and borne with Christian fortitude till the angel of death delivered the plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

[P. J. Rast, Rosebud, Tex.]

MAJ. JOHN W. PRICE.

Died, March 12, 1922, at his home in Douglas, Ga., after a short illness, Maj. John W. Price, in his eighty-third year.

Comrade Price enrolled in the Davis Rifles at Marshallville, Ga., April 1, 1861, and in June following the company was ordered to Richmond, where he, as Company C, became a part of the famous 12th Georgia Regiment. Upon its formation the regiment was sent to reinforce General Garnett, but arrived only in time to participate in the retreat.

On October 3, the regiment had its first pitched battle, in which the enemy were badly beaten and forced across the Potomac River. The 12th Regiment the following spring, became a part of that army with which Stonewall Jackson accomplished such wonders in the Valley campaign. Comrade Price was with his regiment in the battles around Richmond, at Chancellorsville, Sharpsburg, Second Manassas, in the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaigns. On May 12, 1864, he was so severely wounded as to disable him for future service.

At the close of the war he entered upon the work of restoring the ravaged country and his own wasted fortunes with the same energy and zeal he had shown as a soldier. He engaged in the lumber business with marked success, but he was not satisfied with winning success for himself alone; he wanted it for others, too. Worth County, Ga., one of the best counties in South Georgia, when he entered it was an almost unbroken forest and very sparsely settled. His services to the county in developing and building it up was so appreciated by the people that they elected him ordinary—the highest county officer—and continued him in the office as long as he was willing to serve.

Major Price is survived by his wife, three sons, one daughter, and several grandchildren.

[George R. Briggs.]

WILLIAM PUTCH.

On Wednesday, March 15, 1922, we paid our last rites to our deceased comrade, William Putch, who lived to the ripe age of more than ninety years, in good health almost to the end of his exemplary and eventful life.

He was born in Westphalia, Prussia, in 1831, and at an early age came to Missouri, settling in Arrow Rock, Saline County, engaging in the banking business.

In 1861, feeling that the cause of the South was just, he cast his lot with us and endured the many hardships incident to four years of active service in the second Missouri Cavalry. After the battles of Elk Horn, Iuka, and Corinth, he served under General Van Dorn, and when he was killed we were placed under that matchless soldier, Gen. N. B. Forrest.

Comrade Putch took part in all the battles fought by that wonderful soldier, in all these cavalry battles in the prairies of Mississippi—West Point, Okolona, Soochatonia Bridge, Fort Pillow, Harrisburg, and many others. He rode from the Missouri River to the Gulf of Mexico (Mobile), and return, on horseback during the four years.

His life was quiet and unostentatious, but in every way exemplary and worthy to be followed. He served Saline County several years as treasurer.

He leaves a wife, four sons, a daughter, and a host of friends to mourn his loss.

"He sleeps his last sleep,
He has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again."

[His old comrade, C. Y. Ford, 2nd Missouri Regiment Forrest's Cavalry, Odessa, Mo.]

JOHN GWINN STEVENS.

John Gwinn Stevens, born April 19, 1837, near Johnson's Crossroads, Monroe County, W. Va., on November 30, 1921, entered into eternal peace as one who



JOHN GWINN STEVENS

"Calmly lays him down to sleep
When friendly night has come
and leaves
To God the rest."

He is survived by his wife, four sons, and two daughters.

The life of Mr. Stevens was a benefaction to the world and will remain an inspiration to make men manly and brave and kind and dutiful. He loved truth and honor and justice, and his life from youth to old age was a fine illustration of these heroic qualities.

In the War between the States he served in the Confederate army, and his comrades testify that a better soldier never smelled the smoke of battle. He enlisted in Chapman's Battery, in which he was made sergeant, and his record from beginning to end was that of a lion-hearted fighter. Following the engagements at Fayetteville and Charleston, he fought at Dry Creek, Droop Mountain, New Market, Cold Harbor, Lynchburg, Monocacy, Kernstown, Winchester, Cedar Creek, and in many other battles.

The type of man he was found exemplification at the battle of Dry Creek, one of the hottest battles of the war, when Dick Minner, a soldier of the battery, was desperately wounded and lay directly in front of his comrades. So terrible was the enemy's fire that it seemed certain death to attempt his rescue, but presently Stevens ran forward and, taking the wounded man on his back, carried him through that hell-storm of death back of the Confederate lines, escaping by what seemed a miracle.

A beautiful thing in the memory of Mr. Stevens is his journeying, fifty years afterwards, to the University of Virginia, where sleeps his gallant Capt. Bierre Chapman, to take part in the dedication of a marble memorial at the grave of his beloved captain, to which he had himself contributed liberally.

ROBERT B. EWAN.

Robert B. Ewan, a member of Camp No. 80 U. C. V., of Kansas City, Mo., died at his home there on May 11, aged seventy-nine years. He is survived by his wife, a son, and two daughters. He was born in Shenandoah Valley, Va., and served in the War between the States under the immortal Jackson. Through his frail body a wonderful flame of life kept glowing till it seemed that death could scarcely triumph over his indomitable spirit. That spirit has not ceased, but has been transferred to a larger and more enduring sphere. (Flora E. Stephens.)

E. B. PARKMAN.

On April 8, 1922, E. B. Parkman answered to the last roll call, in his seventy-ninth year. He had been blind for several years and suffered other afflictions.

Comrade Parkman went through the War between the States, enlisting March 3, 1862, at Zion Seminary, Covington County, Miss., with an independent company attached to the 3rd Mississippi Regiment, under Capt. James M. Norman.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga., *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn., *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark., *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C., *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala., *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla., *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C., *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa., *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala., *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: As the summer draws near and we are bringing to a close our meetings until the early fall, let us remember that we can carry on our personal endeavors and draw new interests into our work by interesting those with whom we come in contact during our vacation.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize at Annapolis.—For several years our organization has presented a prize in the name of that great American to that student at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis who attained the greatest excellence in Physics. Having received an invitation from Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, Superintendent of the Academy, I went down to Annapolis on June 1 and conferred the prize, a pair of binoculars. As the house guest of Mrs. Wilson I had a wonderful opportunity to observe all the events connected with the graduation exercises, and I was thrilled at seeing this splendid body of young men who have undertaken as their life task the defense upon the sea of the interests of our country. I feel sure that every member of our body will appreciate both the official and the social courtesies extended to me as the representative of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Louisiana Division.—In Louisiana our members have been labored under great difficulties, owing to the terrible floods which made it necessary to postpone the annual convention. Now I learn with great satisfaction that the postponed convention was held on May 24, and we all rejoice with them that they have completed the General Mouton monument and are planning to aid our Chapter in Paris, France, in its work of building a monument to Major General De Polignac.

Certificates.—Delay in sending out the Certificates of Membership may result from the fact that it will be necessary for me to be away from home for some time while attending the reunion of the Confederate veterans at Richmond, and also the meeting of the Lee Memorial Committee at Lexington, Va. For the same reason, this will be my last letter to you until the September issue of the VETERAN.

The Women of the South in War Times.—Remember that we are pledged as an organization to sell 10,000 copies of this book. Of course, not every one of our 1,100 Chapters can sell the nine copies which are its share, but let the larger Chapters bear this in mind and strive to make up the difference. The book should be in the hands of every one who wishes to know what the women of the Confederacy accomplished.

Memorial Day.—It will interest those who did not attend as delegates our last general convention to know that our organization, through its member, Mrs. G. Tracy Rogers, was able to place a wreath of red, white, and red roses on the grave of our friend and benefactor, Hector W. Church, at

Oxford, N. Y. This tribute will be continued in recognition of his splendid gift and the spirit which prompted it.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—The reports from Miss Decca Lamar West, Chairman of this Committee, are most encouraging. Through her activity I have been invited to speak before the Federation of Women's Clubs at the convention to be held at Chautauqua. I feel sure that we have in this project something worthy of the name of our only President.

In Memoriam.—The announcement that has just reached me of the death of Mrs. Newton McVeigh, Chairman of Transportation, U. D. C., Vice President of the Virginia Division, and President of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Richmond, Va., has filled my heart with deepest sorrow. To those of you who attended the convention at St. Louis, she will be remembered as the Daughter who nominated me to the highest gift within your power. A woman of rare personality, she possessed a beauty of character that endeared her to all with whom she came in contact, and her untimely death will leave many sorrowing friends. Her friendship was one of my richest possessions, and her going into the fuller life leaves me sad and sorrowing.

Faithfully yours, LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Division correspondents please take notice that material reaching the editor after the third of the month will be held for the following month. Send in material and notices while they are fresh and interesting. Hereafter, material out of date will not be used.

Work on the Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., has been resumed and is going on steadily. At St. Louis the United Daughters of the Confederacy pledged to help the veterans complete this great monument to the great head of the Southern Confederacy. A monument to him is a monument to the South.

Another great monument to President Davis, and a monument to the U. D. C. organization, will be the Jefferson Davis Ocean-to-Ocean Highway through the South and connecting historical places. This should be of great interest to the entire South and to highway and good roads associations.

The Atlanta Chapter opened and dedicated their beautiful Chapter house on May 8. Mrs. A. McD. Wilson is the efficient President of this flourishing Chapter. The editor appreciates the invitation to attend the dedication.

Education Notes.—The date for filing applications for scholarships with the Committee on Education, U. D. C., is "prior to June 1." Applications will be accepted after that date, but scholarships are now being awarded, and Division Chairmen of Education who delay sending in their applications may find the most desirable scholarships, and those for which they have applicants, already awarded.

DIVISION NOTES.

Alabama.—The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Alabama Division was held in Troy, May 2-5, with one hundred and twenty-five delegates present and the voting strength one hundred and sixty. The report of the President showed much progress in all lines of work. New members added to the roster in 1921-1922, 565; total membership at present, 3,886. One new Chapter has been organized, and fourteen Chapters of Children of the Confederacy. The Scholarship Committee, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Chairman, was created in Tusculum in 1907 with one scholarship. There is in the endowment fund now \$10,047.50, with forty-seven scholarships in schools and colleges, from which two hundred and seventy-five boys and girls have received benefit, three hundred and forth-three scholarships having been used. When Mrs. Lewis Sewall made her report on Gettysburg monument, she showed samples of the beautiful Alabama marble from Attalla, Talladega, and Sylacauga, suitable material from which to build this monument. Alabama led in the sale of certificates for Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., over all other States reported at St. Louis convention in November. The soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek is in splendid condition, with eighty-three men and thirteen women well cared for. A trained nurse is now in attendance at the home, and \$10,000 has been spent in improvements in the past five years. Cash contributions on Thanksgiving and Christmas Day amounted to \$255, and among other gifts was a graphophone. The Historian reported great increase of interest in historical work, and many more historical papers written this year than ever before. The following changes were made: Alabama Division State Treasurer will be required to make bond of \$5,000. The Division will adopt officially the "Confederate Gray March," composed by the late Mrs. Mellona Parks Wood, of Troy, one of the beloved ex-State Presidents. This march will be played in Birmingham in November at the general convention. To cut cost, only names of officers will be published in yearly book of minutes. The Children of the Confederacy will hold a separate convention of their own.

Officers elected are:

President, Mrs. E. L. Huey, Bessemer.

First Vice President, Mrs. Charles McDowell, Eufaula.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Key Murphree, Troy.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Gustave Mertins, Montgomery.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. O. Sturdivant, Bessemer.

Treasurer, Mrs. Stonewall Boulet, Mobile.

Historian, Mrs. Joseph Aderhold, Anniston.

Registrar, Mrs. J. B. Stanley, Greenville.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Charles Martin, Jacksonville.

Director of Children of Confederacy, Miss Beulah White, Clayton.

Chaplain, Mrs. H. L. Mellen, Livingston.

California.—Officers of California Division, May, 1922-May, 1923:

President, Mrs. F. E. Ross, 1459 Orange Grove Avenue, Riverside.

First Vice President, to be appointed.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Marvin Johnson, 3114 Manitou Avenue, Los Angeles.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. E. Faris, 1087 Le Claire Place, Los Angeles.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Josie M. Price, 427 East Twentieth Street, Long Beach.

Treasurer, Mrs. Mary H. Allison, 657 Vernon Street, Oakland.

Historian, Mrs. H. C. Booth, 2231 Vine Street, Berkeley.

Registrar, Miss Bessie Topp, 488 West I Street, Colton.

Recorder of Crosses, Miss Olive B. Cloudsley, 346 West Acacia Street, Stockton.

Custodian of Flags, Mrs. R. L. Cannon, 958 Orange Street, Los Angeles.

Florida.—Officers of the Florida Division, elected at the convention held in Orlando, May 2-5, 1922:

President, Miss Agnes Person, Orlando, Fla.

First Vice President, Mrs. S. D. Cheatham, 311 Parker Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Second Vice President, Mrs. R. B. Bullock, Ocala, Fla.

Third Vice President, Mrs. C. B. Ashley, Madison, Fla.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. E. B. Houston, Clearwater, Fla.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. D. Hearn, Seminole Heights, Tampa, Fla.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. LaRue Bliss, 8 Jefferson Street, Orlando, Fla.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Historian, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg, Fla.

Registrar, Miss Julia Dickerson, 302 South Boulevard, Tampa, Fla.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. George P. Allen, 1636 Liberty Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Registrar of C. C., Mrs. B. J. Bond, 305 North Call Street, Tallahassee, Fla.

Honorary President, Miss Sue Lin, Apopka, Fla.

Louisiana.—The monument erected to the memory of Gen. Alfred Mouton, in Lafayette, La., was unveiled by the Louisiana Division on April 8, 1922, the anniversary of the death of General Mouton, who was killed in the battle of Mansfield, April 8, 1864, when but thirty-five years of age. A splendid program was rendered, with Gov. John M. Parker and Mrs. Peter Youree, representing the Division, as speakers of the day. More than two thousand people attended the ceremonies, and Lafayette was accorded a general holiday in honor of the occasion.

Mrs. C. O. Mouton, President of Gen. Alfred Mouton Chapter, was local chairman and left nothing undone to make this celebration a decided success. Miss Mattie McGrath, of Baton Rouge, and Chairman of the Mouton Monument Committee, was present at the unveiling, also the State President, Mrs. Arthur Weber, and members of the Design Committee, Mrs. Peter Youree and Mrs. Charles O. Mouton.

The Louisiana Division worked unceasingly for the completion of the monument, and the slogan, "Paid in full," was realized when it was announced that all indebtedness had been cleared.

After the unveiling, Mrs. C. O. Mouton and Mrs. Judice entertained the visitors at an elegant banquet in the Gordon Hotel.

The Louisiana Division held its twenty-third annual convention in New Orleans on May 24-27, and it was one of the most successful conventions in the history of the organization, even though it was a postponed convention, due to the conditions of the Mississippi River.

The social events were a luncheon in the Grunewald Cave, a reception in the Gold Room, and a luncheon in the Oriental Restaurant with many smaller entertainments. Miss Doriska Gautreaux, presided at the Historical Evening in the absence of the Historian.

Mrs. Fred C. Kolman was unanimously elected President of the Division to succeed Mrs. Arthur Weber, who had successfully brought her administration to a close.

Maryland.—The "Chalk Talk," given by Mr. Clifford K. Berryman was a great success. Oster Hall was beautifully decorated with Confederate colors and flags. Southern girls from Goucher College, wearing white costumes with rosettes of red, white, and red, sold candy. A musical program was well rendered. From this entertainment the Baltimore Chapter realized nearly seven hundred dollars, and now has in bank, toward the World War Memorial Fund, sixteen hundred dollars.

Baltimore Chapter No. 8 held its annual meeting May 2, at Arundell Hall and elected the following officers for the year: President, Miss Jane Cary; First Vice President, Mrs. Randolph Barton; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. Addison Cook, Treasurer, Mrs. William M. Buchanan; Recording Secretary; Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elizabeth McIlvain; Register, Mrs. Henry S. West; Managers, Mrs. Charles Marshall, Miss Georgia Bright, Mrs. G. A. Frick, Mrs. Curzon Hoffman, Miss Lillian Giffin.

The Children's Chapters have given fifty dollars to the World War Memorial Fund. A bronze bust of Gen. R. E. Lee was presented by Baltimore Chapter No. 8 to the public school which bears his name.

New York.—On the afternoon of April 29, in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Biltmore, a luncheon was tendered by the New York Division to Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General.

The decorations were red and white carnations, and upon the guests' table were placed the United States and Confederate flags. At a center table were seated five of our beloved veterans, with Mrs. A. H. Busey as hostess. Near by was a table seating nine children, representing the auxiliaries of the New York and James Henry Parker Chapters. There were present four hundred and fifty persons.

A beautiful musical program was rendered by Mrs. F. Morse Hubbard, Chairman of music of the James Henry Parker Chapter. The Division President, Mrs. George E. Draper, presided at the guests' table and introduced the speakers, among whom were President General, Mrs. Schuyler; Commander Hatton, of the New York Camp, C. V.; Mrs. White and Mrs. Odenheimer, former Presidents General; the Division President of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Hutton, and Chief Justice Robinson, of West Virginia, the orator of the occasion.

Pennsylvania.—Officers of the Pittsburgh Chapter, 1922-1923, are as follows: Mrs. D. D. Bradford, President; Mrs. John P. Cowan, First Vice President; Mrs. Watson Phillips, Second Vice President; Mrs. W. G. Rial, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Fred Klooz, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. R. Welford Tyler, Treasurer; Mrs. Heber Ker, Historian; Mrs. Estep Gott, Registrar; Mrs. Frederick Marshall, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. Fannie L. Hooff, Honorary President.

South Carolina.—At the reunion of the South Carolina U. C. V., at Darlington, in May, the South Carolina Division U. D. C. rejoices over a task well done, the unveiling and placing in the Battle Abbey at Richmond, Va., of a portrait of Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. In 1919 it was decided to place a portrait of General Hampton in the Robert E. Lee Gallery of the Battle Abbey. This portrait of General Hampton was painted by Miss Clara Barrett Strait, a South Carolinian, now in New York. It is of "General" and not of Senator Hampton, as was requested by South Carolina Confederate veterans who fought under him, thereby being the logical selection for a gallery of war heroes. It was presented to the veterans assembled in convention by Mr. Kennedy

Berry, of Cheraw, S. C., who first brought the matter before the South Carolina Daughters. When the portrait was unveiled, once more the rebel yell was heard amid great applause.

Capt. Ben S. Williams accepted the portrait for the veterans in an eloquent response.

The portrait has been sent to Richmond, Va., in care of Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander of the Virginia veterans, and will be shown again at the reunion in June.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historian General.*

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Secession: Its history and its undoubted recognition as a constitutional right.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1922.

Girl Heroines: Emma Sanson, born in Georgia, lived in Alabama, moved to Texas. Honored by the Legislature of Alabama with a gift of land as a token of admiration for her courage and patriotism.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the United Confederate Veterans, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The truth in history has long suffered an injustice. Long has the South been denied her rightful place in historical record, and one of the most unfortunate movements along that line is now in progress in the use of moving pictures to teach foreigners American history, American ideals, and American principles, the South being given no place in their programs. This work is being carried out by the Americanization Society, and it is becoming nation wide. It is not only unjust to the South, but to the truth of history. The South laid the foundation for American history, its ideals, and principles. The printed page has been unjust enough, but the motion pictures are more so, because they are more effective.

This has been brought forcibly to the attention of the Affiliated Chapters of Nashville U. D. C. by the exhibition given here in the early spring by this organization. We saw the importance of prompt action, and we appeal to you to aid us in bringing about some concerted action that will enable us to have our history put on motion picture programs and given in schools and public halls.

We invite correspondence and coöperation, as we are coventanted together to preserve the truth of history.

AFFILIATED U. D. C. CHAPTERS OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

By MRS. F. E. SELPH, *Secretary*, 5097 Michigan Ave.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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THE CONVENTION AT RICHMOND.

My Dear Coworkers: That I could not be with you in Richmond was an inexpressible disappointment. Since the announcement that the reunion and our convention were to be held there, I had most eagerly planned and looked forward with joyous anticipation to our meeting. Providence ordered it otherwise, and the first week in April found me prostrated with a severe attack of influenza, followed by nervous exhaustion, which has rendered me incapable of meeting any responsibility, and I am convalescing very slowly, but grateful to the Giver of all good for prospects of ultimate and full recovery.

For the telegram from the convention and the many loving messages of remembrance that have gladdened my illness, I can never fully express my gratitude, but only promise to try to give you better service in the future.

All things work together for good to those who love and serve, and my constant prayer is that, facing the responsibility of this great and glorious work, some may have been quickened into a realization of the tremendous debt which we owe to those whose sufferings and heroism call from the hallowed spots where rest our immortal heroes,

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

With a prayer for Divine guidance, and blessings upon each dear Memorial Woman, I am, to the end of my journey,
Faithfully and affectionately yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA, GA.

It is through coöperation, too, that inspiration and accomplishment come; therefore it is important that the Memorial women get together and discuss their work and their hopes and plans. Never before has there been such a need for union and activity, for never before has an effort been made to abolish our sacred Memorial Day and merge it into Decoration Day, which belongs wholly to the North and not to the South as does our Memorial Day.

Strange is the way of the politician! Strange indeed! I was impressed with this by what I read in a magazine published in the interest of the American Legion in regard to Memorial Day. The writer said: "General Logan said that the South furnished the sentiment and the North the organization for Memorial Day." Then he went on to state that a New York paper had mentioned, back in the sixties,

that Columbus, Miss. (note the inaccuracy), had placed flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead and the Union soldiers at the same time, and out of that act was born Memorial Day by order of General Logan. Think of that!

It seems to me that this has been carried too far, and it would be ridiculous were it not for the fact that it is an attempt at desecrating our sacred feelings. I sent the magazine to our splendid Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, and she will probably answer the misinformed writer of the article.

The work of the Jefferson Davis Monument is moving forward with interest, and many contributions have been made to the fund through the various Memorial Associations. The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, at the head of which is Mrs. William A. Wright, State President for Georgia, will make a handsome contribution when the convention meets at Richmond.

It would be a helpful thing if every Memorial Association would send in to me a record of the work they do at each meeting. It would be inspirational to the organization and stimulate the various Associations to do other things and to get better acquainted.

The memorial highways are another way of memorializing the dead, and while the heroes of the World War are being honored with trees along these highways, it would be a lovely thing for some one to start a memorial highway for the heroes of the Confederacy. Each member of the Memorial Associations could plant one tree for some relative who gave his life in the war of the sixties, which, after all, was the greatest war the world has ever witnessed—great, because the handicap was great and the conditions harder to meet. So when the organizations are planting trees along the Bankhead National Highway, the Lincoln Highway, the Roosevelt Road, and the many memorial highways, let us plant a highway in memory of our own beloved dead, who lie in unbroken sleep, but are not forgotten.

Memorial Day was observed in New Orleans, La., on the birthday of President Jefferson Davis. Hundreds of our most loyal men and women took part in the service. Floral offerings, delivered all during the day at Confederate Memorial Hall and others left at the Metairie Cemetery, were taken in charge by a committee from the Ladies' Memorial Association and distributed on the graves.

A program was given in the afternoon at the Greenwood monument, when Gen. W. J. Behan acted as master of ceremonies. The invocation was delivered by Rev. U. D. Mooney; and Vincent Gray, of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, delivered the address. Mrs. Lilita Lever Young read an ap-

propriate poem, and the choral singing was led by Fred C. Font.

Eight Southern States have set the natal day of Jefferson Davis as Memorial Day, and it is hoped that all Southern States will set the same day, which is peculiarly appropriate for such a ceremony.

COL. ISAAC SAFFARRANS.

(The following was taken from a notice in the *Hasting News*, Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.)

On Wednesday morning, February 22, 1922, without pain or illness, and without waking from quiet sleep, there passed away one of the most remarkable of the older men residents in this vicinity. Col. Isaac Saffarrans was in his ninety-ninth year, having been born in Gallatin, Tenn., on November, 11, 1823. He had for many years made his home here with his daughter, Mrs. William T. Gould.

When the war ended with Armistice Day, 1918, Colonel Saffarrans was celebrating his ninety-fifth birthday, while his son, Marion Saffarrans, was in the North Sea as an engineer in the navy, his son-in-law, Capt. William T. Gould, was with the army in France, and his grandson, Lieut. William T. Gould, Jr., was also abroad in the aviation service. At home, in his reading chair by his favorite west window, the aged colonel had followed the war with the closest attention and with a keen knowledge of history and affairs.

This veteran citizen was so interested in all that goes on in these stirring times that it was not easy to find him in one of the reminiscent moods that are usually characteristic of elderly people. But when he could be persuaded to talk of old times he had much to tell. Thus in his youth he had known Andrew Jackson as a neighbor in Tennessee. His father had been in charge of the removal of the Cherokees and other tribes from Georgia to the Indian Territory. His grandfather had been one of the men who executed the government's order to arrest Aaron Burr in Louisiana, at the time of Burr's adventure.

As a boy he had been sent to the famous Episcopal school at Alexandria, Va.; and later he was for some time a student at Yale College, New Haven. Returning South, where his father had been a planter, he engaged in farming and business pursuits; and when the War between the States came on, he entered the Confederate army as an officer, hence his military title.

His experiences both before and after the war gave him a wide knowledge of the resources of the country. Thus, for some time he was in Mexico, where he had mining interests, and he also lived in Texas. At a later period he spent a number of years in California. As years advanced, he lost the full use of his limbs, walking with great difficulty. This was a hardship, especially for a man of his magnificent physique, who had always been accustomed to an active out-of-door life. Under these circumstances he submitted, with perfect poise and even and unflinching temper, to the conditions that restricted him to an indoor life. Reading was his principal occupation, and he had in recent years absorbed the contents of hundreds of volumes, history and biography having the preference, though his mind was versatile, and he read many novels while never neglecting his favorite magazines and daily newspapers.

Colonel Saffarrans had the courteous manners of his generation and of his Southern training; and his unselfish thoughtfulness, his appreciative fondness, for friends and relatives, his gentle sense of humor, and his remarkable talent as a conversationalist made it a constant source of pleas-

ure to visit him. He understood the latest developments and was, intellectually, abreast of the achievements of the twentieth century. Yet he had lived only a few months less than a hundred years, and had witnessed, as active participant or as eager observer most of the historic events in the making of our country. He had married a young wife, Miss Mary Jane Pickett, when he was rather past middle age, and thus, in view of the comparative youth of his children, it had seemed as if one generation had been dropped from the chain.

He belonged to a type of men of whom few now survive—one of those who were identified with periods in our history ante-dating the Mexican war. From a career of pioneering adventure that required rare courage and power of manhood, there had survived a brave and unflinching spirit, awaiting tranquilly the last great adventure.

(The official record of Colonel Saffarrans shows that he served the Confederacy as Assistant Quartermaster in the Provisional Army of Tennessee; P. Quartermaster Second Tennessee (Col. J. Knox Walker), 1st Division Western Department.—Ed.)

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

Plans for the establishment of a battle field park on the fields of First and Second Manassas have now taken definite form, and a campaign has been launched to raise by subscription a million and a half dollars with which to build a memorial the equal of Gettysburg and Chickamauga.

The battle field will be purchased, a museum will be constructed, walks, streets, and roads will be laid out; markers, memorials, and monuments will be erected; and a complete scheme of tablets and monuments placed from Washington to Thoroughfare Gap to interpret the historic spots adjacent to Manassas.

The Manassas Park is on the Robert E. Lee Highway, only about thirty miles from Washington, and is, therefore, in close enough proximity to be visited annually by the thousands of tourists and visitors who come to the Federal capital.

The Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park is incorporated under the laws of Virginia and is under the direction and control of Southern men. It will be the South's tribute to valor, and, in the language of the charter, will be: "In memory of the brave dead and wounded of both armies who fought in these battles."

Hon. E. W. R. Ewing, a Virginian, is President of the Corporation. He is a high officer on the legal staff of the United States Department of the Interior. Major Ewing served with distinction in the Spanish-American War, and is Historian General of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Associated with Major Ewing on the Board of Control in J. Roy Price, a member of the Advisory Counsel of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and Secretary of the Manassas Park Corporation, and Westwood Hutchinson, President of the Bank of Manassas and Treasurer of the Corporation.

The board of Control has appointed Dr. Clarence J. Owens Chairman of the Finance Board. Dr. Owens is a Past Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Director General of the Southern Commercial Congress, and Past President of the Southern Society of Washington. The Finance Board includes in its membership: Hon. R. Walton Moore, Vice Chairman, member of Congress from Virginia; Col. Robert E. Lee, General Lee's grandson; Nathan B. Forrest, Past Commander Sons of Confederate Veterans, Atlanta, Ga.; Col. MacDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General U. D. C., New York City; Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Con-

federated Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Virginia F. Boyle, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy, Front Royal, Va.; Mrs. W. E. Hutton, Washington, D. C.; Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of the Washington Camp U. C. V. Washington, D. C.; Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, S. C. V., Lynchburg, Va.; Hon. E. S. Turner, Warrenton, Va.; Col. B. E. White, Leesburg, Va.; Hon. William L. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.; Maj. Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.; and Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Past Commander, U. C. V., Dallas, Tex.

The Board of Control, after consultation with engineers and experts, have decided upon a budget of expenditure and endowment which totals \$1,650,000. This amount has been apportioned among the States as follows: District of Columbia, \$100,000; Virginia, \$200,000; Maryland, \$100,000; North Carolina \$150,000; South Carolina, \$75,000; Georgia, \$150,000; Florida, \$50,000; Alabama, \$100,000; Mississippi, \$75,000; Louisiana, \$100,000; Texas, \$100,000; Oklahoma, \$50,000; Arkansas, \$50,000; Missouri, \$100,000; Kentucky, \$100,000; Tennessee \$100,000 West Virginia, \$50,000.

The general headquarters for the campaign have been established at 1415 I Street, Northwest, Washington, under the general direction of Dr. Owens, with Mr. Verne Phil Simmons as Executive Director. Other offices will be opened at central points in the South as the campaign progresses.

The campaign has begun. One subscription of \$10,000 has been made. Among the first to make a substantial subscription are William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. John Varton Payne, President of the American Red Cross; and Col. E. B. White, of Loudon County, Va.

The proposed plans have been received with enthusiasm throughout the South. The United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have given the pledge of active cooperation. The Camps and Chapters in nearly every town and city throughout the South will be the local centers of organization in making the appeal for funds.

The intensive effort was inaugurated coincident with the Confederate reunion held in Richmond, June 19-22. Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, is the Honorary Chairman of the Finance Board of the Manassas Battle Field Park.

FIGHTING IN THE WEST.

(Continued from page 255.)

and half a day, was captured by the 2nd Colorado Regiment. They took it to Colorado and have it now at Denver, and they expect to keep it in the museum where it can be seen by all visitors.

Moving south, we took a short cut for the Missouri River, as we had to have a rest, and it was one continued battle, three or four fights every day with the Union soldiers. Finally winding up in the hills of Boone County, we felt safe and had a good rest. While there we were reinforced by Quantrell, with fifty men; also Anderson, with about the same number, all remaining and resting in North Missouri. When Price and Shelby reached the Missouri River, we crossed over and were in the advance to Independence, where we lost one of our best soldiers, George Todd, shot through the neck, and buried at Independence. Moving on to the battle ground at Westport, word came that no quarter would be shown our men. After the defeat of Price and Shelby, we went back to North Missouri and disbanded, but never surrendered.

LEE AND THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.*

BY GRACE MURRAY MASTIN, LEXINGTON, KY.

Two Shades are met in Arlington
At close of wondrous day;
They give salute, low words exchange,
And Khaki speaks to Gray:

"O, Spotless Knight, so valorous,
O, Chieftain, great and good,
Wilt pause awhile, most noble Lee?
I have not understood

"The weight of nations' jeweled wreaths
Nor salvos of the guns!
What means it all? 'Tis strange mistake!
Columbia's greatest sons

"Lie sepulchred 'neath shaft and bronze
In shadow of thy home!
But I—just humble, soldier lad—
Why are they weeping come?"

Then answers, tenderly and sweet
(His lofty soul so white
That radiance enhalos both
And makes dim shadows bright),

The Master of old Arlington,
Beneath whose stately trees,
Before the fratricidal strife,
There walked Virginia's Lees:

"Fear not, dear boy, Earth hath marked well
Thy will to do and dare,
And give thine ail—e'en life itself—
Nor questioned why nor where.

"Can sacrifice suprema be
Than give sweet youth away?
The crown of victor, lad, is thine,
The laurel leaf and bay!

"No name upon yon Pantheon
Enchiseled deep in stone
Hath fairer fame, nor will endure
As thine, O, Lad Unknown!

"Be comforted! with thee, this night,
The soul of Robert Lee
Will watch the watch, while women pray"—
'Tis dawn!—on Calvary!

STATE RIGHTS.

The following comes from Gen. A. B. Booth, Adjutant General U. C. V.:

"In the presidential campaign of 1920, Hon. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, Hon. Charles Curtis, of Kansas, and Hon. Frank B. Brandegee, of Connecticut, used this language in their campaign speeches in their respective States: "'The integrity and sovereignty of our States and representative form of government must be preserved, otherwise our republic cannot possibly endure.'"

*The Burial of The Nameless Hero, November 11, 1921.

THE REUNION IN RICHMOND.

(Continued from page 244.)

The invitation of New Orleans for the reunion of 1923 was accepted, and the reunion will be held in April, date to be selected later.

The parade on Thursday was the great event of the reunion as usual. Only a few veterans attempted the march, most of them occupying autos gayly decorated, and sharing with the fair maids and sponsors the attention of the cheering thousand which lined the streets. The uniformed companies of Nashville and Memphis veterans—Company A of Memphis and Company B of Nashville—were enthusiastically cheered as they marched along. These two companies are specially distinctive for their uniforms and soldierly bearing.

There were many military companies of Virginia in line, also the National Guard of the State in khaki, and a dozen or more bands scattered throughout the line enlivened the march. As the veterans passed the great memorials on Monument Avenue, their enthusiasm was rekindled, and they saluted Davis, Lee, Jackson, and Stuart with the liveliest rebel yell they had in store.

A very special event of Thursday afternoon was the laying of the corner stone of the monument that is to be erected to the "Pathfinder of the Seas," Matthew Fontaine Maury, which will also stand on Monument Avenue. The exercises were conducted with Masonic rites, and many tributes were paid by the several speakers to this great benefactor of the human race. The Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has been working for years to secure funds for this monument, and it will be several years yet before the monument is completed. A fuller report of these exercises will be given later.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The managing editor would report that in the past month South Carolina has forged to the front in the matter of supporting and distributing the U. D. C. volume. Miss Marion Salley, distributor for the South Carolina Division, has been active in her own community in displaying the book in a local store and in arousing editorial and newspaper comment. Having done this in her own town, she has called attention to its efficacy there for the benefit of other communities in the South Carolina Division.

Although the great State of Texas is now ninth in the list of those contributing to and distributing "The Women of the South in War Times," the editor anticipates particular activity in that section, and it is his belief that Mrs. Emma H. Townsend is going to put the Lone Star State in the front rank.

Finally, the managing editor would particularly report some recent contributions to the Publicity Fund from Alabama. These contributions are as follows: Sidney Lanier Chapter, Alexander City, \$1; Fayette Chapter, Fayette, \$1; Sophie Bibb Chapter, Montgomery, \$1; John B. Gordon Chapter, Wetumpka, \$1; R. D. Jackson Chapter, Woodlawn, \$1; Stonewall Chapter, Ensley, \$1; Bessemer Chapter, Bessemer, \$1; Sumter Chapter, Livingston, \$1; Tusculumbia Chapter, Tusculumbia, \$1.

The California Division also sent in \$1 for this purpose.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

James M. Kilgour, of Round Hill, Va., sends the following: "In the August number appeared a most interesting article about the 35th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. Elijah V. White, which recalled an incident in the life of my father, Maj. T. Mortimar Kilgour, who was an officer in that noted command. This command was with Stonewall Jackson in his immortal Valley campaign, and was once encamped in Clark County, near by one of the fine mansions that abound in that region. In this mansion there lived a number of young ladies whose ardent Southern sympathies led them to heap attentions on the boys of White's battalion. An order came to move hurriedly—as Stonewall's orders usually came. My father and some others were at the mansion when the order came, and as he was mounting his horse to ride away he placed in the hands of one of the young ladies a copy of the poem following. No romance followed this, for the lady was not my mother, but some years ago at the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead in Clark County a young lady came to me and asked if I would not like to see the original manuscript of "The Soldier's Farewell." The paper had been treasured in the family all those years, and I felt a thrill go through my heart as I read it, such as that young lady must have felt a half century ago as she saw the boys riding away on their desperate errand. This is the poem:

Time flies, but still I'm delaying
The moment that surely must come;
The war steed's impatiently neighing,
And I hear the long roll of the drum.

O, sadly the night wind is sighing,
And sadly the moon shines above,
Like the light on the face of the dying
Which hallows its last look of love.

Then farewell, my heart in its sadness,
While thoughts of the past wildly swell,
Turns away from the scenes of its gladness
To whisper, dear Mary, farewell.

But in vain, for no thoughts can I borrow
From moonlight or night wind to tell
The measureless depths of my sorrow
As I whisper, dear Mary, farewell.

Say, dearest, that when we are parted,
And thy soul-beaming smile is not near
To cheer me when half broken-hearted,
To memory thou wilt give a fond tear.

As a voice through the silence comes stealing,
Like the toll of a funeral bell,
Once more all the sadness revealing
Of the battle-worn soldier's farewell.

Fare the well! The fiery strife of the battle
May toss its red waves as it will;
I can smile 'mid the war storm's dread rattles
If I know that you think of me still.

And, O, if my life should be given
To my country, then go where I fell,
And down from the blue vaults of heaven
Will echo this parting farewell.

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Mail orders filled promptly. You deal direct with the factory. Inquiries invited.

PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

Mrs. Arthur Ransom, now of Englewood, Colo. (2929 Acoma Avenue), wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband's father, Lemuel Ransom, of Murfreesboro, who, she thinks, was a chaplain in the Army of Tennessee.

The Carnegie Library of Atlanta, Ga., would like to complete its file of the VETERAN, and anyone having the following copies for sale will please write to the Librarian: 1893—January, February, March; 1894—November and December; 1895—October and November.

George N. Gearhart, of Centerton, Ark., makes inquiry for any comrades of E. P. Billington, who enlisted in the fall of 1864 in Marshall County, Tenn., in Capt. Ed Niles's company of the 14th Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. He needs proof of his service in order to get a pension.

Mrs. Ella Dysart, Marion, N. C., R. R. No. 3, wishes to get in communication with some comrades of her husband, John Samuel Dysart, who enlisted in Arkansas in 1861, at Little Rock or Benton, and served in the cavalry. A member of his company was John Childers, but that is all she knows of his comrades. She is trying to get a pension.

U. D. C. COOKBOOK.—As Mrs. Bashinsky, compiler of the U. D. C. Cookbook of Tried and True Recipes, and Chairman of the Alabama Division U. D. C. Scholarship Committee, will be in Europe for a year, all orders for the book should be sent to Mrs. Julius Jaffe, 2326 Highland Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., and to Mrs. Gustave Mertens, Holcombe Street, Montgomery, Ala. Price of the book, postpaid, \$1.90.

Park Eagerton, of Lindale, Tex., would like to hear from any old comrades of his father, C. B. Eagerton, who was a member of the 4th South Carolina Cavalry, Company F, Butler's Brigade, Hampton's Legion, and who participated in that famous cattle raid. He went from Marion, S. C., to Smith County, Tex., in 1870, and there died in 1919.

The widow of Samuel Wheelock Cutter is seeking information of his service for the Confederacy so she may obtain a pension. As a lad of sixteen, young Cutter enlisted as a Confederate soldier, but no record of his service has been found in the State archives. He was born in New Orleans, and must have enlisted with some company made up in that city. Any information of his service can be sent to Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, 1408 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La.

Charles Anton Moran, of Pine Heights Sanitarium, North Augusta, S. C., asks that any survivors of the Confederate States navy who knew "Con" (Cornelius) Sheehan, Atlanta, Ga., "formerly landsman, Savannah, Ga., Station, Seaman C. S. S. Georgia and C. S. S. Atlanta," will send him their names and addresses, as he wishes to obtain information of his grandfather's service. He would also like to have an autographed photo or a letter from any member of the U. C. V. He is a member of the John B. Gordon Camp No. 46, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Atlanta, and served twenty-nine months overseas in the World War, and is now being treated for disabilities.

WHERE SOME MONEY GOES.

A total of \$596,868.70 is sent to eighty-six foreign countries every month by the United States Veterans' Bureau, to meet the allotment and allowance, insurance and compensation claims of men who followed the American flag in the World War, according to an announcement of the bureau.

More money is sent to Italy than to any other country, a total of \$215,917.96 being forwarded monthly by the bureau to satisfy the various claims of ex-soldiers and their dependents. The allotment and allowance money, amounting to \$3,319, is forwarded in 100 checks; \$115,148.88, payable on insurance policies, are forwarded in 2,412 checks; 2,037 checks, amounting to \$97,450.08 are forwarded to meet compensation claims.

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Ireland ranks second in the amount of money received by former American soldiers or their dependents. A total of 1,124 checks are sent to Ireland monthly to meet allotment and allowance, insurance and compensation claims amounting to \$67,421.81.

Former soldiers or their dependents now residing in Germany are being compensated for their injuries or losses in sums amounting to \$3,336.06.

According to the disbursement lists prepared by the bureau, checks are forwarded to every civilized spot under the sun. One man on the remote island of Tahiti, receives disability compensation of \$47.74 monthly, five checks are forwarded each month to Asia Minor, four to Egypt, one to Esthonia, ninety-one to China, twenty-eight to Japan, eight to the island of Trinidad, and eleven to Barbados. While nearly all of the South American, European, African, and Asiatic States receive payments in large amounts.

Over 500 disabled ex-service men were enrolled in the United States Veterans' Bureau Vocational Schools, at Chillicothe, Ohio, when that school opened on December 1. Arrangements are being made to accommodate 5,000 students.

First Fight Between Ironclads



WHO has not been thrilled by the story of the fight between the first ironclads in naval warfare? And who of us of Confederate ancestry has not resented the telling of the story as a Federal victory? Few historians have given credit where due in that fight, nor has Confederate genius been properly recognized in the making of the first ironclad warship in the history of the world.

The Facts of the Fight

Read the story of this great naval engagement as told by E. V. WHITE, late of Portsmouth, Va., who was a junior engineer on the Virginia, and who tells the story as "a witness and participant," his position giving him the best opportunity for observation of the fight.

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This story is given in a handsome pamphlet, illustrated, and the offer of it to all who renew their subscriptions to the *Veteran*, to all new subscribers, and to all who send one or more subscriptions is continued for the month of July. But the supply is more limited, so do not delay.

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The Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

AUGUST, 1922

NO. 8



BRIG. GEN. GEORGE F. HARRISON

Born March 19, 1841; died July 17, 1922

HISTORIC SITES IN RICHMOND, VA.

Many tablets have been placed by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond, Va., to mark historic places in that city, and for the late reunion these sites were decorated to attract the attention of visitors at the time. The following is a list of them:

The house at 1105 East Clay Street, where Commodore M. F. Maury, Confederate States navy, was a guest, and where he invented, in 1861-62, his submarine electrical torpedo as a means of defense in time of war. The tablet marking his bedroom, where he made his initial experiments, was a gift to this society from his grandchildren.

The site of the house in which Vice President Alexander H. Stephens lived

in 1861, now the University College of Medicine, corner Clay and Twelfth Streets. The bronze tablet was a gift from the trustees of the college.

The site of Libby Prison, corner of Cary and Twentieth Streets, for Federal prisoners of war, now an ice factory. This tablet was a gift to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society from the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The site of the house on Church Hill, Hill, 1861-65, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Confederate States army, was carried desperately wounded from the battle of Seven Pines and nursed to recovery.

Tredegar Iron Works, where the plates of the Merrimac were rolled and the cannon cast for the Confederate government. This tablet was a gift from the Tredegar Company.

The fragment of the old wall of the Confederate Treasury building, containing several of the departments of the Confederate government and also the United States Circuit Court, where President Jefferson Davis appeared seven times, demanding his trial.

The site of the house in which lived Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, C. S. A., now 3 West Main Street. This tablet was a gift to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society from Mr. Benjamin's friends in Louisiana.

The site of the house in which Samuel Preston Moore, Surgeon General of the Confederate States of America, lived from 1863 to 1865, at the northwest corner of West Grace and Jefferson Streets. This tablet was a gift from Mrs. Charles E. Wingo, whose father was an intimate friend of Dr. Moore.

Site of the Sally Tompkins Hospital, northwest corner of Main and Third Streets, where she nursed and cared for, at her own expense, the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers; holding her commission as captain from the Confederate government, refusing the salary because, she said: "I will not take it from the soldiers."

Redoubt No. 10 of the inner line of three defenses encircling Richmond, constructed by Gen. R. E. Lee's orders. This redoubt was never occupied by the Confederates nor attacked by the enemy. A cannon on Monument Avenue marks the site. It was marked by the city.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, and it was his "proud privilege to follow the fortunes of that army as private soldier or chaplain from Harper's Ferry in 1861 to Appomattox Courthouse in 1865—to know personally many of its leading officers—to mingle freely with the private soldiers in camp, on the march, in the bivouac, on the battle field, and in the hospital—and to labor in those glorious revivals which made nearly the whole army vocal with God's praises."

These experiences he put in book form under the title of "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in Lee's Army," in which many incidents are given of the concern manifested by General Lee for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers under him, and there are many other incidents showing the wonderful influence of religion upon that army as a whole, and individual instances of its comfort to the wounded and dying. It is doubtless the most comprehensive work of the kind ever published, and is replete with interest from beginning to end.

A list of the chaplains of the Army of Northern Virginia is also given, and an appendix gives instances of the work of grace in other armies of the Confederacy.

A special price on the last of the edition enables the VETERAN to offer this work in new stock at \$1.50 for the cloth and \$2 for the half leather. And a very special offer of it in either binding is made with a year's subscription at \$2.50. Those taking advantage of this offer can also have the pamphlet on the "First Fight between Ironclads" by asking for it.

Send all orders to the VETERAN.

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ANNUAL REUNION VIRGINIA VETERANS.—The annual reunion of the State Division of Virginia Confederate Veterans will be held at Winchester, August 29, 30, 31.

MEETING OF MOSBY'S MEN.—The survivors of Mosby's men, the 43rd Virginia Battalion, have been called to meet at Culpeper, Va., on September 7, 1922, on invitation of the U. D. C. of that place and the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans. Commander Frank M. Angelo and Adjutant C. M. Smith issued the call.

Thomas R. Baker, of Lincoln, Neb., who became deaf as a result of a fire of heavy artillery in the Aisne-Marne offensive, has been rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau as a horticulturist at the University of Nebraska. Through a course in lip reading he has been enabled to completely understand a conversation.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1922.

No. 8.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON.

Gen. George P. Harrison, youngest of the Confederate brigadiers, and former Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, died at his home in Opelika, Ala., on July 17, after an illness of several years.

The career of this young soldier was one of the most remarkable in the history of the Confederate leaders. He and his father both enlisted at the beginning of the war in 1861, and both rose to the rank of brigadier general, the son at the age of twenty-four years. He served from the beginning to the end of the war in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida, and had just passed his twenty-fourth birthday when the war closed.

George P. Harrison, Jr., was born at Monteith Plantation, near Savannah, Ga., March 19, 1841, the son of Gen. George P. and Adelaide Guinn Harrison, and a direct descendant of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was a student at the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, when, in January, 1861, he took part with the Georgia troops in the seizure of Fort Pulaski. In the same month he was regularly enrolled with the State troops as second lieutenant of the First Georgia Regulars. However, he was shortly afterwards detailed as commandant of the Military Institute, and during that service he finished his course, being graduated with first honors and the rank of captain of Company A. In May, 1861, he rejoined his regiment in Virginia, of which he was made adjutant, then in less than a year he was elected colonel of the Fifth Georgia State Troops, and later was made colonel of the 32nd Regiment of Georgia Infantry. He served in Virginia until the winter of 1861-1862, later having a prominent part in the defense of Charleston, and alternating with Generals Hagood and Colquitt in the command of Fort Johnson. On July 22, 1863, during the assault upon Fort Wagner, he brought his regiment to the reinforcement of the garrison at a critical moment, and helped in the disastrous defeat of the enemy. He was afterwards in command of the Federal prison at Florence, S. C., and the humane treatment of the twenty-five thousand Federal prisoners under his direction was recognized, when Savannah fell, in the general orders of the Federal commander, his family, then living there, being mentioned for special protection.

But it was in the battle of Olustee, Fla., in 1864, that General Harrison won just distinction. He was commanding one of the two brigades under General Finegan, Colquitt commanding the other, and these forces prevented the capture of a large part of the State of Florida and its subjection to Federal rule. The Federal loss was very heavy in proportion to numbers engaged. It was after this battle that he received his promotion to brigadier. He was in all the battles in South Carolina, and in the fighting at Bentonville, N. C., his conspicuous leadership won for him the highest commendation of his superiors.

Brave of heart, strong of conviction, true to all the best interests of his people, General Harrison was honored by them in many ways. After the war he removed to Alabama, and served as commandant of the State University for one year, following which he held the same position with the State Agricultural College. He then entered upon the practice of law, in which he became both prominent and successful, and in political life he became a leader. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1875, was State Senator for twelve years, also a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1894. And he served as United States representative in Congress for a full term after filling out the unexpired term of Hon. W. C. Oates.

As a veteran of the Confederacy, General Harrison was ever devoted to the cause for which he had fought, and his comrades had honored him by their confidence and trust. For many years he was Commander of the Alabama Division U. C. V., and in 1912 he was elected to the command of the Army of Tennessee Department, then in 1916 he was made Commander in Chief. Ill health caused him to give this up after serving two years. He was Grand Master of Alabama Masons at one time, and was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

General Harrison was twice married, and is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sara Nunnally, of Lagrange, Ga., and a son and daughter of the first marriage. He had lived at Opelika for many years, and was there laid to rest.

"The brighter day
Breaks above that line of gray.
Where are they these many years?"

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The following comes from W. McK. Evans, who was assistant grand marshal of the recent reunion parade in Richmond, Va., and he asks the VETERAN to give his views for the benefit of the reunion committees in New Orleans. He says:

"The thirty-second reunion of United Confederate Veterans is now a thing of the past. It has gone into history with all of its throbs and heartaches; it will live forever in the hearts of the people of Richmond.

"For many reasons there has never been one just like it before. Those to follow will be much the same, and it behooves us who are still active to do all that we can to give the old boys a good time with as little inconvenience and trouble to themselves as possible, and I believe you can help through the VETERAN in that direction.

"Our boys are growing older and more feeble, they cannot march, even a short distance, any more, nor can they, as of yore, be comfortable in tents or on cots. The entertaining cities must arrange for them in private homes where the hotels are overcrowded. Transportation in the parade is necessary, therefore cars must be at formation points to take care of them. It is simply impossible for any committee in the entertaining cities to take care of this and to see if the units are at their proper places and on time. I know the city of New Orleans will do all that is possible in this direction, but they can be greatly helped if the officers will look after their men and help them to find just their position in line by finding out themselves. My experience is that the difficulty can be greatly simplified if the Department Commanders get in touch with their Division Commanders, the Division Commanders with their Brigade Commanders, and the Brigade Commanders with the Camp Commanders, report their presence to the parade headquarters, receive information and directions therefrom, and, above all, work in harmony with the plans arranged by the Parade Committee.

"The Parade Committee may provide the most perfect plan of formation, which can be greatly marred, if not completely ruined, if the units are not in the places provided for them. This is doubly necessary now that arrangements must be made to transport the old boys.

"The above suggestions would not impose much of a hardship on the different officers and would greatly add to the comfort and convenience of the men. Let us all agree to try this plan once, so as to help the committee at New Orleans in 1923.

"There is another thing that needs attention. At the reunion at Houston, the official ladies for Departments, Divisions, and Brigades were limited to six, which were designated as Sponsor, Matron of Honor, and Maids of Honor. Not the least attention has been paid to this order. Ladies are appointed under all kinds of titles, which are not acknowledged by the grand body of United Confederate Veterans, and should be the same with the Sons of Confederate Veterans. These appointments have run from twelve to forty, causing much adverse criticism from both the veterans and citizens.

"They think the old boys are put aside for the women folk. Whether that is correct or not, stop the sponsors with the Brigades. Let's call a halt and obey orders. My State has never, and will never, exceed the limit, and we are happier for it. Try it."

A SUCCESSFUL REUNION.

At a meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, United Confederate Veterans, held at Richmond, Va., Friday night, July 7, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That the thirty-second reunion of United Confederate Veterans, held in this city, June 20-22, 1922, was, in every respect, an eminent success.

The attendance from all parts of the country was surprisingly large.

Arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of our guests were as well-nigh perfect as could be.

The grand parade of white-haired veterans, remnant of the incomparable army of the Southern Confederacy, rejuvenated by wartime memories, the stirring strains of martial music, and the smiles and cheers of lovely women, was a spectacle of beauty and pathos utterly indescribable.

Contrasting sharply with their gray-clad sires and grand-sires were the no less valiant khaki-clad sons, many of them veterans of the World War, the most horrible of all wars; the ever-ready Boy Scouts and the brilliant dress uniforms of our own gallant National Guard.

To make such a signal success as was made of this reunion required organization, and the organization required talent at its head with unflinching faith and courage. That the managers possessed these qualities to an eminent degree, inspiring the cheerful cooperation and loyal support of all, is fully attested by the wonderful success attained.

While all performed so well the duties assigned them, and the hearty congratulations and sincere thanks of this Camp are due and are hereby most cordially tendered all, we feel that the Steering Committee, appointed by this Camp, is specially worthy of praise and specially entitled to our thanks, for upon those three men devolved all the responsibility of leadership and direction, and had their great undertaking proved a failure theirs would have been the censure.

We also tender well-merited thanks to the city police for the splendid service rendered, and to the Boy Scouts, who were indefatigable in their considerate attention, and to the Virginia Railway and Power Company for their generous gift of free transportation for all Confederate veterans over all their lines during the entire reunion, and to their employees for their courteous attention.

We wish also to return our sincere thanks to all the managers of railroad companies that gave the reduction in fare to Richmond for the reunion, which enabled us to have a much larger attendance.

Last, but by no means least, we wish to express our grateful appreciation and thanks to the city of Richmond and the State of Virginia, and to those individuals who contributed, for their generous financial support, and for the splendid spirit shown by the citizens of Richmond generally. Their hospitality was whole-souled and without stint, and the zest and cordiality with which they entered into the true spirit of the occasion was most gratifying and helpful.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, died in 1832.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

THE RUTHERFORD HISTORY REPORT.

Regarding that history report at the Richmond reunion and the resolution which created such a stir over the country, Col. H. W. Johnstone, of Curryville, Ga., author of the pamphlet setting forth the hitherto unknown facts as to Lincoln's part in bringing on the war, writes:

"I beg space for a condensed statement as to my little historical book, 'Truth of the War Conspiracy, 1861,' which was recommended by the Committee on History and approved by the U. C. V. at Richmond, June 21, 1922.

"A very large percentage of current histories and biographies are loose compilations of opinions, very often regardless of facts as Henry Watterson said: 'A confusing din of opinion.' I have used only facts. I am aware that the comments and conclusions as set forth in this pamphlet are opinions, but modified by the facts stated as their basis.

"Briefly, the facts—of official record—are impregnable; and the facts so established, the conclusions as stated, are inevitable. For the first time, these facts are so published that all may understand them. With one exception—to my knowledge—every comment written into the daily press has been the work of those who never saw the book; yet they, and a very few equally ignorant individuals, denounced the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the book, and its author. Even a hint of the facts made them drunk with excitement, but we confidently appeal to 'Cæsar sober.'

"There is a vast difference between 'before' and 'after' reading the truth. When the facts are refuted by openly produced evidence of equal dignity, I will publicly acknowledge it; but otherwise I stand to the truth, and bespeak the support of 'my ain folk.'"
July 9, 1922.

THAT LINCOLN RESOLUTION—AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

BY ARTHUR E. JENNINGS, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

"The Sons are silent," says a distinguished Southern woman and writer, speaking of the waves of comment and criticism that swept over the country when the Veterans' History Committee, in recommending Colonel Johnstone's booklet, stated that Lincoln was directly responsible for bringing on the War between the States. "Are they politicians, or are they victims of the Northern propaganda."

Many inquiries have been directed to the Sons' history department regarding this charge about Lincoln and the amount of truth contained in it. It is no new thing, though it seems to be considered so by a great many. The majority apparently seem to think it some new charge, originated by the veterans and sprung on the occasion of the Richmond reunion. As a matter of fact, the charge has been made time and again, and Percy Greg, the distinguished English historian, quoting the records, makes the same charge in the strongest sort of language, using language, in fact, that makes the veterans' history report worded sound almost like a Lincoln panegyric in comparison.

Other historians make the charge directly or by inference; the records bear them out in many instances. If we are to abide by the famous ruling of Judge Daniel, of Virginia, made years ago, that "the lie is the first lick"—if we accept the records of the government itself, showing plainly the chicanery that was at the bottom of the dealings with the Confederate commissioners regarding supplies and reinforcements for Sumter—if we accept the general view that Sumter started the war, then indeed can it be charged that Lincoln laid a

match to a situation that had been developing ever since the first Puritan cast an evil eye on the first Cavalier over in Merrie England.

It is a strong statement to assert that any one man brought on the War between the States, but it is a reasonable statement to assert that the acts of Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet were strongly provocative of what occurred at Sumter, and what occurred at Sumter has long been asserted by Mr. Lincoln's admirers as the beginning as well as the cause of the actual fighting.

It seems that this conclusion is unescapable, unless we choose to accept the alternative that Lincoln was considered so spineless by his own cabinet officers that they ignored him, kept him in ignorance of the most important happenings of the century, and paid no attention to him as a man or as a President.

It is truly a significant point to think over in this connection that while, under Buchanan, the incident of firing on the flag in the case of the Star of the West, which occurred in January, 1861, three months before Sumter was fired on, caused little or no excitement, this "firing on the flag" at Sumter, under Lincoln's administration, was either the means of exciting, or was used as a means to incite, the Northern people to rise and attack the South.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that the Northern mind has conceived such a picture of Lincoln that any discussion of him whatever, unless couched in sycophantic terms, strikes them as profane and bordering on the sacrilegious. If one-tenth part of the levity shown in connection with the George Washington cherry tree and hatchet incident had been directed at any Lincoln legend, the G. A. R. Posts of the country would have worn themselves to a frazzle rushing to their meetings to pass flaming resolutions denouncing the "treason." Impossible as it is to believe, one or more G. A. R. Posts did denounce the passing of these resolutions at Richmond as "disloyalty and treason." And it is doubtless true, strange as it may appear to the normal man, that, to their minds, any statement not in accord with the Lincoln apotheosis is really "treason."

It should be borne in mind that these statements and discussions of Lincoln from Southern sources are not prompted by a desire to attack him—the position of character assassin cannot be truthfully delegated to Southern writers who are striving to get the truth before the people—yet if in presenting the truth some of the gilding around the Lincoln picture is knocked off, who is to blame? Must we cease to discuss history?

If many things claimed for Lincoln were true, we of the South would have to rest under aspersions that would make us deserve the scorn of the world. We cannot disregard our birthright or the truth of history. We of the South hold back the truth as far as we are able, let it be regretfully said, for while any statement emanating from Northern sources is accepted or is passed without protest, there are only too frequently loud cries if Southern writers or Southern speakers attempt to refute untrue charges! It is a strange and a thankless situation.

There is continual, never-ending misrepresentation and misstatement. Some of it is propaganda, some mere ignorance. Only the other day our gallant United States marines enacted the drama of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg before a body of spectators that included the President of the United States, the Governor of Virginia, and others. Descriptions of this charge, as the marines enacted it, and the moving picture representations of it, lead one to imagine, if not informed, that the charge was hurled back, the objective not gained, and

the retreat from Cemetery Hill (not Seminary Ridge, as the *New York Times* Sunday supplement entitled their picture of the scene) was the rout of a demoralized rabble. Such is far from the fact. The charge went up to and over the objective, which was the famous "rock wall" on top of the hill, and the hill was held for twenty minutes, when, reinforcements not being sent, and the Federal reinforcements closing round in large numbers, those who were left of the immortal band retreated.

Even eternal vigilance cannot combat successfully the distortions and misrepresentations of our history, and the task of those who try to bring in some way to stem the tide is made harder by the attitude of many of our own people in regard to these efforts.

A PATHETIC FLAG OF TRUCE.

BY D. G. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

During the War between the States not very many flags of truce came under my observation, but there was one which I recall filled with pathos and interest. In the winter of 1863-64, General Lee's army lay along the Rapidan River, mainly in Orange County, Va., and stretching eastward toward the Wilderness, where, a few months later, Grant and Lee grappled like two giants in one of the bloodiest struggles of the war. I was a courier attached to the headquarters of Gen. Jeb Stuart, whose pickets guarded Lee's front for many miles. One of the bravest and best loved officers in Stuart's command was his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Maj. H. B. McClellan, a cultivated gentleman from the North, whom the war found teaching in an old Virginia family in Charlotte County, Va. His heart was in the cause of the Confederacy and more particularly in the keeping of one of Virginia's fair daughters, whom he later married. After the war he established a high grade school in Lexington, Ky., where he died. Major McClellan was a cousin to Gen. George B. McClellan, perhaps the most talented and skilled general in the Union armies, though somewhat unfortunate in events military and in being hounded by political enemies. His failure should be attributed to his officers and men, and not to himself or his plans of battle. But to the story.

One cold day in December, 1863, I was called by Major McClellan and told to get myself and horse into the most presentable appearance, as he wished me to accompany him with a flag of truce to the enemy. Needless to say, we were "brushed up" thoroughly for the trip, and off we started, the major, another courier, and I. It was bitter cold as we passed the infantry outposts, who, as so often was the case on outposts, were brave, cheerful North Carolinians. Right here, though with all the traditional pride of a Virginian, let me say that wherever and whenever there was peril, suffering, or death, none in Lee's army were oftener to be found there than the brave "Tar Heel" boys. After leaving them and their good wishes, and after riding over frozen roads some miles, we came to our cavalry outposts, where we fastened a white handkerchief to a saber held aloft and rode on for miles through "no man's land," and through the deathlike stillness of a deserted country, with no sign of the enemy, until suddenly brought to a halt by a cavalry picket, with his carbine pointed at us from a clump of bushes along side the road on the crest of a small hill. We soon advanced and Major McClellan asked that we be taken back to their picket reserve, which was done. There he explained to the commanding officer his mission, and asked that they send for his brother, Captain McClellan, who was then a member of General Meade's staff, having after the battle of Antietam, or Sharps-

burg, as we called it, succeeded McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac. They had to send a courier for Captain McClellan to Culpeper Courthouse, some miles away.

In the meanwhile, awaiting the return of their courier, my associate courier and I fraternized with the Yankee boys, giving them all of our tobacco, highly prized and scarce in their army, and they tendering to our nearly frozen lips canteens of whisky, equally prized and scarce with us. Major McClellan took no part in our talk, but seemed unusually reserved and solemn, and had cause to be so, which we respected fully. A very dark night had come on and, after waiting for it seemed hours, we heard the noise of advancing horses in a gallop. Captain McClellan leaped down from his panting and mud-splashed horse and rushed to his brother, who embraced him for a full minute and with broken voice greeted him. They quietly withdrew from us and sat down by a fire in the woods some distance away in earnest, deep conversation.

It seems that word had been in some way sent through our lines to Major McClellan by his brother that their devoted sister had just died in Philadelphia, and he was bringing the details of the sad story to him. So long as I may live can I never forget the scene of those two brothers, arrayed against each other in fratricidal war, sitting by that little camp fire in the forest, away from all others, and condoling with each other over the death of a beloved sister, soon with a brother's embrace to part and say good-by, each returning to his opposing post of duty and danger, perhaps death.

BILL JOHNSTON.

A TRIBUTE BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

When I joined the Confederate army, I found Bill Johnston a member of the same company—viz., Company D, 10th Confederate Cavalry Regiment. Thomas A. Knight was captain. Bill Johnston was then about thirty-five years old, of a sallow complexion, thin visaged, with an eagle gray eye. He did not appear to have good health, but was always ready for duty. I have been on duty with him in the most dangerous places, and I never saw him shirk or falter. I never saw a gamer or braver soldier. On one occasion there was a cal. for four volunteers to go on the firing line from our company. As soon as the call was made, he stepped out as game as any game cock ever went into a pit. The manner and the brave spirit he manifested was so grand that I could not resist stepping out and taking my place beside him. We were the only volunteers. The others were detailed. The skirmish line was put under Lieutenant McKinnon, and we moved forward. We did not go far before we came in sight of the enemy's picket line. The undergrowth of timber was so thick we could not see far ahead, but Bill Johnston's eagle eye saw his man and he threw his gun to his shoulder, and was pulling the trigger when our lieutenant called out: "Don't shoot." The Yank heard the order and lost no time in getting away. Old Bill was sure mad when not allowed to shoot. I never knew why our lieutenant did not allow him to shoot, unless the aim was to capture the picket. Well, that mistake of our lieutenant produced the wildest commotion in the Yankee camp—nothing short of a stampede of wagons, ambulances, artillery, and cavalry. You could hear them getting away for miles. The whole thing was panic stricken. If Bill Johnston had been allowed to fire his gun, there would have been one less of the Yankee army, as he was taking deliberate aim at a distance of about fifty yards.

Bill Johnston died several years ago near Fort Deposit, Ala. He was one of the bravest of the brave soldiers that Lowndes County furnished to the Confederacy. Rest to his soul!

A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY CAPT. R. N. REA, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

It was not long before I was off. I stepped over the breast-works into the public highway and marched rapidly to the picket line and was very soon between the lines of the two great western armies. I continued marching right down the road until near daylight, and, feeling that I was not far from the enemy's picket line, I thought it prudent to get into the woods, and when daylight came, I saw that I did not make this move any too soon. I was on a hill, and a small stream was at its base running bright and clear. On the opposite hill many small smokes began to ascend heavenward, and I noticed a narrow, well-used pathway running to the branch, and in a few moments a string of Yankees came down that path with their camp kettles for their ration of water; and they kept this up during the entire day. It was not my business to capture or shoot soldiers; what I wanted was information. If it had been otherwise, I could have done some business then and there. I now had my business and directions well fixed in my mind. When night came, we recrossed the road in single file, using the utmost care. Halting my men at a point which I could recognize in the distance, I selected one man to go with me, instructing the others to remain in that exact spot until I returned; and if I did not return by the following night they were to return to our army and report to General Sears.

I slipped right through the picket line and very soon was on the bank of the Chattahoochee River, not more than a quarter of a mile above the railroad bridge, the point of my destination. On either bank of the river there was plenty of cane stubble, and I soon sought its protection. While resting in this, I saw a very large force repairing the railroad bridge; no soldiers of any consequence on the Atlanta side of the river and not many on the other side. I had now what I was sent out to secure, and immediately bade adieu to the old Chattahoochee and returned to my men without accident. I was tired, and we lay down to sleep, but by daylight we began our return to Atlanta. After moving slowly and cautiously through the woods, we came to an opening of about fifty acres, where all at once, we heard laughing and talking between men and women. I ordered my men to lie down while I reconnoitered. Upon moving up to the edge of the field, I saw a double log house in the center of the field. On the south side a white woman was washing Yankee uniforms, while, under a cherry tree on the north side, I saw four women entertaining fifteen Yankee soldiers, one of whom had a little girl in his lap, playing with a silver watch. To complete the picture, their arms and cartridges boxes were leaning against the log house. I reported this scene to my men, and that I intended to capture the whole lot. I then marched them to the south side of the field and directed them in a whisper to deploy as skirmishers and to lie down. The following instructions were impressed upon each man, that upon my waving my hand they were to begin crawling up to the house, to preserve their alignment, and to keep this movement up until I waved to them to charge. On reaching the house, I wanted half of them to go to the right and half to the left. I then drew my side arms and we began our long crawl, reaching the corner of the small yard without detection. I was watching the old woman, but she was too busy with her soapuds to see me. Giving the signal, we bounded forward and around the house, and, before our friends in blue could move from their seats, we had fourteen of them prisoners. One tall fellow, however, made a break for liberty, and, as he passed his stack of guns, he caught one and ran into the door of the house. I was right behind him with cocked pistol. As he reached the door, he

brought his piece to his shoulder, aiming it right at Grantham of my company. In an instant I fired and killed him, then I jumped over him. We never stopped, but made an immediate rush for the friendly cover of the bushes, leaving their arms leaning against the old log cabin. We reached Atlanta about nine o'clock the following night, delivered our prisoners, and, at the same time, I made a verbal report to General Sears.

The next day General Hood began moving his army to the left, leaving our brigade before Atlanta and stretching out our line until the men were thirty feet apart, and very soon the great battle of Jonesboro was fought. Every command in the army was engaged in this battle. In the meantime our brigade, after leaving a few men in the entrenchments, was in the city destroying the government and railway property. At 2 A.M. our brigade left Atlanta at a rapid gait, and just as we were leaving the suburbs the explosion of the magazines shook the city from center to circumference. As we marched along the streets, it seemed that every woman and child in Atlanta was standing in the doors or yards with sad faces and in tears. About four o'clock next evening we succeeded in swinging clear around the army and took our position at Lovejoy, on the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, and very soon all of the Confederate troops that had been engaged in Jonesboro took their position in line with us. The campaign was at an end, and Sherman and his army took possession of Atlanta. In a few days an armistice of ten days was agreed upon by our commanders, and Sherman began to depopulate the city, the women and children being sent out on every train, loaded on flat cars and box cars—one of the saddest scenes that I saw during the war. The world knows what followed.

I had been detailed as adjutant, and was acting in that capacity, but our captain having been captured in the battle I was promoted to captain and assigned to that duty. At the expiration of ten days, hostilities were resumed, and Hood's Tennessee campaign was now inaugurated. We left Lovejoy Station without an incident, the Federal army in our front making no effort to attack us. After a day's journey, we were halted by the roadside for review. Our regiment was on the extreme right of the army, and, on account of the narrow space in our front, I had a perfect view very close to those who were to make the inspection. We knew that the President would be present, and I was very anxious to see him. I had seen him upon the plains of Manassas in 1861. Very soon General Hood and the President came riding slowly, side by side, with a large staff in the rear. Upon looking at the President, I was surprised. Time had made a great change in his appearance. I now saw a man whose face was very sad, his countenance old, and his body thin and weak, yet he sat on his steed with grace and ease, making a fine figure. I never saw him after this.

In the campaign we passed over the same ground that we had fought over, and I never saw a living thing, scarcely a house, no fences or anything that would indicate that the country had been inhabited; but I saw in their stead beautiful fields of waving grass. The desolation was complete in all details. When we reached Allatoona Pass, our division was selected to attack the fort, which was commanded by General Corse. In less than five minutes after our entrance into this battle, every field officer in the regiment lay upon the field dead, together with two hundred and fifty others. We fell back under the protection of a hill and fired upon the fort all day. While this battle was being fought, General Sherman, with his signal corps, was on the top of Kenesaw Mountain, and he signaled to General Corse: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." This is the origin of the beautiful song of that name.

We retreated about sundown, leaving our dead upon the field of battle and a surgeon to care for our wounded.

I shall pass over the long, fatiguing march to Columbia and its incidents. We crossed Duck River ten miles above Columbia, and the other two commands crossed the river in front of the town, with Schofield's army before them and pressing them with energy. Before Hardee and Cheatham's Corps could get across Duck River, our corps, commanded by Stewart, was over and very near Spring Hill, where we halted in line of battle and remained near the Spring Hill and Columbia Pike all night long, sleeping upon our arms. General Schofield's army passed on to Franklin just before day, with our army in full pursuit. It was said by our company wag that they stopped with us to light their pipes. We actually pushed them so close that they shot the teams in their army wagons, and finally they abandoned everything in order to reach Franklin. We reached the renowned little capital of Williamson County nearly as soon as the Federal army, and General Hood made immediate preparations for attacking them. It took some time for all the army to come up and take the positions assigned to them, and, as I remember it, the battle began about 3 P.M. on November 30, 1864. The army was massed into columns of brigades. This formation brought the army in close touch, and I was in a position to see everything of importance that was transpiring, prior to the battle. It was a clear, pleasant day and the men were in finer spirits than I had seen them for a long time. All of the generals in the army, their staffs, and every field officer, sat upon their horses near us and in their proper places. Such an inspiring scene was good to look upon.

We had seen that the assault was to be made in columns of brigades. In an instant every band in the army began playing "Dixie," and our heavy skirmish line advanced and captured the exterior works in front of Franklin. This success acted like a charm upon the men. On they went into the very jaws of death, with Hood's army at their heels, and in a few seconds your humble servant found himself in a living hell. I tried hard to keep a level head, but scarcely knew what to do. I was close up to the breastworks when the thought occurred to me that there was more danger in returning, so I continued until I fell into the big long ditch outside the breastworks. I then got close up to the works so that the Yankees could not bring their pieces to bear upon me. It was now dark, or nearly so, and I stuck hard and fast to my position. The ditch was now full of men, dead, living, and wounded. If I ever prayed earnestly in my life it was then. It seemed to me that the Federals had concluded to kill every man in that ditch. They began enfilading us and to shoot us in every way they could, and I really believe that they killed seven-eighths of us. I am unable to tell you how I escaped, but it was the happiest time of my life when I was finally able to get out from under that pile of dead and wounded men.

It was about 1 A.M., and a fierce gale was blowing, and it was freezing cold. I was stiff and could hardly walk. Looking over the breastworks, I saw an old ginhouse and a dead Confederate general just in front of me. Of course, the Federals had retreated. I was a little dazed and began looking about. It seemed to be dark, very dark. Soon I began to see lights appear, and the battle field began to show signs of life; little fires were started here and there, a few lanterns began to shine, and a few people began to move around. Finally there were many persons visible, and very soon thereafter the citizens of Franklin, including the women and children, were on the battle field, seeking relatives who had fallen. I myself sought a friendly fire, and by the time I was somewhat restored to a little comfort, it was daylight and I saw before my eyes

at least one-fourth of the army of Tennessee lying dead and wounded. Such a sight I never before beheld, and I know that I shall never see another. In sadness and regret, I will only say that during the day after this great battle we collected all of those dead heroes and buried them, eight deep, in long trenches on either side of the Franklin and Columbia Pikes. All of our field officers, the generals and their staffs, rode into this battle on horseback, and six generals were killed there, more general officers than in any battle of the war, not excepting Gettysburg.

It was extremely cold, and when we left Franklin we made fast time to Nashville. We formed our lines and fortified ourselves, and it began snowing until the whole country was deep in snow. General Schofield's army was now heavily reinforced by Gen. George Thomas, and soon after this the Union army advanced on us from Nashville. After two days of fighting and maneuvering, they carried our thin line of gray by assault, and quickly our army was in full retreat and making the best defense it could. But there were too many for us to turn the tide. We could only sting them, and we stung them hard and often; and many times they were only too glad to get away from the Johnnie Rebs of old. I passed near my old Colonel (then general) Sears, who was looking sterner than I ever saw him. An ambulance was near him, and he was sitting on his old roan horse, Billy, with his field glasses to his eyes, looking directly at the Federals; in an instant a shell took off his leg and at the same time killed the old horse that he had ridden during the entire war. Will you believe me when I tell you that that gallant old man stood upon one leg and said, "Poor Billy," with tears running rapidly down his cheeks. We placed him in the ambulance standing near the scene, and I told him good-by and hurried on to the rear. I never expected to see him again, and you can scarcely realize my surprise when I received an affectionate letter from him, in which he said that he was living in Oxford, and was then professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi.

On our arrival at Franklin, my shoes had fallen from my feet, and I was now barefooted in the deep snow, with a hostile army pressing. I do not think now that I regarded it with any degree of great misfortune at that time, but I did not get a pair of shoes until we reached Tupelo, Miss., having marched all the way from Franklin, Tenn., to that place in my bare feet, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. I certainly came near freezing to death. I had no blanket, nothing but my sword and pistol. This part of my life as a soldier is so sad that I do not care to describe the retreat of the army from Nashville to Tupelo. General Hood succeeded in taking his army across the rivers of Harpeth, Duck, Shoals Creek, and Tennessee, which latter we crossed just above Florence, Ala. Three gunboats were shelling us as we crossed on our pontoon bridge to the Tusculum side of the river. They might as well have shot popguns at us, as we got over without a single casualty.

On our arrival at Tupelo, General Hood, at his own request, was relieved and his entire army was furloughed for ten days. Having secured transportation for my men and myself, we got on the top of a box car (on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad) and, after having ridden one hundred and thirty miles in very cold weather, disembarked at Marion, where we were at home once more.

It was now January, 1865. Our little "leave of absence" had soon expired, and every man of my small company reported to my regiment at Mobile, Ala. We belonged to the division of Gen. S. G. French, made up of Sears's Mississippi Brigade, which was composed of the 4th Mississippi, Col. Adair commanding; 35th Regiment, William S. Barry,

colonel commanding; 7th Mississippi Battalion, Lieut. Col. Jones commanding; 39th Mississippi and 46th Mississippi Regiment, William H. Clark, colonel, killed at Allatoona, Ga.); Cockrell's Missouri Brigade, and Ector's Texas Brigade. I am proud to have been a member of this division; there was none better.

We were now in camp four miles from the city of Mobile, and very near the beautiful shell road leading down to the bay, and we were having a most delightful time. We were also a part of the "Army of the Gulf," with Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury in command. In the following March, General Canby began his operations against Mobile with a large force, and our pleasant surroundings and associations were broken up forever. We were ordered across the bay to Blakely, and on our arrival our regiment, the 46th Mississippi, was ordered on picket duty four miles from the army, where we remained until the first day of April. Captain Winston, a son of ex-Governor Winston, of Alabama, supported us with his fine cavalry company. He and I became warm personal friends. General Canby's cavalry drove in our pickets on April 1, 1865, and immediately our regiment was in line. However, we retreated across a field planted in oats, tearing down the fence and making good strong vidette pens, with Captain Winston's cavalry on our left. These dispositions took a little while to complete, and in the meantime, all was silent. Captain Hart, who was in command of the regiment, suggested that I go out in front and see what the Federals were doing. Taking a gun out of the hands of one of my men, I proceeded to comply with his request. I had gone parallel to the public road, but was in the woods and perhaps a quarter of a mile in front of my regiment. I finally came to a small, high hill, which I cautiously ascended. Looking intently down at the base of the hill, there sat a Federal cavalryman, with his right leg thrown across the pommel of his saddle. In some way his leg had gotten mixed up with the bridle reins and, in his excitement, he was endeavoring to right it and to bring his piece to bear on me, but I was too quick for him. I gave him the contents of my gun and immediately disappeared over the hill. He never did fire his piece, and it is very probable that I killed him. I was back to my regiment and in line none too soon, for in a few minutes a heavy line of skirmishers advanced from the cover of the woods, and we were at our old trade once more. We had the advantage, because they had to cross an open field, and soon we repulsed them. But they came again in greater numbers. I was wounded in the right hand and left leg, and my friend, Captain Winston, sent me a horse, and in the midst of the fighting my men put me in the saddle. Just after I was mounted, a large body of cavalry, with drawn swords, came down the road, riding in squadrons of fours at full speed. My horse knew his business, and I thought he was flying. It was the first time I had ridden horseback during the entire war. Captain Winston's little negro boy, Jim, was a good second, right behind me. I was in a good deal of pain and realized that I was in a tight place. I unbuckled my sword belt and let it fall across the back of my saddle, and the weight of my pistol balanced my sword, both staying with me to the end. I then ran my hand and arm through the McClellan saddle and lay down flat on the horse and took the consequences. They kept on coming, shooting and yelling like a lot of demons, and amid all this excitement I could hear the little negro boy say: "Go it, massa! They are about to get us." I thought so too, but I could do nothing, as I was not able to stop my horse. On we went like a prairie fire and finally came to Cockrell's brigade, which had stacked arms parallel to the road, and the men were off a little distance eating dinner. The Federal cavalry

did not pay the least attention to them, but kept right on after me and Jim. In a short time, we met a cavalry company square in the road, and they took to their heels and fled. The Yankee force pursued me with fury and determination, and did not quit until forced to return by our cannon at Blakely.

On my arrival inside our lines, I was sent directly to the division hospital, and the surgeon, Dr. Norman, took me into his own tent and dressed my wounds. Before giving me a dose of morphine, he asked if I did not want a furlough. I replied that I did. "Well," he said, "take this and you will go to sleep for several hours, and I will write out your leave, sign it, and, by the time you wake up, I will have it approved by the officers here and all ready for you. The boat will be in about that time, and you can go over to Mobile, get General Maury to approve, and you can then go home immediately." Dr. Norman accompanied me to the steamboat, and I never again saw or heard of him. The boat landed us in Mobile, and I went immediately to General Maury's headquarters, where his adjutant general signed my leave. I left for home at eight o'clock P.M., on wounded furlough. Shortly after, the Confederacy passed away. I was duly and regularly paroled by General Canby, major general, U. S. A., at Meridian, Miss., on the 9th day of April, 1865, and my life as a Confederate soldier was at an end.

HENRY W. ALLEN, IN MEMORIAM.

(Written for the Allen Monumental Association, to be sung at the concert to be given for the benefit of their fund by the New Orleans Conservatory of Music.)

Aye, raise the glittering shaft on high,
And on it trace his honored name,
Let art with nature here unite
Their worthiest tributes to his fame;
While Southern hearts recall in love
How Allen for them suffered long,
And how when sorrow rent his soul,
He bade them hope, be firm and strong.
Let Allen's name forever be
To us a sacred memory.

Sweet perfumes float from flowery groves,
Soft breathe the song bird's varied chime,
And shade and sunlight blend and change,
Like fortunes in our own loved clime.
While echoing back from years gone by,
Like words we learned at mother's knee,
Comes to our hearts the message sent
To us in our extremity:
"The gloom is passing fast away,
To us there comes a glorious day."

Let patroits gather round and list,
While we his actions brave resume,
And learn that noble deeds and words,
May not be covered by the tomb;
But live they will; and when the heart
That prompted them has turned to dust
Will bear their fruit and bring reward
To those who hold the gems in trust.
Thus Allen's words and deeds hold sway,
Tho' he has passed from earth away

—Tim Linkinwater.

New Orleans, January 11, 1873.

FIGHTING WITH SABERS.

BY C. Y. FORD, ODESSA, MO., OF COMPANY G, 2D MISSOURI REGIMENT, FORREST'S CAVALRY.

In the early summer of 1862 we were attached to Gen. Martin E. Green's brigade of infantry, as nearly all cavalry regiments and artillery companies were at that early stage of the war. Consequently we were practically without organization, but in June we were organized into a brigade of cavalry and placed under that brave and efficient general, Frank C. Armstrong, who afterwards ranked as one of General Forrest's most accomplished division commanders. The brigade consisted, as I now recall, of the 2nd Missouri Cavalry, about one thousand strong, commanded by that austere old colonel, Bob McCulloch, of brave young Missourians, without a conscript in the ranks, and perhaps only a few in the other regiments; the 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, some eight hundred numbers, commanded by Colonel Slemmons; the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, about one thousand in numbers, commanded by Colonel Pinson; also the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, a full regiment, commanded by Col. William H. Jackson, afterwards a brigadier under that wizard of the saddle, Gen. Bedford Forrest, one of the most distinguished soldiers of our Southland; and Wirt Adams's Battalion, and a small battalion commanded by Colonel Saunders. In all, a magnificent body of fighting cavalry, ready and eager to measure arms with the Federal cavalry.

About the middle of July we were granted that privilege. We had drilled some two months as dismounted troopers and had become quite good with the saber. The bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles," and we were marching in a long column. How proud we were of our well-mounted men armed with carbines (breech-loading) and pistols with sabers. We camped the first night on the Tombigbee River at Bay Springs, and from there we marched into West Tennessee. Near Middleburg we encountered a strong Federal force of cavalry and one six-gun battery commanded by General Grierson, consisting of some five thousand superbly armed and finely mounted men. The 2nd Missouri was marching at the head of the column, when we were fired into by some dismounted troopers placed behind a railroad embankment. General Armstrong ordered the bugler to sound the charge, and we thundered down a dusty lane by platoons, with drawn sabers. Capt. Rock Champion was at the head of the troop, Colonel McCulloch riding by his side, and our sabers glittering in the bright sunshine made an imposing line of battle. The Yanks were game, and plainly we could hear their bugle sounding the charge. Soon we crashed together in a general mix-up. Capt. Rock Champion was instantly killed; Lieut. Joe Eubanks was severely wounded. When some confusion ensued, a few men were ordered dismounted to throw down a small fence, and we were ordered to right-front into line. Again we drove them back into a cotton field some half mile farther, when they reformed and charged us with sabers, but we were not dismayed by this splendid line of cavalry charging right up to us, with their young Colonel Hogg waving his sword and urging his men into battle. Colonel McCulloch waved his saber and cheered the men on, and in we went with the rebel yell, cutting and slashing as we again drove them from the field, leaving their commander's body on the field. He was dressed in a white shirt, with a cavalry jacket buckled to the pommel of his saddle, his horse lying by his side, both dead. We all felt some sorrow at seeing so young and brave a soldier fall, when victory was at one time almost in his grasp. Many claimed the distinguished honor of killing this gallant soldier, but he and Colonel McCulloch were often

seen striking at each other and always close together in battle, so it was always conceded that Colonel McCulloch killed Colonel Hogg.

We had a number of men wounded by sword cuts, but very few were killed. Sammy Massey, in my company, was killed, his head cleaved by a saber, and his horse was killed. When we found Sammy, his saber was in his clutched and some two feet of the blade was broken off. Tom Turner, also of my company, had three cuts, and his horse two. Tom, I think, killed the Federal who wounded him. It was a hotly contested battle of perhaps an hour's duration. We had met a regiment worthy of our steel, a most beautiful fight, nearly equal in forces, and both regiments finely led. Hogg was most surely a chivalrous and fine soldier.

The battle was witnessed by the Federal troops, drawn up in line of battle on this cotton plantation, with a battery, and our forces drawn up south of them in the same cotton field; but not a soldier outside of the 2nd Missouri or the 2nd Illinois regiments took any part whatever in the engagement. We sent Colonel Hogg's body by flag of truce into the enemy's camp. That night we attacked a body of Federals at Medan in a depot surrounded by cotton bales, but they drove us away. This fight was near midnight, and we continued our march until daylight, when we dismounted to rest a short time and were standing by our horses, when two pieces of artillery let loose two charges of grapeshot into our column at point-blank range, but with no casualties resulting. Bugles sounded, and, as soon as we had mounted, Lieutenant Brotherton, of General Armstrong's staff, dashed up and ordered Colonel McCulloch to draw sabers and charge the battery a few hundred yards down the road at Britton's Lane. So again we went at the Yanks with sabers and the rebel yell. The guns were supported by an infantry force on each side of the road, and we were supported by the 1st Mississippi on the left and the 7th Tennessee on our right. These supports were dismounted; the battle was in an open field that had been in corn the previous year. The grapeshot and Minnie bullets cutting the dry stalks and our charging horses made a fearful noise. We charged right up to the guns, but all three regiments were driven back. Our colonel's horse was killed, as also the flag bearers' horses. A number of men were killed and wounded, and this created some confusion, but we again rallied on the blast of the bugle, reformed, and, all dismounted, charged them again, and drove them from the field. It was a bloody battle for more than two hours, and our loss was heavy both in men and horses. Colonel Pinson, commanding the 1st Mississippi Regiment, was severely wounded, and many of our officers and men were killed and wounded. I think the heaviest loss was in that fine old regiment, the 7th Tennessee, for many of their men fell on that hot August day. It was called the battle of Britton's Lane, near Denmark, Tenn. The Yankees made a gallant fight, but we proved too much for them. This was our second saber battle in two days, and we sustained severe losses of many of our fine soldiers. Conspicuous among them was Capt. Rock Champion, who commanded Company K, of our regiment, a most distinguished looking soldier, as much so as any soldier I saw in my four years' service.

Often in my old days do I think of these two saber fights and of the fine boys who fell there. Peace to their slumbers!

In seeds of laurel in the earth

The blossom of your fame is blown,

And somewhere waiting for its birth

The shaft is in the stone. —Henry Timrod.

CHICKAMAUGA.

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

Marching back from Gettysburg, both armies settled down in camps of rest in "Old Virginia again" with the memorable Rapidan rolling between them, Lee's army being in the neighborhood of Orange Courthouse and Gordonville and Meade's army in the vicinity of Culpeper Courthouse. Our brigade camped in lovely woods, had plenty of fine drinking water, and, except for rather short rations, had a good time. We remained in that camp from about the middle of July till about the middle of September, and except for camp guard duty, which was very light, had no other duty to perform whatever. My own mess, then made up of Earl Bowen, Henry Rowe, Girard and Wash Dyer, John Pickett, Baylis James, and myself, pieced out our short rations by pooling our limited Confederate money and then by dealing with the camp sutlers and butchers. From the sutlers we got very weakly sweetened ginger bread and from the butchers beef hearts and livers, these inward parts of beeves always being recognized as the private perquisites of the camp butchers. Thus our mess nearly always managed to have a tolerable meat dinner. We had a rather large Dutch oven, and a lid, in which we always baked our hearts and livers nicely brown. Usually there was attached to the hearts considerable fat, which made fine gravy. When fully cooked, the oven was lifted from the fire and set down in a cool place, then we all seated ourselves in a circle round the feast and began to enjoy it. But always, and for "politeness' sake," a little meat and a little gravy were left in the oven after all had finished. For a long time Henry Rowe had acted as our "clean up" and dish washer after meals, and it was a very light job. Usually after dinner we would sit about for a while and talk and smoke. Then Henry Rowe would get about to "clean up." First he would approach the oven, stoop down and, with a grin in his face, say: "Gentlemen, as I don't like to see anything wasted, I'll clean up what's left in the oven, if no one has any objections." And then most of us would chime in and say: "Yes, yes, Henry, go ahead." And he would go ahead and thus greatly enjoy our "courtesy."

We enjoyed good appetites, and this long rest and good eating contributed to make us feel some what happier than usual in those days, although the drawn battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg left blue streaks on our Southern horizon. One day, about the middle of September, we got orders to cook rations and get ready to march. The next morning we started, and at night bivouacked near Richmond. The next day we promptly boarded trains and went south. Our division, under McLaws, and Hood's Division, all under Longstreet, went on this lively excursion. It was whispered that we were going to help Bragg out at Chattanooga, where he was being pressed by Rosecrans. Hood's Division went ahead of ours. Our own brigade, under the ever-smiling and good-natured Kershaw, went via Petersburg, Weldon, Wilmington, Florence, Charleston, Savannah, Millen, Macon, and Atlanta. Some of the other units of the expedition went different routes. We stopped two hours at Wilmington, near the crossing of the Cape Fear, which was then by steam ferry. We could see only part of the town, but we had a good view up the river, and it was very enchanting in the rays of the near-setting sun. But my most thrilling thoughts traveled farther up the Cape Fear to Fayetteville, where lived one I knew, alas, too well.

It was dark when we crossed the river and entrained on the other side. Soon after getting under way, bad luck overtook us. The engine drawing our train was in bad order, and slow progress and many stops to allow the engineer to "tinker"

with his machine greatly delayed us. One long stop was made in front of a large turpentine distillery, not then in operation. Hundreds of barrels of resin were stacked up, and turpentine covered the ground in many places. It was quite cold, and some of the men set fire to a few barrels of resin. Soon the fire spread and couldn't be controlled. General Kershaw delivered a lecture in which he enjoined the men in future to be more careful of the preservation of private property. As our train started ahead, the fire reached the distillery and buildings, and doubtless all were completely consumed.

The next morning we found that we had progressed only forty miles during the entire night. About ten A.M. our engineer side-tracked the train and the conductor telegraphed to Florence, S. C., for another engine, which arrived in the middle of the afternoon. But, dear me! Our new machine seemed in worse condition than that hooked to our train. It was old, wheezy, and leaked steam in many places, while the water gushed from the tender in several streams. We laughed, but had little hope of better conditions. However, that old rattle-trap of an engine surprised us in its ability to move that train. Pulling out of the siding slowly, it struck the main track with a blatant snort and then astonished us by the high speed it made, stopping only, but a little frequently, for water. We got to Florence long before night, but didn't get off for Charleston till some time during the night. In those days you had to change cars at the end of each company's line. I recall Florence, S. C., of that day as a pretty little town in the piney woods.

We got to Charleston at 11 A.M., and the first thing we heard after the noise of our train stopped was the booming of great guns in the harbor and on the islands near by. The siege of Charleston was then in full swing. From the depot we marched through the upper part of the city and over the Ashley River, stopping in a pine grove near the water and the Savannah railroad. Here we rested about an hour, looking at the old city and the harbor. Our train being ready, we got aboard and were off through the rice fields for Savannah. I recollect one stop at "Poke-He-Tail-He-Go," and we got to Savannah at 4 P.M. Our train on the Georgia Central being already made up and ready, we got on and started for Macon. The track of this road was straight as a shingle, and I recall only one turn in it before night came on. The cars were good, and our train went on at a high rate of speed through a beautiful country of fine old homes and numerous herds and flocks of fat cattle and sheep. Somebody said it was ten P.M. when our train got to Millen, which was a junction. Here we dined for supper; yes, supper! For immediately we were marched into a large, airy dining hall especially fitted up for just such hungry chaps as we. And such service and victuals we found in there! All things good to eat seemed to be there in great plenty, and at first some of us wondered whether we were still in our own beloved South. Turkey, chicken, hot biscuits, coffee, sweet potato pies and puddings, fine corn bread, baked pork, and ever so many other good things. And then, perhaps the best of all to at least many of us was the galaxy of fine and beautiful young Southern women who served us. At this interval of time, I recollect the name of only one, and her name was "Miss Mattie Wooding." She was just lovely in every way one could think of. She was blonde, had a charming form, a pretty mouth and teeth, a touching smile, large, laughing blue eyes, and, withal, an alluring personality that attracted one's attention as long as she was in sight. Where, O where, is that Miss Mattie Wooding now?

Resuming our journey at a late hour, we got to Macon next morning and at once started on to Atlanta, where we arrived

about noon. We found a railroad congestion there in consequence of a block of troops and freight on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, then the only direct line open to Chattanooga and Bragg's army. A train was made up for us and we got aboard, but didn't start till 9 P.M. But here occurred more engine trouble. Our little engine, named "Kentucky," was too light for the weight of our train and had much difficulty climbing grades. I went to sleep, but was waked up a little before daylight by the noise of the "Kentucky" trying to "puff up" the grade of Allatoona Mountain. She made three efforts before she made it up to the station at the top by daylight. We ran to Cartersville, and stopped two hours to allow our engineer to work on the cylinders of the engine. Apparently he made a good job of it, because we ran on without farther hitch till we got to Dalton, Ga., about the middle of that cold and dreary afternoon. And here we found a complete tie up. There were many trains there, and every piece of siding was jammed with them. On account of burned bridges, trains could run only twelve miles farther, and though there was a large railroad water tank at Dalton, yet there was no water for the engines, and the tender of our engine was nearly empty. It was said that the pump of the tank was broken. There was great confusion, engineers, conductors, fireman, and many army officers and soldiers making all sorts of suggestions for relieving the situation, but no relief came. The weather was windy and cold. At last, toward night, General Kershaw took the matter in hand so far as our train was concerned. Procuring about twenty water buckets from somewhere, he ordered our train forward to a creek about two miles distant. Here a bucket squad from water to tender was formed. This was in the nature of an endless chain, and after an hour's such work, the tank of our tender was supplied sufficiently for all present needs. And then our train proceeded to the burned bridge over the east branch of the Chickamauga River, where it stopped about 11 P.M. in a cornfield. Most of us were asleep when the order to disembark was shouted through the freight "coaches" and waked us up. We got off on the right and saw across the field a large clump of timber, about a quarter of a mile away, and we were at once ordered to march over there and build up fires, for the night air was frosty.

Now, in any army, there are always plenty of men "cocked and primed" for shooting off "tongue bombs." So while getting out of the cars many not very choice expressions were heard, such as: "I'm d—d hungry," "I wish Abe Lincoln was in h—l," and many others of like import. I noticed a group of officers standing at a short distance, and to the surprise of all we heard the stentorian but perfectly cool voice of General Kershaw say: "Gentlemen, that is lovely language to be coming from the mouths of South Carolina gentlemen!" And that was all he said. And it was quite enough, because after that one could have "heard a pin drop" while we were crossing that cornfield.

Reaching the woods, we made good fires, broiled what little bacon we had, and made hardtack sandwiches and, with plenty of cold water, we enjoyed a feast that, from our viewpoint, might have tempted the gods. But when an old survivor tells such true things of history to some "moderners," they simply laugh a little incredulously. This bivouac was near Catoosa Springs, a resort of many different mineral waters. After a "light" breakfast next morning, we took up the line of march forward to Ringgold, two miles away and on the east bank of the east branch of the Chickamauga River, which name is Cherokee Indian for "Water of Death." We got to Ringgold at an early hour, and it was announced that rations would be issued right away. We established our bivouac on the edge of town near the bridge spanning the

river, and here we waited and loafed about all the remainder of the day—yes, waited for those rations that did not come till sunset. Fires were built and the stirring up of corn meal for bread began, for corn meal and a very little bacon were all we got. But, dear me! Just then peremptory orders came to fall in to line and march on the road leading west over the bridge. As quick as possible we crammed into our haversacks the corn meal and bacon, fell into line, and marched over the river in quick time. Late in the afternoon we had heard cannonading to the west, which continued till night, we figured that we were badly needed out there, hence this urgent march at night. After crossing the river, we found ourselves in a very rough country road, and the darkness was dense. It was a rolling country, with much up and down hills. There were many pitfalls or washouts and big rocks in the old road, and quite a number of the men fell, a few being badly injured. Yet the officers kept urging us on. Of course, we had no artillery or other vehicles, which would have been impossible to get over that road at night.

After about two hours of such march, and while going down a long hill, the line was halted for a brief rest, but we were told not to go to sleep. The night was very cold, and in a short time we had good fires on both sides of the rough old road. We were in thick woods and so there was plenty of fuel. But our officers' injunction had little effect, for about as soon as we got warm, we went to sleep. I don't know what time it was, but I know that I was waked up with a jar by an officer, who shook me severely and said: "Jump up and fall in." And in like manner I saw men being "roused up" all round me, both above and below. I got up, and while "gaping" and stretching my limbs, the officer disappeared, being very busy passing from man to man. At the same time I discovered another man lying awake behind a log; he said to me: "Let's lie a little longer." I agreed, and very soon both of us went to sleep again and didn't wake till "day was breaking." It can be depended upon that we lost no time gathering up our "goods" and getting into that old road. Of course, the whole command was gone, and not another man did we see in that temporary camp.

My new-made friend belonged to the 3rd South Carolina Regiment of our brigade. We walked rapidly in the cold and bracing morning air. Besides, we were refreshed by our long rest and sleep. At the bottom of the hill we crossed on a bridge the middle branch of the Chickamauga, which was much smaller than the two other branches. There had been no rain in that country for some weeks and consequently everything was very dry and the streams low. After crossing the middle branch, we went up another long wooded hill, and, in going over the top, we went down another, a little longer, which led us down to the east bank of the west branch of the Chickamauga, where we "caught up" with our command stretched out along the river, mostly sound asleep. We sort of sneaked into camp, fearing that if seen coming in we would be reprimanded for being so tardy. Being desperately hungry, we fell to cooking our corn meal by virtually throwing the dough into the fire, for we had no cooking utensils. Of course, it came out of the fire half done, but we ate it ravenously, and it tasted good. We broiled the bacon.

In a short time everybody was up cooking and eating in the same way. Water was handy in the river, which was beautifully blue and cold. The movement of the water of the river was slow, without being sluggish, and it wound about through the woods constantly reminding one of a crawling snake. Through the trees along the river we got glimpses of wooded hills and ridges on the opposite side and some cleared land. The remains of a recently destroyed bridge, known as Alexan-

der's bridge, which had spanned the river at that point on the old road, were visible in the water. At daylight we filled our canteens with the pretty blue water of the river. We heard that part of Hood's division, which was a day ahead of us, took part there in the heavy skirmish of the day before.

It was then Sunday, September 20, 1863, and a lovely day, though cold and frosty in the early morning. Everything was quiet till about 8 A.M., when the ball of battle opened suddenly on the wooded heights beyond the river, and immediately we began to cross the river on the débris of the burned bridge. The fire of both armies was continuous and very heavy. Clearing the river, our brigade, in column, continued in the old road up grade with cleared land on both sides up to the Alexander dwelling house, where we halted a little while. In the bottom land to the right, along and down the river on that side, we saw a large body of cavalry maneuvering and were told they were Forrest's men. We were at the foot of the hill on which the battle was raging. Here our column turned sharply to the left on a road going around the Alexander house, marched a quarter mile, halted and right faced in line of battle. Then pretty soon our line was ordered forward through thick woods up the hill. The great thunder of battle was heard higher up the hill in our front and left front. We rushed along and soon met many Federal prisoners and our own wounded going to the rear. We heard much cheering, and the noise of battle seemed to be receding on the left. We also saw some captured artillery going to the rear. Coming to a road with a house and field on our left, we saw many evidences of recent fighting. Here some of Longstreet's mounted officers slightly changed our course to the right. Advancing still in line of battle through the woods, we soon came in contact with some of Hood's men, who told us that they had been fighting hard since early morning and that Hood had been killed. This was a mistake, he was severely wounded, losing a leg, but survived. After awhile we came to a long and wide field, and to the left we saw some of our batteries in the same field firing into a hill in their front. We also saw the smoke of a burning house in the woods on our right front. Here in the edge of the woods we changed front north, got under fire and then left-flanked into the big field. As we did so, we met about two captured Federal batteries and caissons coming down from wooded ground on the opposite side of the field. The Federal prisoners captured with the guns were still mounted and driving the batteries and caissons off the field under Confederate guards.

I think it was about noon when we flanked into the field and heard from a party of jubilant officers that the center and right wing of the Federal army had been smashed and driven from the field. Although our throats were parched, we raised a great Rebel shout. But when we got well into the field and faced north, we saw something that looked ugly. There, facing us, was a Federal line of battle much longer than our own line. We could see no other Confederate troops near us, although we knew Humphrey's brigade of our division was somewhere to our right in the woods. But we lost no time. Kershaw gave immediate orders to advance and attack the Federals in our front, and the whole brigade did so enthusiastically. After one volley, the Federals gave way and fell back up a sort of knob, which was the north end of the field. The top of this knob was covered by dense woods, which went back a short distance to a depression, on the bottom of which an old road ran east and west. From the north side of the old road another and higher wooded hill rose up, and this we learned afterwards was called "Snodgrass Hill," famous as being the scene of the hardest, longest, and most bloody part of the battle of Chickamauga.

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The brigade lost several men in this field, including Private Beacham, of our company, severely wounded. The Federals rallied and reformed at the edge of the woods on the top of the knob and waved their flags at us as if to say: "Come on." We were already going on with cheers. My regiment, the 2nd, was on the left of the brigade, and as we rushed up the slope of the knob in a shower of bullets, we saw a ravine on the left as if it ran around to the rear of the knob. Seeing this, Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard, then in command, flanked our regiment into and up the ravine at double quick, at the same time saying: "Let us get behind those fellows up there and capture them." But the Federals were too alert for the success of our effort, and when we rejoined the other regiments a little beyond the knob we saw the Federal line double quickening in full retreat up the south face of Snodgrass Hill. We charged right after them through the woods and drove them back to the top of the ridge, where we found they were protected by fallen timber. They launched a withering fire of grape and canister and rifle balls against us from behind the logs, and then we withdrew half way back down the hill to that depressed road. Thus protected from the terrific fire from the top of the hill, we lay down in the road. Meanwhile the battle was raging to right and left, and for awhile we enjoyed a nice breeze passing through the woods, now and then blowing from the trees bunches of yellow leaves, which gently sailed down and settled on the ground among us. And I recollect that in mind I compared these falling leaves to the falling men on that battle field. But we did not enjoy the protection of that depressed old road for long, because the Federals launched a charge down the hill against, or rather upon us. But we had sufficient notice of their coming to be ready for them. Our officers commanded us to hold our fire till they got in short range and then "give it to them." Here they came armed with Colt repeating rifles and a shout. They were allowed to get within twenty yards of our position in the thick undergrowth along the road, then, before they visualized our presence, we rose up as one man and poured into them such a volley from our faithful Enfields as to make many of them bite the dust for the last time, while many more fell badly wounded. The remnant staggered back up the hill as we closely pursued them with the hope of breaking up and capturing their line at the top. But we were met by such a terrific fire of grape, canister, and spherical case from their cannon and bullets from their quick-firing rifles from behind log fortifications, that we ourselves were compelled to fall back over the brow of the hill for protection, though we didn't go back all the way to the old road. Neither did the Federals dare sally out from their works any more.

Meanwhile, reinforcements were steadily arriving on both sides, and a crashing fire was kept up on both sides for some time. Then we looked to the left and, at a little distance, saw another brigade in line of battle advancing up the same ridge. Then our brigade was shifted to the left so as to connect with this other advancing brigade, and at the same time other troops shifted from the right and took our place. Then our brigade and that on our left charged up the hill at that point. We were met by a heavy fire of both arms, but held our ground. Many of our men fell here, including one of my messmates, John Pickett, badly wounded in the head by a piece of bursting shell. Soon after this we saw that the brigade on our left began to fall back down the hill, and the firing on our front practically ceased for awhile; but to the right and left we could still hear the thunders of battle. Soon after this our brigade was shifted to the right and back to our first position on the old road, but from which it was at once advanced up

the hill to our last place near the crest. During this movement there was a sort of lull in the fighting about us, and just as we got back to our higher position on the hill, we heard a sort of commotion on the left near the top of the ridge at that point. Looking in that direction, we saw a horseman riding at full speed across a narrow open space toward the right of the Federal line, behind the log breastworks, and which we had been fighting all the afternoon. He was recognized as a Federal officer, and that part of our brigade in sight of him got up and fired at him. But he wasn't unhorsed and apparently got through safely, though an orderly with him was killed. And the Federal official reports of the battle of Chickamauga show that this officer we tried so hard to kill on that occasion was Brig. Gen. James A. Garfield, then Rosecrans's chief of staff, and he was on his way to deliver a dispatch from Rosecrans to General Thomas. He afterwards became President of these United States. Though escaping our shower of bullets, he was the victim of the single bullet of a crazy assassin.

The sun was getting near the setting point, but our immediate fight went on, though in a desultory way, because it was then known that the Federal force on the hill was so surrounded that it could not escape. The battle was already won on all other parts of the field, where the Federal center had been pierced and his right wing crushed, and the main Federal army was in full retreat back toward Chattanooga. At dusk we dropped down to our first position on the old road, and soon after dark the Federals above us "threw up the sponge," surrendered without terms, and as prisoners of war were marched down through our lines, where already bright fires were burning and lighting up the wooded hill and the pale and bloody forms of the dead and dying of both sides. It turned out that we had killed more of the Federals than we thought we had.

We were very hungry and tired, and at once went for the full haversacks and knapsacks of the Federals. They were full of such "goodies" as ground old government Java coffee, crackers, ham, sugar, canned beef, and other good things. We ate ravenously of everything right away, but, for the lack of water, couldn't make coffee as there was no water nearer than the river. But we determined to have some of that good coffee before any sleep that night, so details of men were made up to take their canteens and get a supply of water from the river; and while the details were gone, the rest of us laid out our dead and helped the surgeons with the wounded as much as possible, the burials and taking away of the wounded being left for other hands on the morrow.

It is hardly to be believed that we could sit there around blazing fires ravenously consuming those welcome provisions and talking about various ordinary matters while the dead and dying lay all about us, but such was the actual case. There was one incident amid it all, however, that touched my own heart very sensibly. The 7th South Carolina of our brigade was next to ours and the 3d regiment on the right, and as it was on a little higher ground than we occupied, it suffered a little more severely from the repeating rifles of the Federals. Now as we who had escaped sat there eating and drinking, the bodies of Colonel Bland and Major Hard, both of the 7th, were brought and tenderly laid on the ground only a few feet from our mess fire to await the coming of an ambulance to take them from the field. Colonel Bland was a fine and brave man, and when he fell on that bloody field the brigade lost much. Excepting Colonel Nance, of the 3d South Carolina of our brigade, and General Kershaw himself, Colonel Bland had the most resonant and commanding voice of any officer in the brigade. Thus ended the great battle of Chickamauga as I saw and heard it. Gen. George H. Thomas, himself a

Southerner, commanded the Federals on Snodgrass Hill, where for seven hours of bloody fighting he bravely, heroically, and tenaciously held us in check till night, and thereby saved Rosecrans's army from total destruction. History deals with the casualties and booty captured.

The weather next morning was cool and clear and continued so till near the first of November. According to my recollections, Chickamauga was about the only big battle of our war that was not almost immediately succeeded by rain. After breakfast many of us went over the bloody field. On the opposite side we found the spot where General Thomas made his headquarters during the fight. This was near the farmhouse of Mr. Snodgrass, who owned the battle ground. There were great quantities of arms, ammunition, and other booty scattered in all directions, and we filled our haversacks to the bulging point. It was nearly noon when we took up the line of march in pursuit of the enemy, which ended at the confines of Chattanooga. But other and fresher of our troops marched earlier. At Chattanooga we extended our lines to Missionary Ridge on the right and occupied Lookout Mountain on the left. The Federals occupied the town. And there, facing each other, both armies sat down in a sort of state of restful torpidity and did little or nothing in the nature of military movement or strategy till November 9, when Longstreet took his two divisions and started to Knoxville, then held by the Federal General Burnside.

THAT AFFAIR AT DANDRIDGE, TENN.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRETN, LA.

On January 16, 1864, General Longstreet moved from his winter encampment above Morristown, Tenn., against the Union forces under "General Parke," who had advanced north from Knoxville to Dandridge by way of Strawberry Plains. His object was to prevent the enemy from seizing the rich territory east of the river, which was the main dependence of our forces for foodstuffs and forage, and prevent the Union forces operating on our left flank in a turning movement.

Martin's cavalry had crossed the Holston from Morristown on the 15th, and had forced the Union advanced forces of cavalry back to within about two or three miles of Dandridge, and on the 17th had forced them back on the infantry drawn up in line of battle behind a small creek, on the highlands just north of Dandridge. My regiment, the 6th Georgia Cavalry, Morgan's Division, formed the head of the column advancing toward Dandridge on the "Chucky" road. Arriving at Neff's farm, we came in sight of a large force posted just south of Mitchell's farm, with videttes, about midway between Neff's and Mitchell's, in the open fields west of the road. Here General Martin halted his command and awaited the coming up of the infantry. While thus waiting, General Martin was telling us of his exploits on his "dappled gray," hard-mouthed horse, how he had broken his jaw after having got the savage Mexican bit between his teeth, and how he again took the bit in his teeth and plunged over a stone guard wall into the Duck River at Shelbyville and swam the river in safety after a narrow escape from capture. From that adventure the proud gray, until his death years after the war, bore the name of "Duck River."

General Martin had just ended his story of his narrow escape from capture when General Longstreet, with part of his staff, rode up and began a conversation with General Martin regarding the operations up to that point. (That was the first time I had seen Longstreet at close range, and I didn't

see him again until 1892, in New Orleans, much changed, and almost too deaf to converse with.) Just at the moment I began to be interested in the conversation between the two generals, I heard a couple of shots from Neff's barn to the right of the road, and noticed a slight movement among the blue troopers on the rising ground of the field in front who had been observing us for an hour without making any demonstrations. The firing from the farm aroused my curiosity, and I decided to investigate. As my company was at the head of the command, I thought one of our boys had slipped down to the barn to try to get one of the blue riders, about one hundred yards distant, probably my chum, Dick Murdock, always more or less inquisitive in matters of the sort, and also a bit venturesome, and whom I did not just then see among the others. But Dick was a good soldier and not likely to leave the ranks without orders or permission. We differed in some respects. I was very apt to slip off "unbeknownst," to go it on my own and, while never disobedient to orders, it was a propensity which finally got me into trouble after some very narrow shaves and landed me in Rock Island Prison.

When I arrived at the barn, a log structure, I found, not one of my own command, as I had supposed, but one of Longstreets sharpshooters, a tall, bewiskered Alabamian or Mississippian, armed with a Whitworth rifle, an exact mate to the one I had so valiantly captured in a briar patch on November 17 preceding. After having introduced ourselves, army fashion, I began commenting on his gun, and told him of my capture of one of them at Campbell's Station. Then he told me about the same story I had been told by the other fellow, about the number in Longstreet's Corps, twenty, and their cost, etc.

After sending a couple of shots at the group of horsemen, there was a sudden movement among them, and my friend remarked: "I think I touched one of them that last shot." Evidently so, as a moment later they turned and rode off toward their own lines, two very close together as if one was supporting the other. They disappeared toward Mitchell's, and we lost sight of them. After a few moments, my new comrade remarked: "I am going over to where those fellows stood, and maybe I can see some others to shoot at." With that he started.

I had been eying his gun all the while and wishing I had one of them. I had fallen in love with the first one I had seen, and now I was more in love than ever with this one, and when the owner announced his intention of following the enemy, I just made up my mind that I would go as far as he'd go. And now, what would anyone think was the motive that impelled me to follow or accompany him into the unknown that lay beyond? It was well known that a strong force was not more than a mile distant, and at any moment we might encounter their advanced line of skirmishers, and the results might be more or less serious to the parties most interested. But as that was our business, getting into and stirring up trouble, I put the question of getting into trouble myself aside and made up my mind quickly to follow this foolhardy fellow. I opined that he would face any risks and was liable to stop a bullet very suddenly and then—"I'll get his gun"—and—"I am sure I could do better with it than he did." Not for a moment did it occur to me that if he got into a pickle, I stood as many chances of being put out of action as he. I must say, though, in justice to myself, that as much as I wanted his rifle, should harm befall him, I did not for a moment wish it. He was a brave fellow, and I admired him as much as was possible on such short acquaintance. But if that gun was to be lost that day I would be on hand to pick it up.

Side by side we crossed the little rivulet at the base of the

hill in front, and side by side we mounted to the crest, and there after carefully scanning the open, almost level, field, and seeing no one, we inclined to the left until within a few paces of the fence bordering the road to Dandridge. Then we advanced cautiously until, when about past the Cowan house (which stood on the lower side of the road in the woods), without having seen anyone, from apparently not more than a hundred yards ahead came the crack of a rifle, and a bullet sped by between us. We had been advancing slowly and were close to each other, elbows almost touching, and so close sped the bullet that almost at the same instant each asked the other, "Are you hit?" "No." Then my companion said to me: "Jump the fence and advance while I follow up on this side, and we'll get that fellow. He's not a hundred yards ahead of us." I scrambled over the fence into the road, and we advanced rapidly for probably two hundred yards, but saw no one. Then we halted, and I rejoined my friend in the field.

Our troops, a half a mile behind, had not yet moved forward, and for us to advance farther in the enemy's direction at that stage of the proceedings appeared to be a rather rash venture. More so, as we did not know whether Longstreet would or would not order an advance. While standing there waiting a decision as to what course to pursue, a lone rider in blue appeared on our right, coming from a point of woods, and nonchalantly rode out into the field about fifty paces, more or less, and there stopped and viewed the outlook before him; and he did not appear flustered by what he saw—some few thousands of "graybacks" in the road and fields to his right and front, resting at ease and waiting for orders to advance. Himself unperturbed, he sat his horse with his gun lying across the pommel in front of him, motionless as a statue.

Seeing no sign of an advance by our troops, we had not ventured farther. After some minutes of close observation of our friend "soldier on a horse," all the while keeping a sharp lookout toward the front—my friend with the long-range Whitworth finally spoke, more to himself than to me, saying: "I have a good mind to unhorse that fellow." "Can you do it?" asked I. "I think I can. What distance do you make it?" I was a tolerable good judge of distance in those days, having had considerable practice, and was pretty sure I'd make a miss of it with my Enfield, which was sighted for only nine hundred yards. I told him I judged the distance to be about seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred yards. He adjusted his sights. "I'll put them to eight hundred, and if I don't miss my distance, I'll take him through the hips." With my gun resting butt on the ground, and intently watching the vidette to note the effect of my friend's shot, I held my breath.

My companion raised his rifle slowly and deliberately "off hand," as if aiming at some inanimate target and pulled the trigger. It was one of the prettiest shots I have ever seen. Or even heard of. But—and here fate, destiny, or whatever we may term it—Providence intervened. I clearly saw the vidette suddenly dig his spur into the horse's flank and make one step forward, when the bullet struck the horse on the rump, raising a little cloud of dust. It did not strike low enough to disable him in any way, as the violent switching of his tail proved, but caused him to make a startled leap forward that nearly unseated his rider, who, no doubt, was a bit startled himself, for he wheeled to the left and back into the woods out of sight. My companion dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground and drew out another cartridge to reload, as we watched the blue coat take to the "tall timbers." "By golly! I missed him," were his first words; "and I was sure I'd get him." And after a moment he added: "Well, his time had not come to die to-day, and I am not sorry that he:

got away. It looked too much like murder. I was sure I'd get him, but his time had not come. He is a brave fellow, and I hope he'll get through all right."

To tell the truth, I felt a bit like that myself, although in those days I felt it my duty to do the enemy as much damage as I could, and never failed to try when the occasion presented. After a couple of minutes my friend decided there was nothing more to do in that particular locality, and said he intended to explore those woods across the field, I warned him to be careful, but whether he heard or not, he bade me a cheery "good-by" and trudged off, and I lost sight of him at the edge of the wood, and with his disappearance went all my hope of acquiring a Whitworth rifle. In fact, the desire had left me before I had been ten minutes in the company of my new acquaintance, since it could come to me only through mishap to the owner. And then I was assured in my own mind that I would be dispossessed of it as soon as it became known in the ordnance department, where all requisitions for ammunition must center. The ammunition for the Whitworths was *special*. We had none other like it, and no other would fit.

Soon after his departure, quite unnoticed by me, my brigade part of Morgan's (John T. Morgan) division, dismounted and sent forward a line of skirmishers past the Cowan house, through the woods below the road, and soon came the sound of firing from the left front. Behind me, in the open field, nothing within my view was moving. I felt sure some of my command had slipped by me while my back was turned to the road and noting the progress of my quondam friend and expecting every moment to hear a shot in his direction. None came, however, but I felt sure he would meet some scouts from the other side in the woods and really felt anxious about him, knowing how venturesome he was. And that was why our fellows had got ahead of me.

Advancing rapidly until near the Mitchell house, west of the road, I clambered over the fence into the road and followed that until I came to a field with a small house about sixty to seventy-five yards from the edge of the woods, and quite near the road, with a few apple trees behind it, and some of my command in skirmish line behind the fence extending down toward the Hay's Ferry road. The boys had been exchanging compliments with the Union skirmishers and had forced them back on their main line, leaving one of their men lying on the crest near the little house. After a while the firing ceased, and, wanting to know what was in the front beyond the ridge, I made my way cautiously to the crest and peered across the narrow valley or low ground. Beyond the creek on the high ground, I saw a line of infantry and several field guns in position. Lying prone on the ground within twenty-five feet of the house and a dead blue coat, I fired several shots at them, but apparently hurt no one.

The sun was almost set by this time and soon dusk settled down on "the bloody field," as the poets say. Just as the sun was going down behind Bay's Mountain, our line (dismounted) came through the woods, halted at the fence, and opened fire, if not on, at least in the direction of the blue line, which could barely be discerned in the growing dusk and slight mist that arose from the creek and lowland. Our friends across the line opened in our direction with all they had in guns, big and little, and until deep dark, and even after, there was quite a noise, the combatants firing volleys at each other guided only by the flash of the opponents' guns. But after a possible half or three quarters of an hour of thus punctuating the darkness, the firing ceased with a few scattering shots, and then died out, and quiet reigned, not even the hoot of an owl to disturb the stillness of the night.

And here was one who was glad that it ceased when it did. When our line advanced to the edge of the field and opened fire, I was lying prone on the crest, using my Enfield the best I knew how, and suddenly I found myself in a hornets' nest—*i. e.*, between two fires; and actually in greater danger from my own friends than from the enemy beyond, as I soon found Yankee shells and bullets, *ad libitum*, from the front, and bullets more so and at a much closer range from the rear, not more than seventy-five yards. Our fellows were on lower ground and were obliged to fire close to the ground in front to make their fire effective, and that is why they came near potting me. Finding them more awkward in using their guns than the Yankees opposite, with the bullets kicking up the dirt around me, I sought safety in flight. Behind me, and about midway between me and the line, was a sink hole (which holes abounded in that section), in which grew a bunch of sturdy blackberry bushes. I made a break for the hole, and I have always maintained that I broke the record for a rapid retreat. On the edge of the sink hole, I grasped my rifle with both hands, stock and barrel, held it crosswise in front of my face, and literally dived into the brush and lay there safe. But my refuge was not a bed of roses, and for many days my face and hands bore the marks of the stiff briars, not to speak of the prods and pricks on arms, legs, and body—and they were some numerous.

But the agony ended, as all things must, and when the firing had ceased, I crawled painfully out of the friendly hole and made my way back to the line, where I made a speech to my company complimenting them on their nerve and marksmanship in language more forcible than polite. They were all good comrades, and none of them resented my inelegant remarks, at least, I cannot remember any of them having done so; and I was rough and sore on them.

Our horses were brought up by the holders, and we lay there until morning, expecting to have a hard brush with the enemy the next day, as our blue-coated friends built fires all along their line, intimating that they intended to stay and dispute our entrance into Dandridge on the morrow. We were very simple.

In the morning a low mist hung over the little valley, and, until the sun rose and dissipated it, screened from view the enemy's position of the previous evening. When it did clear up, we could see light smokes rising lazily in the heavy morning air here and there where their line had been; "had been," because it was no longer there. Like the Arab, they had folded their tents and silently, between two days, had stolen away, and since early in the night, leaving only a regiment of cavalry to keep up the fires and cover their retreat to Knoxville.

After we had been roused from a sound sleep, our videttes reported all quiet in front, suspiciously so, and some even ventured the belief that the enemy had "vamoosed" during the night. Always a bit venturesome, I determined to go on a scout and see for myself. I broached the matter to Colonel Hart, and he consented. Starting out, I passed Mitchell's house, obliquing to the right, and entered the woods near the little creek, keeping a sharp lookout on the brush on the opposite bank of the creek. Everything was very quiet over there and I trudged on up the creek within less than two hundred yards of where I judged their line had been the previous evening. I was an easy target for any of them had any been there in the brush. It was very open timber on my side of the run, but, as no shots came, I began to feel that there was no enemy there; that those who expressed the belief that the enemy had retreated during the night were right in their surmise. Why I did not cross the branch to assure myself, I do not know yet. I had become assured that I had no

enemy to fear from that direction, but I kept on up the branch, and came to a small perpendicular cliff, a huge rock jutting out of the hillside, probably ten or twelve feet high. I saw a man lying in the shelter of the cliff, in a blue overcoat, with the cape covering his head and face. His back was toward me, and my first thought was of some poor fellow wounded and left behind. But I was cautious. The deep bed of leaves, moistened by the mist of the morning, made no sound at my approach. Coming close, I saw he was breathing regularly and was sound asleep. I touched him lightly with the muzzle of my Enfield, at which he awoke with a start, throwing back the cape of his coat, and, when he saw who was standing over him, he sat up and put his hand on his Springfield. At this movement I stepped back a pace, with my rifle pointed in a convincing manner, and said to him quietly: "Don't do that; I don't want to hurt you worse than you are." "I'm not hurt at all," he replied. "Well, then, take your hand off of your gun, and leave it there. I'll take charge of it myself. Get up and step off here, and I'll take you to the rear." He looked at me for a moment as if he did not fully realize what was taking place. I then walked around him and sharply ordered him to get up. "Well, I guess you've got me," he said. I told him: "You bet I have." He got up stiffly, and then asked me, "Where are our fellows?" I told him they had gone during the night. He could not believe it for a while, until I convinced him by asking, "How do you think I could get here without getting shot if they were still in that brush over there?" That seemed to settle any doubts he had of having been left behind. Then, as we walked along, he told me that he was but a short time out of the hospital and was still weak, and the day before, like myself, late in the afternoon, he had been caught between two fires and had taken refuge behind the rock and lay down in the deep bed of leaves. Being tired out and weak, he had dropped off to sleep even while the firing was at its height, nor did he waken during the whole long night.

On our way back to where I had left my command, and when about opposite the Mitchell house, we met General Jenkins with part of his staff, riding toward the front. We stopped to one side and I, as in duty bound, saluted. The general stopped his horse and began to question me. What command, etc., and at last, "Where did you take your prisoner?" I told him all about it, and that I did not consider it much of a feat. He smiled at that, and then began to question the prisoner—name (which I never could remember) and command. "Sergeant —, Company I, 125th Ohio, sir." "And where are they now?" "O, I guess you will find them a short ways in front, General." The general only smiled and remarked: "I fear they have left you farther behind than you think. They are now a long distance on their way to Knoxville." "I don't think they are so very far away, General, and you will soon find them in your way." The General only smiled, and began to quiz him in regard to other commands than his own—Divisions, brigades, batteries, and number of troops, and different commanders, etc.—to all of which my "capture" replied quite respectfully: "I don't know, sir. I am only a sergeant of the 125th Ohio, Colonel Moore's regiment." The general still smiled, seeing there was no getting any information from him, and then complimented him for his reticence: "You are a good soldier, sergeant, and I cannot blame you for not giving any information about your own troops which might be of some disadvantage to them. Good day," and he rode on down the road toward Dandridge, the houses of which we could almost see, while we continued on up the road to rejoin my command, where I turned my first, last, and only prisoner over to the provost guard. I was

sorry to part with him in that way. I had found him quite a likeable chap, of decent speech and demeanor. From a copy of Colonel Moore's official report of the affair at Dandridge, I learned that he was sent to Andersonville, from which "hell hole" (according to Northern historians) he was released in 1865 and returned home. At least I inferred he was the one, as he was the only non-com who was reported among the casualties of the regiment as "missing." I was glad to learn that he outlived the war, and though his name was given in the report, my treacherous memory refuses to recall it, much to my regret.

In less than an hour we entered Dandridge, and were informed that the enemy's infantry, artillery, and wagons had passed through early in the night, and the cavalry before daylight. The numerous fires kept up were but a blind to cover their retirement. Our cavalry started in pursuit by way of Strawberry Plains, passing on the way several dead (starved) mules and a few burned wagons. We followed to within four miles of Knoxville, when their rear guard showed an inclination to dispute our farther advance. We did not argue with them—not at once—but in return acted as a rear guard to a drove of one thousand two hundred (so we were informed) very lean cattle, captured on the "Cumberland Gap" road by Wharton's brigade, and coming from the blue grass country of Kentucky. This was a hard blow to Burnside's in Knoxville, already on very short rations. But it was a godsend to Longstreet, who was also short on rations, and shoe leather.

I never learned what our losses were during the demonstration. (I could never consider it more than a skirmish), but the Federals reported only "150 wounded." ("Lossing's History," p. 320, "Fourth Corps and Cavalry Division, Army of the Ohio, *Union*, 150 wounded.") General Parke commanded the Union forces, whereas, we thought we were dealing with Gordon Granger. The demonstration, however, forced the Union forces back from a as yet tolerably rich foraging section and was the cause of inflicting great hardship on the Union forces in Knoxville. If that was the only object in view, it was in a measure successful.

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.

BY BYRON SMITH, PEORIA, MISS.

Responding to a request made through the *VETERAN* some time ago for an article on the battle of Richmond, Ky., I will give what I saw of it.

I was a private in Company J, 1st Georgia Cavalry. Our brigade was composed of the 1st Louisiana, 1st Georgia, and the 3rd Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, known as Scott's Cavalry. Some time during the last of July, or early in August, 1862 (I keep no dates), we were in camp at Kingston, Tenn., on the Tennessee River. One night, about ten o'clock, we were ordered to saddle up for moving. We crossed the Cumberland Mountains by way of Post Oak, the object being to get in the rear of Cumberland Gap, occupied by the Federals. Gen. Kirby Smith was in their front with his command, and Gen. John H. Morgan's command had made a raid on the Federal rear and destroyed their wagon train with supplies at London, Ky., eight or ten miles from the Gap. A few days later General Scott's command met the next wagon train and guard at London, Ky., and we had a fight for awhile. A good many Federals went into the courthouse and shot at us from the windows, but when Scott's howitzers came into action, they surrendered.

The wagons struck for the Gap in a running fight. When

it was over, we gathered the wagons together. The first were the sutlers, and we had a treat for ourselves and horses. Then we started on the pike road for Lexington, Ky., left it and moved on to Mt. Vernon, eight or ten miles from Crab Orchard, and captured a large wagon train at Mt. Vernon. A detail of twenty men was sent to Crab Orchard, and about a mile from there we met a regiment of cavalry. A few shots were fired, and we moved back to the brigade. The boys were prepared to meet them, but they never showed up. We moved across to the Lexington Pike toward what they called Big Hill, where we met this same regiment, and, after a sharp fight, they broke and fled toward Richmond, Ky. Near Big Hill we met another wagon train with its guard. They made breastworks out of the wagons and gave us a sharp fight. Some of the boys got in their rear and they surrendered and were paroled. After supplying ourselves and horses, we burned the wagons.

After dark General Scott ordered Colonel Morrison to take his regiment (the 1st Georgia) and to get in the rear of Richmond and attack the command that was there at four o'clock. We rode all night, and just before day our advance guard captured some pickets, which proved to be from General Nelson's command, just arrived that night. A courier went to General Scott to inform him of the reinforcements. We fell back a shorter route, and joined the brigade on the pike road toward London. We camped for a few hours to feed, and while eating and resting word came that a courier would leave for Knoxville and would carry letters for all that wished to write home. While writing our letters a brigade of infantry passed us, and we were told that it was Gen. Kirby Smith's "foot cavalry." An hour later we saddled up and moved back to Big Hill and camped for the night. Next morning we started for Richmond, and late that evening we drove the Yankee pickets in from a high hill. We could see their infantry taking position, so we fell back and camped close to our infantry.

Next morning, early, the battle opened up, the cavalry taking position on the right and left flank of Gen. Kirby Smith's command. The 1st Georgia and a part of the 3rd Tennessee Regiment were on the left flank commanded by Colonel Morrison. General Scott, with the 1st Louisianians and the other part of the Tennessee regiment, was on the right flank of our infantry. The Yankees had rock fences for breastworks, and we could tell by the famous yell when they charged those rock fences, the Yankees had to move to other fences. So it went on until late in the evening, when our command moved to the rear of Richmond on the pike road toward Lexington, and went into a cornfield and formed a line of battle. Every row went straight to the pike road, and each man had a row to himself. Our company was on the left of the line. When we reached the fence the road was full of fleeing Yankee cavalry and one piece of artillery that had run the gauntlet. One of the boys on the extreme left of the company shot the lead horse through the neck, and that blocked the road, so there was no more passing there. The driver on the lead horse was killed, mashed to death by the other horses. A brigade of infantry tried to escape, but when they reached the ambush they threw down their arms and surrendered and were marched back to Richmond.

The next morning our brigade moved toward Lexington, but passed to the left of that city on toward Frankfort, and close to Louisville, Ky. In a few days we began to fall back slowly toward Frankfort, fighting every mile and we kept that division from the Perryville battle. After the battle at Perryville, General Scott moved his brigade as close about Nashville as he could get, and then slowly toward Murfreesboro, fighting every day. Their cavalry could not move us,

it took the infantry to do that. Then the big battle was fought. My regiment was with General Forrest in the first battle, and with General Bragg in the second battle. The last evening of the battle, General Scott made a raid to the rear on the Nashville pike, about two or three o'clock, and captured a big wagon train all loaded with rations and ammunition—the drivers said they were ordered back to Nashville—also a great many prisoners. They were all taken to headquarters.

WITH GENERAL LEE'S ENGINEERS.

BY CHANNING M. BOLTON, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In the fall of 1860, I entered the University of Virginia with the purpose of studying engineering. It was just after the election of Lincoln as President, and the whole school was soon demoralized by the mutterings of war; so when Lincoln called for troops, we all became wild and at once strengthened the three military companies, which drilled daily on the lawn. We got arms from the State and for our uniforms we used our gymnasium shirts, blue flannel, with red trimmings. One of these companies went to Harper's Ferry and assisted in the capture of the place, where a large quantity of arms was stored.

Before the session closed I left the University and reported to Colonel Talcott, who had been appointed chief engineer for the State of Virginia and assigned to the construction of the defenses of Richmond, and I was put in charge of three batteries. On the completion of these, I was ordered to report to Maj. E. T. D. Meyers, who was organizing a party of engineers to locate and construct a railroad between Danville, Va., and Greensboro, N. C., a length of forty-eight miles.

On this work I had as contractors John and Ed Wilkes, sons of Commodore Charles Wilkes, a noted naval officer of the United States navy, and then serving in the United States navy. After finishing this contract, these men remained in the Confederate States, serving the Confederacy in various capacities until the close of the war. They remained in the South and were leading citizens until their death.

I understood that General Lee had insisted on the construction of this railroad, as he might be cut off from southern communications by the capture of the Cost Line Railroad by the enemy, and as one of the principles of the Confederate government was that no appropriations of money should be made for internal improvements, it was built under a charter (the Piedmont Railroad), the government furnishing the money and engineers, charging the expenditure to this company, and crediting all transportation furnished to this account. In order to hurry up the completion of this railroad, the company purchased quite a number of negro slaves, who were put under my supervision. At the close of the war the United States seized this railroad, claiming that it was owned by the Confederate States government, but as the facts as stated above were proved, it was released.

In locating this road we had been told that we would run into a snag in the form of two old ladies over whose farm we would have to run it, as they had never seen a railroad and knew nothing of its workings. Being forewarned, we were prepared for them. When we reached their place, we found them leaning on their fence. Our chief engineer was at the head of the party on horseback. One of them said to him: "You can't come over our land with your railroad." We had about fifteen men on the survey, strung out as usual when doing such work. The chief referred the ladies to the next man, and they were referred in this way down the whole line until they reached me, the last man—and I referred them back

to the Chief. By that time, we had finished what we had to do through their place, and when they tackled the Chief again, he told them that President Davis had ordered him to build this road. They said they knew that was not so; that President Davis would not treat poor old women that way, and that they had some setting hens, and if we put our road through their place it would break them up, and they would have no chickens that summer. But as the work was not finished for nearly a year the hens were not disturbed and our engineering party bought and ate them. We became good friends.

The first time I ever saw Gen. R. E. Lee was in the spring of 1861 at Camp Lee, Richmond, Va. He was a magnificent-looking man of fifty-four years. His hair and mustache were iron gray, which turned to white by the end of the war.

On the first day's charge at Gettysburg, Pender's Division, upon whose staff I was acting as engineer officer, was charging over a vegetable garden, in which two women were standing, abusing us for tramping down their vegetables. At this time the air was full of bullets and fragments of shell and the ground was covered with dead men and horses. What became of the ladies I did not stop to see, as I was more interested in these same missiles—pushing forward to get out of their "influence," driving those who were sending them, and putting as many as possible out of the way.

The night after the first day's battle I started back to the rear, taking two men with me to get rations, passing over the field strewn with dead and wounded. The litter carriers and ambulances were gathering the wounded. I heard the most unearthly sound and went a short distance out of my direction to find out what it was. I found a Yankee badly wounded and suffering agonies. He begged me to kill him. Knowing that a wounded man suffered greatly from thirst, I gave him some water from a near-by stream, filled his canteen, and laid it down by him and left. When I returned several hours later he was still groaning, but I did not see him. Some months afterwards, when we had returned to Virginia and were camped on the south bank of the Rapidan River, I was lying down in my tent and a number of men were sitting around a fire outside, when I heard one say: "Where did you get that fine watch?" The answer described the trip we made for rations from the front at Gettysburg, and the owner said that he had taken it from the badly wounded man, telling him that he knew that the watch would be of no further use to him.

In going over the field, I saw a man standing by a fence with a hand on the top rail, the other holding his musket, the butt of which was resting on the ground. On getting near him I found that he was dead, having been killed in the act of climbing over.

When our army retreated from Gettysburg, I was left with a detail of about one hundred men to destroy the small arms left on the field. You can imagine what this field was like, covered with dead men and horses which had lain in the hot July sun for three days. All the arms that we could get transportation for had been sent on with the army. I was at work until after midnight, when we moved on to join the army as soon as our weary legs and sleepless bodies would permit. Up to this time no Yankees had made their appearance. After catching up with the army, I picked out a quiet corner of a fence, placed a few rails on the ground, and laid myself on top of them, with my cape over me, and lost no time in becoming oblivious to all surroundings. But when I awoke I did not "find it a joke," as headquarters had moved off and I had been left in my "quiet corner." It had rained hard all night, and I was lying in a pool of water about half the depth of my body.

As to rations, I had very fortunately found a dead Yankee with a fat haversack and exchanged my empty one for his, in which I found some very nice things—hard-tack, apple butter, etc., and about a half pound of bacon side. By this time I had eaten everything except the piece of bacon, and I made my breakfast on this, raw. I soon caught up with our army, which then went undisturbed to Hagerstown, Md.

On getting to Gettysburg we found the Potomac River quite low, and our men forded it, putting their ammunition on the bayonets, and those who stripped off put their clothes with their ammunition; others forded just as they were. This did first rate, except that occasionally one would stumble over the rocks in the bottom of about three and three-fourths feet of water, and great would be the fall thereof. Such would get the gibes of their companions. Our army was in the best of spirits on this march, but on returning they were very much depressed, marching doggedly on, ready to give battle at any time, but no joking or laughing as usual. On the second day's march while on one of our periodical rests, on the side of the road, General Lee with his staff came riding by. The men at once rose and gave him a yell. He carried his hat in his hand. From that time on there was no more depression. The "Rebels" were themselves again. It was a wonder what change had been wrought in their spirits by the mere sight of "Marse Bob."

On reaching Hagerstown, the Potomac River was past fording. Nearly all the boats of our pontoon train had been destroyed by the Yankees, so the engineer companies were ordered to construct a pontoon bridge as soon as possible, as our army was held there with little or no ammunition. Finding suitable lumber for the boats a short distance up stream from the site selected for the bridge, it was floated down and the bridge completed in about three days.

Our supplies, especially flour, gave out while on this work, and I was directed by our commissary officer to search the houses in the neighborhood and to give receipt for anything I took, payable at the termination of the war.

I had been to several houses, including a mill, but had found nothing, when I came to a house with three "ladies" sitting on the porch. Telling them what I wanted, they said they had nothing. I said: "I am very sorry, but we are in such straits that I will have to search your house." One of them said: "If you do, I will shoot you." I ordered the men to go through the house, but I was not shot, except with volumes of curses until they returned without getting anything. But at last we got enough to last us until we could get rations. Col. Proctor Smith, Chief of Engineers of the Army of Northern Virginia, stayed in my tent with me while this work was going on.

One morning just after finishing breakfast, consisting of select things, such as butter, apple butter, honey, milk, cream, etc., a farmer, with hair on end and not very choice language on his tongue, came to our tent and asked for Colonel Smith, stating that some of the men had broken into his spring house and taken everything there. The Colonel expressed himself as very indignant at it, and told him if he would find the men who did it, he would have them punished; but as the men were not found no punishment was meted out. If an X-ray had been placed on the Colonel's stomach and on mine, I fear a large portion of his missing things would have been seen. While in this camp, one of our men, an Irishman, who was "a great coward," being very much afraid of sheep, hogs, and even chickens, would often shoot them to protect himself, then cook and eat them to avenge himself.

This same man heard some soldiers from an adjoining camp planning to steal, or rather appropriate (as no member of General Lee's camp was ever known to steal anything), a bee gum, which was a rough box without a bottom in which bees made their honey, from a farmer living about three miles from our camp. The appropriating was done by three men, the gum being tilted up on edge, and a towel slipped under it and held tight against the open bottom to keep the bees in. The gum was then placed on the back of one, the other two keeping the towel tight up. The three walked off with it, and when they got to camp, they were to smoke the bees out. Watching and finding out when they started, the Irishman engaged two companions, who hid themselves a short distance from their camp on the road by which the other men had to return. Then, as the first men reached a point near the hiding place, the hidden men jumped out, hollering and throwing stones, the gum was dropped and those carrying it ran into camp. The hiding men picked it up and brought it into their camp and enjoyed honey for many days.

The company of pontoon bridge builders of the First Regiment of Engineer Troops was ordered to build a bridge over the Rappahannock River, but was delayed greatly in finishing it, when General Lee rode up. Our division was at the head of the column and waiting to cross. I was standing near the end of the bridge, and the General asked me who was in charge of the erection. I said, "Lieutenant Smith," and pointed him out. Turning to him General Lee said: "What is the trouble here? My people have been waiting for hours to cross this stream. The bridge should have been finished long ago." Lieutenant Smith made excuse that he did not have certain necessary things, especially some guy ropes. The General replied: "Mr. Smith, a person who has everything at hand to accomplish an undertaking should have no credit for doing it. It is only those that surmount obstacles who should have credit for what they do." He then walked out on the part of the bridge which had been finished, and, noticing the end of a rope under a seat in one of the boats, he called to a soldier to pull it out, and this proved to be a coil of just such rope as Lieutenant Smith had said he needed. The General told the soldier to drop it in front of Lieutenant Smith, and without saying a word more, he mounted his horse and rode off. General Lee was most considerate of the feelings of the private soldiers and subordinate officers, but was very positive and at times very exacting in his requirements of the commanding officers.

When the bridge over the Potomac River was completed, I was left to see that it was kept in good shape, as the whole army, including infantry, transportation wagons, etc., had to cross over it, and as soon as I should be notified that they were all over, I was to destroy it. It was built in two sections, the first starting on the Maryland side and extending to an island about one hundred yards wide, and then from the south side of the island to the Virginia shore. I was notified that they were all over about dark, and, with my men, I had the guy ropes cut on the Maryland shore, letting the northern half swing around in the current. I had the men to chop holes in the bottom of the boats as they drifted, then, running across the island, did the same thing to the southern half. When we had done this we lost no time in getting back on old Virginia shore out of reach of bullets, which were being sent after us by some Yankee cavalry, whose bravery had been wrought up enough to come within range about the time that the first half of the bridge had swung around. The night was very dark, so we escaped without casualties.

While the army was crossing, I saw a grotesque figure come walking along beside a cannon, barefooted, dressed in a stove-

pipe hat and a black, long-tailed frock coat. As he approached, I recognized him as one of my intimate friends, a son of the President of one of the most prominent banks of Richmond. I called out: "Bob, where in the world did you get that uniform?" He replied he had lost his cap while serving, and his gun and coat and shoes had been stolen. I had a somewhat similar occurrence to happen to me the first night after we landed in Virginia. Some one appropriated my boots from under my head, but, fortunately, I had gotten a pair of rubber shoes from Gettysburg, which saved me from going barefooted.

We fell back to the south bank of the Rapidan River in the winter of 1863-64 and built winter quarters, consisting of either a tent, on logs laid about three feet high, the cracks chinked with split wood and daubed with mud on the outside, and roofed with either tent flies or clapboards. The quarters had log chimneys built in the doors, with fireplaces opening into the tents. There were no such things as heating or cooking camp stoves in those days. Our beds consisted of four logs, laid in pen shape, and filled with leaves or pine tags. Our cooking was done with live coals in the fireplaces described above, or in open fires.

Our cooking utensils consisted of a spider and a coffeepot, which was used to boil everything in. It was said that a soldier was boiling a chicken in one and, having to go off to get some water, asked a companion to look after it for him. When he returned, he found the companion and coffeepot, but no chicken. He was told that the chicken "had gone up the spout," which was the origin of this expression. A frying pan which degenerated into a half of a Yankee canteen, each canteen making two, with a handle made of telegraph wire.

Our table ware consisted of a tin cup and a pocketknife. The utensils on the march were strung from the shoulder by strap or string. The men became very expert in the use of the frying pan in making "flapjacks." After the batter was made up, a little piece of bacon fat was put in the pan, and when that fat was reduced to liquid form, the dough was put in and the pan held over the fire until the cake was baked on the bottom; then it was taken up by the handle and shaken so as to loosen the cake from the bottom and then pitched up in the air as high as the "cook" could pitch it, this height being limited by the expertness of the "cook." In its fall it was caught in the pan on the opposite side, and in a few minutes over the fire again was ready to eat. Our pan or bowl for working bread in was an oil cloth laid on the ground which, at other times, was used for protection from the weather. The rations were served out by the commissary officer to the first sergeant of each company in bulk and he divided it among the men. The division of everything except the meat was very simple, but dividing the meat without scales was a very complex problem. We usually had three days' supply issued at a time. The sergeant would chop the meat up into as many pieces as he had men and put them in rows on a log, then blindfold a man and make him stand with his back to the pile of meat. He would then put his finger on a pile and call out: "Whose is this?" The blindfolded man would call out a name, and the man called would come forward and get his piece, and woebegone would be the countenance of the man who drew a bone with little or no meat on it, which had to do him for three days. I frequently followed up the butchering place and, when possible, got a beef tail, and in this way had fine ox-tail soup.

The laundering of clothes was a very simple matter. Very few of us had a change of underwear. We would go to a stream, strip off, walk in, and scrub them in the running water. Occasionally we had soap to help out. When we had gotten

out as much dirt as possible in this way, they were laid on a smooth rock and beaten with a stick at intervals, wringing them out in the stream and in this way killed many of our enemies, graybacks (cooties).

When a man was reported as not washing himself properly, a detail was made and he was properly laundered also.

The world-war veterans may not pride themselves that they were the discoverers of the "cootie," and that they were indigenous to France, and that that country had a monopoly of them. We had them, or their ancestors, and they were just as fond of soldiers and stuck just as close to the Confederates as they did to the United States soldiers in the great war, but were known as "graybacks."

One bright Sunday morning General Lee and several of his high-ranking officers were riding along inspecting the lines, and had stopped on a commanding point about a mile west of Rapidan Station, and while there a squadron of Yankee cavalry came up, tied their horses to a fence, and built a fire in the river bottom land just opposite us. There had been no firing for some time, but this showed too much impudence and was too much for one of our gunners, who begged to be allowed to put a shot into them. On getting permission, he placed a shell among them, which made a great scampering, and while they were getting their horses he sent several others, which we could see were bursting among them. He must have killed quite a number. We enjoyed this greatly, as there were no shots returned on us.

While in winter quarters the men amused themselves as best they could. When the ground was covered with a light fall of snow, tracks could be easily seen, and the soldiers would get in skirmish formation, each one arming himself with a stick, and charge over the ground for rabbits, holloaing and making as much noise as possible. "Brer Rabbit" would frequently jump up completely bewildered and was soon knocked down and swung around the lucky man's neck who was fortunate enough to get him, and he was soon eating a fine rabbit stew. I have seen a wild turkey gotten in this way.

In the midst of this luxurious living on the south side of the Rapidan River, General Meade had the audacity to cross the river at Mine Run. We were ordered out to meet him and had to march several miles through a driving sleet, with little or no shelter for the night. Our suffering was intense. Meade evidently expected to catch "Marse Bob" napping, but instead of that about as soon as his army was in place on one side of Mine Run, Marse Bob's invincibles were on the other. After confronting each other for two days, on the morning of the third day, which turned out to be a beautiful, springlike one, we were ordered to charge or drive them out at early dawn, but when we went forward we found Meade, like the king of France, had gone up the hill then gone down again.

We marched on down the Fredericksburg road a few miles, our division at the head of the column, and halted. One of my men, in wandering around, had found a fine Yankee beef, which had fallen into an old ice house, and came to ask if our boys could have it if they got it out. They dug it out and had fresh meat for a long time. Our army rested here for several hours, the men sitting around enjoying the sunshine.

In a short time General Lee, with some of his corps commanders, came up with a prisoner, and stood talking. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was pushing forward, picking up Yankee stragglers, whom he would send back in charge of guards. One of these guards came up with a prisoner and sent a message to one of the generals that his prisoner had been taken in guarding private property and wanted to know what to do with him. The general asked General Lee what should be done. He replied: "Get all the information you can from him

and send him to the rear; we cannot turn these people loose, as we do not know why they are left and cannot afford to take any risks." The guard started off with him for Orange. As he started General Lee said: "My man, take that man's gun and accouterments off; you don't know what he may do." I don't suppose that the man knew General Lee, as he said, "He can carry them as well as I can," and started off again. General Lee then called one of his staff officers to go and take them off. The high officer had to do it without a question.

In a short time another courier from General Stuart came up on horseback and handed a note to General Lee: "To one of his couriers, from General Stuart." He was still sitting on his horse, and after reading the note, General Lee walked up to him, and said: "My man, when you ride up, as you did now, and will probably have to wait a while, you should dismount. In this way you and your horse will have a rest, which I have no doubt both of you need. I see that your horse has lost a shoe. You should have that attended to at once. If you do not, he will soon be lame, and we would not only lose his services, but yours also."

After remaining at this point until afternoon, much to our delight, we returned to our winter quarters and continued our winter diversions and giving "Brer Rabbit and de udder critters" no peace until we moved off for more serious work. When General Lee concluded to move forward again in the spring, I was ordered to build a bridge for foot passengers over the Rapidan, a few miles north of Orange Courthouse. In order to do this, we chopped trees, from which we built crib piers and the rest of the bridge, except the flooring, which was made from a small vacant house we pulled down for the purpose. This bridge was ready by night, and A. P. Hill's corps, including our division, crossed at early dawn and pushed forward via Warrenton to Broad Run on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, now the Southern Railway, where we found the Yankees in full force. General Cook's brigade of Heth's division formed in line of battle, pushed forward and drove the picket line over the railroad, beyond their line of battle, which was hidden behind the cuts and fills of the railroad. When the brigade got within one hundred yards of the railroad, the Yankees rose from behind it and poured a volley into it, killing and wounding a large number and temporarily demoralizing them. They then charged up and captured and took off several pieces of a battery of artillery. By this time, it was night and we halted. The next morning we found the Yankees had recrossed Broad Run and were out of our reach.

It was understood that General Lee's plan of the battle was that Early's corps was to have moved down the railroad and engaged the enemy on their front, and, as soon as their firing was heard, that A. P. Hill's corps was to push forward on their flank, and in this way capture them, but in some way Cook's brigade went in first and was worsted, as described above, this upsetting the well devised plan. As an incident of this march and battle, as our division neared Broad Run, a line of prisoners were standing on the side of the road, all barefooted, with a pile of their shoes in front of them. All of our men whose shoes were the worse for wear were made to put on a good pair from the pile and leave the old ones for the "bare-foots" who would not need good ones in prison.

About this time, the spring of 1864, Gen. U. S. Grant took command of the Yankee army and turned up in the Wilderness, where some of the severest fighting of the war occurred. As an example, there is now in the Smithsonian Museum at Washington a stump of an oak tree, about fourteen inches in diameter, which was cut down entirely by rifle balls, which is evidence of how full the air was with bullets at the time. I was ordered from Gen. Cadmar Wilcox's staff to report to the:

First Regiment of Engineer Troops commanded by Col. T. M. R. Talcott, and took command of one of the companies. This regiment was placed on the extreme right of our army, acting as infantry, supporting the cavalry, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee commanding the latter.

After this severe battle, General Grant continued to move to his left down the Mataponi, which river is formed by the confluence of the four small streams—viz, the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ni, joining Gen. Benjamin Butler near Petersburg. Our army moved on his front in the same direction, bivouacked for the night near Chaffin's Bluff. I had lain down on the ground, putting my blanket over me and probably dozed off, when I felt something resting on my stomach. I looked up and, much to my horror, saw a large snake coiled up there, making himself comfortable by the warmth of my body. Shaking myself gently, he moved off, and I called to some men who were sitting around a fire and they soon dispatched him, a pioneer rattlesnake. I rolled over and continued my nap until morning.

We then marched on over a pontoon bridge to the south side of the James River, landing at the Hewlet House, where we built the Hewlet House Batteries. When they were finished large siege cannon were mounted and the woods cleared from the front, which clearing job was assigned to me. We got to work at it at once, and as the slope of the ground to the river was in full view from several Yankee monitors and gunboats, we thought we would have a hot time, but as a heavy fog hung over us until after we finished, we did not draw the fire.

When everything was ready, our big guns opened on the fleet and destroyed several transports and other wooden vessels, and then fired on the monitors, which returned the fire, one shell coming into one of the embrasures, striking the cannon just under the muzzle, upsetting it, and killing several men. We understood that President Davis was present at the time and in one of the casemates.

While in camp near the Hewlet House, a friend of mine proposed that we go fishing. We climbed onto an old wharf and had quietly put our lines into the water, when a shell of about twelve-inch diameter came over our heads and struck the bluff behind us, burst, and left an excavation into which a horse and cart could have been driven. When a second one was sent, coming nearer, we concluded that they were looking for us, and as we did not care for any closer acquaintance, we concluded we did not need any more fish.

About January 1, 1865, I was ordered to report to the Chief of Engineers, General Smith, at Richmond. I was directed by him to get to Camp Lee one hundred men to go to the Piedmont Railroad, the construction of which has been described above, and finish it. I was at work when Richmond was evacuated and General Lee surrendered. President Davis, his cabinet, and other officials moved to Greensboro, N. C. I spent the night with them, in the railroad station, except the President, who stayed at a private house.

At the close of the war the United States seized the railroad and claimed it as being owned by the Confederate States, but as the company proved the facts as stated above, it was turned over to the company. The Richmond and Danville Railroad, owned the majority of the stock, and it is now a part of the Southern Railway. When Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was arranging the surrender at Greensboro, I met Col. A. L. Rives, Assistant Chief of Engineers, and asked him what he thought I should do. He said as they expected to surrender, I had better take care of myself, and if the seat of government turned up anywhere, I could report. I met a friend with his bride, who was in the adjutant general's office. They were perfectly at sea as to what to do. We at last concluded to go

to Hillsville, Carroll County, Va., about one hundred miles over the mountains, as my friend had a relative there, where, with many difficulties, traveling in a railroad dump cart drawn by my riding horse, taking from a wrecked train some provisions upon which to live, we at last arrived safely. Having no money, I went to work at anything I could get to do for a living, for several months, and then made my way back to Richmond as best I could; and as things had settled down very much, I was not noticed particularly. I never surrendered, and I am a live Rebel yet.

GLAD TO BE CALLED A LIAR.

After McNeill made the raid into Cumberland, Md., and captured Generals Crook and Kelly, he gave the men who were on the raid ten days' furlough to rest their horses. I decided to spend the time with friends in the eastern part of Hampshire County, W. Va., near Capon River, a quiet section girdled by the foot hills of a mountain where Federal scouts seldom appeared.

While in that section I started out one afternoon to call on two young ladies, the Misses W., who were visiting the family of Mr. Hezekiah Clagett, about four miles distant, and near Wardsville, W. Va. Proceeding leisurely along a narrow road flanked on both sides by scrubby trees, a bend in the road brought into view four mounted men about two hundred yards distant and slowly approaching. As soon as they saw me, each man drew his revolver from the holster, but, as they had on the Confederate uniform, I felt no special concern, supposing they were going to attempt a joke on me. No word was spoken until we met, our horses' heads almost touching, when to my surprise, I was ordered to dismount, which I did with reluctance. Meanwhile, the man who gave the order climbed into his saddle, assuming he had captured a good horse. I then concluded that, instead of being Confederates, they were "Jesse Scouts." The Jesse Scout being a Federal soldier disguised as a Confederate, an outlaw who seldom gave any quarter and seldom received any.

One of the men inquired in a peremptory tone, "Are you a Yankee or a Rebel?" Until that moment it had not occurred to me that I was wearing one of General Crook's coats, a new blue blouse, supplied with bright buttons and gilt shoulder straps containing the stars of a major general, my horse also adorned with a yellow breast strap and yellow head band on the bridle, all of which were the insignia of a Federal officer, and the whole outfit furnished right good evidence that I was a rebel spy. At that juncture it seemed as though a rebel spy had collided with four Jesse Scouts.

Replying to the question whether I was a Yankee or a rebel, I said: "I am a Confederate soldier." Then he asked, "What command do you belong to?" His question started a train of serious reflection. I thought of the Federal troops, who were still "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against McNeill's Rangers for having spirited away two of their generals, and, as it seemed at that moment, I was in the hands of Jesse Scouts, I concluded, if there is ever a time when fabrication is in order and justifiable that time is now. I was acquainted with a few men in several Confederate commands, and the first one I thought of was Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. Answering his question, I said "Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry." Instantly he retorted: "You are a liar. I belong to that company myself, and know every man in it." About the same time another said: "That young fellow belongs to McNeill's Rangers. I was with him one night on picket duty," naming the place and time.

To be called a liar is usually rated as a gross indignity, if

not a challenge for any grade or degree of belligerent response, but on that occasion it was a welcome sound, releasing a tension and pointing a moral which, after more than fifty years, still binds.

After our identity had been established as Confederates, the men gave their impressions of the incident. They said, when they saw me coming round the bend in the road, they were sure I was a Federal officer in advance of his men, and that, during the time the parley was going on with me, they were keeping an eye on the bend in the road expecting every moment the Yankee troop to appear. Mutual satisfaction was expressed over a joke applying to both parties in the affair.

Before parting, those gallant soldiers gave me such a wholesome lecture for wearing a blue coat that I am sure I have not had on a blue garment from that day to this. Should either of those men see these lines I would esteem it a favor to have some message from either or all of them. My address can be secured through the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

LITTLE OIRISH.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

Here in our little Kentucky town the Southern cause is a splendid and heroic memory, blended of the tears of women and the blood of men, yet all untainted by regret. Each year our lessening band of tottering old men in gray has marched beside the boys in blue to beautiful Battle Grove to honor, as Americans, the graves of the warrior dead. Our children have gone to school with their children, and, in marriages of love, pledged the Eternal Union with a new race blended of Blue and Gray.

The annual Decoration Day parade has always been a chief event in our little town, but this year, with our entrance into the great World War, it seemed as though everybody marched to the cemetery with the veterans. It was as though the people were trying to fall into step with the spirit of 1861.

Anyone familiar with the custom of our veterans could have seen at a glance that they, too, had been deeply affected. For the first time in the history of our town a figure appeared, marching among the veterans, clad neither in blue nor gray, yet somehow suggestive of the soul of both. Stalwart and erect, black of hair, tan of cheek, broad of shoulder, hollow-backed and full-chested, he seemed a symbol of what those veterans had been when more than fifty years ago, they had answered the call of the North and of the South—as he was now answering that of America.

He was a simple private, a volunteer in the Army of Civilization, home on a brief furlough before embarking for the French front. As he marched along, he wondered at the change which had taken place in his opinion of these old ceremonies. He felt a bond of sympathy, of new-found understanding, linking him to these old men who in their day had offered themselves to the cause. He was glad that he had accepted the invitation of his old teacher, Professor Smith, to "march with the boys."

They entered Battle Grove and filed along its sanded roadways until they came where a monument stands like a sentinel amid a circle of soldier graves. When the usual invocation and memorial address had been concluded, the old men in gray, at a word of command, formed a hollow circle around the monument facing the graves of their dead. As they stood with bowed heads, twelve little boys, dressed all in white, came with flowers. On each, save three, of the graves they placed a wreath of immortelles. This done they stood like marble statues. Then twelve little girls came like tiny fairies bearing

one enormous wreath which they laid upon the three graves the boys had neglected.

As the children withdrew, each of the old soldiers drew from his bosom a tiny flag and, advancing, laid it upon a grave until each, save the three, bore its flag beside its immortelles. There was something dramatic in all this. The very air was a-thrill with emotion. The young soldier felt his heart pounding as the commander, with quivering voice, gave the command:

"Comrades, assemble."

Silently they grouped themselves about the three graves. A large silken flag was unfurled and laid beside the wreath—a flag, like its tiny counterparts, unknown now to the sisterhood of nations. Yet, ere they departed, each of these old soldiers knelt and kissed the folds of that orphaned banner as one might kiss the garments of the Christ. And small wonder. Through its bars their eyes had beheld the vision of glory. Its cross, set with stars, they had borne up Calvary for four long years. The same fierce light burned in their eyes as when their souls had reached the flood tide of consecration in their May time long ago. Never had the young volunteer been made to feel so deeply the mysterious and deathless appeal of the Southern cause.

He remained in reverie after the throng had departed, and a dreamy silence had begun to brood over the dead. A hand laid gently upon his shoulder aroused him to a sense of his surroundings, and he found himself gazing into the brown eyes of the Professor, who regarded him with a quizzical interest.

"What did you think of it, sonny?" he asked.

When the young soldier had told him, in a broken, earnest way, he smiled as one knowing the answer in advance.

"I knew that you would feel that way," he told the boy. "You see, sonny, this was no pageant. We old men feel, somehow, that we are consecrating our comrades and our cause to the Infinite Understanding. We feel it more and more deeply as we totter down the hill. When you come back from—Over There—you will know and feel it, too."

Breaking in upon his musings, the young volunteer endeavored to learn the significance of the three graves.

"Professor," he asked, "why did you mark the three graves in such an unusual manner? Are officers buried there?"

The veteran turned and gazed at the graves. The brown eyes that had once gazed down the gleaming barrel of the sharpshooter's rifle were suffused with a sudden mist.

"No, sonny," he replied, "in death all soldiers are—soldiers. But God has shown in his own way that these should be bound, in death as in life, with the bond of a deeper comradeship until the resurrection. They were brought here, sonny, from a far-off battle field."

"Tell me about them, who they were, and what they did," exclaimed the young volunteer, catching the thrill in the voice of the veteran.

"Read the tombstones," said the Professor. "They will tell the names. If you then wish, I will tell you the story."

The three inscriptions were simple:

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| LANIGAN. | LITTLE OIRISH. | OLD FRANK. |
| May 15, 1864. | May 15, 1864. | May 15, 1864. |
| Orphan Brigade. | Orphan Brigade. | Orphan Brigade. |

"I am all curiosity now, Professor. You must tell me the story."

They seated themselves upon a rustic bench, and his voice vibrant with sincerity, the veteran told the story to the young volunteer. His fine face, seamed with character, rugged with

simple greatness of heart, seemed, somehow, to remind his soldier-pupil of the seer face of Dante.

Sonny, you have chosen to volunteer, while others linger in the softer ways of life. While other young men are taking their fling at life, you are going to take your fling at death. In going to war it may be that you will not return. Yet, chancing even that, you have chosen wisely. If you do return, you will bring with you that precious something that distinguishes the soldier breed. Out There in the rain of death your nostrils will inhale a primitive and virile breath from the morn of creation. The eternal masculine will stand forth in you shorn of all dross. Above all, you will link the ties of comradeship with other boys that will grow stronger with the years. You will find them worthy of every sacrifice.

It was from such a crucible that the three who sleep together over there emerged inseparable. Little Oirish, poor little boy—even now after more than fifty years his little fingers reach out from the infinite and play upon my heartstrings as on a lute.

He made his début among us in a manner never to be forgotten. It was as though he had sprung into magic being where the ground had just been riven by a thunderbolt of Jove. It was at Shiloh, that dread name written upon the pages of American history in the red blood of gallant men.

Somehow, in the desperate struggle, a field gun had been abandoned and for a time stood midway between ourselves and the enemy. It seemed odd, in a way, that death-dealing engine of destruction standing there so peaceful and calm, the only mute and harmless thing visible in an encircling inferno of sound and destruction. The heaps of dead piled around it showed only too plainly the reason for its solitary position. Only the dead could remain near it. Four times we had tried to take it, and just as often they had driven us back. Then we made what we felt in our hearts must be the last desperate effort. The havoc of that advance was terrific. The bullets of the enemy whistled by in a hurricane of lead. Our men fell in plunging heaps—like the leaves of autumn, one upon another. Our color bearer, poor Austin Rodes, was riddled; his face chipped away by rifle balls, sonny. The flag fell from his hands upon the blood-soaked sod. You know what it means to a soldier when the flag goes down, the sudden nervous anarchy it produces? It was that way with us, too. A wild turmoil reigned, marked by panting and swearing and a certain wild indecision. The spirit of the onset began to ebb. The simple truth is that we were beaten men.

Suddenly the flag rose again from the confusion and moved with little lurches toward the cannon. From where I was you would have thought it was being borne by some one sorely wounded. You can imagine what a thrill went over us when the bearer, a little barefoot boy, about eleven years old, mounted the grim cannon wheel and waved the colors with all his might. With fiercest yells we rushed to his side, leaving a trail of blood, then on past him until we had dislodged the enemy from cover, and the field was ours.

It was Little Oirish. He was still sitting on the cannon when I returned. The men wouldn't let him leave it. In one moment he had become the hero of the army.

"It has been said that 'a little child shall lead them,'" said Cunningham, one of our bravest men, as he threw his arm over the shoulders of the tattered little fellow.

"Ye are right, Cunny," agreed Lanigan, our brave soldier of fortune, who had come from Ireland to help the South. He muttered something further in his mustache as he always did

when deeply affected, and broke through the mass surrounding the child. Laying his rough hand with clumsy gentleness upon the lad's knee, he questioned him closely for a while. It was one of the strangest conversations I ever listened to, the big bass of the rich Irish brogue and the childish treble following each other.

"Who are ye, me little mon?" asked Lanigan.

"Oirish," he answered, with the dignity of a senator.

"Faith, an' 'tis mesilf kin see that," agreed Lanigan, with a chuckle; "ye hov all the ear-marks of the great Hibernian race. But phwat is your last name?"

"I haven't no last name. I'm just Oirish, that's all."

"Well, thin, who is your father?"

"I have no father."

"Your mither, thin?"

"No mither, either."

"Who the divil raised ye, thin?"

"I raised myself."

During the conversation we were very still. A knot came into our throats as Lanigan drew from him the pathetic story of his life. His first recollection was of rising from a nap in the gutter in New Orleans. He had no parents, and he had shifted for himself for years. He told his story without tears, as though such things were commonplace. I tell you, sonny, he won the heart of the Orphan Brigade right there.

"An' phwy did ye happen to coom here?" asked Lanigan.

"Because I wanted to be a soldier," he answered.

Lanigan's face lighted with pride.

"So ye wanted to be a souldier, did ye, lad? Well, ye hov earned the right to be wan by this day's work, an' Oi am sure ye can go with us an' bate the drum!"

"And wear a uniform?" asked the lad eagerly.

Ah, sonny, you see that was the boy of him, to fall in love with the glamor and show of soldier life.

"Yis, lad," Lanigan agreed, "and march with the rigimint."

Even as Lanigan wheedled him, though, the lad's face grew grave.

"I can't go with you all, though," he interrupted.

"An' phwy not?" asked Lanigan, "Surely ye are not going to leave your friends, are ye?"

"No," replied Oirish, doubtfully; "but you see, I'm an orphan myself, and so I want to join the Orphan Brigade and be with the rest of them."

"God bliss ye, little mon," laughed Lanigan, gleefully; "ye hov been lucky, indade. We are the Orphans ourselves, an' we want you to come along with us."

"That's right, Oirish," he chorused, "come along with us. We'll make a man of you."

"He's a mon already," growled Lanigan, with a significant glance at the cannon, "an' it's more likely ye should be saying he'll make min of us—agin."

Oirish surveyed us thoughtfully for a moment.

"Are all your folks dead, too?" he asked, very, very gently, so as not to hurt our feelings on such a sensitive subject.

"Not all of them, Oirish," Lanigan answered for us.

"Then why do they call you orphans," puzzled the lad.

My God, sonny, how he reached for our hearts with those ways of his.

"It's because—because—dhom it, Cunny, tell him phwy we are called Orphans."

Cunningham explained to Oirish that Kentucky had not seceded from the Union, and that the Kentucky troops, having no "mother State" in the Confederacy, were consequently called Orphans. He nodded gravely as the information was imparted to him. Then a mischievous light shone in his eyes.

"And is that the reason you fought so poorly just now, be-

cause you had no mother State to whale you for running away?" he asked, with the innocence that his race alone possesses.

About this time General Breckinridge rode up and ordered the gun to be removed to a battery at the right of us. To this order Oirish at once demurred.

"You can't move this gun," he announced positively, while Lanigan looked on in horror; "it belongs to me."

The General glanced at him quickly before he replied. I believe he rode over that way to see who it was, anyway. He smiled at Oirish.

"Why does it belong to you?" he asked.

"Because I captured it," maintained Oirish proudly, displaying his flag also.

"He did for a fact, General," we chorused, anxious to make a showing for the boy, "he carried the flag up here when the fire was so hot that not one of us could follow."

The General rode over to Oirish and put his arm around the boy's waist.

"You won't mind letting us have the gun for a while, will you," he asked, "we need it to whip the enemy. You want us to win, don't you?"

Oirish warmed up to the General right away.

"I'll let you have it for a while," he said, "but I want it back as soon as the battle is over, for it's my gun and the first one I ever owned, too."

"Very well," smiled the General, and repeated his order.

As Oirish slid to the ground he was promptly collared by Lanigan.

"Phwat do ye mane by rayfusing to give up thot gun to the Gin'ral? Ye'll be coort-martialed and shot yit for insubordination. Me heart was in me mouth all the toime for fear he'd hove ye put in irons."

"For what?" asked Oirish.

"For yer impudence in rayfusing to give up the gun to the Gin'ral. Don't ye know ivry shoulder must obey orders?"

"But it's my cannon. I captured it."

"Thure, ye capthured it," agreed Lanigan, "but always raymimber wan thing, and thot is whin a souldher capthures anything, it belongs, not to him, but to the airhmy. And it's always soobject to the orders of the Gin'ral."

"But the General said he would give it back to me when the battle is over," insisted Oirish.

"If the Gin'ral said so, thin he'll kape his word," replied Lanigan, "but whin he does offer it to ye, ye must rayfuse to take it."

"Why?"

"Because ye're in the infantry, and phwat ye want is a musket. If ye go with the gun, ye'll hove to join the arthillery, an' none of us bhoys would see ye again."

"But I won't join the artillery."

"Ye'll hove to if ye kape the gun."

"Then I won't keep it."

"Good for ye. Tell the Gin'ral to kape it, whin he comes."

Well, sonny, as you may imagine, Oirish was the center of attraction around the camp fires that night. His name was on every tongue and it looked like every man in the brigade came around to look him over. While we were petting and making over the boy a stray dog came up to the outer edge of light from the fire and, taking advantage of the occasion, tried to steal a ration from Jimmy Jackson, who turned just in time to forestall him.

"Take that," yelled Jimmy, hitting at him with his ramrod. A yelp of pain answered him.

"Don't hit the dog, mister," cried out Oirish; "can't you see the poor fellow is almost starved?"

The little fellows eyes were shining with tears of pity.

"Hyuh, doggie! Come on, old boy, come on. I won't hurt you, doggie."

The dog looked at him eagerly, but refused to move.

"Call him by name, Oirish," advised Cunny.

"I don't know his name," replied Oirish.

"O, try any dog name—Tray, Don, Rover, Sport, Dick"—

"Hyuh, Don," wheedled Oirish. No movement from the dog.

Finally, "Hyuh, Frank, hyuh, Frank."

At this name the dog came wiggling and twisting forward into the firelight, every muscle of him making ingratiating advances, yet also keyed for instant flight. Hewasa magnificent pointer, you could see that at a glance. He was fairly starved, but he knew how to hold himself in like a proud aristocrat. He had evidently belonged to some plantation that had been laid waste. You could see that he had been used to something, if you know what I mean, just the same as a man. He came right up to Little Oirish and rested his muzzle between the boy's knees, looking up at him with all the hunger of his body and his soul in his big, swimming eyes. The lad petted him and gave him most of his own scanty ration. Jimmy Jackson, who had been looking on and feeling very sheepish, threw over a piece of meat.

"Give him that, too, Oirish," he said.

About this time Lanigan came along and the lad put it over on Lanigan. The Irishman was carrying a gallon stone jug.

"What's that," asked Cunny, eying the jug.

"Ye've guessed a'ready," replied Lanigan.

"Give me a drink," demanded Cunny.

Liquor was scarce in the army, sonny, and all the boys who liked their nip were taking a lively interest in the little stone jug.

"Where did you get it?" asked Little Oirish.

"Captured it—from an officer's supply train."

"Well, then," demanded the lad, "what do you mean by drinking it and giving it away?"

"It's mine, ain't ut?" yelled Lanigan, fiercely. "Oi capthured it, didn't Oi?"

"True, you captured it," admitted Little Oirish, quoting Lanigan's own words of that afternoon; "but remember one thing, and that is when a soldier captures anything it belongs, not to him, but to the army; and it's always subject to the orders of the general. You said so yourself."

Lanigan stared at him in amazement. Then he picked up the jug, a grin of admiration for the boy's wit spreading over his face.

"Roight ye a-are, lad," he said, "an' it's against orders, too, to hove whiskey. Oi'll delivder it to the lifitain. Cunny, old moun, ye lose. As ye said to-day, 'a little child shall lead them' An' here we go—pasth the stilled wathers."

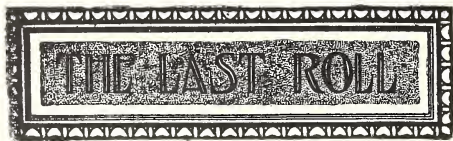
Cunny was hit hard, but he was game. He sniffed at the jug as Lanigan passed him, and screwed his face up into a comical expression of disdain.

"Rot gut," he muttered sourly; "just common, ordinary, wooden worm, hog track rot gut,—gee, I wish I had a barrel of it."

(To be continued.)

The strange and curious race madness of the American republic will be a study for centuries to come. That madness took a child-race out of a warm cradle, threw it into the ocean of politics—the stormiest and most treacherous we have known—and bad it swim for its own life and the life of the nation!

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Sleep with the mighty in thy death! yet not with these alone;
Sleep with the loving hearts that beat so truly to thine own;
Sleep with the sword-cross on thy breast, the well-worn scabbard by,
Fit symbols of a soldier's rest and his reward on high."

CAPT. LOUIS G. YOUNG.

In the early morning of May 31, our friend and comrade, Louis Gourdin Young, passed into the spirit land to join his loved commander and a host of comrades gone before. He was a patient invalid during his long confinement, faithfully nursed by a devoted friend, Mrs. Charles A. Coleman, and in her attention to him she showed her devotion to the Confederate cause, for this comrade had suffered much in its behalf. Captain Young's wife died several years ago after being a confirmed invalid for a great part of her last years.

Louis Gourdin Young was born at Grahamville, S. C., on May 14, 1833, the son of Rev. Thomas J. Young, a former rector of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., and Rebecca Gourdin Young. He entered the service of his State in December, 1860, and served at various points in Charleston Harbor, during the siege of Fort Sumter, etc. He went into the Confederate service with Colonel Pettigrew in the 12th North Carolina Regiment (subsequently the 22nd) as first lieutenant on his staff, and was cited for bravery several times. He saw considerable service during the early winter of 1861-62 on the Potomac. Returning to South Carolina after the fall of Port Royal, Lieutenant Young was offered the captaincy of a company in the 22nd North Carolina, but the thought he would be more useful on the coast of his own State than in winter quarters in Virginia, and he was commissioned aide de camp on his old colonel's staff on returning to Virginia early in the spring of 1862, his colonel, Johnson J. Pettigrew, having been promoted to a brigadier general.

Comrade Young received many wounds, from which he suffered much. At Gettysburg his hat was shot from his head and his horse was wounded three times; he was badly wounded at the battle of Hatcher's Run, and when the star of the Confederacy went down he was in a hospital at Lynchburg, Va.

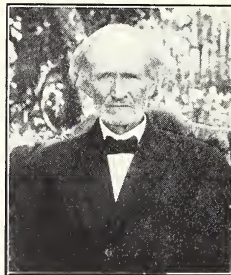
At the close of the war Captain Young was married to Miss Mary Stuart Miller, of Willimasburg, Va., and removed to Savannah, where he engaged in the cotton export business, in which he was wonderfully successful. He retired from active business some years ago.

Captain Young was Past Commander of the Georgia Division U. C. V., and of the Confederate Veterans' Association Camp 756 U. C. V., of Savannah. Less than fifty members are left of this Camp, which originally numbered two hundred and fifty.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary.]

EPHRAIM PARAHAM PARK.

The end of a long and useful life came with the death of Ephraim P. Park, one of the oldest and most beloved citizens of Elkton, Tenn., after suffering for eight weeks. He was buried in the Park and Worley Cemetery near his home by the Masons, of which fraternity he had long been a member. He was in his eighty-seventh year, having been born July 13, 1835, at Cornersville, Tenn., the son of John and Pattie Park. He was married on July 19, 1859, near Cornersville, to Miss Mattie Ann Orr, daughter of Col. W. D. Orr, and to this union nine sons and a daughter were born, all surviving except one son. His wife also survives him, and there are forty grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.



E. P. PARK.

Comrade Park entered the Confederate army as a private in 1861, as a member of Company F, 53rd Tennessee Infantry. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Indianapolis Ind., and after seven months' imprisonment was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. He was elected orderly sergeant for a term then, after serving as wagon master for a while, he was recalled to his command and participated in many battles. He passed through Tennessee with Hood's command, also through Mississippi, Georgia, North and South Carolina; was wounded only once, and that at Fort Donelson, when a finger was injured and a lock of hair cut from his head by a Minieball. He remained in active service to the close of the war, and nothing pleased him more than to talk of war times. He was a brave and true soldier, and as a citizen he was admired and trusted by every one. His strongest characteristic was his modesty, and he was charitable in its broadest sense. His life was one of spotless integrity, and to his children is left the heritage of a good name, untarnished by an unworthy act or deed. It was in his home, in his Church, and in his daily walk in the community that he exemplified those attributes of soul that justified the high esteem in which he was held and the tribute of the community's universal sorrow at his going away.

He joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Fiducia, near Aspen Hill, Tenn., in 1884, and was made deacon of that Church. In 1894 he moved his membership to Elkton, was ordained elder, and lived and died an influential and acceptable member of that denomination.

Although he went in the fullness of life's allotted span of years, even so as to make beautifully appropriate the words of St. Paul: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

COMRADES OF CAMP JONES, SELMA, ALA.

The following members of Camp Jones, No. 317 U. C. V., of Selma, Ala., were lost to that membership during 1921-1922.

Thomas Jefferson Craig, James Bassett, John G. Norris, Jarrett J. Lee, Marcus H. Kennedy, B. Richard Holmes, W. B. Tarver, B. F. Ellis. [T. B. Cragh, Adjutant.]

Maj. J. B. Wilson, U. C. V.

Maj. J. Benson Wilson died at his home in Waxahachie, Tex., in February, 1921, after an illness of some weeks, age seventy-five years. He was born February 12, 1846, at Eufaula, Ala., the son of A. J. and Hephzibah Bates Wilson. He was reared on a plantation, the family later moving to Louisiana and settling at Woodville in 1859.

At the age of sixteen years young Wilson entered the Confederate army, serving as a courier for Gen. Tom Green, in which service he was wounded in the arm. Later he enlisted in the ranks as a private in the 8th Louisiana Cavalry, under Capt. M. B. Kidd, where he served to the close of the war. His title as major came with his appointment as assistant paymaster on the staff of Gen. V. Y. Cook, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department. His old Confederate uniform was very dear to him, and he was laid to rest in the gray of the Southland.

In 1867 Comrade Wilson went to Texas, locating in Falls County, but in 1873 he removed to Waxahachie, and in December of that year he was married to Miss Mary Briggs Lloyd. He gave up his business in Waxahachie in 1878, and had since been interested in farming. In the interest of conserving the game of the country, he served as deputy game warden for ten or twelve years. He was recognized as an unusually public spirited citizen, a promoter of the Ellis County fairs, and active in the various civic affairs of the city. He became an Odd Fellow in 1878, and was also a member of Winnie Davis Camp U. C. V., of Waxahachie. His comrades of the Camp were the honorary pallbearers, and helped to lay him to rest in the cemetery at Waxahachie.

Major Wilson was survived by his wife, four sons, and three daughters, also by four brothers and two sisters.

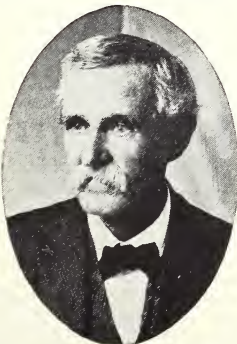
MARCELLUS B. FUQUA.

Marcellus Barksdale Fuqua, born in Charlotte County, Va., near Old Rough Creek Church, March 4, 1846, enlisted in Captain Moorman's Battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, A. N. V., at Lynchburg, January, 1863; was captured at Charlottesville on February 29, 1864, and taken to Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C., where he remained in close confinement for three months. He was then removed to Fort Delaware, from which place he was released on June 14, 1865. He went to Texas in 1874 and married Miss Julia Houston, of Sulphur Springs.

Mr. Fuqua was an active member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he served thirty years as deacon.

Mr. Fuqua was also active in the association of United Confederate Veterans. He was a charter member of the Mat Ashcroft Camp, U. C. V., in the Sulphur Springs, Tex.

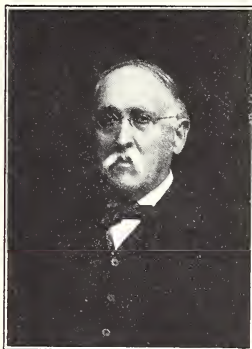
He died on March 3, 1922, leaving his wife and two sons—Paul H. and Thomas B.—and two daughters—Mrs. Saxche Fuqua Helm, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Bessie Fuqua Wright, of Sulphur Springs, Tex.



MARCELLUS B. FUQUA.

DAVID DICKERSON HAMILTON.

After a brief illness, David Dickerson Hamilton died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on the morning of May 11, 1922,



D. D. HAMILTON.

the fifty-seventh anniversary of his return from the war of the sixties.

"Dick" Hamilton, as he was affectionately known by his friends, was born in Davidson County, July 24, 1842. He was one of twelve children of Eleazer and Emily Perry Hamilton, of whom only the youngest brother, Tolbert F. Hamilton, of Mt. Juliet, Tenn., survives him.

He enlisted in Sumner County, Tenn., May 22, 1861, with three of his brothers—Joseph Porter, Eleazer Dent, and John Hall Hamilton

—as members of Company H, 7th Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade, and all fought through the entire four years except Dent Hamilton, who was transferred to another company, was taken prisoner, and died in Camp Chase.

Dick Hamilton was severely wounded in the head and shoulder at the battle of Seven Pines, and again at Petersburg, Va. He was mustered out at Augusta, Ga., May 1, 1865, and made his way home on crutches, walking part of the way. Being told that all who came to Nashville were to be forced to take the oath of allegiance, he slipped from the train at Lavergne, borrowed a horse from a friend, and went across the country to his home near Stewart's Ferry, twelve miles east of Nashville, where he found his family mourning for him as dead. For several years after the war he used crutches.

He was for thirty years or more a teacher in the schools of Davidson County, Tennessee. In 1870 he was married to Miss Margaret Amanda Page, who survives him, with two daughters and four sons.

His friendliness and good humor won for him a place in the hearts of all who knew him. He had a vivid recollection of his war experiences and delighted in narrating amusing incidents of soldier life. For fifty-five years he was a member of the Christian Church.

CURTIS GREEN.

With the passing away of Curtis Green, on May 2, at Ogleby Tex., the ranks of the United Confederate Veterans loses another of its true and loyal members.

Curtis Green was born December 8, 1840, near Cave Springs, Ga. When the War between the States came on, he immediately enlisted in Company E, 22nd Georgia Infantry, and was afterwards transferred to Company G, 6th Georgia Cavalry. He was in twenty-eight battles and numerous skirmishes, and was twice captured, being exchanged the first, time and escaping from prison the last time.

He went to Texas and settled in Coryell County in 1865, and there remained until death. There never lived a more loyal Confederate than Curtis Green. Shortly before his death he suggested the following as an epitaph for his monument: "A Confederate soldier; came when called, and went when sent."

Confederate Veteran.

LEONIDAS CARTWRIGHT, Sr.

The death of Leonidas Cartwright, Sr., at Terrell, Tex., on February 25, 1922, removed one of the most influential citizens of that community, a leader in movements for the public good. He was born at San Augustine, Tex., November 27, 1842, the third son of Matthew and Amanda Holman Cartwright. His grandfather, John Cartwright, was one of the pioneers of that section, going there from Tennessee in 1819, and the place where he located became, in 1831, the site of the present town of San Augustine.

Leonidas Cartwright was educated there and at the Military Institute at Bastrop, and when the war came on he and his brother, A. P. Cartwright, enlisted, in May, 1861, in Company E, 3d Texas Cavalry. When this regiment was reorganized in 1862 it became a part of Ross's Brigade, and in 1864 this command took part in the Atlanta campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. During this campaign he was selected as one of a hundred picked men from this brigade, as scouts under Lieutenant Taylor, to operate in the rear of Sherman's army, getting valuable information, tearing up railroad tracks and bridges, etc., to interrupt his lines of communication; and it was in this department of the Confederate army that he was mustered out after a service of four years.

He was married to Miss Ludie Ingram in December, 1868, and engaged in farming until 1870, when his father died and he assumed the extensive land business of the latter, and carried it on with marked success until 1894. He opened up a ranch in Cooke County, Tex., and another in Taylor County, and he took great interest and pride in the raising of fine horses and cattle. He located in Terrell in 1895. Four sons and five daughters survive him. He had long been a member of the Methodist Church.

CAPT. S. R. STREET.

[From resolutions passed by Newbern Camp, No. 1162 U. C. V., Newbern, N. C.]

On May 20, 1922, our Commander, S. R. Street, was called from his earthly duties by the summons of the General Commander of the universe to join the vanguards of Lee and Jackson, and in his death this Camp has lost a faithful and valiant Commander and the community in which he lived a congenial and beloved citizen. His heart was ever with the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and he loved to talk about it.

"And in that cause, let us not forget,
Were right and truth conjointly met,
The hallowed luster of our creed
Is heightened as the ages speed."

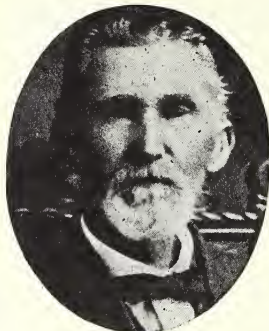
When the first call to arms was made in 1861, Comrade Street enlisted in Company K, of the 2nd North Carolina Regiment, which was assigned to Ramseur's Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia; and he was with his regiment in every engagement up to November 7, 1863, when the whole regiment was captured at Kelly's Ford. During the seven days fighting around Richmond he received a severe wound, but, upon his recovery, he rejoined his command and, under the leadership of Stonewall Jackson, went through the Maryland campaign and was in the front ranks at Gettysburg. He followed that indomitable leader as a unit of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry" until Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville, Va.

After Comrade Street was captured at Kelly's Ford, he was incarcerated in the Old Capitol Prison and then transferred to Point Lookout, where he was held in captivity until the surrender of the Southern army.

[W. N. Pugh, Commander; L. S. Wood, Adjutant.]

LON STEADMAN.

Lon Steadman was born at Raleigh, N. C., on May 15, 1838, and died at Paragould, Ark., on June 14, 1922.



LON STEADMAN.

With his father's family, young Steadman removed to Arkansas and located at Jacksonport in 1861, and there he joined Capt. A. C. Pickett's Company G, 1st Arkansas Infantry, on May 5, and with this company fought to the end of the war. He was a brave and true soldier and through all the hardships and trials he was always at his post; on the march or the fighting line, he was always ready. I have marched by his

side into battle and with him been on the long, weary marches, and I know of his four years of faithful service. At the first reunion of the company that went out from Jacksonport in 1861 there were only twenty-seven left so far as we could locate. A handsome monument now stands at Newport in honor of the Confederate dead of Jackson County, Ark. Our company took part in the following battles: First Manassas, the blockade of the Potomac River at Evansport, Va., Shiloh Farmington, Corinth, Perryville, Munfordville, Ky., Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, the seventy-four days from Dalton to Atlanta, also Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Ga., Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, and Bentonville, N. C.

In 1866 Lon Steadman was married to Miss Alice Granada, and to them were born four sons and two daughters. His wife died four years ago, and he had made his home with his son at Paragould, where he was esteemed as a citizen of sterling worth, his life a benediction to all with whom he came in contact.

As a comrade of his soldier life, I can testify to his faithfulness and devotion as a comrade and close friend, and his passing is to me a great sorrow.

[W. E. Bevins.]

LUDWELL LAKE.

At Remington, Fauquier County, Va., on May 20, 1922, Ludwell Lake passed into rest. His death was sudden and a great shock to his family, as is the case always with sudden deaths. He left a wife and several children, and numerous nephews and nieces.

As a friend and comrade of mine, whom I have known for over a half century, I can truthfully say that I respected and admired him for his many good qualities. He was a member of Mosby's Battalion of Partisan Rangers and equalled any member of the command for gallantry and strict attention to duty. On one occasion when the Yankees had killed his comrade, Lieutenant Ames, Lake, at the risk of his life, dashed in among them and killed the man who was rifling the pockets of his victim. He was a patriot, soldier, and gentleman.

"He has left the memory of a name which will not be forgotten till honor, virtue, and courage, all shall cease to claim the homage of the heart."

[C. M. Smith, Delaplane, Va.]

JESSE F. ALLENSWORTH.

A prominent citizen of Chillicothe, Tex., and possibly the oldest Confederate veteran of Hardeman County, is mourned in the death of Jesse Ferguson Allensworth, which occurred during the month of June. He was born in Christian County, Ky., July 5, 1842.

At the age of nineteen young Allensworth entered the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 14th Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division. He was later made a courier for General Hill, and was in the battle of Chancellorsville when Jackson was wounded, his own horse being shot from under him. He was wounded twice during the great conflict, once receiving a sword cut on the head, and a Minie ball which struck his shoulder finally lodged in his elbow, and he carried it to the grave. Though his service was interrupted by these wounds, he returned to the ranks as soon as able to do so, and was still wearing the gray when General Lee surrendered.

In 1884 Comrade Allensworth was married to Miss Mallie Reynolds, of Clarksville, Tenn., and in January, 1888, they removed to Wilbarger County, Tex., and settled on a farm, going later, in 1904, to Chillicothe, which had since been his home. Two sons and a daughter were born to this union, all surviving him. His wife died in 1914.

At the age of seventeen he became a member of the Christian Church, and through the threescore years since then he had lived a consistent Christian life.

SAMUEL A. TOWNES.

Samuel Allen Townes son of Samuel A. and Johanna Lois Hall Townes, born in Marion, Ala., May 22, 1840, died at Greenville, S. C., March 14, 1922. He enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, as a member of Company B (Butler Guards), 2nd Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps. He was at the firing of the first gun at Manassas, and served through the entire war, participating in all the important battles of Lee's army. He was noted for his courage and coolness in battle. He was sergeant of his company, never was wounded, never had a furlough, and was never absent from service.



SAMUEL A. TOWNES.

He had great faith in the Southern cause, and always contended that the South would have been successful but for the thousands of hired foreign soldiers.

After the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., he returned to his home at Greenville, S. C., and engaged in merchandising. He was four times elected mayor of the city of Greenville, and served in that capacity for eight years. During the Cleveland administration he was appointed collector of internal revenue for the State of South Carolina, and held the position for four years.

Comrade Townes was married to Miss Mary Jones Thompson, daughter of Colonel William Butler Thompson, and to them were born one son and two daughters. The son, Samuel

Allen Townes, Jr., died a few years ago, after having served several years in the United States navy; the two daughters survive him.

SIMON T. POPE.

Simon T. Pope, born April 9, 1843, died on April 26, 1922, and was laid to rest in the family burying ground on the old homestead near Capron, Southampton County, Va., which had been his home continuously throughout his life. In his passing, the Urquhart-Gillette Camp, No. 72 U. C. V., has lost a valued member, and Southampton County generally mourns a valued and highly esteemed citizen. He was unassuming, law-abiding, and known and remembered for his integrity and honest convictions and precepts. As a husband and father, friend and neighbor, he was ever faithful, patient and true, loyal and obedient to every trust. Under the strenuous duties as a soldier and the perplexities of life which are inevitable in our human existence, he was always optimistic, believing that the best things would find their way.

In the year of 1862, at the age of eighteen, he enlisted in Company B, 9th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and participated in the major portion of the historic battles of that renowned division. At Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded, he was within a few paces of his gallant and heroic commander, Armistead, when he fell before the bullets of the foe.

The religious affiliations of Comrade Pope were with the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which he united when eighteen years of age.

Many friends and relatives gathered to pay their last respects as he was laid away to await the heavenly reveille.

He is survived by his wife and four sons.

S. W. FRY.

On March 21, 1922, S. W. Fry, of Red Oak, Tex., answered to the last roll. He was born in Grange County, Tenn., December 28, 1840.

Enlisting in the Confederate army in April, 1861, he served with Company B, 2nd Tennessee Infantry; was wounded seven times, captured three times, but never conquered. In one night at the battle of Murfreesboro he was twice captured and twice escaped, and succeeded in getting back to his company. Being disabled for infantry service, he was placed in the cavalry, serving until the last capture and being released at the close of the war.

Going to Texas in 1876, Comrade Fry was there married to Mrs. Jennie Chapman, in 1878, to whom he was a devoted companion for forty years and a father to his stepchildren. He was a man esteemed by all who knew him, and his well-spent life will long be held in sacred memory. Comrades, friends, and relatives joined to pay the last tribute of respect as he was laid to rest in Bell's Chapel Cemetery. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church for many years.

JOB M. MORGAN, SR.

At the age of eighty-eight years, Job M. Morgan, Sr., died at his home on Roaring River, three miles north of Gainesboro, Jackson County, Tenn., on Sunday afternoon, February 5, 1922. He was born November 4, 1833, and was educated at Burritt College in Van Buren County, Tenn.

Upon the organization of the first company from Jackson County, on May 6, 1861, he volunteered as a soldier of the Confederacy. He and a younger brother, Perry T. Morgan, who was killed at the battle of Atlanta, Ga., went out as privates, another brother, Judge George H. Morgan, also going out later. After serving as private for several months, Job

M. Morgan was appointed captain and assistant quartermaster of the 28th Tennessee Infantry, in December, 1862; and on April 29, 1863, he was appointed transportation quartermaster by command of Lieutenant General Polk. He served faithfully throughout the war, and was paroled at Washington, Ga., on May 11, 1865.

Comrade Morgan was a long-time subscriber to the *VETERAN*, and he and his aged wife, who survives him, looked forward each month to its coming and never tired of reading it. His illness had been of several years' duration, but he ever maintained a cheerful spirit.

COMRADES AT PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

In deep sorrow, Jenkins Camp U. C. V., of Parkersburg, W. Va., records the death of loved and esteemed comrades whose passing sadly depletes its membership.

Robert C. Tucker, who died on June 3, 1922, was born in Amelia County, Va., in 1847. In defense of his native State he enlisted in Company B, Stark's Battalion of Light Artillery, A. N. V., in 1863, and served faithfully and with honor until the surrender at Appomattox. He participated in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, in front of Petersburg, and Sailors Creek. For the past twenty-three years he had made his home in Parkersburg, and for that time had been a valued and honored member of Jenkins Camp. As a soldier, he was brave, patriotic, and to the day of his death he never doubted for one moment the justness of the cause he so gallantly and faithfully defended; but when the mighty struggle was over, he accepted the situation and gave allegiance to the laws of a reunited country. As a business man, he was upright, conscientious, and conspicuously honest in all his dealings. He was in the best sense of the word a gentleman, a man of high honor and strict integrity. He naturally made friends, and left behind him a host of admirers who lament his death. He was married in 1873 to Miss Mary F. Smith, who, with five children, is left to mourn the loss of one they loved so well. He was a loving husband, an affectionate father, and a generous and faithful friend.

James F. Dugan, was born in Berkley County, Va. (now West Virginia), March 10, 1840. At the time of the John Brown raid, in 1859, he was a member of the State Guard, and was on duty at Harper's Ferry. He witnessed the execution of two of Brown's accomplices. At the beginning of the War between the States he was a member of Company E, Second Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, participating in the first battle of Manassas; was with Jackson all through the Valley campaign, in the battles around Richmond, at Fredericksburg, and lost an arm at Chancellorsville.

In 1865 he was married to Miss Katherine Gordon, a relative of Gen. J. B. Gordon, who survives him with four sons and three daughters. In 1866 he secured employment with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, removing to Parkersburg in 1902. He continued with this company as watchman until his retirement in 1914.

Comrade Dugan was a man of genial temperament, pleasing address, courteous to all, and susceptible of the warmest and most generous attachments. He was respected and beloved by all his acquaintances; a brave soldier, an honest man, and a faithful friend.

Charles H. Turner, was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1841, and died in Parkersburg, W. Va., April 5, 1922. He removed to New Orleans, La., in 1853, and engaged in the plumbing business. At the beginning of the War between the States, he was a member of the Louisiana Rifle Rangers, afterwards forming a part of the 6th Regiment, Louisiana Infantry. This

regiment became a part of the celebrated "Louisiana Tigers." He participated in the battle of Manassas, in all the battles of the Valley campaign, in the battles around Richmond, and followed the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia until its surrender at Appomattox. He was severely wounded at Gaines's Mill, and again at Antietam. At Second Manassas his company lost all its officers, and the command devolved upon him as orderly sergeant. In all his four years of service he did his full duty as a soldier, bravely, courageously, and with conspicuous fidelity to his State and the cause for which he fought. At the close of the war comrade Turner made his home in Parkersburg, where he built up a large and lucrative business. He served one term as mayor of his adopted city with honesty and fidelity to its best interests. In 1866 he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Williams, who survives him with five children. In the death of comrade Turner, Camp Jenkins has lost a valued and esteemed member, and the community an honest and conscientious citizen. A good and noble man has departed this life.

(From Edgar Heermans, Commander Jenkins Camp U. C. V.)

SAMUEL BONHAM.

A life span of almost ninety years, sixty-three of which had been spent in Sherman and Grayson County, Tex., closed with the death of Samuel Bonham on January 29, 1922, after two days' illness. He was born in Clarke County, Va., February, 1832, and completed a college course at Berryville, making a civil engineer. He then served Clarke County as county surveyor, but at the age of twenty-two he went to Missouri and there engaged in surveying. Going thence to Kansas, he was surveying for the State when he was captured by the Pawnee Indians. Leaving Kansas, he engaged in surveying in Nebraska for three years, then went to Texas in 1859 and located at Sherman, then a village, where he continued his special work until called to take up arms for the South. He joined a company under Capt. Ben McCulloch, Baylor's Regiment, W. P. Layne's Brigade, and gave four years of service to the Confederacy.

Returning to Sherman after the war was over, he again took up surveying and was county surveyor for nearly forty years. In that time he laid out hundreds of farms and many of the plats of Sherman and Denison, seeing these communities grow into their present-day status from the trading stations of pioneer days. He was a charter member of the Grayson County Old Settlers' Associations, and at the time of his death dean of the Grayson County early settlers. He was active almost to the last, going about the city among his friends when the weather was good.

Comrade Bonham was married in 1863 to Miss Martha Ann Melton, daughter of one of the Sherman pioneers, and to them were born five sons and three daughters, all surviving him. After the death of his wife he lived with his children in New York and Knoxville, Tenn., eventually returning to Sherman as the home of his choice.

DR. W. W. WESTMORELAND.

Dr. W. W. Westmoreland, was born near Union, in Greene County, Ala., September 20, 1846, and died at Columbus, Miss., April 7, 1922. In 1863 he became a student in the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa, which was semimilitary in character. In 1864 a detachment of the student body was called into active service in South Alabama. Returning to Tuscaloosa, he was present when General Croxton attacked the town, and with the University forces fell back to Marion, Ala., then the headquarters of General Forrest after the battle of Selma, April 2, 1865; and surrendered at Gainesville.

After the war he studied dentistry, graduating from the Baltimore (Md.) Dental College, and for many years he did an extensive practice throughout East Mississippi and West Alabama. He was prominent in the Mississippi Dental Association, and was for one term Vice President of the National Association. In 1919 he was called to the University to receive his diploma after a lapse of fifty-four years.

Of a pleasant and congenial nature, he was always interesting.

(W. A. Love.)

JESSE A. SHORT.

Jesse A. Short, an estimable citizen of Williamson County, near Franklin, Tenn., died suddenly from shock in an automobile accident in the latter part of April, 1922. He was born April 25, 1839, the son of William Henry and Judith Atkinson Short, and was the last survivor of their twelve children. His father was a native of Williamson County, and his mother was a Virginian.

Comrade Short enlisted for the Confederacy on May 28, 1861, in Franklin, as a member of Carter's Company of the 20th Tennessee Regiment, and took part in the battles of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Dalton, and Resaca, Ga. He was one of five brothers in the service, all of whom returned home safely, but he was wounded five times.

Although past his fourscore, he continued active to the end. He and his brother, B. F. Short, formed a business partnership just after the war, which was dissolved only by death. As a citizen he was noted for his honesty and uprightness, just to all and meeting the obligations of life fairly.

MAJ. BEN MCCULLOCH HORD.

Death has reaped a rich harvest of late among the VETERAN's most devoted friends, and these vacant places are eloquent of loss. The passing of Maj. Ben McCulloch Hord, of Nashville, on June 14, has taken the closest associate of the late editor of the VETERAN, their friendship and business association dating from the seventies, when they published an agricultural paper in Nashville; and for a time Major Hord was connected with the editorial work of the VETERAN. Only death severed this friendship of their mature years.

Benjamin McCulloch Hord was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., March 4, 1842, the son of Thomas E. and Mary McCulloch Hord. His mother was a sister of Gen. Ben McCulloch, whose untimely death at the battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, Ark., meant a great loss to the Confederacy. His grandfather, Maj. Alexander McCulloch, was a veteran of the war of 1812-15, having taken part in the battle of New Orleans and serving as aid de camp to General Coffee in the campaign against the Creek Indians.

When the war came on in 1861, B. M. Hord was a student at the University of North Carolina, and, without waiting for his native Tennessee to secede, he was among the first to enlist in a company organized in the little village of Chapel Hill, N. C., by Capt. Dick Ashe, a Mexican War veteran. This company became a part of the 1st North Carolina Infantry (called the 1st North Carolina Volunteers), commanded by Col. D. H. Hill, later a lieutenant general in the Confederate army, which was sent to Yorktown, Va., being the first Confederate troops on the Peninsula. In the battle of Big Bethel young Hord was wounded, and he was afterwards transferred to the 1st Arkansas Cavalry (Dobbins's Regiment), Walker's Brigade, expecting to be with his uncle, General McCulloch. He was captured in Arkansas in 1863, and sent to prison in St. Louis, but he was accused of being in a plot of the prisoners to escape and was transferred to Rock Island, four hundred miles above. He

was held there until January, 1865, then sent down to New Orleans and exchanged at the mouth of Red River in the latter part of February. He was paroled with the forces of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, in May, 1865, at Shreveport, La.

It is of interest to note that in 1911, his *Alma Mater*, the University of North Carolina, called upon all the living members of the class of 1861 to come and receive the diplomas which would have been bestowed upon them forty-eight years before but for the interruption of war. Major Hord attended the commencement exercises and with great ceremony was awarded his diploma.

For some years after the war Major Hord was in the hardware business in Chattanooga, then he became interested in the publication of the *Rural Sun*, an agricultural paper, at Nashville, with the late S. A. Cunningham. His contributions to the paper were of exceptional worth, and in addition he wrote many short stories of special interest and literary merit, indicating an ability that needed only application to achieve high reputation as a writer. Some of his war experiences were contributed to the VETERAN, and in them his humor lightens the horrors recounted of battle and prison. His experience as a prisoner at Rock Island was a vivid narrative.

Under Gov. Robert L. Taylor, Major Hord was Commissioner of Agriculture for Tennessee from 1887 to 1891, and his administration of the office was characterized by an active and progressive spirit. He was always interested in the development of agriculture and the breeding of fine stock, in which he was recognized as an authority.

Major Hord was a man of warm impulses, and his genial personality won him many friends. His devotion to the Confederate cause never wavered, and he was ever interested in the activities of his former comrades in arms, being a long-time member of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac at Nashville. His domestic life was one of happiness. He was married in November, 1868, to Miss Anne Gray Warner, of Chattanooga, who survives him with their four daughters.

After services in Nashville, his body was taken to Murfreesboro and there laid to rest with loved ones gone before.

JAY G. CISCO.

After an illness of more than a year, Jay G. Cisco died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on April 24, 1922. He was born in New Orleans, April 25, 1844, and thus lacked one day of rounding out seventy-eight years. He served as a Confederate soldier throughout the War between the States, a part of his service being under the noted Quantrell in Missouri.

After the war Comrade Cisco engaged in newspaper work, and for a number of years he edited the *Forked Deer Blade* in Jackson, Tenn. He also established a bookstore there. In 1888 he was appointed consul to Mexico by President Cleveland. Removing to Nashville in 1898, this city had since been his home, and during all this time he held the position of assistant industrial agent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

He was a charter member of the John Ingram Bivouac of Confederate Veterans at Jackson, Tenn., and held the office of its First Vice President for a number of years. After taking up his residence in Nashville, he transferred his membership to the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of which he was a member to the end. He was buried at Jackson. Two daughters and four sons survive him.

Comrade Cisco was a writer of note, having published a series of papers on the counties and county seats of Tennessee, their origin, and sketches of those for whom they were named. He also published a book on "Historic Sumner County."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga., *First Vice President General*
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MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala., *Corresponding Secretary General*

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MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa., *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CHENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala., *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

NORTH CAROLINA EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Scholarships awarded by the Educational Committee:

A. & E. State College at Raleigh, N. C.—James W. Lewis, Morehead City, N. C.

Jefferson Davis Scholarship at University of North Carolina.—Newton Cox, Graham, N. C.

Mrs. William Parsley Scholarship.—Nell Craig, Gastonia, N. C.

Z. B. Vance Scholarship.—Margaret Bridges, Tarboro, N. C.

James J. Metts Scholarship.—Ruth Caviness Robertson, Leaksville, N. C.

Mrs. Ella B. Broadnax.—Lorena Kelly, Mooresville, N. C.
H. L. Riggins Scholarship.—Louise Pate, Wilkesboro, N. C.
Orrin Randolph Smith.—Lila Dudley Jordan, Hendersonville, N. C.

Moffitt Loan.—Olive Webb, Oxford, N. C.

(These seven all at N. C. C. W. at Greensboro.)

Trinity Scholarship (Durham).—Wade Hampton, Durham, N. C.

DIVISION NOTES.

Alabama.—A Chapter of the U. D. C. to be known as "The Clio Chapter," was organized at Clio in June, with forty-seven charter members, by Mrs. B. T. Roberts, of Clayton, Chairman of State Chapter Extension Committee for Third Subdivision. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one. The local work of this Chapter will be to brighten the evening of life for the veterans, and to aid in all work along educational lines.

The first convention of the Children of the Confederacy was held at Bessemer, the home town of Mrs. E. L. Huey, State President U. D. C., in June. Miss Beulah White, State Director, presided, and State officers were elected.

Everybody attending the Confederate reunion at Richmond, June 20-22, were invited to visit the Alabama Room, Confederate Museum, and see the many rare and precious relics of great variety on display there.

Florida.—The annual convention of the Florida Division was held in Orlando, May 3-5, and a splendid, constructive convention was held. The President, Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, of Pensacola, made a wonderful record in the two years of her administration. The reports showed that the greatest amount of work ever accomplished in the Division was done during the past year.

The following officers were elected:

President, Miss Agnes Person, Orlando.

First Vice President, Mrs. S. D. Cheatham, Jacksonville.

Second Vice President, Mrs. R. B. Bullock, Ocala.

Third Vice President, Mrs. C. B. Ashley, Madison.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. W. B. Houston, Clearwater.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. D. Hearn, Tampa.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. LaRue Bliss, Orlando.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, St. Petersburg.

Historian, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg.

Registrar, Miss Julia I. Dickenson, Tampa.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. George P. Allen, Jacksonville.

Registrar C. of C., Mrs. B. J. Bond, Tallahassee.

Kentucky.—Memorial Day found Lexington Daughters of the Confederacy devotedly paying tribute to the heroic dead. In the forenoon the Major Otis S. Tenney Chapter held an informal camp fire at the Confederate lot. "The Great Obelisk," a poem dedicated to the shaft at Fairview, and another poem entitled "The Red, White, and Red" were given by the authors, and were followed by the reading of a memorial address delivered last year in Winchester, Ky. Flowers and flags were placed upon the graves of Major Tenny, General Morgan, and many others, and the faithful custom of putting the battle flag upon the only Confederate grave in the Roman Catholic cemetery was followed. This is the grave of Charles Elgin, of the Washington Artillery, Louisiana. Four flags were sent to Midway, Ky., and three to Eminence, to be placed upon the graves of the seven young men whose tragic fate still sends a thrill of horror to every loyal Southern heart. These young lads were compelled to dig their own graves and then shot down at the fiendish order of Gen. Stephen Burbridge, United States Army, himself a Kentuckian. During the summer it is planned to hold special memorial services at these sacred mounds.

The equestrian statue of General Morgan and the bronze statue of Gen. John C. Breckinridge upon the Courthouse square of Lexington were draped in the Stars and Bars. The folds of the great flags spreading to the wind occasioned much interest to visitors in the city, many of whom were from Northern States.

In the afternoon the Lexington Chapter held formal exercises at the cemetery, with Dean Lafferty, of the Law School, University of Kentucky, as the speaker, who paid high tribute to President Davis and denounced the malicious propaganda which seeks to detract from America's exalted patriot and martyr and one of the nation's greatest statesmen and soldiers. The exercises were largely attended by all United Daughters of the Confederacy and veterans and friends.

In honor of the President of the Confederate States, his picture was printed upon the editorial page of the *Lexington Herald*.

Maryland.—On June 3, a well-attended meeting, called by Mrs. Rex Corbin Spencer Maupin, at the Hotel Belvidere, attested our love and deep interest in President Jefferson Davis's birthday anniversary. An attractive program had been arranged by the State Historian, consisting of an able address by the Rev. Doctor Wyatt Brown, and an interesting account of President Davis's imprisonment by Mrs. Maupin. Mrs. Henry Kendall read a letter to a small girl of the sixties,

sent by Mr. Davis after his release and while enjoying the peace and quiet of his home. Miss Sally Washington Maupin then bestowed the crosses of honor on Mrs. Eleanor B. Key, Mrs. Henrietta Morrison McQuade, and Mrs. Jennie E. Hawkins. After this, Mrs. Preston Power, State editor, read a toast dedicated to "The Women of the South," which was composed by our martyred President. Mrs. Power also read an original eulogy to his beautiful and stainless character. Miss Bright followed with some remarks on the Jefferson Davis Monument, and Mrs. Maupin delivered a short speech on the importance and necessity of the filling out and filing of the World War records. Several of our prominent veterans attended.

On June 6, Memorial Day, the graves of our Confederate dead were strewn with flowers, in the presence of a large crowd, while appropriate ceremonies were conducted.

Massachusetts.—The Boston Chapter, Boston, Mass., is closing its ninth year with sixty-two wide-awake members. Being far removed from Southern influence, its growth is slow and places greater responsibility upon each individual member.

The Chapter reports the very pleasing manner in which were celebrated the birthdays of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson in January. The Chapter room was decorated tastefully in Confederate flags, and Hon. Edgar J. Rich, a Boston lawyer, delivered a most scholarly address on General Lee's character. Mr. Rich was quoted as saying he "visited the South in a blue uniform, but returned in the gray." A special musical program added much to the occasion.

The March meeting is the usual annual historical meeting, at which time much historical data is gathered and is greatly enjoyed by all.

A Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy has been formed, and next year will find it a flourishing organization.

A visiting committee from the Chapter was delegated to call upon Southern ex-service men in the hospitals of Boston. Recently, at "Southern Night" at Symphony Hall, twenty-five tickets were given to disabled Southern soldiers.

Boston Chapter had the honor of entertaining a Confederate veteran at the May meeting; and he took part in the Memorial Day celebration, May 30, on Deer Island, Boston Harbor, over the grave of a Confederate officer. Also, in company with members of the Chapter, he visited Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, where, during the War between the States, eight hundred Confederate soldiers were held prisoners. Boston Chapter also had the pleasure and privilege to bestow a Cross of Honor on this Confederate veteran.

The Chapter sent sixty dollars to defray expenses of Confederate veterans to the U. C. V. reunion in Richmond in June.

The Chapter has enjoyed a successful year, both socially and financially, and the ways and means committee has aided much by the efforts to increase funds in the treasury by giving card parties, dances, and cake sales.

The year's donations were as follows: General relief, \$50; S. A. Cunningham Scholarship Fund, \$50; Lee Memorial Fund, Lexington, Va., \$175; subscriptions to the *VETERAN* for veterans, \$6; Anne Lee Home, Alexandria, Va., \$75; Woodrow Wilson Foundation Fund, \$25; Manassas Field Fund, \$0.95; Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument Fund, \$25; Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, \$25; seven orders for "Southern Women in War Times."

North Carolina.—Memorial Day, as usual, was observed in a splendid way throughout the State, all Chapters having good speakers, good music, and a good program in full. We celebrate no victory at arms, but this day stands out as one day

on which the South bares its head in reverence to the memory of a glorious and hallowed past, therefore, this day is one keepsake—it is a sacred trust, and is not to be confused with any other memorial day.

The district meetings have been very generally held and well attended.

The Newbern Chapter observed Jefferson Davis's birthday with a dinner for the veterans and appropriate speeches.

Of special historic interest within our own State, and one which deserves the earnest endeavor of every Chapter, is "The Stars and Bars Memorial." The chairman, Mrs. Bickett, through a letter to the Chapters, explained the Memorial, and asked prompt coöperation in helping to complete it this year.

The Chapters are working in respective months for Gettysburg, Maury Monument, the Lee Memorial, and the Jefferson Davis Monument. North Carolina has a calendar in which all the various activities of the division are listed, with addresses of chairmen.

Historical Department, U. C. V.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Decision Day at Arlington and the great renunciation. Compare the real Robert E. Lee with the lesser Lee who might have commanded the United States army of invasion.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1922.

Girl Heroines. Lola Sanchez, of Florida, and her famous ride.

MONUMENTS NOT REMOVED.

Some Northern publications have lately carried the statement that the monument to John Wilkes Booth, which was erected at Troy, Ala., by Pink Parker, in his own front yard, had been removed by action of the town council, influenced by the pressure brought to bear by a women's organization. While regretting to disappoint those who were so eager for its removal that they anticipated it, the *VETERAN* has been informed that nothing had been done about it. Since the death of Mr. Parker, the plot had been neglected and the stone had simply fallen among the grass and weeds, where it can still be found by those who take the trouble to search for it. The same papers have started the story that the Wirz monument at Andersonville was to be removed by demand of the Confederate veterans of Georgia. Without going into that at all, the *VETERAN* ventures to assert that this monument will never be removed, unless it be to a more commanding site. This reminder of that judicial murder must be rather irritating to those who sanctioned it, but it will stand nevertheless.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
 435 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
 Memphis, Tenn.
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
 Fayetteville, Ark.
 MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
 Oklahoma City, Okla.
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
 7000 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
 MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
 Athens, Ga.
 MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
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 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Past Laureate General*
 1015 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
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 Mathews, Va.



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 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
 GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
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 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
 TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
 VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

CONVENTION ECHOES.

My dear Coworkers: Grateful to the friends who so successfully carried the Richmond convention, especially to Miss Mildred Rutherford, our Historian General, for presiding, and her splendid cooperation, and to our own Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, who stands "like a stone wall" supporting and directing every part of the work, shirking no responsibility, and to Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, who so inspiringly delivered the message of your President General, to those, and many others who made a convention successful, second to none, we all, as Memorial Women, feel most appreciative.

That New Orleans, with its charm and quaint old-world atmosphere, is to be our meeting place in April of next year will, I am sure, be delightfully welcome news to all. That Mrs. James Dinkins, State President of Louisiana, and Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, President of the New Orleans Memorial Association, besides being a national officer are to be our hostesses, will assure a wonderful time as a convention, besides giving the opportunity of seeing so many interesting and inspiring sights seen in no other American city.

Providence permitting, I hope to meet you in stronger delegations and with fuller representation than ever in the history of Association work. We congratulate Miss Jeannie Blackburn, State President of Kentucky, on the organization of a fine new Association at Lexington, Ky, with Mrs. C. D. Chenault as the splendid President. Let each State President strive to be able to report at least one new Association at the New Orleans convention, so that when the roll of States is called not one will be found missing.

With deepest and most sincere affection for your kindly indulgence, and with the hope of soon being able to meet all the responsibilities incumbent upon the office, I am, with warmest thanks to each and every one,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

REUNION NOTES.

BY MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
 GENERAL, C. S. M. A.

Our reunion of 1922 is recorded in the history of the past. In all the years of life, as we sit in the twilight and dream, we will ever recall the three wonderful days spent in Richmond, the grand old capital of the Confederacy, as among the most delightful of life.

Our Confederated Southern Memorial Association was the recipient of the most cordial greetings from this historic city. Nothing was left undone. Virginia threw open her hospitable

doors and gave us a warm and tender welcome that spoke to us from her Governor and her mayor, that sang to us from fluted notes and trills of old Southern melodies.

Our gracious hostesses, Mrs. J. Taylor Ellison and Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, were untiring in thoughtfulness for our comfort. We could not find time to accept all the cordial invitations tendered us. Each day was filled with delightful social affairs that always blend the joys of friendship and pleasures with the duties of the daily program.

The one sad note was the absence of our President General, who was kept away by serious illness. Our ever faithful Miss Mildred Rutherford was elected to fill the chair, and presided with grace, dignity, and efficiency. Our Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, shall ever wear the crown—"faithful always." Twenty-three years have passed, and her sweet, quiet face bespeaks her deep love for the cause, which grows deeper each year. It was to her we turned for guidance and direction.

Mrs. Scott, President of the United Daughters of Confederacy of Virginia, was hostess to a luncheon, and brought us cordial greetings. We were again happy to have our President General U. D. C., Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, with us.

The greeting from our Commander in Chief, Gen. Julian S. Carr, brought us a message of patriotism, eloquence, and tender memories; and we were thankful for the inspiration of the lives of our great heroes who wore the gray. Our prayer shall ever be that the glory of each succeeding reunion may grow brighter and brighter. And as the sunset of life falls around them, our hearts breathe another prayer of thanksgiving for the precious days of our glorious reunion in Richmond, and we hope to meet all again in New Orleans in 1923.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Mrs. Lillian C. Perkins was recently elected President of the Tulsa (Okla.) Ladies' Memorial Association, and not State President, as was announced by error of the correspondent. Mrs. W. H. Crowder is the organizer and State President of the Memorial Associations of that State. Both Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Crowder have done splendid work in their respective fields and have shown the finest spirit of cooperation and unflinching loyalty and devotion to the cause the C. S. M. A. holds so sacred.

On the Fourth of July the Atlanta Writers' Club, the Atlanta Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, the members of John B. Gordon Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the members of Fitzhugh Lee and Roosevelt

Camps, Spanish-American Veterans, unveiled a beautiful bronze and granite marker in Piedmont Park, Atlanta, Ga., in the Authors' Grove, in memory of President William McKinley. The tablet was a tribute to a man who loved the South, and whom the South revered. The service was largely attended and carried military and religious features. It was a fitting blending of the two sections, North and South, that the bronze used in the tablet was made in President McKinley's home State, Ohio, and the granite was a boulder from the Stone Mountain monument, which Gutzon Borglum is carving in commemoration of the heroic deeds of the Confederate army and its sacred traditions. Two little girls—Charlotte King, of Atlanta, representing the South, and Bet- Seeds, representing the North—unveiled the tablet.

The work is going on at Stone Mountain, and after the Confederate monuments at present under way are completed it would be a praiseworthy thing for the Memorial Women to bend their energy toward carrying on this gigantic monument, which is to be the most remarkable memorial in the world.

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, author of "Representative Women of The South," will soon give to her publishers Volume II of the same work. Mrs. Collier will devote Volume III to "Distinguished Men of the Confederacy." This will be a brilliant work. To give to history one hundred sketches, with full page pictures, of our heroes of the sixties will be indeed a golden page in history. Volume IV will follow this; and as the years go on Mrs. Collier will have given to our South and the nation many volumes of lives of representative Southerners.

A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE SIXTIES.

The South lost its most far-famed "unreconstructed" citizen in the death of Miss Mary Hall, at Augusta, Ga., on July 18. Though diminutive in size, she was a conspicuous figure at many Confederate reunions, garbed in uniform of gray as a member of Camp No. 435 U. C. V., of Augusta. And she was a faithful and loyal member of that Camp, ever interested in its activities and taking part with it in many reunions.

Since the days of the War between the States, Miss Hall had worn a small Confederate flag in her hair, and her most prized title was that of being an "unreconstructed rebel." But in 1917 she became an earnest worker in behalf of the boys in training at Camp Hancock, near Augusta. She grew to be very fond of the boys from Pennsylvania stationed there, and joined with them in devotion to the national cause, though she never gave up her allegiance to the cause of the Old South. The nearest relatives surviving Miss Hall are nieces and nephews.

MEMORIAL DAY IN BALTIMORE.

In sending a newspaper account of the observance of Memorial Day in Baltimore, Hon. James R. Wheeler, who is President and Treasurer of the Confederate Woman's Home there, writes:

"Our Memorial Day is the anniversary of the battle of Harrisonburg, in which the First Maryland Infantry defeated the 'Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment,' capturing Colonel Kane, their commander. In recognition of their victory, General Ewell ordered one of the Bucktails to be placed on the colors of the First Maryland, where it was carried to the close of the war, and is now in our Capitol in Annapolis. Col. Turner Ashby, our great cavalry commander, was killed in this battle, June 6, 1862."

The *Baltimore American* gave a pathetic little incident in connection with this annual observance in the following account:

"Fifteen feeble veterans from the Confederate Home at Pikesville (the remaining eight men in that institution were unable to endure so long a journey) and half a hundred others who have homes of their own, joined several hundred men, women, and children of later generations around the Confederate monument, erected in 1870 to those sons of Maryland who followed the Stars and Bars.

"The formal program began at 4 o'clock, but friends of those who sleep under the green slopes of the ancient burying ground began to gather more than an hour earlier, bearing flowers to be placed upon the graves.

"One of the early arrivals, after the sultry walk from the street car line to the Confederate plat, looked around for the burial place of a long-time friend who had no kin of his own living in this part of the country. He sought patiently, un- hurriedly. At last he found a simple little marble slab with the inscription:

"ANDREW DORSEY,
Pvt. Co. A., 1st Md. Cav.
Died Oct. 7, 1906."

"He knelt on the lawn, untied a parcel that he carried, and slowly, painstakingly spread along the grave the old-fashioned sweet williams and phlox and roses and larkspur that he had brought. He went over them again, handling with particular tenderness the purple sprays of the larkspur.

"My wife always liked them best," he said, half to himself. Finished, he arose, brushed his clothes, paused for a long minute, bareheaded, as he looked once more at the carved stone.

"That's all I can do for you, Andy," he whispered.

"Other veterans gathered at the entrance of the cemetery until the Pikesville men arrived in automobiles sent by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Marching behind the band that played a dirge, they moved slowly to the Confederate plat, followed by Daughters of the Confederacy and the vigorous young men who served with the Blue and Gray Division in the World War, all under the command of James R. Wheeler.

"At the monument Joseph Packard presided, introducing Randolph Barton, who made an address. Miss Bate McWilliams gave a recitation and a male chorus sang hymns. Dr. William Meade Dame, who served with the Richmond Howitzers in the War between the States, pronounced the benediction. Audience and band joined in 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Then the bugles sounded 'Taps.'

"Huge baskets of flowers were distributed and placed upon the graves of the Confederate dead, the Pikesville veterans helping. As the crowd scattered, gentle hands helped the men in gray back into waiting automobiles; and out in Pikesville last night, as the sun went down, the less sturdy eight who had to stay behind heard all about it, while they peeped the glowing western sky with the gallant legions of Pickett and Jackson."

PAID IN FULL AT NEW ORLEANS.

Whether true or not, this little story of Andrew Jackson has an interest. It was sent to the *VETERAN* by P. P. Hayes, Johnson City, Tenn., who writes that the story was told to him by the Hon. William Powell, of Roanoke, Va., a Confederate veteran of eighty-eight years. This is the story:

"A short time before Jackson moved to Tennessee, he went

to Surry Courthouse, N. C., to attend a term of court, putting up at the tavern. He told the landlord that he had one case in court, and if it was tried at that term, he would have the money to pay his bill. 'But if the case is not tried, you will have to charge the bill,' said Jackson; to which the landlord agreed. The case in question was not tried, and the board bill was left on the books unpaid. Soon after this Jackson moved to Tennessee and was never again at Surry Courthouse.

"As time went on Jackson rose to distinction as a lawyer also as a military leader. One day the old tavern keeper at Surry heard that Andy Jackson had achieved a great victory at New Orleans, and that American independence had been gained. So the patriotic old tavern keeper got out his old account book and turned to the page where it said, 'To Andy Jackson, for board, \$2.50,' under which he wrote: 'Paid in full at New Orleans. Hurrah for Andy Jackson!'"

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

In giving an account of a recent visit to the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky., Mrs. Amos H. Norris, Treasurer General U. D. C., of Florida, brings out some features of it which may not be generally known. The VETERAN has published almost everything available on the subject, and is glad to give this further information through Mrs. Norris. She says:

"The monument is an obelisk forty feet across at the foundation, thirty-eight feet base on a foundation eighteen feet deep six feet above the ground, and twelve feet below, resting on a foundation of solid rock.

"On June 10 the monument had reached a height of two hundred and four feet, with another one hundred and fifty feet to be added before it attains completion, when it will be the next highest monument in the world. There will be forty-five flights of stairs, which will be square in construction; and there will be ten floors in the monument, and two windows on each side, near the top of the monument. There will also be an elevator. The view from the top was the most beautiful I have ever seen, with the exception of Lookout Mountain. We could see into three counties.

"The entrance to the monument faces north, and is of Egyptian architecture, perfect in its proportions. The monument is constructed of stone, set in cement, and will last through all ages. All of the materials are obtained from the park, with the exception of the cement.

"To the left of the monument stands a Baptist church, small, weather beaten, and showing the ravages of time. To the right of the vestibule a tablet on the wall bears this inscription; 'Jefferson Davis was born June 3, 1808, on the site of this church. He made a gift of this lot March 10, 1886, to Bethel Baptist Church, as a thank offering to God.'

"There is a substantial stone fence, about five feet high, capped with stones set perpendicularly at intervals, around the park of twenty acres.

"Back of the monument is a beautiful woodland of black walnut, maple, sycamore, and oaks. Just a little to the right of the monument is a marker, the dividing line between Christian and Todd Counties. It is eleven miles from Hopkinsville, the county seat of Christian County, nine miles from Elkton, the county seat of Todd County, seven miles from Pembroke, on the L. & N. Railroad main line from St. Louis and Nashville, and on one of the main highways. The monument, when completed, together with the park, will cost approximately \$160,000.

"On our way back we stopped to pay our respects to Dr. Stuart, a Confederate veteran of ninety-four years, who was

of great assistance, until he became too feeble, in inspecting the work. He was sitting in an easy chair on his back porch, with a magnifying glass in his hand, looking at the monument. He said: 'You have no idea the company it has been to me to sit here these years and watch it as it has grown in height, but the sands of my life are running very low, and if it isn't finished quickly, I may not be here to see it, and I so want to see it finished.'

"And we must finish it and do it quickly, and it can be done by October, 1922, if the additional \$25,000, necessary to complete it comes in promptly. Some States may feel they have paid their share, but we, as United Daughters of the Confederacy, have not discharged our obligation until the monument is *completed*, and it will be one of the markers in the history of the Confederate States of America that we, and future generations, may point to with pride."

GEN. JEAN JACQUES ALFRED MOUTON, OF LOUISIANA.

(From address by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, at unveiling of the Mouton Memorial, Lafayette, La., April 8, 1922.)

"Jean Jacques Alfred Mouton was a Louisianian by birth, by education, and by culture. He was born in Opelousas on February 18, 1829, the eldest son of Alexander Mouton and Lelia Dupre Rousseau. His father was Governor of the State. Alfred's early education was acquired in the schools of Lafayette; in 1846 he was appointed cadet at West Point, and he graduated there in 1850. In 1860, Alfred Mouton and every man in all the Southland was ready. There was a brotherhood reared under that fine old code which influenced all our lives, and the cry went forth; 'My country! Right or wrong, my country!' So at the very beginning of hostilities, Alfred Mouton mustered a company of volunteers. He was later elected colonel of the 18th Louisiana Infantry, and led his brigade at Pittsburg Landing in 1861. He was severely wounded at Shiloh, and there they made him brigadier general.

"On April 8, 1864, he was killed, killed at that famous battle of Mansfield in north Louisiana, where our bravest and best gathered and once again hurled back the invading foe. General Mouton was barely thirty-five years old when killed.

"This monument was erected by the Louisiana Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. We have worked on it through five consecutive administrations. During the World War all plans for our monument were discontinued. This tribute commemorates the life, the character, and the ability of a representative Southerner.

"It is a worth-while thing to thus honor our great and noble ones, and to send on to posterity the record of their lives, character, and deeds. Great as America is, rich as America is in all material things, we still need the spiritual, the heroic in our daily lives and as a heritage for the future. General Mouton gave, as thousands of Southerners did, his all to his country, and those who loved him are in return raising this fitting and appropriate tribute to his memory.

"In dedicating this monument, we are commemorating his heroism and the heroism of a day that is gone, and every soul here to-day is in a way pledging himself to the memories of the past. It is our privilege and our sacred duty to keep alive and active all the history and tradition of our native country, and to the end we are trying to send on something of the spirit of the sixties. Be assured that our children, in their turn, will keep the record of these quieter times. We are holding in our hands all the treasures of the past and the hopes, dreams, and responsibilities of the present for the next generation."

WAR AND PEACE.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D.

What means this ceaseless strife

Of beast and bird with tooth and claw,

Each striving against another's life

As by some urgent, primal law?

And man, creation's head and lord,

Has made of earth a battle field

That's sown by hate, and with the sword

He reaps the harvest death doth yield.

The world is longing for the King

Whose blessed reign shall never cease,

Whose love to weary hearts shall bring

The promised age of perfect peace.

His all commanding voice is heard

In every land beneath the stars;

His mighty, all-compelling word

Can end for aye the clash of wars.

Come now, we pray, Almighty King,

In answer to our pressing need,

That we with angel hosts may sing

And nations to thy voice give heed.

THE LOST DISPATCH—A WAR MYSTERY.

BY THOMAS JACKSON ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

There has never appeared in print, so far as the writer is aware, any satisfactory explanation of the loss of a dispatch at Frederick, Md., addressed to Gen. D. H. Hill, outlining the proposed movements of Lee's army, a copy of this order having been found and placed in the hands of General McClellan. As is well known, General Hill received his copy of the order, written in General Jackson's own handwriting, placed it in his files, preserved it, and which is to this day among his official papers. Why should there have been a duplicate of this order addressed to General Hill? Therein is the mystery, which has remained unsolved, so far as relates to the general public, although some sixty years have elapsed since the occurrence. A solution is here given, which would seem to clear up the mystery. Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, in an address delivered by him at Raleigh, N. C., on May 10, 1897, in referring to this lost dispatch, stated that the man who lost the dispatch had suffered enough humiliation from it for him (Rosser) not to mention his name. That it was one of Jackson's staff, who was a smoker; that when it was handed to him to deliver, he said, "O, we have that order," and so, carelessly, wrapped it around his cigars, placed it in his pocket, and lost it in that shape; and that he (Rosser) hoped this man would tell his connection with it before he died. As the only member of General Jackson's staff now living was not connected with his staff until after this event occurred, it is very evident that the staff officer referred to by General Rosser did not disclose the fact in his lifetime, and as General Rosser is not now living, the name of the staff officer may never be known.

The following theory, supplemented by General Rosser's statement, would seem to give all necessary explanation—viz., it is quite evident that the staff officer who wrote the second copy of the order was not present when General Jackson copied it and handed it to the official for delivery to General Hill. It is likewise evident that General Jackson was not present when the staff officer wrote the second copy and handed it to the official for delivery, and received the reply as quoted by General Rosser, "O, we have that order," and

wrapped his cigars in the useless copy, placing the package in his pocket, and later lost it. The order was dated September 9, and was found September 13, wrapped around these cigars, by a Federal soldier. One can well imagine the chagrin of the staff officer upon learning the result of his carelessness; and what of the prospective interview between himself and General Jackson should the fact of his carelessness become known to the latter? Evidently it never did, for the careless official's connection with headquarters would have ceased at that moment. Such gross carelessness would not have been excused. The facts were undoubtedly suppressed by those who were cognizant of them, and hence the mystery was never revealed. The quotation from General Rosser was written down the day following his address, and I have had this written statement in my possession ever since.

It may be mentioned that a civilian, a Confederate sympathizer, happened to be present at McClellan's headquarters at the time McClellan received this lost copy of Lee's order, and with the utmost expedition the information was transmitted to General Lee.

A LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

To All Friends of Literature: The Directors of Oglethorpe University have appointed Mr. H. E. Harman, of Atlanta, to collect the Library of Southern Literature to be placed in Lupton Hall, just completed on the campus, and Mr Harman has accepted the task.

We ask all friends of Oglethorpe and of Southern literature generally to aid in this wonderful work. Our aim is to make this the greatest library of Southern books in the world. You can help in this important task. Send to Mr. Harman, 402 Trust Company of Georgia Building, Atlanta, Ga., any books you can spare, and each book will be labeled with your name as the giver and placed in Lupton Hall.

This is a great and patriotic work undertaken by Oglethorpe University, and should have the coöperation of every one interested in Southern literature. Lupton Hall is the finest fireproof library building in the South, and the aim is to collect in this building a complete library of the works of Southern writers, books on the South, manuscripts, and the literary remains of Southern authors, so the future historian and biographer may find there all the material he needs. The building was the gift of Mr. J. T. Lupton, of Chattanooga, and Mr. Harman, himself a noted writer, gives his services in the collection of this library. Everybody should join in to make this the most complete collection of Southern literature. Send whatever you can in the way of books, old Southern magazines, pamphlets, manuscripts, letters, and pictures.

This building is a gift to Southern literature, the work of collecting is a free-will offering, and certainly this is a cause which deserves the help of every one interested in Southern writers and their books.

NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern: In answer to inquiries about a book published in 1913 entitled "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-To-Be," I beg to say that, although I am author and owner of the copyright, I have been unable to procure a copy of the book since 1917. I wish to hear from persons who have purchased the book since that date. Any information concerning agents or dealers handling it will be appreciated. Address all communication to me.

HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT,
Route 1, Box 61, Girard, Burke Co., Ga.

FIGHTING THEIR OWN.

BY C. M. SMITH, DELAPLAINE, VA.

It may be an interesting fact, not generally known, that in the War between the States many sons of the South struck her many heavy blows. Farragut, of Tennessee, rose, as a reward of merit, to the highest rank in the Federal navy, and a large number of his associates were from the South. In the Northern army there were of Southern blood and lineage: Generals Thomas, Sykes, Reno, Newton, J. J. Reynolds (the hero of Little Round Top in the battle of Gettysburg), Canby, Ord, Brannan, William Nelson, Crittenden, Blair, R. W. Johnson, T. J. Wood, M. B. Buford, Terrill, Graham, Davidson, Cooke, Alexander, Getty, French, Fremont, Pope, Hunter. Some of these doubtless served the South better by the side they took, but most of them were fine officers and some of them superb. Then the South had 300,000 of her sons in the Federal army in more subordinate capacities. Her armies surrendered when a Southern-born President and Vice President were at the head of the United States government.

I quote from an article written by Gen. D. H. Hill (who, with Gordon, of Georgia, and several others, were among General Lee's most distinguished subordinates), published in the May number of the *Century Magazine* in 1886. In another part of the same article, he says: "There is another view to be taken of this picture, however, if we had to be beaten, it was better to be beaten by former friends. Every true soldier loves to have 'a foeman worthy of his steel.' I differ with him, and quote from Shakespeare, . . . 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.'"

General Hill further writes: "Some one attempted to console with Thomas Yearwood, a famous old South Carolina bully, upon the beating given him by his own son. 'Hush up,' said old Tom; 'I am glad that no one but my own flesh and blood had a hand in my drubbing.'"

Says Hill in the same article: "Every battle field of the war beheld the deadly conflict of former friends with each other. The last time I ever saw Generals McClellan and Reno was in 1848, at the table of Gen. G. W. Smith, in the City of Mexico. Generals Meade and Scammon had been instructors while I was at West Point. Colonel Magilton, commanding a brigade in Meade's Division, had been a lieutenant in my company in the Mexican War. Gen. John Gibbon (whose brigade pressed up the pike on the 14th of September at the battle of South Mountain) and his brother Lardull had been best men at my wedding. They were from North Carolina, but one brother took the Northern side, while the other took the Southern. But we trust that fragrant forever will be the memory of deeds of heroism, fortitude, self-denial, and constancy to principle, whether these deeds were preformed by the wearers of the blue or gray from their respective standpoints of duty."

WHO GOT HIS CANE?—F. A. Gullledge, of Verbena, Ala., is anxious to locate his highly prized cane, of which he writes: "I want to know what old veteran took my gold-headed cane from the coach of the Southern Railway at Peachtree Street Station, Atlanta, Ga., on the 28th of June. Some ladies saw him take it, and to them he remarked that the man to whom the cane belonged got off the train in North Carolina. I don't know where he got his information, unless he had been associated at some time with the Gulledges of Anson County, N. C., which is the hotbed of the Gullledge name, since 1760, on the American continent. He further remarked that he lived in St. Augustine, Fla., and would send the cane by mail to its proper owner. The inscription on the head of the cane,

as I remember it, was as follows: 'From the Wrought Iron Range Boys, St. Louis, Mo., to F. A. Gullledge, December 25, 1899.' It was a gift that I highly prize, and whoever has it or knows about it, will please notify me by mail at Verbena, Ala."

LETTERS THAT CHEER.

Clarence Jefferies writes from Laredo, Tex.: "I have been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* for many years, and it has served to make a better American of me, and led me to have a higher regard for the character of the American as man and as soldier. From it I have learned the truth regarding the history of the War between the States and the causes that led up to it. . . . I am also glad to know that my oldest son has the same exalted opinion of the Southern soldier of that war as I have. He admires the Confederate and his achievements in that great struggle. . . . My grandfather, W. C. Jefferies, was a soldier during all that war, and an uncle on my mother's side, Columbus Wright, was killed at Yellow Bayou. He was in Marmaduke's army, in the company commanded by Captain Cox, of Texas. Would like to hear from any of their surviving comrades."

One of the most faithful subscribers to the *VETERAN* is S. H. Hows, of Nashville, who sacrificed a leg in the Confederate service. On the 16th of March, 1922, he rounded out seventy-eight years of active life, despite this handicap. In writing the *VETERAN* to renew his subscription, he used a pen captured from the Yanks in December, 1864, on Hood's advance into Tennessee, and which he had been using ever since. Says he couldn't do without the *VETERAN*. He joined the Confederate army in September, 1862, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865, with Forrest. He has his parole framed with the pictures of Davis, Lee, Jackson, Forrest, Morgan, and other great Confederates.

Capt. Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant of Camp Tom Moore, No. 556 U. C. V., of Apalachicola, Fla., sends a fine list of twenty new subscriptions with his renewal, and writes:

"*Comrades*: The inclosed list of new subscribers was secured with very little exertion and tramping, and, unlike the proverbial book agent, no chin music to bore them. It was negligence on my part that a similar list was not sent in to your valued publication years ago. Why not others? I feel confident that they, with little energy and exertion, could accomplish the same desired results."

Who will be next to do as much for the *VETERAN*?

Mrs. M. B. Waties, of Tallahassee, Fla., now ninety-five years old, sends \$5 to renew her subscription one year and to help along the *VETERAN*'s work, with which she writes: "Your note of appeal for the dear work you are so faithfully carrying on found me writing to renew my subscription. Please deduct from the inclosed the amount to renew subscription, and the remaining \$3.50 is sent from the heart of an old Confederate woman as a mite to the blessed work of the faithful hearts. May God forever be with them!"

S. D. VanPelt, Danville, Ky., writes: "I am in receipt of the book, 'Christ in the Camp,' for which I wish to express my sincere thanks. While I served in the Federal army during the war, I am a friend of the Confederate soldier, and among the very best friends I have are men who served in the Confederate army. I was a warm personal friend of S. A. Cunningham, late editor of the *VETERAN*. I cannot conceive how that book could be published and sold at the price it cost me."

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Mail orders filled promptly. You don't deal with the factory. Inquiries invited.

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FRATERNITY.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood..

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need.

—Owen Seaman.

John H. Freshwater, of Haw River, N. C., wishes to locate T. M. Lankford, of Company D, 46th Tennessee Regiment, or any of his relatives.

The University of Maryland has appointed to its faculty Dr. George E. Wells, who completed his medical course as a trainee of the United States Veterans' Bureau.

David P. Sentner, a blind trainee of the United States Veterans' Bureau, taking journalism at Columbia University, New York City, won the Alfred A. Knopf award. This prize was given to Mr. Sentner on his book "Cobblestones."

John Aversa, a young Italian of Baltimore, Md., who is being rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau, sailed recently for Rome, where he will continue the study of sculpture. This course abroad has been given as a recognition of his remarkable talent. While recovering from his wounds at the Walter Reed Hospital his talent was discovered while he was engaged in clay modeling as a pastime. His disabilities prevented him from returning to his pre-war occupation as a tailor.

PLANTING THE TREE.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson and beam and knee—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be—
We plant the house when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag.
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free—
We plant all these when we plant the tree!

—Abbey.

NO BONUS NEEDED.

Totally blind in both eyes, caused by a high explosive shell during the St. Mihiel drive, Roy M. Chapman, former private, Company E, 314th Engineers, is still carrying on. This veteran recently completed his training under the United States Veterans' Bureau.

Mr. Chapman is now conducting a book and stationery store at Grand Junction, Colo. At the present time he controls the book business in Grand Junction, a town of eight thousand population. He received his training in storekeeping and business methods under the United States Veterans' Bureau at the Evergreen Institute for the Blind. Following the completion of his instruction, through the financial aid of his father and the Red Cross, he opened a book and stationery store in his home town. To-day he has a complete stock of goods valued at about five thousand dollars and is making a very comfortable profit on his undertaking. He has an excellent standing in the community where he was born, which he left to go to war and to which he returned a blind veteran. All the people in the town are very much inter-

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvellous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drum, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.



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ested in his success. Mr. Chapman is assisted by his wife in his business enterprise, and she helps him with the bookkeeping and correspondence. Through the training given by the Veterans' Bureau he has qualified himself for a useful business career. To-day he is "Chapman, the Stationer and Bookman," a happy, self-reliant young business man, with confidence in himself and his ability and a bright business future.—U. S. Veterans' Bureau.

Ninety-six men who were rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau as salesmen in general business and industries are now receiving on an average of \$148 per month, in spite of the general industrial depression during the past year. These men spent on an average of eight months in training.

The widow of Tom J. Rogers would like to hear from any of his old company, H, 13th North Carolina Regiment, "Tar Heels," or any other old friends. He was born in Virginia, the son of Alex Rogers, who was well known in his county, and ran a big tanyard during the war. Any information will be appreciated. Address Mrs. Jane T. Rogers, 329 West Sixteenth Street, Houston Heights, Tex.

Out-of-Print Books

Books on Confederate history are becoming more and more difficult to obtain, and it will be a surprise to many that all of the books in this list are now out of print. As only one of each can be offered, those who are anxious to add one or more of them to their collection should order at once, giving second and third choice.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, by Jefferson Davis, two volumes..... | \$10 00 |
| Memoirs of Jefferson Davis, by Mrs. Davis, 2 volumes..... | 8 00 |
| Prison Life of Jefferson Davis, by Dr. J. J. Craven. Splendid copy, cloth..... | 3 50 |
| Reminiscences of the Civil War, by Gen. John B. Gordon. Memorial edition, cloth..... | 6 00 |
| Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee, by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. Good copy, cloth..... | 3 50 |
| Four Years with General Lee, by Col. Walter H. Taylor, who served on General Lee's staff, cloth..... | 3 50 |
| Four Years Under Mars' Robert, by Maj. Robert Stiles..... | 3 50 |
| Memoirs of Service Afloat, by Admiral Semmes. Sheep binding, rubbed, but sound..... | 5 00 |
| Two Years on the Alabama, by Lieutenant Sinclair..... | 4 00 |
| History of Morgan's Cavalry, by Gen. Basil Duke; good copy. | 3 50 |
| Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston, by Col. William Preston Johnston. | 5 00 |
| Life and Campaigns of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, by H. B. McClellan. | 4 00 |
| The War between the States, by Alexander H. Stephens. 2 volumes..... | 8 00 |
| Narrative of Military Operations, by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. | 3 50 |
| Memoirs of General Lee, by Gen. A. L. Long, cloth..... | 5 00 |

THE THREE GENERALS

The picture of the "Three Generals"—Lee, Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston—a handsome steel engraving, is still offered at \$7.50. It should be in every home, library, Camp, and Chapter room. Especially desirable for presentation to schools. Send all orders to

The Confederate Veteran
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1922

NO. 9



MISS MARY DODSON RAMSEUR.

Sponsor for the South at Richmond Reunion, U. C. V., 1922. Daughter of
Maj. Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramseur, of North Carolina.

See page 323.

Hon. J. P. Buchanan, Representative from Texas, Washington, D. C., is interested in finding some comrades of Elisha T. Bennett, who served with Company G, 3rd Battalion of Georgia Infantry. He enlisted October 13, 1861, and was honorably discharged on July 4, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability. Surviving comrades are asked to certify to his service and thus help him to secure a pension.

Miss Mary Lou McClintock, No. 4 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., wishes to find some old-fashioned patchwork quilts and some old calico and cotton goods. Doubtless there are many patrons of the VETERAN who can help her in this quest.

S. H. Parker, of Philadelphia, Miss., in renewing his subscription to the VETERAN says: "I want it as long as I can see to read my Bible. I am past the eightieth milestone."

In sending a balance due on subscription, the executor of an old friend of the VETERAN writes: "There was no paper or magazine she received that afforded her as much interest as the VETERAN, and in paying this small amount I full well realize that I am simply doing a duty of which she would most heartily approve." A sentiment which is very gratifying.

Mrs. O. S. Watts, of Peoria, Miss., wishes to hear from some comrade of her husband, O. S. Watts, who enlisted from Newton County, Ala., in the Confederate army. She does not know the company or regiment with which he served. He was badly wounded during the war.

W. B. Williams, of Wolfe Summit, W. Va., would like to get some Confederate bills. Address him as above, giving price asked.

CAMPAIGN FOR THE VETERAN.

The many expressions of appreciation of such a publication as the VETERAN which come from all parts of the country are gratifying evidence that its work should still go on. With the passing years, many of its good friends who gave their efforts in its behalf have also passed on, and others are needed to fill these gaps, for the life of the publication depends upon the support that comes through its subscription patronage. Therefore, it is planned to start a campaign in that interest this fall, and all who can give a little time to securing some new subscriptions are asked to write to the VETERAN at once for the special offers that will be made in this campaign, and these offers will be to the benefit of those who make up the clubs as well as the club members.

Don't delay, but write at once to the VETERAN for the special offers and supplies. Who will be first to promise a club?

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CAMP DOUGLAS.

Childhood's scenes have long since faded,
 Dreams and visions bright of yore,
 Home to us forever shaded
 By the future evermore.
 Here old Michigan rolls before us,
 Doth a watery barrier make,
 Chanting ever one sad chorus
 At Camp Douglas by the Lake,
 Chanting ever one sad chorus
 At Camp Douglas, Camp Douglas,
 by the Lake.

Here no mocking bird is singing,
 Warbling forth his dearest lays,
 To our minds dear memories bringing
 Of the long forgotten days,
 When so quiet we dreamed and slumbered,
 Ne'er was thought we would awake;
 Now alas! our days are numbered
 At Camp Douglas by the Lake;
 Now alas! our hours are numbered
 At Camp Douglas, Camp Douglas,
 by the Lake.

(In sending a copy of this old song, Coleman D. Pattie, of Richmond, Ky., wrote: "When Morgan's men were prisoners at Camp Douglas, and we had no hope of exchange, we used to sing these lines. There were more stanzas, and I was told at the time that one of the prisoners wrote the song. I would like to know if this is true, and to learn the name of the author.)

Mrs. H. J. G. Cowan, No. 121 Lewis St., Capitol Heights, Montgomery, Ala., wishes to secure information of the war record of her husband, John David Cowan, who served with the 38th Alabama Infantry, either in the commissary or ordnance department, in the years 1863-4-5. She will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades, as she is in need of a pension.

Mrs. Minnie Walker, No. 1013 Park St., Memphis, Tenn., wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband, John William Walker, who served with the 10th Tennessee Infantry, under Pat Cleburne, Cheatham's Corps. She does not remember what company he was in, and hopes some comrade can supply the information that will enable her to get a pension.

WANTED.—Copies of the VETERAN for January, February, March, April, May, June, and July, 1893; also, July, 1900. Address Mrs. Roy W. McKinney Paducah, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1922.

No. 9.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH.

Miss Mary Dodson Ramsour, of North Carolina, who officially represented the South at the reunion in Richmond, Va., June, 1922, is the daughter of the gallant Maj. Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramsour, whose life was a sacrifice in the battle of Cedar Creek, Va. A splendid tribute to his courage and military ability is given in the address by Hon. Charles Steadman, of North Carolina, on the occasion of unveiling the tablet placed where he fell, and which was published in the *VETERAN* for December, 1920. No more gratifying appointment could have been made than of this daughter of the gallant Ramsour and fair daughter of the South.

LEE'S GREATNESS.

John N. Ware, of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., in the *New York Times*:

"In your issue of Sunday, July 23, you say in your editorial 'Greatness in America,' 'Robert E. Lee was a great general, but can usefulness be imputed to a man whose energies were employed for the service of a lost cause?'"

"You do not say 'all of whose energies,' but that is the inference, and I should like to call your attention to the greatest five years of General Lee's life, those between Appomattox and his death. It is these five years as much as those between 1861 and 1865 that have made him the idol of the Southern people and one whose greatness should never be called into question.

"There is nothing finer in the history of the world than the story of General Lee after the war. He refused offers of \$50,000 a year for the use of his name, he refused offers of annuities and country estates abroad, he refused a life of ease, and without a word of recrimination or of repining went to work in a miserably poor Southern college—and for what purpose? To set the young men of the South the example of good citizenship, to teach them to accept the decision of war, and to make them useful to their State and nation.

"Is not such a man great with no qualifications? If not, what is greatness in America, or anywhere else for that matter?"

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

BY ALFRED MICKELSON, WHO DEDICATES THIS POEM TO HIS FRIEND, CAPTAIN ROBERT WILEY, OF FAIRFAX, VA., ONE OF "LEE'S OWN."

There lives within the hearts of men upon this world to-day
A name which in those loyal hearts will never fade away.
The names of men of fame may go, but his e'er will remain,
For honor bright, a shining light, it bears no single stain.

God bless the mother who gave birth to this immortal son;
Virginia claims him as her own, but this cannot be done,
For all the Southland owns him, the land for which he gave
The best of all he had in life her glorious name to save.

With flaming sword he went upon the battle fields so red;
An army brave and tried and true four weary years he led.
They followed him so valiantly through all the thickest fights,
For Dixieland they fought and died, for Dixie and her rights.

He stands a soldier 'bove them all, a hero midst the stars,
His inspiration was the flag that bore the Stars and Bars.
No written page, no spoken word can ever fully tell
Of the brilliant mind, the gentle hand, his followers knew so well.

There lives within the hearts of men upon this world to-day
A name which in those loyal hearts will never fade away.
As years roll by, may the South still keep the sweetest memory
Of him, her most illustrious son, General Robert Edward Lee.

ERRORS.

An error was made in the date of his surrender as given by Capt. R. N. Rea in his article in the August *VETERAN*, pages 287-89, which should have been May 9, 1865, instead of April 9. On calling his attention to this, Captain Rea sends his old parole, with the date of May 9, to show that the error was through inadvertence—but it is such little slips that count against a contributor, for the editor does not always catch them. All who write for the *VETERAN* should verify dates especially, and be just as careful in other respects to give "a plain, unvarnished tale."

THAT LINCOLN RESOLUTION.

Camp Hampton, U. C. V., of Columbia, S. C., indorsed enthusiastically a letter written by W. A. Clark, Commander of the Camp and also of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., on the report of the Rutherford Committee at the reunion in Richmond, in which he expresses the feeling that an injustice has been done the committee by the stand taken by the Commander in Chief U. C. V. and the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department in repudiating the resolution adopting the report. A part of his letter is here given in which the real object of the committee is set forth:

"It should be borne in mind that great injustice has been done the South and the cause for which we fought by Northern writers of history, whereby the responsibility of the Confederate war and all of the ills growing therefrom have been heaped upon the South, and these histories have even crept into the schools of the South, thereby poisoning the minds of the youth of the land.

"The purpose of our organization, and also of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is to have our cause fairly and honestly set forth to the world, and to this end our purpose is to have true history written and true history taught in our schools.

"Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., has been a most indefatigable worker to that end. She has, more than any other one person, contributed to the truth of the Confederate cause. The Rutherford Committee was some years ago appointed by our organization to use its effort to secure a fair and unbiased history to be used as a textbook in our schools and colleges. The work of this committee is very briefly set forth in the report, which closed with the commendation of the pamphlet setting forth the 'Truth of the War Conspiracy, 1861.' . . .

"The pamphlet referred to is one wherein Mr. Johnstone undertakes to prove, from well authenticated sources, that, while the agreement existed between the authorities of the United States and the authorities of the State of South Carolina that the *status quo* of Fort Sumter should remain inviolate, and while the agreement between the authorities of the United States and the authorities of the State of Florida that the *status quo* of Fort Pickens at Pensacola, Fla., should remain inviolate, President Lincoln, in violation of that agreement, undertook to reinforce each of these forts, and thus committed an act of war.

"It is not my purpose here to discuss the question, but to inform the public that the pamphlet of Mr. Johnstone is an open book, and it has been published to the world wherein he undertakes to support every proposition announced by him upon good authority, and largely from the archives of the United States government. As an appendix to this pamphlet he prints the authorities upon which he based his facts. Now it seems as if public indignation has been aroused in certain quarters by these charges against President Lincoln. History reveals the facts that no public official has ever escaped the pen of critics. President Lincoln was severely criticised by his own people and his own party from the day of his inauguration until the time of his tragic death. It has been only since that time that writers and speakers have endeavored to make him out a man 'void of offense,' a 'perfect man,' 'The Great American.'

"Mr. Lincoln was indeed a very remarkable man, and more remarkable because of his humble origin and hard lot in early life; and still more remarkable because he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, good or bad, even against the opposition of his associates. This, however, does not put President

Lincoln beyond the realm of just criticism, and all that the Rutherford Committee is endeavoring to do is to secure a true history of the Confederate cause without respect of persons.

"The life of President Lincoln would be incomplete without a discussion of the fundamental principles of our constitution. This has been done, in times gone by, by the giants of this land. The public life of Mr. Lincoln must depend largely upon the question whether the seceding States had a right, under our constitution, to withdraw from the Union. All of his biographers have written as if no such right existed. Of the South, however, stand upon the rights of the State to withdraw from the Union, and view Mr. Lincoln's life from life from that standpoint, and upon the solution of that question Mr. Lincoln must stand or fall.

"If the authorities set forth by Mr. Johnstone are true, then the world should know them. The pamphlet is open to the world, and the authorities upon which his charges are based fully set forth. The archives of the United States government must be assumed to set forth facts that are true.

"The facts necessary to maintain the justice of our cause should be made public regardless of consequences.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again

The eternal years of God are hers,
But error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.'

"No people are more loyal to our reunited country than the Confederate veterans and their sons; but we are not willing to purchase peace at the price of truth. Nor are we willing to suppress facts for the sake of a show of loyalty. We are not afraid of the truth, we want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; nor do we believe that the good men of our country, from whatsoever section or party they may come, would have it otherwise."

Rev. G. B. Harris, Pastor of Kirkwood Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., writes:

"Just let me say a word in behalf of Colonel Johnstone and the Lincoln charge that has stirred up such a hornet's nest. . . .

"The trouble is that so many of our own Southern people have been educated in this Lincoln worship. And they are in some cases, I fear, afraid not to pander to Northern sentiment. A Birmingham paper made an exhibition of itself by flying to the defense of Lincoln and stating that the cause of the South was wrong, etc.

"In the past few months two cases of this misguided Southern folly have come under my notice. In a Tennessee town, sometime ago, on the occasion of the funeral of an A. E. F. veteran, a school-teacher took occasion to say that 'Time had proved that the South was wrong.' Wrong in what? Wrong for asserting the same right which was claimed and exercised by all the thirteen colonies in 1776 and established through the happy recognition and aid of France? Wrong for asserting the same right (self-determination) for which President Wilson said the war with Germany was fought and won? What made it wrong in the one instance alone? How could it be right in 1776 and 1917, and yet wrong in 1861? Answer, echo, answer! Yet the man who spoke was a Southerner!

"Again, just a few weeks ago, in a baccalaureate sermon, I heard a Southern minister make the astounding statement that 'our fathers fought for slavery!' Verily, we have need of the VETERAN to educate our own people, for they have been literally 'fed up' on Northern histories and propaganda.

And the worst feature of it all seems to be that 'Ephraim is joined to his idols' and wants to be 'let alone.'

"In the cemetery in my native Tennessee town is a silent mound covering the mortal remains of one from whose lips I learned the story long ago of the South and her heroic struggle, and who lived and died in the brave and simple faith that what was once right in principle could not be made wrong by the mere success of numbers. With the Stars and Bars upon his silent breast, he sleeps with his comrades of other days. Not for all the glories and material splendor of the North, from New England down, would I exchange the heritage he has left me in the simple bronze Cross of Honor of the Southern soldier! And by that sacred dust, and the silent forms of so many more who have answered the last roll, I call upon every Son of a Confederate veteran to rally to the defense of the South and assert in the face of the world that her cause was just, her contention right, her purpose pure, and her record the noblest heritage of her succeeding generations!

"Just say to Colonel Johnstone that 'I'm with him!'"

THE STATE RIGHTS RENAISSANCE.

CONTRIBUTED BY M. D. CARTER, UPPERVILLE, VA.

The following excerpts from some of the leading journals of the country on the State Rights movements now being staged by New England and the Middle West are well worth our careful consideration.

"It makes a lot of difference whose ox is gored! The Federalist New England States that, in the War of 1812, regarded the government at Washington as a power attempting to interfere with their rights, half a century later gave thousands of their manhood to prove with blood and lives that the theory of State rights must *not* prevail. The Americans of to-day, and they are not a few, who would have the central government put the citizens to bed at night and brush their hair in the morning, believing apparently that coagulated mistakes can somehow work more wonders than individual efforts, will save their time and help the country if they grasp the fact that the world has moved since 1861, and that State rights *must exist* so long as there is a Constitution."—*The Boston Transcript*.



LIBERTY HALL.

The home of Alexander H. Stephens at Crawfordville, Ga., is now the property of the Stephens Monumental Association, which, in cooperation with the Georgia Division U. D. C., will establish the Stephens Memorial Institute for the education of poor boys and girls.

As the *Transcript* admits, it is clearly a case of "whose ox is gored." It was all right for the Federal government to make Virginia "District No. 1," and put negroes in her legislative halls, but when the Federal government, through the suffrage amendment, makes Massachusetts, with her sixty per cent foreign-born population, virtually a foreign country, that is a different proposition!

The *News and Courier*, under the caption, "A New England Confession," makes the following editorial comment on this extract from the *Transcript*:

"If these are indeed the sentiments of Boston, and especially of Back Bay, then truly is the *Transcript* right, and the world 'has moved since 1861.' It has moved too late, unfortunately, to help some of us, and the question is whether the awakening has not come too late to help any of us. The *Transcript's* conviction that State rights are invincible and indestructible has yet to be proved. Down this way we are *now* less inclined to be dogmatic about it than is our Boston contemporary."

"There seems to be 'open season' in Washington for constitutional amendment hunting. We hear there were *more than a score* of resolutions before Congress proposing that powers now vested in the States be transferred to the Federal government. From many quarters, notably from New England and the Middle West, come protests against further invasion of State rights. A vigorous campaign is being waged even now to block this insidious drive against the powers of the States."—*The New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

"The Dyer ant-lynching bill is having a rough passage through the Senate, if it is voyaging at all. It seems to have struck a snag in the subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, every member of which, but one, is said to regard it as unconstitutional. Senator Ernst, a member of this committee, opposes it because of his oath to support the Constitution of the United States. No man is a stronger opponent of lynching human beings than Mr. Ernst, but he is even a stronger opponent of lynching the constitutional government."—*The Courier-Journal*.

"The American people should be given opportunity, by submission of a constitutional amendment, Senator Borah declared, to decide whether they desire to 'wipe out State lines,' and give Congress power to pass child-labor, anti-lynching, and similar laws dealing with State affairs. Year after year Congress is lashed into passing laws which are manifestly unconstitutional, and it has come to be a settled principle, apparently, that Congress should disregard the Constitution and let the Supreme Court *alone* protect it.

"To my mind such a rule is so utterly shameless, so utterly intolerable, that is startling it should be even spasmodically urged."—*The Associated Press*.

These excerpts, which are but symptoms of the general unrest in the body politic to-day, raise two questions: Was the decision at Appomattox a victory for imperialism? and, Is the gospel of the Southern Confederacy, which was nothing more than an effort to preserve the principles of Jefferson against invasion and negation, a dead issue? Is the "Lost Cause" really lost?

JACKSON'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

Interest in the little church of St. John's, Episcopal, at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., where a tablet was recently unveiled to commemorate the association of General Lee with it when stationed at that fort, is all the greater by the added association of Stonewall Jackson as a communicant of that Church some years later. In writing of a visit some years ago to the church, Mrs. J. D. Beale, of New York City (formerly of Montgomery, Ala.), referred to the record of Jackson's baptism there, which induced some investigation of his religious beliefs, and the following is taken from Mrs. Jackson's memoirs of her famous husband. It seems that the matter of religion first engaged his thoughts when he was a soldier in Mexico, of which Mrs. Jackson says:

"The commanding officer of his regiment, the First Artillery, was Colonel Francis Taylor, an earnest Christian, who labored much for the spiritual welfare of his soldiers. He was the first man to speak to Jackson on the subject of personal religion, with whom the sense of duty was so strong that once convinced that a thing was right, and that he ought to do it, he immediately undertook it; and so he resolved to study the Bible and seek all the light within his reach. At that time he had but little knowledge of creeds and no special preference for any denomination. His mother, it is supposed, had been a member of the Methodist Church, but after his separation from her at an early age it is not likely that he received any religious instruction. One statement is that his mother had him baptized in infancy by a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Asa Brooks; but if this be so, it is probable that he did not know it himself, or he would not have had the rite administered to him after he was grown to manhood, for he believed in infant baptism. He had been more accustomed to the Episcopal service than any other, as the chaplains at West Point and in the army had been chiefly of that denomination, and his friend, Colonel Taylor, was a devout Episcopalian; but he determined to examine all the religious creeds and decide for himself which came nearest to his ideas of the Bible standard of faith and practice. Being then in the midst of educated Roman Catholics, he resolved to investigate their system, and for this purpose he sought the acquaintance of the Archbishop of Mexico, with whom he had several interviews. He believed him to be a sincere and devout man and was impressed with his learning and affability; but the venerable prelate failed to convince him of the truth of his tenets of belief. His preference for a simpler form of faith and worship led him to wait until he could have the opportunity of learning more of other Churches.

"The United States troops returned from Mexico in the summer of 1848, and Major Jackson's command was stationed for two years at Fort Hamilton, on Long Island. Here he led a quiet, uneventful life, forming some pleasant friendships among the residents, and especially with the ladies of the garrison. He attended with more diligence than ever to his religious duties, but acknowledged that he went through his Bible reading and prayers with no feeling stronger than having performed a duty. Colonel Taylor was residing near him, and their intercourse was delightful and instructive to the junior officer, who always spoke of his colonel with gratitude and reverence. The chaplain of the garrison at that time is said to have been a Rev. Mr. Parks, to whom Major Jackson became much attached, and at whose hands it has been reported that he received the sacrament of baptism. That he had such a friend and spiritual adviser is doubtless true, but that he was baptized by him is a mistake. I visited Fort Hamilton a few years ago and sought out the little chapel in which wor-

shipped while there (St. John's Episcopal) and with the aid of one of the wardens, a friend of Major Jackson, examined the records of the Church, where appeared the following entry:

"On Sunday, 29th day of April, 1849, I baptized Thomas Jefferson Jackson, major in the U. S. Army. Sponsors, Colonels Dimick and Taylor. M. SCHOFIELD."

"The minister very naturally made the mistake of supposing his second name was Jefferson, instead of Jonathan, the illustrious President of that name having had so many namesakes. Upon the Church records it was also interesting to find the name of Robert E. Lee, Captain Corps Engineers, as a vestryman in 1842. The names of the rectors of the parish up to that time were given, but that of Mr. Parks does not appear among them. It is my impression that Mr. Parks had charge of a Church in the city of New York, as I have heard Major Jackson speak warmly and gratefully of a ministerial friend in that city; and as Mr. Parks was an alumnus of West Point, this is most probable.

"Although he had applied for an received the sacrament of baptism in the Episcopal Church, his mind was not yet made up on the subject of Churches, and he chose to wait for further opportunities of acquainting himself with the creeds. But having accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Redeemer, he wished to avow his faith before men, and became a member of that 'holy catholic Church' whose creed is embraced by all evangelical denominations. Baptism in the Episcopal Church gave him the right to become a communicant, and with this privilege he was content, and he did not apply for the rite of confirmation. . . .

"In removing to Lexington, he found there a number of Churches, and attended one and another to see which he liked best. Up to this time he knew scarcely anything of Presbyterianism. Here he found that Church the largest and most influential, embracing many of the most intelligent families, although the professors of the Institute to which he belonged were mostly Episcopalians. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. William S. White, was a devout and earnest man of God, whose kindness and affability made him very winning to the young and to strangers. His impressive and persuasive style of preaching attracted and interested the new professor, who soon sought his acquaintance and then his counsel in religious matters. The simplicity of the Presbyterian form of worship and the preaching of her well-educated ministry impressed him most favorably, and after a careful study of her standards of faith and practice he gave his preference to that Church. It has been said that he became a Presbyterian by marriage, but this is incorrect, for he had made his choice of a Church before he made choice of a wife, and he was of too independent and inflexible a nature to be influenced even by a wife in so important a decision.

"In his frequent interviews with Dr. White, the latter became more and more interested in the earnest, candid inquirer; and although some of his theories were not in strict accord with Presbyterianism, yet his pastor was so impressed with the genuineness of his faith and his extreme conscientiousness that he did not hesitate to receive him to the communion. He made a public profession of his faith on the 22nd of November, 1851, and became more and more attached to the Church of his choice with the lapse of time; his difficulties of doctrinal belief all vanished, and he was a most loyal and devoted member and officer. But he was the furthest possible remove from being a bigot. His views of each denomination had been obtained from itself, not from its opponents. Hence he could see excellences in all. Even of the Roman Catholic Church he had a much more favorable impression than most Protestants, and he fraternized with all evangelical denominations. Dur-

ing a visit to New York City, one Sabbath morning, we chanced to find ourselves at the door of an Episcopal church at the hour for worship. He proposed that we should enter; and as it was a day for the celebration of the communion, he remained for that service, of which he partook, in the most devout manner. It was with the utmost reverence and solemnity that he walked up the chancel and knelt to receive the elements. In his Church at Lexington it has been said that he was an elder, but he never rose higher than a deacon, whose duties are purely temporal, to collect the alms of the Church and to distribute to the destitute. These humble duties Major Jackson discharged with scrupulous fidelity. His pastor said he was the best deacon in the Church. With a soldier's training of obedience to superior command, he followed out the same principle in his Church duties, going to his pastor, as his chief, for his 'orders,' and 'reporting' his performance of them in a military way. He never permitted anything to interfere with his attendance upon the monthly meetings of deacons; and to a brother deacon, who excused his absence by pleading that he had not the time to attend, he said: 'I do not see how, at that hour, we can possibly lack time for this meeting, or can have time for anything else, seeing it is set apart for this business.'

"Between his pastor and himself existed the most confidential relations, and he consulted him as he would a father, regarding him as a man of great worldly wisdom and discretion as well as a faithful leader of his flock. He always acted on the principle that he was as really bound to 'report' the condition of himself and family to his pastor as the latter was to minister to their spiritual wants.

"Few men had such reverence for ministers of the gospel, and he often said that, had his education fitted him for it and had he more of the gift of speaking, he would have entered the pulpit. In a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, he said: 'The subject of becoming a herald of the cross has often seriously engaged my attention, and I regard it as the most noble of all professions. It was the profession of our divine Redeemer, and I should not be surprised were I to die upon a foreign field clad in ministerial armor, fighting under the banner of Jesus. What could be more glorious? But my conviction is that I am doing good here, and that for the present I am where God would have me be. Within the last few days I have felt an unusual religious joy. I do rejoice to walk in the love of God. My Heavenly Father has condescended to use me as an instrument in getting up a large Sabbath school for the negroes here. He has greatly blessed it and, I trust, all who are connected with it.' So scrupulous was he in the performance of his duties that he would not neglect even the smallest, saying: 'One instance would be a precedent for another, and thus my rules would be broken down.' After his conscience decided upon questions of right and wrong, his resolution and independence enabled him to carry out his principles with a total disregard of the opinions of the world. He thought it was a great weakness in others to care what impression their conduct made upon public opinion, if their consciences were only clear. The fear of the Lord was the only fear he knew. After he became a Christian, he set his face against all worldly conformity, giving up dancing, theater-going, and every amusement that had a tendency to lead his thoughts and heart away from holy things. When a question was raised as to the right or wrong of indulgences that many consider innocent, he would say pleasantly: 'Well, I know it is not wrong not to do it, so I'm going to be on the safe side.' His rule was never to make any compromise with his principles. But there was not a particle of asceticism or gloom in his religion. It shed perpetual sun-

shine upon his life, and his cheerful serenity was like the full-flowing of a placid stream. His faith and trust led him to feel, that nothing could happen to him but what was sent in wisdom and love by his Heavenly Father. One of his favorite texts of Scripture was: 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.'

"Soon after he united with the Church, his pastor, in a public discourse, urged his flock to more faithfulness in attending the weekly prayer meeting, and enjoined upon the Church officers and members especially their duty to lead in prayer. Hearing this, Major Jackson called to inquire if he was among those who were admonished not to be deterred from their duty by modesty or false shame. He said he had not been used to public speaking; he was naturally diffident, and feared an effort might prove anything but edifying to the assembly; 'But,' he continued, 'you are my pastor, and the spiritual guide of the Church; and if you think it my duty, then I shall waive my reluctance and make the effort to lead in prayer, however painful it may be.' Thus authorized to call upon him if he thought proper, after a time the pastor did so. In responding to the request, his embarrassment was so great that the service was almost as painful to the audience as it was to himself. The call was not repeated, and after waiting some weeks, the major again called upon Doctor White to know if he had refrained from a second call from unwillingness to inflict distress upon him through his extreme diffidence. The good pastor was obliged to admit that he did shrink from requiring a duty of him which was rendered at such a sacrifice, lest his own enjoyment of the meeting be destroyed. His reply was: 'Yes, but my comfort or discomfort is not the question; if it is my duty to lead in prayer, then I must persevere in it until I learn to do it aright; and I wish you to discard all consideration for my feelings.' The next time he was called upon he succeeded better in repressing his agitation, and in the course of time he was able to pour out his heart before God with as much freedom in the public meeting as at his own family prayers.

"A congregational meeting of the Church was held to determine the best method of increasing the revenue of the Church. After several speeches, in which there was a good deal of diversity of opinion, Major Jackson rose quietly and in a short but stirring address recalled the old command, not 'to rob God in tithes and offerings,' emphasizing the point that if they did their duty as Church members all their difficulties would come to an end, with such earnest persuasion as led an eminent divine who was present to remark: 'Why the major was really eloquent to-day.'

"In his own giving for religious purposes, he adopted the Hebrew system of tithes, contributing every year one-tenth of his income to the Church. He was a liberal giver to all causes of benevolence and public enterprises, and during the war he gave bounteously of his means to promote the spiritual interests of the soldiers.

"During a summer spent in the little village of Beverly, W. Va. (the home of his sister), he was troubled to find that there was but little religious influence in the place, and that a number of the friends and acquaintances he made there were professed infidels. So great was his desire to convince them of their error and danger that he prepared and delivered a brief course of lectures upon the evidences of Christianity. A military man was not often seen in that remote region, and this led him to hope that some might be drawn even by curiosity to listen to something from him more favorably than from others, though it might be much inferior. He succeeded in attracting crowds of hearers, but the delivery, he said, was one of the greatest trials he had ever had."

OLD-TIME POLITICAL LIFE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Inasmuch as the life of any generation is the outcome of the life of the generations going before, I have thought that it would be interesting to the readers of the *VETERAN* to learn from an observer of those days and times something of the life and personalities of the prominent leaders of political parties. Let me say that these are the recollections of a boy not having reached his majority.

My earlier days were spent in a law office. My father was clerk of the Circuit Court of Dickson County, yet had a large practice outside of his own court. He had me trained as a copyist, and I was taken into his office in that capacity when I was eleven years old, and when I was thirteen I was sworn in as his deputy. Of course, the lawyers petted me a great deal. Three times every year they gathered from the neighboring county and spent the week in trial of their cases, but, when they were not thus engaged, they met together to discuss all kinds of profound questions, to tell the accumulated stories of the past quarter, and to engage in earnest debate on political matters. Our office was the gathering place of these meetings, and socially there were no distinctions, Whig and Democrat alike being entitled to express their opinions, although my father was a leading Democrat of his section. There one met Hon. Cave Johnson and Hon. Gustavus A. Henry, the eagle orator of Tennessee; Gov. Aaron V. Brown and Gov. Neil S. Brown; General Trousdale and General Campbell, opposing candidates for Governor; and other distinguished leaders of the parties. It was high debate, oftentimes, and there was abundant wit and laughter over their jokes.

It has been the custom to think that the people, on political questions, were far less intelligent than at this day, and that each one was a Whig or Democrat according as his father had been such; but the people, as a mass, were accustomed to hearing frequent discussions on the stump between the party leaders, and two or three times in each year there were anniversary gatherings to celebrate the notable events in our history and the principles of our government, all of which were discussed by the fireside at home in the evening.

In those days public opinion was very largely influenced by editorial writings, and each writer of ability became a power in his party. At the same time, each editor was held personally responsible for what he had written and was called upon to answer for it in physical combat. An example of this was the encounter between Marlin and Zollicoffer, editors of opposing journals. But there were examples of high courtesy between opposing candidates which were illustrations of the noble principles by which they were moved. Let me recall an example that made its deep impression upon me as a boy. It was fully seventy years ago, but I think my memory is correct.

Felix K. Zollicoffer, editor of the Whig paper, had been elected to Congress from our district. He was a man of the highest principles, honesty, and integrity, and marked ability, whom every body respected; yet he was not gifted as a speaker; so the Democrats nominated against him, William A. Quarles, of Clarksville, a brilliant orator. The candidates met and arranged their canvases, when, after two or three speakings, Mr. Zollicoffer's wife died very suddenly. At once his opponent wrote to him one of the tenderest letters of sympathy I ever read, proposing at once to end any public canvases. The reply of Mr. Zollicoffer was equally tender and beautiful, and so this event stood in the history of our district as an example of honor and of kindness, beyond the mere exigencies of public debate.

These things made the deeper impression upon me because it was only a few years until the War between the States called these two leaders to become brigadier generals in the Confederate army, and General Zollicoffer was one of the first killed, while General Quarles, under whom I served as a private soldier, was desperately wounded in the battle of Franklin a few years later. During the war their commands were almost exterminated. I well remember the enthusiasm with which I received Harry Linden Flash's poem on the death of Zollicoffer, and I recall it here for the benefit of every surviving Confederate veteran:

"First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blest,
And for his soul's sustaining
The atoning blood of his Saviour Christ,
And nothing on earth remaining.

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story,
And fame to shout with immortal voice,
'Dead on the field of glory.'"

The names of these two gallant spirits will survive in ages to come as a memorial of the highest sacrifice that patriotism can offer to righteousness.

I remember very distinctly one statement made by General Zollicoffer to my father, for they discussed all questions very freely, as friend with friend. The Republican party had just been organized as a distinctive party to overthrow the South's idea of a government of States under a federated constitution, the Northern idea representing one great centralized government controlling all the activities of the States and manipulated to advance the strictly material interests of the country at large; prosperity was their watchword. Just at that time three members of the "Black Republican" party had been expelled from Congress for accepting bribes; two were from Ohio and one from New York. My father expressed sorrow at this degeneracy in office and said that, however much he might oppose the political schemes of any party, he had hoped the Congress of the United States would be above any suspicion of graft or corruption. Then General Zollicoffer, with great earnestness, remarked: "I feel as you do, but if justice were done, one-half of that party would be expelled, perhaps not for direct bribery; but in every necessary appropriation, when you get to the basis of it, you will find the names of one or more of these Congressmen involved in a scheme of graft for their personal profit or the unjust advantage of their section." Of course, we never believed or charged that the whole mass of the "Black Republican" party was thus corrupt; but we do charge that the principle of centralization which this party strove to enforce could only end in corruption, and to-day the government of the United States is the victim of just such corruption in all parties, through which personal character is debauched and rank injustice is wrought in the public service.

JOHN PELHAM OF ALABAMA.

(This paper, by Mrs. Emmie Martin Hunt, of Ozark, Ala., won the Mary Lou Dancy prize, Alabama State Division, U. D. C.)

Among the hills of Calhoun County, Ala., when the Indian war whoop had scarce ceased reverberating, there was born a boy whose name will ever keep its place in Southern history and bring a thrill of admiration to the hearts of those who love to read of youthful daring.

The first known ancestor of John Pelham was Peter Pelham, an engraver of Chicester, England. His son, Peter Pelham, came to Boston in 1726. He, too, was an engraver and painter of considerable note. Many of his portraits and engravings are still treasured in New England. A third Peter Pelham, son of the above, removed to Williamsburg, Va., when a very young man. He became one of the best known musicians of Colonial Virginia. His son, Charles Pelham, born July, 1748, held the position of major in the Continental army and after the close of the Revolutionary War removed to Marysville, Ky.

Dr. Atkinson Pelham, son of Major Charles Pelham, was born near Marysville, November 21, 1797. He graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, married Miss Martha McGee, of Pearson County, N. C., and a few years later moved to Alexandria, Calhoun County, Ala. On September 14, 1838, a son was born to them, of whose heroism and daring it has been the pleasure of historians to write, of great war chieftains to speak, and about whom this narrative is written.

John Pelham spent a very happy boyhood around the old home at Alexandria. Much time was devoted to outdoor sports, and early in life he became a superb horseman. In 1856 he was appointed cadet at West Point by Congressman Sampson W. Harris. He became a member of the only five-year class ever organized there, which accounts for his presence at the academy in 1861. He was assigned to Company D, composed chiefly of Southern men.

A member of Pelham's class, Major General Ames, who faced Pelham's guns at Bull Run, also in McClellan's Peninsular Campaign, says of him: "He was a general favorite in the corps of cadets, and, I think I am safe in saying, the most popular man in our class. He was a gentleman in the highest sense of the term. A discourteous act was wholly foreign to his nature. His kindly heart, sweet voice, and genial smile carried sunshine with him always. What he instinctively claimed for himself he graciously conceded to others."

Colonel Dupont, also of the Union army, says: "John Pelham, of Alabama, entered the Military Academy with me. He was of medium height, very straight, and with a remarkably well-proportioned figure. His complexion was not very fair, although his eyes were blue and his hair decidedly blonde. Altogether he was a very handsome youth, with attractive manners, which lent an additional charm to his open and engaging countenance. Although his natural abilities were good, he could not be called clever and did not stand very high in his class, my recollection being that he did not apply himself particularly to his studies. He was, however, a young man of high tone and decided character, and his proficiency in military exercises and in all that pertained to a soldier's life made him a cadet noncommissioned officer and a cadet officer."

Pelham passed his final examinations and would have received his commission had he remained at the Academy a few days longer. But the Southern sky was overcast by the dark cloud of sectional strife, and Alabama called her sons to come to her defense. Pelham resigned his cadetship and started South. At New Albany, Ind., the Federal authorities re-

fused to allow him to proceed. Disguising himself as one of General Scott's couriers, he escaped and made his way to Jeffersonville. While watching his chance to slip across the river, he became acquainted with a pretty Yankee maid, who at once fell in love with the handsome young soldier. Later he gained her confidence enough to disclose his identity without fear of betrayal and told her of his intention to go South. She urged him to stand by the "old flag," but, seeing her entreaties were of no avail, she offered to ferry him across the river. The following day they took a skiff for a pleasure row on the Ohio, but he never returned. They landed on the Kentucky side, where he bade her farewell and immediately made his way to Montgomery, where he reported for duty. He was commissioned first lieutenant of field artillery in the regular army and placed in charge of the ordnance at Lynchburg, Va. He was soon transferred to Winchester, where he was assigned as drillmaster of Alburts' Battery. The superb courage which he displayed at Manassas in handling these guns attracted the attention of General Stuart, who soon afterwards intrusted him with the organization of six pieces of horse artillery. Some of these men were from Virginia and Maryland, but most of them were from Alabama. This six-gun battery was the nucleus around which gathered that brave body of men known as Stuart's artillery.

At Williamsburg, Pelham had his first opportunity of engaging the men of his new command. The coolness with which he directed them would have done credit to a veteran.

In the battles that followed he was like a meteor, dazzling his superior officers by the daring of his onrushes, never hesitating until he was in the thickest of the fight. At Cold Harbor, for an entire day, he engaged three heavy batteries with a single Napoleon gun, fighting with such stubborn determination that General Jackson grasped his hand and thanked him for his wonderful service. During this battle Pelham advanced one gun one-third mile, and for more than an hour it was the only gun on the Confederate left firing. Shortly after this, with only one gun, he forced a Federal gunboat to retire from the "White House."

At Second Manassas he again received the thanks of old Stonewall. Here he thrust his guns almost into the enemy's columns and used them with bloody effect. During this fight Jackson said to Stuart: "General, if you have another Pelham, give him to me."

The battery of "Jeb" Stuart's "boy artillerist" had become famous. At the battle of Sharpsburg he was placed in command of almost the entire artillery in the left field. How well he deserved the confidence placed in him could be seen by the havoc wrought by his guns that day.

Again, at Shepherdstown, his guns could be heard for hours. He accompanied Stuart on that bloody march from Aldie to Markham's, fighting against overwhelming odds, firing until the enemy was within a few paces of his guns, falling back a short distance to take up the fight again. On this march he was far ahead, with only one gun, when Stuart ordered him to retire. He begged to remain a little longer. His cannoners ran away and left him. He loaded the piece and fired almost into the face of the enemy, then, mounting one of the lead horses, began to gallop away with the cannon, but the horse was shot from under him. Quickly cutting the traces, he mounted another, which was also immediately shot down, and he escaped with the gun only after the third horse had been shot down and cut from the traces.

But it was at Fredericksburg that Pelham showed his true greatness and utter disregard of danger. The flower of the South's young manhood was on the heights that day. Jackson, Stuart, and Lee rode down the lines. Stuart called to Pelham

and said something. Pelham, turning, galloped to his guns. Immediately he dashed down the heights, followed by one gun, never halting until the foot of the heights was reached. The mist that hung over the fields cleared away, and the Southerners saw, sweeping toward them, a long compact blue line. Pelham gave the order to fire. The shell went crashing through the charging line of blue. The Federals recoiled, then with a yell pressed toward the single gun. For a moment there was a ghastly hush, then from across the Rappahannock came boom on boom and huge shells, whirling death in their arms. Pelham had drawn upon himself the concentrated fire of half a dozen batteries. Yet his gun continued to roar and carry death with it. No other gun on the Confederate side had yet opened, but the Federals were unable to pass that single Napoleon. Three times that day Pelham drove them back. Although he could not be seen for the dense cloud of shot and shell, he never ceased firing until his ammunition was exhausted and, in obedience to a peremptory order, he retired. He was then placed in command of the entire artillery on the right flank, and throughout the day repulsed the Federals with fearful slaughter. Of him General Lee said: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young." His name will ever be remembered just as it was written by Robert E. Lee in his report of that day's battle—"the gallant Pelham"—the only name below the rank of major general mentioned in the report.

For his heroic courage Pelham was promoted from major of horse artillery to lieutenant colonel, and his commission only awaited confirmation when he was killed.

On the night of March 17, 1863, while visiting friends in Culpepper County, he heard the sound of guns at Kelley's Ford. He hurried to the scene. His command had not arrived, but he galloped up to a regiment that was wavering and shouted: "Forward, boys. Forward to victory and glory!" Order was instantly restored, but his devotion was crowned with a soldier's death. A fragment of shell penetrated the brain and stilled forever the sweet and winning figure of the "boy artilleryman." General Stuart, in a telegram announcing his death, said: "The noble, the chivalric, the gallant Pelham is no more. How much he was beloved, appreciated, and admired let the tears of agony we here shed and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable." His body lay in state in the Capitol at Richmond and was afterwards sent to Jacksonville, Ala., for burial.

General Stuart, in a general order to the division, said: "His eye had glanced over every battle field of this army, from the first Manassas to the moment of his death, and he was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all. The memory of the gallant Pelham, his many virtues, his noble nature, and purity of character is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless; his career brilliant and successful. He fell—the noblest of sacrifices—on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his young life from the beginning of the war."

By order of General Stuart, the horse artillery and division staff wore military badges of mourning for thirty days in respect to his cherished memory.

A monument has been erected to his memory at Jacksonville, Ala. His photograph and his commission hang in the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

"His deeds upon many a bloody field will live in history, story, and song. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of men and women who followed and loved the Stars and Bars, and his fame will last as long as deeds of bravery and daring are related."

CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER, VA., AND MILROY'S ARMY IN JUNE, 1863.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

This town seemed to have been a favorite place for the two armies to meet and fight, from the number of engagements that took place here in the sixties. It occupies a central position in the northern end of the great Valley of Virginia, and from it roads radiate in every direction—to the fords of the Potomac, to the gaps in the mountain ranges, to the east and west. The great Valley pike passes through it from north to south. It is situated in a fine grain country, which helped to feed both armies until it was completely devastated and ravaged by fire and sword in the fall of 1864 by Sheridan and Custer. But in spite of this, the people remained true to the South to the last. After Jackson left the Valley in June, 1862, only a small cavalry force remained there, and the Federal General Milroy made Winchester his headquarters and held it with a force of six thousand five hundred infantry and cavalry. They had little trouble to keep in check the few Confederate scouts operating there, and a practical period of peace prevailed for twelve months, until "Old Jube Early" broke in on them so rudely and unexpectedly in June, 1863. The officers and men had sent north for their wives and sweethearts, and were boarding them at the hotels, boarding houses, and in the homes of the citizens of the city.

To the west of the town is an eminence commanding the city and surrounding country in every direction except on the west, where there were some good positions for artillery. Milroy's main fort stood on this hill. To protect this from any attack from that direction, he had one of these fortified also.

He had every reason to believe himself secure, as his position was well-nigh impregnable. In the midst of the great fort stood a tall flag pole, from the top of which floated in the breeze a United States flag thirty feet long. From this secure place Milroy exercised his authority over the defenseless Southern people in a manner so arbitrary as to secure for himself the ill will of everybody. But now the moment had arrived, and the ax was about to fall with a mighty stroke and break up this happy state of affairs with General Milroy and his army, for General Lee had planned to invade Pennsylvania, and Winchester was on his route. This place must first be captured and the way made clear of all enemies before the grand advance could be made.

After the Chancellorsville battle, our (Gordon's) brigade made camps in an oak grove near Hamilton's Crossing. The situation was elevated, and we could see the enemy's couriers riding to and fro carrying orders and the men drilling near their camps every day. We spent the rest of the month of May in these camps, having an easy time. Rations, such as they were, were plentiful, and everything was made ready for the march. On June 1, we made great heaps of logs on the side of our camps toward the enemy, and when night came we set fire to these and quietly marched away. No doubt the enemy on the other side of the river was puzzled to know what these brilliant fires on the hill meant.

We traveled only at night for some time, camping only a short time before day, lest our movements should be observed by the enemy's scouts and signal men. When we had been gone several days and were entirely out of sight, we made rapid day marches by the way of Culpepper Courtthouse and Front Royal, where we crossed the Blue Ridge into the Valley. The weather was hot and the roads dry and dusty.

This dust, worked up by the wagon trains and artillery, settled on us until we were as brown as the dust itself. General Gordon, riding along by us, said in a loud voice: "Boys, if your mothers could see you now, they wouldn't know you." Some of us were limping along on blistered feet, and the General greatly endeared himself to us by his conduct on this occasion. Getting down from his horse, he mounted a private soldier in the saddle, while he fell into ranks with a gun on his shoulder and trudged along with us.

We reached the summit of the mountain late in the afternoon and, looking down to our left, we could see a black cloud below us, the flashing lightning in it, and hear the rolling thunder, while it was hot and dusty with us. When we reached the plain below and made our hasty bivouac, we found the ground covered with pools of water. Orders came from General Early to cook up rations for the next day and be ready to move at four o'clock in the morning. Long before that hour we were on our way to Winchester, for everything depended on a rapid march.

During these days, on the east side of the Blue Ridge, Stuart, with his cavalry, was so entertaining the Federal cavalry that he completely screened the movements of our infantry and mystified the enemy as to what his activities meant. With his poorly equipped force and inferior numbers, he was more than a match for the enemy, who lacked nothing in this respect, fighting hand to hand in some of the greatest cavalry battles of the war. Stuart was a great leader and fought for the love and excitement of fighting. His men caught the spirit of their great commander and emulated his example. He never sent his men into danger, but was always found in the lead and in the thickest of the fighting. He did not seem to need discipline to control his men, for all followed him, charmed by his manner and ever ready to do his will.

At Front Royal, the three divisions constituting Ewell's corps took different roads. While Early's division marched direct to Winchester, Johnson's and Rodes's divisions took routes leading to the north of that place so as to cut Milroy off from any means of escape to the fords of the Potomac. As we moved forward over the ground made memorable by the battles fought here the year before, the old veterans who took part in these engagements under Stonewall pointed out to us the place where he struck Banks and routed his army and won his first great victory. About noon our line was formed for battle in fields and forests, for Milroy had gotten wind of our approach and had come out of his fortified position at Winchester to meet us, supposing we were only a straggling band of Confederates. For a short time the fighting was fast and furious, but the enemy could not stand against charge and yelling, and they broke immediately for the cover of their fortifications.

In this engagement we lost some of our best men killed. We pressed the enemy back to the city and hastened to invest it on all sides; but this necessitated leaving great spaces in the line unoccupied. The 31st Georgia Regiment occupied the left of the brigade (Gordon's), and its left rested near the Valley pike, south of the town, in full view of the fort, while the other regiments were strung out to the eastward. General Hayes's Louisiana brigade extended from a point near the pike westward. Their skirmishers were two or three hundred yards in advance of us up the road toward the fort, while we had none out in our front. Ours were engaged with those of the enemy in another direction, where they were driving them from one block to another toward the fort. Some of the patriotic women of the place, rejoicing to see our

troops, lost their lives in bringing food and drink to our men. I suppose they were inspired by their eagerness to see, after so long a time, our soldiers whom they loved so well.

And now, while we lay here in the open field under the bursting shells from the fort, we saw one of the most splendid spectacles I have ever seen. The Sally port toward us was open and out of it rode squadron after squadron of well-mounted cavalry, with their shining swords drawn and other equipment reflecting the bright sunshine. They formed so as to occupy the entire width of the pike, intending to cut their way out by a sudden and overwhelming dash through our lines. After some delay, the order was given and the start made. Here they came. The rattle of their steel scabbards, the clanking of their spurs, and the noise of the iron shoes of their horses as they struck the hard surface of the pike were awe-inspiring, but doomed to result in an ignominious failure. In their headlong drive down the long slope they came in range of Hayes's Louisianians, who poured into their ranks a few well directed shots that emptied a half dozen saddles and drove the rest back in a disorganized mass into the fort. We were holding our guns in readiness for use at the proper time, but were disappointed by the too great haste of our brave Louisianians comrades.

At nightfall of the second day of the investment, a detail was called for to approach the fort and dig redoubts under cover of darkness. Among those sent were myself and a comrade of the same company. Picks and shovels were furnished us and the work to be done laid off. We labored at our task until the small hours of the night and had just finished it and thrown ourselves down on the clover to snatch a few short moments of rest and sleep, when we were startled by a great rumbling noise like the sudden moving of many trains. The sound came from the north side of the fort, and some one suggested that the enemy had rushed out of their fortification and escaped. This proved true in part, for they had massed all their forces on that side and rushed down the hill upon our drowsy soldiers so unexpectedly that they made no resistance. They (the enemy) had now reached the roads which led to the Potomac, confident that they had made their escape, only to be disappointed later on. All the army equipment, consisting of wagon trains, artillery, and sutler wagons, followed the infantry and cavalry. But they had not progressed very far on their way when the head of their column came in contact with Rodes's and Johnson's pickets, and consternation prevailed in the minds of the drivers to such an extent that they detached their teams from the wagons in hope of making their escape on horseback.

Orders came to us that we might cease work on the redoubt and return to our command. When we had done so, we found them already on the march to the fort, which we approached and found deserted. As we entered it, General Gordon came galloping in from somewhere on a large black United States army horse which we all called "Old Milroy," supposing him to belong to the commander of the fort. The General rode up to the flag pole in the center of the fort and, hauling down the colors, detached them from the rope and placed one end of them on his saddle. Remounting, he put spurs to his horse and sailed out of the Sally port ahead of us, while the "Star Spangled Banner" floated our thirty feet behind on the morning air. We followed leisurely the course the enemy had gone, and after we had advanced a few miles from the city, we found long lines of wagon and artillery trains standing in the road. To the east of the road was a strip of woodland and beyond this a field of clover, in which hundreds of United States army horses and mules were peace-

fully grazing. Our column halted a while at the baggage wagons, and the 1st North Carolina regiment of infantry rode up to us mounted on captured horses and mules and announced that they had served in the infantry heretofore, but now henceforth would serve as cavalry. They made us jealous of their good luck, but our envy was not well grounded, as they were made to turn over their mounts almost immediately to the quartermaster of the army and resume their places in the ranks of Jackson's "foot cavalry."

In the grove just mentioned an unusual sight met our eyes. All the bright colors of the rainbow, all the finery displayed in the most fashionable shops of a city seemed assembled there in that strip of woods. What could it mean? In a few minutes they started toward us, two and two, led by a gray-clad soldier. When they reached us, we found they were the wives and sweethearts of our enemies, who, in their haste to follow the army, had put on their most costly attire and mounted the army wagons and horses in an effort to escape. As they passed us all were in tears and excited our sympathy by their hasty inquiries as to what had become of Lieutenant or Captain or Colonel So and So. Of course, we could give them no satisfactory answers, and all were marched back to the city and finally sent back through the lines to their friends in the North. The whole army, except General Milroy and the cavalry—about fifteen hundred men—fell into our hands. We were greatly disappointed in not getting the General, as he was very obnoxious to the citizens of the Valley on account of his harsh treatment of them in their defenseless condition under him. According to General Lee's report, we captured four thousand prisoners and a corresponding number of small arms; twenty-eight pieces of superior artillery; about three hundred army wagons and many horses, together with a quantity of ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster's stores.

In this operation the enemy was expelled from the Valley. This must have wound up the military career of General Milroy, for we never heard of him afterwards. We lost about one hundred and fifty valuable men of our brigade, among them the gallant Captain Hawkins. I have never seen any account of the part taken by Rodes' Division in the capture of this army, and only a partial account of Johnson's in the *VETERAN* for May, 1921, by T. H. Lauck, Leander, Tex. He mentions the capture of one thousand prisoners at Stephenson's Depot. Who captured the balance? In the *VETERAN* for February, 1921, is an article under the heading, "Heroic Defense of a Bridge at Stephenson's Depot, Va." The author does not mention the number of prisoners taken and describes only the operation at the bridge. I should be glad to hear from any of my old comrades who took part in this capture.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MALVERN HILL.

BY CAPT. G. W. B. HALE, ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

(Edited by Maj. John D. Daniel, 1905.)

After being severely wounded and repeatedly repulsed in six days of bloody engagements in his efforts to occupy Richmond, General McClellan sought, as a *dernier ressort*, a haven near Harrison's Landing, about twelve miles below Richmond. There, under protection of his gunboats, he awaited the hitherto successful and buoyant Confederate forces. The battle of Malvern Hill was fought on July 1, 1862. It was a bright, hot day. Gen. J. A. Early, to whom I was attached as a staff officer, had been severely wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Williamsburg. With one arm still in a sling, he reported for duty on June 30 (against the advice of his physician

and friends, for he was still unable to handle himself well). He was assigned to the command of General Elzey's Brigade of Ewell's Division and Jackson's command, General Elzey having been wounded in the Frazier Farm battle ere the fight commenced. General Early and staff, with Hon. John Goode, of Bedford, then member of the Confederate Congress, as volunteer aid, rode down the Harrison Landing road to the head of Jackson's column of infantry and cavalry (Second Virginia Cavalry in front), where General Jackson was found sitting on a rail fence beside the road. There, during a short halt of the entire column, an interview occurred between Generals Jackson and Early. While thus engaged, a musket ball was fired from the front, striking within three feet of where I stood, holding General Early's horse. "General Early," said General Jackson, "get to your brigade; war has again commenced."

While I was lifting Early in his saddle, he being scarcely able to mount by himself, the Hon. John Goode was holding the reins of my horse. Early started off in a gallop to his brigade. Just as I reached my saddle, a round shot was fired from a battery which was stationed immediately in front of our halted column. The battery was not in sight, but was well trained, for the ball whizzed over our heads, and over the cavalry, and struck the column of infantry, about ten files back, and literally mowed down a living swath of men, killing and wounding some ten or fifteen. This shot was almost immediately followed by a shell, which exploded about ten feet to my left. Goode being on my left, a piece of shell struck his horse and caused it to plunge several times in the air, throwing Goode violently to the ground. Supposing the shell had struck him, I hastily inquired, "Are you badly hurt?" "No," said he, "but I am injured by the fall. Catch my horse." I soon brought the horse and assisted Mr. Goode into the saddle. He afterwards told me that he spent the day at the hospital.

General Early's brigade was stationed to the rear of this scene, on the right, in a body of small timber.

Thus commenced the bloody battle of Malvern Hill. It was about 10 A.M. The brigade having suffered greatly in battle the day before, it was on this occasion held in reserve, subjected, however, to effective cannonading during its temporary inaction. It was here I witnessed the killing of young Field, from Culpepper, by concussion. General Early, his staff, and several field officers were sitting in a group. An 18-inch shell, supposed to have been shot from the gunboats, was seen speeding its way in line direction. It struck the ground about one hundred yards in front and ricocheted. It tipped a soldier barely a scratch, but he fell dead. Continuing, it passed closely by Field. Without a quiver, he was dead. There was not a sign that he was touched. The shell went into the ground under Col. James A. Walker (afterwards General Walker), elevating him a few feet. The Colonel excavated the shell, which did not explode. It was hot. He laid it carefully down and changed base—about fifty feet. I was within about three feet of Field when he was killed.

About 5 P.M. we received orders to move at double-quick to the field that had been made severely bloody by the repeated assaults of General Magruder's heroic soldiers. As we neared the real battle field, a mounted, strapped soldier came charging up to us and inquired for General Early. "General Early," said he, "General Ewell says halt your brigade here." The roaring sound of cannon was immense. Shot, shell, and musketry were cruelly dealing death and wounds in our ranks. We remained there about fifteen minutes, when General Ewell came charging up and, in a heavily emphasized voice, demanded why the halt. "By your

orders," exclaimed Early. "I gave no such orders! Forward!"

The command moved across the ravine, but deviated too far to the left and, owing to the density of the smoke, marched right into the Yankee lines. General Walker afterwards told me that he walked up to a Yankee colonel and, patting him on the shoulder, inquired, "What command is this?" "Fifth Ohio," said the Yank. Without further remarks, Walker retraced his men a few steps, fronted, and gave a destructive volley. By request, I followed General Ewell around the ravine to the brow of the opposite hill, where we expected the brigade to emerge into the road leading to the battle field. The brigade not appearing, Ewell dismounted and descended the brushy, piney hill. In a few moments he returned, saying he could see nothing of the brigade. About this time Magruder's assaulting repulsed columns had disintegrated and were passing by us seeking the rear. General Ewell directed me to rally and march them back to the field. Nearly all the officers who led those assaults on the enemy were either killed or wounded. However, the privates were willing to return. A nucleus was soon formed, around which about one thousand soon gathered, formed into line, and marched back into the open field, in front of and not more than two hundred and fifty yards from not less than one hundred pieces of active cannon. Upon reaching the field and extending the line, I was directed by Ewell to front and order the men to lie down.

The enemy was not aware of our proximity, as the dense smoke obscured us from view. Their shot and shell flew some eight or ten feet above us, really making the distant rear more dangerous. Our losses after returning to the field were slight, only one shell bursting near by, the effect of which I feel to-day. Exploding three feet to my left, the concussion was so great as to destroy totally the hearing of my left ear. For ten minutes a pinch on my left arm could not be felt. Here on that horrible battle ground, amid the dead, the dying, and wounded, we remained during the entire night, augmented by the Early brigade, which had gallantly extricated itself from the lines of the enemy. The Federal troops ceased firing about 11 P.M., limbered up, and retired under protection of their gunboats.

Thus ended the seven days' battle. Confederate losses, killed, wounded and missing, 20,614. Malvern Hill is an elevated plateau, about two miles long, running east and west, in front of which is an opening about a half mile deep. The chief part of the enemy's artillery was stationed on the left of their line, where General Magruder made his bloody and desperate assaults. It was naturally a very strong position, owing to the narrow roads leading into the field, encompassed, as they were, by thick undergrowth and at right angles to the enemy's line of batteries. Our artillery could not live long enough to reach the field and unlimber, hence Magruder's assaults were made unsupported by artillery.

Captain Hale adds this note: "The Confederate army was composed of men united in behalf of the sublimest principles inherent to mankind. Its ranks were filled with refined and educated citizens who, stimulated by love of country and the standards of right, risked their lives and property heroically in the defense of all. Though in their sublime efforts they failed, from decimation and complete exhaustion, no troops ever eclipsed them in wonderful achievements. They deserve the highest order of reverence. In behalf of those who are to-day alive and in need, we beg all who are able to do all they can to smooth their few remaining days."

IN AND AROUND VICKSBURG.

BY J. D. HARWELL, PACHUTA, MISS.

In the July and August numbers of the *VETERAN*, Capt. R. N. Rea gives his version of things that happened in and around Vicksburg before, during, and after the siege; some of which does not agree with my recollection, and constrains me to give mine also, especially since I have noticed a request for veterans to write their reminiscences of things and events that came under their observation during the Confederate war ere it is too late.

Our brigade was composed of the 20th, 23rd, 30th, 31st and 46th Alabama Regiments, commanded by Brig. Gen. E. D. Tracy. We were ordered from Tullahoma, Tenn., in December, 1862, to Vicksburg, but were halted at Meridian several days and reached Jackson on the night after the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, we having been delayed by our train stalling at the mouth of the tunnel between Meridian and Jackson, and the boys were compelled to dismount and put their shoulders to the wheels on each side, pushing it through. When we arrived in Vicksburg, we were issued rations and marched at once to the battle field, six miles above Vicksburg, where Gen. S. D. Lee had slaughtered the Yanks the day before; and it was a slaughter indeed. We relieved General Lee's troops and stayed there several days, and, although it was January then, we were not allowed to have a fire or a light at night, although the rain fell in torrents two or three days. After several days we were marched back to the four-mile trestle on the A. & V. R. R., and went into winter quarters.

In March we were ordered back to Chickasaw Bayou and camped on top of the ridge above the bayou. While there the gunboat, mentioned by Comrade Rea as the *Osceola* ran the gauntlet at night, slipping up to the side of the steamer *Vicksburg* lying at the wharf and endeavoring to set fire to her; but the land batteries opened so fast that she soon ran to the main current and went on down. We could see all the fireworks from our quarters, and General Tracy had his brigade ready to move to the city at a moment's notice. I never knew whether that gunboat was sunk or not.

A few days later, we marched just below the city and camped. While there the transport *Cincinnati* tried to run the gauntlet and was sunk as she came around the point of the Peninsula; the gunboat *Henry Clay* got nearly to the mouth of Grant's Canal, where it was struck by a shell from one of the large siege pieces located on top of the ridge almost opposite the canal mouth, which caused it to sink almost at the mouth. There were three large cannon—*Lady Florence*, *Long Tom*, and *Whistling Dick*. Our headquarters was near, and I ran over and stood between the guns and saw the whole show. I think this happened on February 14, before we moved up to the top of the ridge above Chickasaw Bayou.

The last of April we were ordered to Port Gibson, and the next morning after reaching there, May 1, we met Grant's army and fought all day. General Tracy was killed there. The battle was fought on our camp ground. As General Tracy's secretary, I sought and found him near a battery and asked what I should do with the headquarters. He ordered me to have everything taken to Port Gibson in the ambulance and to send it back. I did so and later learned that he was killed a few minutes after I left him; his body was taken to Judge Baldwin's house, where I was with my office. We left him there and retreated up the river, camping about seven miles below Vicksburg, where Gen. S. D. Lee took command of our brigade. Grant moved on toward Jackson, and we met him on his return at Baker's Creek, or Champion

Hill, as the Yanks called it, and we retreated to Vicksburg. By May 18 Grant had us cooped up in Vicksburg, and on the twenty-second he charged us all around the line, where we captured the beautiful flag of the 20th Wisconsin Regiment. Lieutenant Martin, General Lee's aid, mounted the parapet of the fort and drew it in, while Lieut. Col. E. W. Pettus (afterwards General Pettus) drew in a United States battle flag, and Colonel Waul, of Waul's Texas Legion, I think, drew in another United States battle flag, the three flags having been planted on top of the parapet when they advanced, and only ones, of the Yanks reached the fort, about forty in all. We killed eight or ten or more trying to recover the flags, after they found they were alone. Thirty, including a colonel, were captured in the ditch.

There seems to be some little controversy in regard to the 20th Wisconsin flag. A letter from Mrs. M. H. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., states that the adjutant general of the State of Wisconsin avers that there was no such flag. I saw it planted on the parapet and shot several times at those who tried to recover it. I saw Lieutenant Martin draw it in, and being General Lee's secretary, I saw it at headquarters that night. As it was the finest flag I ever saw, it is hard to forget it. When I had but little work to do in the office, I would go up to the trenches in the evenings and sharp shoot, letting some of the boys sleep, and I was up there that evening for that purpose. I can't understand why there is no record of it in the archives of the State. I know we slaughtered a great many of the regiment; still there should have been enough left to report the loss of the flag. I never knew what became of it, but supposed Lieutenant Martin turned it over to General Lee. I wrote last year in regard to the flag, which some comrade said had been torn in strips and worn by the boys as cravats.

Capt. R. N. Rea says Farragut commanded the fleet at Millican's Bend, above Vicksburg. I think he is mistaken, for Farragut came up from New Orleans with his fleet, was balked at Port Hudson, and didn't get to Vicksburg until about the end of the siege. The mortars across the peninsula shook us up night and day. There was also a 200-pound Parrott located near Grant's Canal, and a 64-pound Dahlgren across the river at the little place named DeSoto, I think, also a 20-pound Parrott just below it and a 10-pound Parrott up near the point, all being casemated with railroad iron, and they played on us continually. My aunt, Mrs. (Dr.) John Butts, lived just east of "Sky Parlor," in the heart of the city, with three daughters and a niece, Miss Mary Belle Williamson. I went to see them as often as I could, and one day while there after dinner I lay down on a sofa in the parlor; the cook was washing the dishes in a room on the back porch, and auntie was just inside the door, when a 10-pound Parrott shell came through the northwest corner of the front room, passed through the center of a large mirror, through the partition, across and through the partition of the next room, just missed auntie, went through the ceiling after passing her, and dropped between ceiling and weatherboarding. I ran back as quickly as I could and found my aunt covered with dust and smoke, but unhurt. At another time, General Lee and Captain Watts (a relative) were with the young ladies sitting on the front porch, when a 200-pound mortar shell fell, just missing the corner of the porch and throwing the dirt all over them. It did not explode, but made a hole large enough to drop a cart in. Had it exploded, it would have killed them all. One day I found auntie quite sick when I got there, and she requested me to go out to the hospital and get some medicine for her. I rode one of her carriage horses out, got the medicine, and started back. All the people living near the

hills had caves under them, and when the ground would shake they knew a mortar had fired, and they made a rush to the caves. I struck a long flat of sand that extended to the hills of the city, and when about halfway to the hills I saw the people rushing to the caves and knew a mortar had fired; so I began to spur the horse to go as fast as he could, hoping to let the shell fall behind me. All at once my horse stopped and threw his head up. Looking up myself, I saw the shell, a 200-pounder, coming down on me, and it exploded not more than fifty yards high. I could not get that horse to move. The fragments tore up the road all around me, making a noise like a lot of wild gobblers flying, but we were not touched.

When the siege ended I got permission from General Lee to remain, as I had a sick step-brother whom I wanted to nurse and take home, which I did; and I also had a sick cousin, Miss Bettie Butts. General McPherson was in command of the Yanks, and General Lee brought him to my aunt's, and he proved to be a friend in need, for, on his return, he sent her medicine and fruits, treating her as kindly as if a relative.

When my step-brother got better, he wanted some wine, so I went to see Dr. R. H. Whitfield, surgeon in charge of the hospital on Washington Street, who was an old friend of mine. He gave me a bottle of wine and told me to bring brother John to the hospital next day, as he had applied for a steamer to take his hospital, etc., down the river to New Orleans and then to Mobile, and he was expecting it at any time. The next day the steamer was in, and brother John and I got home in due time.

After remaining at home about three weeks, with hay fever, I went to our parole camps at Demopolis, Ala., and on October 16 we were ordered to Chickamauga, where we were engaged in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

ON WHEELER'S LAST RAID IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

The following is taken from a note to Posey S. Hamilton, of Pleasant Hill, Ala., by Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Mexia, Tex., in which he says:

"Your most agreeable letter of June 11 recalled memories that have long been dormant in my mind. The following is the best account I can give of that episode in Wheeler's last raid in Middle Tennessee after Sherman began his march to the sea. I have often thought of doing this, but your letter is the impelling cause to that action.

"Wheeler left Social Circle, Ga., on August 10, 1864, and marched first to Dalton Ga., and thence up the railroad to Strawberry Plains. Before we reached that place, I was detached from Kelly's Division and ordered to report with the Confederate brigade to General Cerro Gordo Williams, for the purpose of making a demonstration upon the Yankee garrison at Strawberry Plains. I have no knowledge of what passed between General Williams and General Wheeler prior to the time I joined General Williams. I remember that we passed a time after we arrived at Strawberry Plains in some desultory artillery firing, but no attack in force was made upon the garrison.

"After some hours there, we left Strawberry Plains and marched down the French Broad toward Lenoir. We were overtaken, near night, by a terrific rain, which stopped our march, and we bivouacked for the night, a thoroughly drenched crowd. The next morning the creeks were all swollen and, with the Kentucky Brigade in advance, we turned to the right and went up the mountain; pursuing the same general course, we marched north until we struck the head of Calf Killer River, thence down that stream to Sparta, and thence

down Caney Fork some ten or twelve miles to a crossing. Continuing, we finally arrived at Lebanon; thence to Murfreesboro, which we found strongly garrisoned.

"Finding the garrison too strong to be attacked successfully, we were forced to march around Murfreesboro, seeking the Triune dirt road, over which General Wheeler had passed some two days before. The march around Murfreesboro consumed the better part of the night, and by the time we had reached the Triune dirt road, it was daylight and the enemy's garrison came out from the town and followed our retreat persistently. The Confederate Brigade brought up the rear, General Williams, of the Kentucky Brigade, marching in the front undisturbed. You know the method used in retreating in presence of the enemy and will appreciate the fact that our retreat was made by forming a line with one-half of the brigade, while the other half formed a new line in the rear of the fighting line.

"While in this position, the 2nd Kentucky Yankee Cavalry marched around our fighting line and intercepted the road upon which we must retreat at the hill of which you speak. The artillery had moved back to take position for a new stand near the hill, at the time Lieutenant Colonel Seifert and his 2nd Kentucky appeared near the intersection of the two roads, and was in that position at the time the cannon fired. I saw, and Captain Pue saw, that the enemy, if he should charge, would have destroyed our line; and Pue fired his cannon without running up the elevating screw. Of course, the shot went wild, but it was most effective in results. The shell cut off the limb from a large tree and that limb came down with a mighty crash just abreast of the front of the Yankee column and startled the Yankee troopers. At the same time I gathered together some fifty men, mainly of the 5th Georgia, under Major Davant, and dashed into the head of the Yankee column. Making use of our revolvers, we emptied many saddles and utterly routed the attacking column. That gave us a breathing spell by which we could withdraw our front line and reform a new line, which was not seriously disturbed for the rest of the evening.

"We continued our march to Cornersville, where we bivouacked. The commander of our division there received reports from the scouts that a large force of Yankee cavalry was between us and General Wheeler, and we decided to retrace our steps to Sparta and across the mountains that way.

"You will remember the march that followed. Beginning about two o'clock, we marched some two miles and a half in the direction of General Wheeler; then, turning square to the left, marching about two miles and a half more, and then marching square to our left again, we figured that by the time daylight came and our pursuit was begun by the enemy, we would have all of our foes behind us; and if we could cross the main line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad at Bellbuckle, we would be almost out of danger.

"Inspection of the Confederate Brigade the night before had disclosed that we were but imperfectly supplied with ammunition. It was vitally necessary that we should husband our supplies in that respect. We passed through Shelbyville and rapidly marched to McMinnville, and thence to a crossing on Caney Fork of Cumberland River, thence up to Sparta. The next morning we continued our march over the mountains, passing eighteen miles east of Knoxville and thence to Nolichucky. Thence we were called to meet an attack upon Saltville, W. Va. After arriving at Saltville, we took position some miles north of the town and skirmished with the Yankee advance until they drove us back into the

town. The attack culminated in a sharp skirmish in the brush near the town. But the enemy, finding a much more stubborn resistance than they expected, retreated in the night. The Confederate Brigade, with Colonel Dibrell and the 4th Tennessee, followed to Laurel Gap, where we were halted to let the Kentucky Brigade pass to the front in pursuit. The Confederate Brigade then countermarched to Saltville and began a forced march by a bridle path, seeking to intercept the fleeing enemy; but too much time had been lost, and our effort was a failure. So our fighting and hard marching brought us no glory.

"Then, under orders from Wheeler, Colonel Dibrell and Lieutenant Colonel Bird started, under my command, to rejoin General Wheeler near Atlanta. In obedience to that order, I took command of the division and started by way of Asheville, N. C., Greenville, S. C., and Athens, Ga., to report to General Wheeler. This trip was hard on the men and horses. In the vicinity of Atlanta, I turned over the division to Gen. R. H. Anderson and passed on to report in person to General Wheeler.

"There are many amusing, and some tragic, instances of our march; among others, the spectacle that was presented by Lieutenant Colonel McCaskill the morning after we had captured the town of Dalton. The men were marching along, feasting on stores of the sanitary commission which we had captured, and which were greatly enjoyed. Colonel McCaskill, while in command of the skirmish line, had received a bullet which passed entirely through his uniform, striking him directly at the pit of the stomach. As soon as the Colonel ascertained that the bullet had not entered his body, but made a large black spot, he refused to be reported as dead and appeared mounted in a fancy dressing gown, which some man had captured, hardly covering him, leaving an open space down the front which displayed most effectively the scene of his wound, enjoying the hearty congratulations of his comrades over the happy escape.

"I hope you did not need any of the four hundred pairs of cotton socks which I received and issued to the barefooted men in our brigade as some protection from the cold in the contact of their naked feet with their stirrups. We slept at night on half of our saddle blanket and covered with the other half. The frost frequently awoke us from our slumbers by pinching our toes. In the high altitude of the mountains, we could not sleep all of the night without building fires and warming our feet and hands, when our slumbers would be again resumed. We frequently began our march at four o'clock in the morning, because we had to make a certain distance, and were usually in a great hurry to get to our command because we knew that we were greatly needed. The march led us through a beautiful mountain country and was full of valuable experiences for us all. I especially recall with pleasure great services rendered to the command on that march by a young man belonging to the 5th Georgia Regiment. He was always able to awake us within five minutes of any time set for our departure. As we neared the point where we touched our Southern railroad system, we endeavored to furlough all the men who had a prospect to remount themselves at home. As a working member of the adjutant general's force, he was occupied early and late in preparing those soldiers of the command whom we had decided to furlough with the proper credentials. He was a most brave soldier and an earnest worker in our cause.

"This is intended as a message to each of the survivors of that noble band, and to give to each and all my affectionate regards, together with my thanks for their patient endurance and the kindly regard with which they treated me."

LITTLE OIRISH.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

Somehow or other Father Ryan, the poet-priest, heard that our command had adopted an Irish child of unknown parentage, and he came in haste to learn what he could of Little Oirish. When he had talked a long time with the boy, he called Lanigan to one side.

"'Tis a pity," Father Ryan told Lanigan, "for such a fine lad to be so completely neglected. It is evident that his people were of the Church, but he doesn't even know how to make the sign of the cross."

"Hivins, phwat a pity," mourned Lanigan, who remembered this feature alone of his own training in the Church.

"As you are the only Catholic in the command," continued the priest, "you must take him in hand and instruct him in the rudiments of religion."

"But, Father, Oi'm none too well versed, meself, in rayligion," protested Lanigan, who was sweating uncomfortably, but did not wish to expose the true extent of his ignorance. "Don't ye think some wane lise—"

"You love the boy, don't you?" asked the priest sharply.

"Loike a son," answered the Irishman proudly.

"Then care for him like a son. One cannot be particular in a time like this, but must make the best of occasions," Father Ryan told him. "You must teach him to say his prayers and to adopt Christian ways at once. The salvation of his soul may depend on you."

"Whin shall Oi begin?" asked Lanigan.

"This very night," answered the priest. "The battle will be renewed in the morning. He may be killed to-morrow; who can tell? You must see that he is prepared."

"Yis, sor," agreed Lanigan; "oi'll do me bist, sor."

When Father Ryan left, Lanigan puzzled sorely for some time over the course he should pursue.

"Oi wish to the devil Oi had raymimered the prayers me mither taught me whin Oi was young," he confided to me in his big, simple way. "Av course 'twould niver hov done for the priest to know of me ignorance of spiritooal matters, him being so foine a mon, too. Oi'll hov to get Cunny to tache me a prayer. 'Tis thrue he's a Mithodist, which is littler better than a haythen, an' Cunny isn't aven a good Mithodist; but he's the devil for wisdom, an' knows every-thing about rayligion, though he doesn't belave in it much, maybe. Oi'll learn wan of his Mithodist prayers anyway. Oi 'spose most anny sort will do in the eyes of the Lord in a toime loike this. It's phwat's in the heart counts anyway."

So he went to Cunny with his troubles. Cunny was all sympathy, and soon initiated him into the mysteries of worship by teaching him a simple, child's prayer. Lanigan was immensely impressed with it, mainly because it was easy to learn. After committing it to memory, he took Little Oirish apart from the rest of us, though we could hear every word that passed between them. Old Frank rose from his place by the lad and followed them, taking up a new station at a respectful distance from the pair.

"Oirish, lad," said Lanigan, tenderly, "Oi want ye to say your prayers."

The boy's eyes opened wide, and he laughed gleefully.

"You must be poking fun at me," he declared.

Lanigan grasped him firmly by the collar and shook him roughly.

"'Tis nothing to laugh at, bhoy," he declared soberly; "it's phwat your poor, dear mither would hov taught ye, if she had lived."

"I don't know what to say," wailed Little Oirish, who was

terribly taken back by the rough treatment he had just received from Lanigan.

"Niver moind thot ind of it," Lanigan told him; "Oi'll tache ye phwat to say. Do everything justh as ye see me do it. Now thin."

Kneeling on the ground and assuming an attitude of prayer which the boy imitated, Lanigan, in that soft, rich brogue of his, crooned the prayer as gently as any mother ever did to her little one in the nursery at home:

"Naow Oi la-ay me daown to shlake,
Oi pra-ay the Lorrd me sowl to kape."

Pressing the boy's arm, he added: "Say ut."

As Little Oirish began, a wisp of his hair blew down over his forehead and a roughish twinkle shone in his eyes, giving him the air of a Puck rather than a devotee. His childish voice rose in a quiver of mischievous mimicry.

"Naow Oi la-ay me down to shlake,
Oi pra-ay the Lorrd me sowl to kape."

It was simply perfect, brogue and all. In a jiffy Lanigan jerked him from a kneeling position. My! but that Irishman was angry.

"Take thot, for yer irrivrence," he panted, "taking the na-name of the Lord in vain, like a common haythen."

As the lad cried out in pain at this unexpected roughness, the big pointer rose from the ground where he had lain watching the pair and sprang without a sound for Lanigan's throat.

"Away, ye brute," yelled the Irishman, as he warded him off with his arm.

Old Frank continued to growl and menace him until Little Oirish took a hand in the matter.

"Hyuh, Frank, come on, old boy," he called, and the pointer quit growling and walked over to him.

"Dhom," muttered Lanigan, who was still laboring from the amazement caused by the attack, "he laped roight at me throat; for what, I wonder."

"Because you were beating me," Little Oirish promptly pointed out, "this dog won't stand to see anybody beat me."

"Rats!" replied Lanigan, waving the suggestion away with his hand. "Oi wonder, now, if 'twas the raysult of thyring to tache ye thot Mithodist prayer?"

"That might be," replied Oirish, "it never sounded like praying to me from the start."

"It didn't, eh?" inquired Lanigan. "And phwat might ye know about praying, annyway?"

"Nothing."

"Thin ye shall learn, Mithodist or no Mithodist. On yer knees wid ye now, and none of your foolishness again, mind ye."

They prayed together for an hour, the fires of two armies burning round them through the darkness. Old Frank lay, his head upon his paws, watching them. After praying, they lay down and went to sleep.

The next morning, bright and early, the bugles sounded and we began rolling out of our blankets. Lanigan and Oirish were up with the rest of us. We came to grips with the enemy as soon as we could get to them, and in less than no time there was a turmoil of small collisions and bloody hand-to-hand fights. That's where the death rate jumps, sonny. Well, in the midst of a desperate ruction which took place on the crest of a steep incline was Lanigan fighting with clubbed gun in a mass of swearing troopers. He hit at one of these fellows, but the fellow ducked and clinched. As Lanigan

fought with him, he saw another of the enemy trying to shoot him. He was maneuvering around so as to pot Lanigan without hitting his own man.

"Dhom," Lanigan told me afterwards, "but Oi was callin' on all the saints in the calednar to stroike thot murdering brute."

As he struggled to keep his antagonist between himself and the man with the gun, he saw a diminutive figure rush up with a musket almost as large as he who carried it, and deliberately aim at the man with the gun. As he pulled the trigger, the recoil from the gun knocked him over. Before he could regain a sitting posture, Lanigan had disposed of his remaining opponent and was bending over him.

"Oirish," he cried tenderly, "did ut hurt ye, lad?"

"No," maintained Oirish, stoutly, "it wasn't the gun that did it. The ground was slippery and I fell. Did I kill him?"

"No, sonny, but ye hurt him and he took to his heels," replied Lanigan, for you see he didn't want the lad to remember that dead man with the ghastly hole in his head.

"Well," gloated Oirish, "I got my gun, all right, and if I get a chance, I'll bag a few more of 'em before night."

"There'll be plinty of chances," advised Lanigan. "Bring me a cartridge and Oi'll show ye how to shoot so the gun won't bowl ye over."

The little imp became highly indignant at this.

"Huh! Don't you think I know how to shoot?" he demanded.

"In soom rayspects, yis," agreed Lanigan, remembering the dead man with the ghastly hole in his head, "but in ither rayspects, no. Ye can aim well enough, but ye do not hould the gun tight enough ag'inst your shoulder. Hould the butt tight against your shoulder and she won't bowl ye over whin she kicks."

Oirish affected to receive this advice with disdain, but Lanigan noticed that the next time he aimed the piece he held the butt tightly against his shoulder. The recoil never affected him.

"What did I tell you?" he exclaimed, "I believe I got my man, too."

"It was a very good shot, me bhoys," agreed Lanigan, "but no good souldher iver says thot he shot a mon."

"But I am not a soldier," argued Oirish, "until I get my uniform."

"You're learning to be one pretty rapid. Ye saved my loife loike a thrue souldher; but ye must run along now loike a good bhoys, and get to the rear as fast as your legs will carry ye, for there is going to be more foighting and ye moight get hurt."

This mention of the rear made Little Oirish straighten up like a drum major.

"I'll stay with the company," he announced with dignity. "Damn the rear, anyhow."

So they stayed together through the whole fight. As we withdrew, after learning of the enemy's heavy reinforcements, Lanigan, true to his word, procured a uniform and accouterments for Little Oirish by removing a coat and cap, together with knapsack and canteen, from the body of a diminutive Confederate soldier. Lanigan would not have done this for anyone on earth but the boy, and he excused his act by saying: "The pore dead mon would be glad to let the bhoys hov thim if he were only aloive to spake his sentiments, so Oi'll just take thim to aise his moind. The lad nades a uniform badly. He's a rale souldher and it's a shame for him to hov to thramp around the country looking loike a scarecrow." So he took the coat from the dead man and gave it to the live boy.

The coat was many sizes too large, but Oirish was extremely proud of it and walked with an air of distinction that was the pride of the army. His musket was taller than himself, and, together with his canteen, knapsack, and blanket roll, nearly smothered him from sight. However, when we carried our blankets, he carried his; and no amount of persuasion would induce him to permit anyone to shoulder his burden for him.

"A soldier must tote his own load," he would say, repeating a favorite maxim of the army.

He learned to march mile after mile with the best of them. So popular did he become that Colonel McDowell always placed Company F at the head of the regiment, Oirish marching proudly at its head with Old Frank at his side, and Lanigan in the first set of fours. When we passed through villages and the people thronged the streets to watch us pass, Oirish would stick out his chest, scowl fiercely, and march by with head erect and eyes straight ahead as though he cared naught for the crowd; but he was secretly delighted at their wondering comments. The women smiled at him pityingly and said it was a shame for a child like him to be in the army, while the small boys gazed at his stern visage and warlike accouterments in awe and envy. But everybody cheered him, for he seemed, somehow, to personify the bravery and military glory of the South. The glamor of a chivalry that was his birthright irradiated from his tiny body, and, despite his oddly diminutive form, he did not appear at all out of place among those seasoned and veteran soldiers.

One day, as we marched, General Breckinridge rode by, amid the cheers of the men, and, recognizing Oirish drew rein.

"Well, my brave man, do you still want your gun?" he asked.

"It isn't my gun, sir," promptly replied Oirish.

"And why not?" quizzed the General. "You captured it didn't you?"

"O, yes, I captured it all right," admitted Oirish, "but you see I belong to the army and whatever I capture belongs to the army, too, and is subject to the orders of the General."

"And where did you learn all this?"

"From Mister Lanigan."

As the General galloped on, Oirish heard a harsh voice upbraiding him from the rear: "Ye've gone and done it, again; can't ye ~~iver~~ learn to act loike a souldher?"

"What have I done now?" asked Oirish in dismay.

"Ye called me Mister Lanigan."

"And what should I have said?"

"Ye should hov said 'Private Lanigan.' Niver call a mon 'mister' in the airhmy, lad. It's always 'private this' and 'corpil thot' or 'lootiant this' and 'captain thot' and so on. A mon is niver known by his civil title, but always by his military rank."

That afternoon the regiment fell in for a time behind a field battery which was able to move with some celerity over the smooth, dry road. Oirish gave one look at the big gun in front of him.

"It's my gun," he announced joyously; "it's the one I captured at Shiloh."

"Hush thot," warned Lanigan, "It belongs to the airhmy."

Thus brought to his senses, Oirish walked along quietly while the artillerymen eyed him with curious glances. They were familiar with the history of the gun, though they had never seen Little Oirish. Suddenly, acting on some impulse which himself hardly understood, Oirish walked up to the officer in command of the battery and, imitating Lanigan's

voice and accent, said: "Corpril This, or Sergeant Thot, would ye moind hoving me roide on the waggin'?"

"What is your name?" asked the officer, who was a good fellow and vastly amused by the cocky air of the lad.

"Oirish."

"You captured this gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may ride it."

And ride it he did, while the army laughed and Lanigan sweated in secret terror lest the artillerymen play on the lad's love for the big gun and win him away from the infantry. But the bumping of a gun is extremely unpleasant, even for an enthusiast like Oirish, and he soon resumed his place at the head of Company F. That night Lanigan collared him and informed him of the error of his ways.

"If ye're not coort-martialed and shot 'twill be a wondher," he said severely. "Phwat on earth did ye mane by addressing the officer as 'Corpril This or Sergeant Thot'—and him a lieutenant. Hov ye no rayspect for the service?"

"But," protested Oirish, "you told me I must always address them in the army as Corporal This or Sergeant Thot, and I was only doing what you told me."

"Don't thrifle with me, lad," said Lanigan, "ye undherstood well enough phwat Oi meant. An' raymimber—if ye do not want to be spanked until standing on your head will be a privilege to ye—niver, as long as ye live, imitate me voice and manner agi'n. Ye'll spoil all the love Oi hov for ye by such thricks."

"I am very sorry," was the contrite answer, "I was only having a little fun."

"There's no hard feelings," Lanigan hastened to say, "an' Oi don't moind ye hoving a little fun at me ixpinse, but it grieves me for to see you fooling with the arthillery. Ye should niver roide on thot gun."

"Why?"

"Because ye belong to the infantry and should stay with the infantry, and not go off flirting with another arrhm of of the service."

"Can't I even play with the gun once in a while?"

"If ye want to be a little bhoys and play with it, ye can. But if ye want to be a souldher, ye must stick to wan branch of the arhmy."

"Oi hated to spoil the lad's fun," Lanigan told me later, "but 'twould niver do for Cooppany If to lose him to anny dhom arthillery. He's a precious lad."

Thus they went through battle after battle and campaign after campaign. Father Ryan taught Lanigan, who, in turn, instructed the lad. The love between the two was like that between a father and son—no, between a mother and son. When anyone remonstrated with Lanigan for following the boy in his reckless dashes into danger, he would shake his head and reply: "Oi only hope though, whin his toime cooms, the Lorr'd will take me, too." And he meant every word of it, too, sonny.

(To be continued.)

BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH, GA.

BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

In the fighting about New Hope Church, Ga., in May and June, 1864, Gen. Joseph Wheeler's cavalry command was maneuvering between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army and that commanded by General Sherman. The duties resting upon General Wheeler were to protect our wagon trains and our artillery, and to keep General Johnston fully posted as to

the movements of Sherman's army. Our duties by day were holding a picket line and skirmishing, often several times a day, with the enemy's infantry. At night we had to guard all roads and the crossings of rivers and other streams. To accomplish all this required the watchful eye of a good and brave general, and General Wheeler and his command were put to a very severe test on this memorable campaign. It took bulldog determination and good fighting to hold this vast army in check, but General Wheeler was wide awake and fully aware of all their movements.

On the day of the battle our cavalry dismounted and formed in line of battle, then went to work to put up breastworks. Our line ran east and west and was formed behind a rail fence. In their rear the timber was thin, and it was also thin for twenty steps in their front, and then it was very dense. Fifty yards in front our picket line was formed, under the command of Lieutenant McKinnon, of Company D, 10th Confederate Cavalry. I was on the picket line from the same company. The enemy had to come up very steep hills, and on account of the woods it was difficult to see a man twenty yards in our front. The enemy approached in line, but had a picket line in their front. I was a boy then, and Lieutenant McKinnon stood near my side, on my left; Sergeant Ledbetter was the next man on my right. He caught sight of one of the enemy and fired, and at the crack of his gun, a man in our front cried out in the most pitiful, agonized tone that I ever heard; and he was so near that we thought he was one of our own men. Lieutenant McKinnon yelled out: "Now you have played hell; you shot one of our own men." Ledbetter replied: "It was a Yankee." Lieutenant McKinnon's next order was: "Give them hell!"

The shock was so great to both lines from that poor fellow's cries that there was no firing for a moment, and then their main line began to fire. We were ordered back to our line where we had left our cavalry, but instead of finding them we found our infantry in good trenches, which they had made while we were out in front. Our infantry was resting quietly and anxiously waiting for the enemy to appear. It was Granberry's Brigade (Texas soldiers) who occupied our line when our picket line passed over them. There was another brigade of infantry on their right, but I do not know whose it was, I am sorry to say. But I can say that no two brigades ever did better fighting. It was said by our men who fought the battle that seven lines of Yankee infantry came upon them that day, but they utterly failed to move our men from their position. The enemy seemed to select that thick woods to make the attack, but it proved very detrimental to them, as they could not see our men until they were in about twenty yards of them, when they came into the open, and our men were ready, and there was nothing to do but shoot them down. It was most destructive—the greatest loss of life that I ever witnessed. I doubt that there was ever, at any time during the war, as many men killed by so small a force as we had there that day. I was an eyewitness and saw the whole thing from beginning to end. I wish I had the words to adequately give those two brigades of Southern soldiers credit for the bravery displayed on that battle field that day, but it was more than I can describe. It was simply grand.

While our pickets were in front, our cavalry command was moved to some other point on the line, so we dropped behind the infantry about sixty yards and were ordered to lie down, to protect ourselves from the bullets of the enemy.

I was very anxious to see infantrymen fight, and begged Lieutenant McKinnon to let me stand behind a small hickory tree near him. He was lying down and I could see the dirt

knocked up on him by bullets ever so many times, until I finally succeeded in getting him to move to a place that was not so dangerous. I still held my place behind my hickory tree and watched the whole thing through.

Late in the afternoon, I saw our major, John B. Rudolph, walking behind our line of infantry, with pistol in his hand, and I called Lieutenant McKinnon's attention to him. Major Rudolph was looking for us, but we did not know it at that time. He was wounded and lost his left arm, it being amputated that night. We regretted to lose him very much, as he was kind to his men. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel for the part he took in this engagement, but was never with us any more.

Our infantry remained in their trenches all night, the Yankees in line a short distance in their front, perhaps one hundred yards. Our cavalry was worn out from the hard service and loss of sleep that we had been undergoing for months. We were ordered back in rear of the infantry, and told to unsaddle our horses (which had not been done for three days and nights) and make down our beds and take a good night's rest. All this sounded mighty good, and we obeyed without a murmur. About 12 o'clock we were awakened by musketry in a furious charge of the two armies in our front. We did not need any orders to saddle up. We were up and saddled and ready to move in five minutes, without orders. We soon learned that it was a false alarm by both armies, but we did not unsaddle any more that night.

It so happened that Colonel Rudolph and I lived for many years in the same town after the war. He was a kind and tender-hearted friend, and loved to serve and mingle with his fellow men. He served his country as tax assessor one term, and as justice of peace for many years. He was a good Bible student and loved the Sunday school work; was a member of the Baptist Church at Pleasant Hill, Ala. He passed away several years ago and was buried here. Rest to his soul.

WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED THROUGH GEORGIA.

BY SUSAN VERDERY PRATHER, ATLANTA, GA.

When the war opened in 1861, the village of Cassville was the county seat of Cass County, Ga., but the name of the county was afterwards changed to Bartow, in honor of General Bartow, who gave his life to his country in the first battle of Manassas.

Cassville was the home of some of the most prominent citizens of that part of the South, among whom was the Hon. Warren Akin, whose substantial and picturesque home was just off the campus of the North Georgia Baptist College for young men, and also very near the Methodist Female College. The Rev. Dr. Rambeau was the learned and distinguished President of the Baptist College, and the Rev. Samuel Rogers, the genial and popular President of the Methodist College.

After the war had raged for several years, and Colonel Akin had become a member of the Confederate Congress, he moved his family to Oxford, Ga., where Emory College was located.

During Sherman's invasion in 1864, the two colleges in Cass County, and also Colonel Akin's house, were burned to the ground, and his handsome family carriage was used by the Yankees to compliment the "colored ladies" with joy rides galore.

Then one day then came across the fields and the college grounds a splendid train of the Union army equipped for almost any emergency and laden with provisions and goods for the troops who were marching through Georgia. But

swiftly and surely and at a gallop, coming from an opposite direction, you could have seen a body of cavalry, the 8th Confederate regiment, commanded by Col. John S. Prather, and in a few minutes the entire train was captured.

This was within a few yards of the home where, in April, 1860, Colonel Prather had married the lady who was his life companion, even unto the end of his long and faithful years.

Among the drivers of the captured wagons was a negro who refused to drive the team for the Confederates. Colonel Prather's attention was directed to this man, to whom he said: "Now, driver, you are a prisoner, and I command you to mount that wagon and move on."

The Negro still refused. "Very well," said the Colonel, "I now hold the whip with which you drive. Shall I give you a taste of it?" The negro stood sullen and defiant, the lash came down promptly, and the negro gave up. "Mount and drive on, sir," said the Colonel. "Yes, boss, I see you knows all about it, and is a gen'man. My name's John, and I comes from Kentucky."

John was from that moment a faithful, devoted servant, and remained with Colonel Prather for more than a year after the surrender. Then we told him we thought he should return to see his "folks" in Kentucky, and sent him with our blessing and a good part of his wages saved up.

The Confederates under General Johnston resisted at Dalton, Resaca, Kenesaw, and other points, and then came the battle around Atlanta.

From Oxford, where I was stopping with my sister, Mrs. Warren Akin, I went to Crawfordville to visit other relatives, and while there I had a brief, kind note from the Vice President, Alexander H. Stephens, who was at home in Crawfordville. He wished to let me know that Colonel Prather, who was slightly wounded, was at Colonel Akin's home in Oxford. So I hurried back to Oxford, and soon we went back to Greenville, Ala., where my parents lived, and I told my husband "Good-by," with many tears. I saw him no more until June, 1865, nor could I hear from him. The States of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama—all were under the despot's heel.

Colonel Akin, being a congressman, was sought as a captive by the raiders, who would claim a reward from their government. Large sums of money were offered for his capture. And just here we meet one of the strong, fine negroes of that day, Bob Beavers, Colonel Akin's mulatto coachman, who remembered no other master, having been Colonel Akin's property since his babyhood.

He was devoted to his kind master and concealed him in a woodland not very far from Oxford. The Yankees repeatedly offered Bob one thousand dollars if he would betray his master. Then they offered two thousand dollars, but Bob remained devotedly faithful. For two nights Colonel Akin and his young son of fifteen stayed in the woodland retreat, and then the raiders passed on.

In a few days Colonel Akin returned to Richmond to stay until the surrender.

Bob Beavers remained faithfully at his post, as manservant for his mistress and the children. When the war ended Colonel Akin gave him a well-stocked farm, worth much more than the sum offered to him to betray his master; and to this day, although Bob, his master, and his mistress have all passed to the better land, their descendants have friendly contacts, about which glow the memories hallowed by kind deeds of the past.

THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

We left our position on the left at Chattanooga after dark on November 9, 1863, and marched a few miles out to the crossing of the Western and Atlantic and East Tennessee and Georgia Railroads. We were on the way to capture Knoxville. As we got to the crossing, a cold, drizzling rain set in. We had been told we would find trains standing there to take us up to Loudon, which was the farthest we could go by rail, but there were no trains, and we stayed about there in the cold rain all night. About 10 A.M. the next day several trains backed down there, and some hours afterwards the 2nd Regiment boarded one of them. The engine hooked to it was "banged up" somewhat, having been in a collision. I recall its name of "Alleghany" quite well. We waited a long time, then it was given out that our engineer was missing and could not be found. Probably he was a United States loyalist, of which there were plenty in that country, and had "skipped." Soon another man who had been an engineer on that road, but was then a preacher, was found near by, and he agreed to run us up to Loudon. As he mounted the cab we were much amused by his rather grotesque appearance in his long frock coat and silk plug hat. But he was all right and got up to Sweetwater, a little below Loudon, by midnight, and that was the end of our trip by rail.

The weather had cleared up, and at day light we found a heavy frost on the ground. We got off the cars and hurried across a field to a woods, where we made big fires. And almost at once, to our agreeable surprise, plentiful rations of flour and fine fresh mutton were issued to us. These good things had been prepared beforehand. It was understood that a force of engineers was throwing a pontoon bridge across the Tennessee just below the destroyed railroad bridge at Loudon. We stayed in these woods by good fires two days, and then one night we got sudden and urgent orders to march. We went through Loudon without stopping and got into a rough road running up the river and near it. The night was very dark and the country very hilly. It was said that Longstreet intended to cross the river above Loudon. At length we halted in the woods very near the river and were ordered to build fires. We remained in that place several hours, and many of us went to sleep. But about two hours before daylight we were awakened and told "to put on more wood" and then fall in. Of course, we were puzzled again, but not for long. We took the "back track" and reached Loudon before light. We figured that this night movement meant some sort of ruse on the part of Longstreet, and it was true, for his object was to draw back toward Knoxville a force Burnside had sent down to guard the crossing of the river at Loudon and thus hamper the building of our pontoon. And the deception of our night march worked to perfection, for the Federals immediately fell back a considerable distance on the Knoxville road, and so our bridge was soon completed.

We lay there at Loudon till late in the afternoon. About 4 P.M. one of our brigades crossed the river on the pontoon and had a brush with a small Federal force a little beyond. Then Kershaw's Brigade crossed and marched rapidly up the Knoxville road, following the first brigade. There was a little skirmishing in front, and we found a few small arms along the road and one abandoned caisson. Quite late in the day we had a lively fight with the Federals at Lenoir Station, on the railroad to Knoxville. Some of our artillery was up and also Longstreet himself. For a short time there was a smart artillery duel, but about dusk we drove the Federals off toward Knoxville and lustily cheered Longstreet, who rode

right along with us. We bivouacked a little beyond the station.

The next day we followed the Federals in a leisurely way, and there was very little fighting. A small detachment of our cavalry passed us on the road going to the front. That night we bivouacked only a few miles short of Knoxville, and early the next morning we marched to a point in sight of the city and halted. The railroad entering the city was near by on the left, and the Holston River was about the same distance away on the right. Our road was on higher ground overlooking both. Our brigade stopped in front of a fine brick mansion, then locked up and deserted, on the right side of the road. Afterwards Pete Turpin got some goodies for our mess from the cellar of this house. In front, on the left of the road, a little less than a quarter of a mile away, was a small hill, on which we could make out a line of Federal infantry lying behind a fence-rail breastwork. Beyond this on the right of the road, and on a hill at the confines of the city, we saw a college building, and opposite, on the left of the road, a large fort frowning with cannon. This fort was said to be the key of the city and would have to be reduced or captured before the city could be taken, except by starvation. I think this fort had been constructed by our forces earlier in the war. After the coming in of the Federals they named it "Fort Saunders" for a Colonel Saunders who, though a Southerner, was in the Federal army and had been killed not long before our advent on this occasion.

It was plain that the Federal force on the little hill was there to block our further advance during that day, but Longstreet had other notions about it; so he ordered a brass howitzer planted at a convenient distance on the other side of the railroad which slowly pounded that rail breastwork with solid shot for two hours. But, though the rails were thrown in every direction, and many of the men were mangled yet the Federals tenaciously held their position by steadily keeping their damaged fortification repaired with other rails. This exhausted Longstreet's patience, and he quickly decided to carry the hill by assault. The 3rd Regiment of our brigade, under Colonel Nance, and our regiment, the 2nd, were selected to do the work. Nance was to make the assault in front, while our Second was to support him on the left. Both regiments quickly took their assigned positions in full view of the Federals on the hill.

I could never forget the appearance of Nance on that occasion. He was on foot and so led his men. Physically, he was a very fine looking man and officer. Rather tall and large, on this occasion he had on his long gray overcoat, well buttoned up. He stood immediately in rear of his line, with drawn sword in his right hand, and when a staff officer on higher ground in the rear gave the signal to advance, Nance raised his sword high in the air and, in that great bass voice of his, said: "Forward, guide left, march!" And the old Third never presented a finer appearance as it swept along in quick time a short distance to the base of the little hill. Then Nance rang out again and said, "Double-quick, march!" and away they went, the Third in most gallant form and with a great shout. The Second closed in from the left, and within a few minutes we had the hill. The Federals had time only to fire one volley into the Third and then bolt away to the rear.

But many of them were killed and wounded there among the scattered rails. I counted thirty dead myself. We captured some prisoners also. The Federal bullets mostly went over us, and the Third had only three or four wounded, none killed, if my memory is correct, while the Second had no loss. We pursued the flying Federals till we saw them enter their lines at Fort Saunders.

As night was then coming on, we bivouacked on a little stream as near the fort as was safe. Several of us went back to the little hill where the dead Federals lay and got their haversacks, which were well filled. I was very much in need of a pair of trousers, which I found on the body of a young Federal about my size, a bright new pair, and nothing was easier than to slip them off the poor fellow and put them on in place of my own tattered ones. They were a good fit and, being of heavy woolen goods, kept me warm all the rest of that winter.

During the next day or two Longstreet inspected the various Federal positions in and about the city and decided to forego assault and simply surround the place and so starve out Burnside. He formed his line around the city in a semicircle, his left resting on the Holston above and his right on the same river below the city. A brigade was sent over the river to guard that part of it between our right and left, so as to prevent ingress into or egress out of the city, by that way Kershaw's Brigade held the extreme right, being mostly in front of and a little to right of Fort Saunders. We made breastworks and built a redoubt for our largest cannon on the left of the road and facing the fort. And there we lay watching and waiting without any important incident for Burnside to surrender, till the very last of November. Suddenly word came that Bragg had been defeated at Missionary Ridge and a Federal force was marching up in our rear to relieve Knoxville. And then Longstreet decided on the fatal error of assaulting Fort Saunders. The attack was made at daylight the next morning after the fort was shelled for half an hour by our redoubt. We lost, all told, about seven hundred men, the enemy scarcely any. That left us only one thing to do—namely: Raise the siege and march north, and that we did when the shades of the next night fell upon us. Most of our wounded were left to the mercies of Burnside.

We marched rapidly, without rations, all night and at 8 A. M. halted near a little town, whose name I have forgotten. During the night, I picked up two apples on a side road, but we had parched corn for breakfast. We lay there in bivouac, eating parched corn, till the morning of the third day out from Knoxville, when suddenly a furious snowstorm struck us coming from the southeast. A few minutes after this the order to "fall in" struck us just as suddenly, and away we went on the "back track" toward Knoxville. "What on earth could this mean?" queried we of the ranks, sort of *solito voce*. The march was forced, by which we knew something important "was up." A few wagons and some artillery went along with us. About 10 A. M. we were jarred by a lively cannonade just a little ahead of us, and we rushed along. Coming to a little stream behind a hill, we saw a team mired in the water and as we were passing it a Federal solid shot came over the hill and completely buried itself in the neck of one of the horses, and the poor "critter" sank down into the water.

We turned to the right and got on higher ground, where we found two of our batteries unlimbering behind a rail fence, and the brigade was ordered to support those batteries. Looking to the front, we saw the extensive and pretty plain of Bean Station spread out before us, over which were to be seen a Federal army of all arms moving about. Just then our two batteries opened on them, and a lively artillery duel ensued. To the right in our front the ground sloped down to a little bottom, through which a little stream ran. On the slope itself was a cemetery. General Kershaw rode up and said there was a line of Federal infantry creeping up through the cemetery as if to charge our batteries and ordered us to charge down upon them. We did this with alacrity and broke up

their line, but only after a sharp fight. Several of our men fell in the cemetery. The Federals fell back over the bottom and into a woods on higher ground, but they continued to fire back at us as they went. Our brigade pursued them till dark, when we halted to dress up our lines and line up connections, which in the darkness had become confused.

Our troops on the left had driven the Federals down the plain past the large tourist hotel, and there, after dark, they had bivouacked. But we of the extreme right and on high ground in the woods were not connected with our left. By this time all firing and noise of battle had ceased, and soon after this we saw a line of camp fires light up across the plain a little below the big hotel, which now we could plainly see, but, of course, we didn't know whose fires they were. After a while it was decided to advance cautiously through the woods till we got opposite the right end of the camp fires. Eventually we came to a field which sloped down to lower ground. Getting over the fence, we advanced slowly down the slope to generally level land and nearly to the level of the camp fires across the plain and about even with them. My company found a little house exactly in front of it, and just then our line halted and decided to stay there till further developments. The little house was locked up, and naturally we figured that the occupants had fled to safety when the battle opened. But just as we sat down in line of battle we heard the sonorous tones of a clock inside strike 2 A. M. After a little while it was decided to send a detail to the left in an effort to find the location of our main line, and Earl Bowen, Pete Turpin, and I volunteered for the duty. Our own brigade itself was not then in full connection. The Third and, I think, two other regiments were to the left somewhere. Our volunteer squad, fully armed, started out cautiously. Everything was very quiet. We slowly approached the first fire, which showed signs of dying out. Nobody there or thereabouts. And with the same results we went cautiously from fire to fire clear across the plain. The lines of fires crossed the great road a little below the hotel buildings, which were just as quiet as the outside. At the other side of the plain we encountered a good-sized creek, and on the other side of the creek we saw, next a big hill that rose up not far from the creek, several blazing fires and also several large standing tents. We thought this scene looked a little ominous, but as absolute quietness seemed to reign over there, and as there was a corduroy bridge spanning the creek, we very cautiously crossed over. What did we find? The tents mostly deserted, but just lots of fresh beef quarters hanging to poles in several places! At once we fell to cutting-out choice pieces to take back with us. Actually, we were in a Federal army abattoir, which undoubtedly they had hastily deserted. In some of the tents there were a few rifles, but we didn't tarry long, being afraid of capture.

One tent stood off to itself, and Earl Bowen entered it. He found it pretty full of camp stuff and began to rummage about for things of value. But he waked up a man who was sleeping under blankets. And then our ears were nearly stopped by a great Irish voice which said: "And what be ye lookin' fer in here?" Earl begged pardon and backed out of that tent in a hurry, and then all of us and our beef went back to bivouac in very quick time. We made our report, and everybody thought it was strange. However, we decided to stay there where we were till morning. But we were all very thirsty, as well as hungry, and hearing the tumbling waters of a little stream not far in front, Henry Byrne of our company volunteered to take a load of canteens down to the branch and bring us water. But in a few moments we heard Henry challenged and some further parley down at the branch. We thought Henry had found some of our stray troops. For a

few moments things were very quiet, then suddenly a heavy volley from the other side of the branch was fired our way, but the bullets went too far to our right to do any damage. We didn't return the fire, fearing we might hit Henry, and quietness prevailed again. But Henry Byrne didn't return, and we knew he had fallen into the hands of the Federals. We put out videttes and slept till daylight, then not far off. In the morning there were no Federals in our front. Probably they fell back soon after getting Henry, who likely had told them of our great strength in that place.

Soon after daylight an old man, wearing long white whiskers, opened the door of the little house from the inside and stepped out among us. So late was it when we surrounded his house, and so quiet had we been about it, that his sound sleep had not been disturbed at all, and he knew nothing about our presence till morning. He told us that as his little house was strong, being made of big logs, he thought it safest to retire inside and lock the door when the fire of both sides got close to him the evening before. He greeted us pleasantly and respectfully.

At 9 A.M. we heard heavy firing down the road toward Knoxville and were called out to go down. After marching about a mile, we got in sight of the fighting. It was found to be a cavalry affair, and we went back and permanently bivouacked near the little log house and its aged owner, whom we found to be well informed and a philosopher.

The weather during the day was almost like spring, but cool and frosty at night. We stayed in this bivouac two weeks and nearly starved. Who'll believe it when I put down here the positive fact that during that time I and many others picked up old beef bones and "cracked" them to get the benefit of the marrow in them? And it was very good. There was no fighting going on except between cavalry at a distance. Then why were we delaying there and suffering for food? We didn't know it then, but Longstreet was preparing great things for us on the other side of the Holston, only a little distance away. Finally, one day about noon, we got orders to fall in, and by the middle of the afternoon we had crossed the pretty blue Holston on a pontoon, and a little before sunset our brigade entered a thick and very lovely woods near the little town of Russellville, Tenn., on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. Our officers had smiling faces, and, after placing us in regular order, told us to build winter quarters and enjoy the occasion. But better than all, it happened that even before we got settled down plenty of rations of fresh Tennessee pork and nice flour were brought in and quickly issued to us. The cavalry on that side of the river had prepared these good things for us, and how we did cook and eat and sleep that night! Then in a few days our cavalry captured a big Federal wagon commissary train, mostly loaded with big sacks of parched old Java coffee. The next day the camp was laid out regularly, and we fell to building winter huts with fireplaces in them.

On account of the building arrangements, our mess was more or less broken up. John Pickett and I went together and built a nice little cabin just big enough for two. I think our chimney and fireplace were the best in camp. We lived like "fighting cocks," so to speak. Pickett and I got for our share of that good coffee enough to last all winter, but it was already past the middle of December. For the next two months we had the best time of our soldier lives. The only duty was camp guard duty. No enemy was near by, and there was a large force of our cavalry in our front next to the Federals down about the French Broad. Only once was a detail made to go on scout duty, and it happened to include my messmate, Pickett. He was gone three days, and when he

returned he brought with him a whole lot of fine old-style pork sausage meat and a quantity of honey, which he got from a rich old farmer who liked us and had plenty. Anyone can well imagine how these additional "goodies" added to our already comfortable situation. The weather was cold, but what did we care for that? There was some snow, but more frost, ice, and hard frozen ground. One morning, while bringing up from the branch a big bucket of water, Earl Bowen slipped and fell on the frozen ground and badly shattered one of his knee caps. Of course, this disabled him, probably permanently, and he had to be taken away to some hospital. I never saw him again. We missed him, for Earl was jovial and well liked.

Longstreet established his headquarters in the largest building in the little town of Russellville, and nearly every day he took a ride to the front, sometimes entirely alone. One day, while Frank Harris of my company and I were strolling through town, we were stopped by a lady standing at her gate. I soon found that she was a namesake of mine and that her husband was then in the Federal army. Good naturedly enough, she rallied us for being rebels. She had a grown-up, fine looking daughter, who joined us from the house. We might have been kinsfolk, because my grandfather Cox had told me that his Uncle Giles Cox had settled in that country on the Nollichucky River a few years before the beginning of the nineteenth century. After our war parley, she said she had heard that we had built fine stick-and-mud chimneys to our cabins in camp, adding that she needed one built to her kitchen, and if we would build it she would give us five gallons of sorghum syrup. We agreed and went to work at it next day. Womanlike she hampered us a little by various suggestions as the work proceeded, but we told her we were not mechanics and finally finished the job to her not over-enthusiastic satisfaction and got our syrup, which we greatly enjoyed.

We remained in the comfort of this cerulean camp till the middle of February, when another foolish idea entered the brain of Longstreet, and he decided to march down the Holston, cross it at Strawberry Plains and tackle Knoxville again. Thus we had to break up our delectable camp which we could have continued to occupy till April 1. We marched to New Market and vicinity, and it was given out that we would be there awhile, awaiting the building of a bridge across the river. The weather was pretty, but John Pickett and I decided to build us another cabin in the suburbs of the town. We got it up all right, but while we were "chinking" and "daubing" it the weather suddenly got very cold, so much so that the mud froze as fast as we put it in the cracks. And alas! We enjoyed its comforts for only one night. Orders came to march at daylight the next morning, and we went back over our recent tracks up country. We heard that Longstreet got positive orders from Lee to abandon his proposed second siege of Knoxville and to march back to Virginia by easy stages. Frank Harris and I were detailed and left behind in charge of the baggage, but followed our column late the next day. Passing our camp at Russellville, we got a peck of flour from the little mill there, which we found still grinding away. Frank and I had a good time till we caught up with the command near Bull's Gap. Frank talked to me about a love affair of his that was very pathetic. He was a student of Furman University when the war broke out. Sometime before that he fell in love with one of the most beautiful daughters of Greenville, Miss Susie Duncan, and his love being reciprocated they became engaged. Both families belonged to the "upper ten," as the saying went, and the proposed union was approved by their families, respectively, and by their

friends as most eligible. Frank told me that until quite recently they had corresponded very lovingly and loyally since he left Greenville for the war in April, 1861. "But," said Frank, with tears in his eyes, "after the battle of Chickamauga her letters began to be much less frequent and decidedly cool, until about the time we left Chattanooga for Knoxville, when they ceased altogether, except one brief note in answer to his urgent inquiries as to what was the matter with her." In her brief reply, she simply told him that she had decided that it would be better for both to break her engagement. Soon after this he learned from friends in Greenville that some time before a very fine looking Confederate officer, a Kentuckian, had come to Greenville and ever since had paid marked attention to Miss Duncan. The upshot was that she married this young officer that very winter, and poor disconsolate Frank Harris was left with a broken heart. We deeply sympathized with him. I don't know what become of him, as I never saw him after I was so badly wounded the next year and left the company.

But now we were on our way back to Virginia and had entered upon a series of marches and bivouacs that brought us to Bristol, Va.-Tenn., by April 10, 1864. At Greenville, Tenn., we stopped about two weeks and enjoyed some rain, snow, and sleet. This town at that time, both as to situation and buildings, reminded me much of Greenville, S. C. It was also the place of residence of Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States, whose bedridden wife and daughters were then there. Johnson's original tailor shop, with its sign, "A. Johnson, Tailor," was there also. There were many Union people there, including the wealthiest citizen, a Mrs. Williams and her family. Mrs. Williams's residence property covered a full square about the center of the town, and her home was the largest and finest in the city. The grounds were beautified with various shade trees, shrubs, and flowers. Mrs. Williams was a great Church woman, and the Episcopal Church stood on one corner of the residence property. One day Randolph Bacon, who was organist of Christ's Episcopal Church in Greenville, S. C., asked me to go with him to call on Mrs. Williams. He wanted to get permission to examine the inside of the church building and test the organ. Mrs. Williams, who was a very interesting woman, received us cordially. It was evident to me that she was a woman of great force of character. Two of her daughters were present and treated us nicely. After learning the object of our visit, and that Bacon was a Churchman, she readily granted our request and sent her two daughters across the grounds with us to let is in through the back door. The building was small, but the interior beautiful. Bacon played several sacred songs, and the young women and I joined in the singing of them. Then, all of a sudden, Bacon struck up very lively and beautifully "The Mocking Bird." I don't think the girls liked this, probably considering the music not appropriate to the sacredness of the place, and I, being then a strict Presbyterian, thought so, too. History records the particulars of the tragedy that happened on these same lovely grounds early the next year, culminating in the sad death of Gen. John H. Morgan.

Breaking up our bivouac at Greenville, we marched in a leisurely way to Bristol, stopping briefly at several points on the road. The weather was pretty, but after getting settled in bivouac in the woods near town, a series of April showers came on; but they were not heavy, and we had plenty of firewood. Only three little incidents happened while we were at Bristol—namely, the military funeral of a Major Goforth, who had been killed in a cavalry fight down about the Chucky river; the killing and cooking of a fine fat hog, dividing it

equally between us and packing it away in our haversacks, one night unknown to any other soul in camp, by Pete Turpin, Henry Rowe, John Pickett, Baylis James, and myself; and the visits to our company every day by a young soldier, named Lanham, who belonged to another South Carolina regiment of our brigade. He was a sort of prodigy; could quote Shakespeare and other great works almost by note and could talk intelligently upon most anything. We liked to hear him talk. Randolph Bacon had a fine sense of humor, and many a good-natured word battle was fought out between him and Lanham.

I mention this last little incident because many years afterwards, and while living in the far West, I read in a newspaper that a man named Lanham, originally from South Carolina, had been elected Governor of Texas, and I wondered whether he was the same who had so happily entertained us in the bivouac at Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

But our time at Bristol was up, and in the latter part of fearful but pretty April, 1864, we boarded trains for Lynchburg on our way to rejoin Lee on the banks of the Rapidan.

ONE OF STUART'S COURIERS.

BY J. A. BUXTON, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

The article on "A Pathetic Flag of Truce," by D. G. Gallaher, in the *VETERAN* for August, was of much interest to me, and especially so because I happen to remember Comrade Gallaher. I, too, had the honor of being courier (special) for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart from about the middle of June, 1863, until the September following, some three and a half months. My regiment was the 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, which I joined in February, 1863, being just eighteen years of age. At the big cavalry battle at Brandy Station, on June 9 following I was slightly wounded and was soon after sent to General Stuart's headquarters as special courier. Some incidents that occurred during the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaign may be of interest as I recall them.

At or near Rockford, our cavalry captured a large number of loaded wagons, to each of which there were four mules. To make the wagon train shorter, two of the mules were detached from each wagon and placed in a drove. At the battle of Hanover, on June 30, where most of my regiment was captured, including Lieutenant Colonel Payne, who was in temporary command, I became dismounted because my little sorrel horse had been overridden. I turned him out with the led horses and got a mount from the drove of mules. We march all night and reached York early the next morning. I reported to Major McClellan that I was dismounted and asked permission to go out in the country and try to get another horse, but I returned to York about noon still riding my mule, as I had not been able to get a better mount. Following leisurely after the command, which had left York some hours before, I overtook Lieutenant Robbins during the afternoon, and about night, both of us being very fatigued, we stopped at a country house for supper. Being in the enemy's country, we decided to sleep outside behind the barn. The next morning near Carlisle, a large dark chestnut horse came galloping up the road from the city, and I succeeded in catching him, and, after changing my bridle and saddle to the horse, I turned the mule over to one of our dismounted men whom we had overtaken along there. We reached Gettysburg late in the afternoon.

Major McClellan was indeed a cultured and kind-hearted gentleman, and one of the few of General Stuart's staff officers whom I knew intimately. He, like General Stuart, was fond of singing, and on the marches it was common to hear "Maryland, My Maryland," "Jine the Cavalry," and other

familiar songs sung by good leaders of the staff and escort, in which could be heard Major McClellan's tenor and Jim Grant's magnificent bass.

On one occasion it became my duty to accompany Capt. John Esten Cooke on a reconnoitering expedition to ascertain approximately the enemy's strength. We concealed ourselves in a body of woods, from which we could observe their movements. Captain Cooke had an excellent pair of field glasses, with which we could easily see the buttons on the uniforms of the troops as they marched.

Comrade Gallagher's reference to his "brushing up" for the trip with Major McClellan reminds me of the good appearance he made on his well-groomed horse—I mean Gallagher (according to my recollection, it was called Gallagher). There was something peculiar about his horse, but I do not remember whether or not he was spotted.

Sam Sweeney, the banjoist, was my messmate at Culpeper, and he always kept the mess well provided with coffee, etc., but he was seldom there at meals.

CAPTURED A GENERAL.

BY CHARLES A. LATTIN, M.D., HASTINGS, FLA.

In the beginning of the War between the States, five young men from Barboursville, Va. (now W. Va.)—Thomas Merritt, A. H. Samuels, John Paine, Ed G. Vertegans, and George S. Vertegans—enlisted in a company recruited by the Hon. A. G. Jenkins, member of Congress from that district, and known as the Border Rangers, which was afterwards Company E, 8th Regiment Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Henry Everett. And in 1862, James H. Nounnan, a member of Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry, recruited a company of cavalry from Wayne, Cabell, Putnam, and Kanawha Counties, Va. (now W. Va.), and Lafayette Samuels and I enlisted in J. H. Nounnan's company, and Ed G. Vertegans and George S. Vertegans were transferred to that company, which became Company K, 16th Regiment Virginia Cavalry, and in 1864, by order of Lieut. Ed G. Vertegans, I mustered John Thornburg into our company. Barboursville furnished eight men for the Confederate army. Brig. Gen. A. G. Jenkins commanded a brigade of cavalry recruited from the western part of Virginia composed of the 8th, 14th, and 16th Regiments and the 34th Battalion, and led the advance of General Lee's army in its second invasion of Pennsylvania, which terminated with the battle of Gettysburg.

During the winter of 1863-64, Col. M. J. Ferguson, of the 16th Regiment Virginia Cavalry, with about one hundred and fifty men, went on an expedition to Wayne and Cabell Counties, Va., within the enemy's lines, to give the boys a chance to go home and to recruit their wardrobes, which at that time were very much depleted. It was during this expedition that we went to Round Bottom, on the Big Sandy River, and on the night of December 31, 1863, we heard that a company of the 19th Kentucky Infantry had camped in a schoolhouse on the Kentucky side of the river. We crossed the river on the ice and attacked them, but as they were in a log house, our small arms had little effect on the building; but it frightened the enemy so that they fled through a back window before we could surround the building, and hid in the corn shocks of a near-by cornfield. It was reported that several of them were so badly frozen that they lost their limbs. If anybody was wounded I did not hear of it, and we took no prisoners, for the Yanks left so quickly we did not get to see them. The cold was so intense that we could hardly load our guns, and it was known for several years as the "cold New Year morning."

After this, Maj. James H. Nounnan was detached with forty men to go to Putnam County, and one dark rainy night we arrived at Winfield on the Kanawha River, where we were informed that the United States steamer, B. C. Levi, was tied up on the opposite side of the river at the foot of Red House Shoals, being afraid to negotiate the shoals on account of the darkness and low water. We went to the water's edge, where we found an old coal barge, and in the barge a joe boat. Lieut. Ed G. Vertegans, John Hicks, Tom Brown, Ira and Lampkin McKinney, John Tormy, Ralph Templeton, Dave Richards, George S. Vertegans and I got in the joe boat and paddled across to the opposite side of the Kanawha River, which was about one-fourth of a mile wide. In the meantime the rest of the command took position so as to assist us if the resistance was very stubborn. On landing, we made for the telegraph office and soon destroyed the instruments and cut the wires; then we ran for the steamboat. By that time the pilot was in the pilot house, and the engineer was testing the engines preparing to start. When we got to the gang plank, the pilot saw us, held up his hands, and yelled: "I surrender." We rushed on board and took all prisoners. Among them were Brig. Gen. E. P. Scammon, a captain, two lieutenants, a sergeant, and about twenty privates. After lining them up in the cabin, Tom Brown was placed at the wheel and John Hicks was ordered to watch the engineer. We then crossed the river, and all got on board. We loaded the howitzer on the hurricane deck and placed a crew in charge, so that if we met a boat we could give them a warm reception. Steaming down the river about ten miles to the mouth of Hurricane Creek, we landed and took all we could carry off of the boat, then burned it to the water's edge. On our way down we paroled the enlisted men, except the sergeant, who would not accept a parole; then we started for the James River and Kanawha turnpike, which we reached about dusk, where we went into camp instead of marching all night as the Yankees thought we would; and at all of the roads where the Yankees tried to intercept us, they were about twelve hours ahead.

As General Scammon had issued very strict orders to the people against feeding the rebels, Major Nounnan decided to show to the General how absurd his orders were, so early in the morning our old scout, Pete Carpenter, was sent in advance to a Mr. Bowen's, where we were to get breakfast, and instructed him what he should say when we came with General Scammon. We broke camp at daylight and about nine o'clock we reached Mr. Bowen's. Major Nounnan rode up to the gate, and the following dialogue took place:

Major Nounnan. "Mr. Bowen, I would like to get breakfast for my men."

Mr. Bowen. "Mr. Nounnan, I cannot feed you rebels, General Scammon has given us orders not to feed rebels."

Major Nounnan. "Mr. Bowen, we are very hungry and must have something to eat."

Mr. Bowen. "Mr. Nounnan, we have to obey the General's orders, and you will have to get your breakfast some other place."

Major Nounnan. "Mr. Bowen, my men have not had anything to eat for two days, and if you will not prepare breakfast for us, we will have to confiscate your provisions and prepare breakfast for ourselves."

Seeing that his prospects for breakfast were very uncertain, and being very hungry, General Scammon said: "Mr. Bowen, I am General Scammon, and I rescind that order. You can feed these rebels. My orders have been a real hardship on the people, for they do not want to feed the rebels."

As breakfast had been in course of preparation for some time, it was soon ready, and we enjoyed a substantial meal of

corn bread and pork, with a liberal supply of real coffee, when we resumed our march, avoiding all roads, going through the woods until we came in sight of the road leading from Charleston, on the Kanawha River, to Chapmansville, on the Guyandotte River. Fearing the Yankees might be in ambush, we sent out scouts, who soon returned and reported the road was clear, but that a large body of cavalry had passed on the road about twelve hours ahead of us. We got into the road and followed them about eight miles on Guyandotte River, opposite the mouth of Crawley Creek, where we crossed the river and went up Crawley Creek to its head and crossed through the low gap to the right hand fork of Island Creek, then to the left hand fork, when we considered ourselves safe from pursuit.

Major Nounnan then detailed Lieutenant Vertegans and the nine men that boarded the steamboat to guard General Scammon, the two lieutenants, and the sergeant to Richmond, Va., Major Nounnan taking the captain to Wayne County to negotiate an exchange for Captain Herston Spurlock, whom the Yankees had captured. We took the prisoners to Goshen Depot, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, where it crosses New River, General Jones headquarters, who commanded the department of Southwest Virginia.

We rested a few days at Goshen, then took the prisoners to Richmond by rail, and after remaining a few days in Richmond, we started back to our command. The day we left Richmond we were given three days' rations, which, after we had found seats on the train, we ate at once and did not think we had any too much.

When Major Nounnan got back to the command in Wayne County, Col. M. J. Ferguson sent a flag of truce to Barboursville to effect an exchange for Captain Spurlock, but during the time the flag of truce was at Barboursville, a body of Yankees came over from Kentucky and, before Colonel Ferguson knew it, rode in among them and they were taken prisoner. They also surprised our camp and fired a volley into it, killing the captain we held for exchange and wounding one of our men, Al West, the others making their escape, most of the boys were out visiting relatives and friends. The Yankees greatly deplored the death of their captain, which would not have happened if the attacking party had kept its presence of mind and demanded the surrender of the camp.

The above was reported in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of September, 1918, page 389, by Dr. G. S. Vertegans, Saltville Va., but being different from my recollection of the happenings, and as he claimed that Barboursville furnished only three men for the Confederate army (A. H. Samuels, Ed G., and George S. Vertegans) and being well acquainted with all of the men named in the beginning of this article and the service they did for the Confederacy, I have written this to place the full facts on record.

LITTLE BILLY FORT.

H. H. Sturgis, Brooksville, Fla., writes: "The story of 'Little Oirish' in the August VETERAN calls to mind an incident in the battle of Gettysburg which should be recorded. In the charge on Devil's Den by Law's Brigade, the flag was shot down four times and was picked up by Little Billy Fort, a boy between sixteen and seventeen, who carried the flag till we got to the enemy's battery, when, climbing upon a gun carriage, he held the flag while the gun was fired and was knocked off by a Yankee with a swab staff. He was also carrying the flag at the battle of Chickamauga when he was killed. All honor to little Billy Fort!"

THAT LOST DISPATCH.

Touching on that "Lost Dispatch," of which T. J. Arnold writes in the VETERAN for August, Col. Walter H. Taylor, of General Lee's staff, has this to say in his book on "Four Years with General Lee":

"At Frederick City information reached General Lee of the purpose of President Davis to follow in the rear and join the army. To prevent a step so full of personal danger to the President, for the scouting and marauding parties of the enemy's cavalry were active in our rear, I was dispatched to meet him and dissuade him from carrying out such intention; and I did not rejoin the army until the night previous to the battle of Sharpsburg.

"At this time General Lee conceived his plan of operations, embracing the capture of Harper's Ferry, and a subsequent concentration of the army to join issue in a grand battle with General McClellan, who had again vaulted into the headquarters saddle of the Federal army vacated by General Pope.

"An order of battle was issued, stating in detail the position and duty assigned to each command of the army. General Jackson was to undertake the reduction and capture of Harper's Ferry and had assigned to him for this purpose his own two divisions and those of A. P. Hill, Anderson, and McLaws. Longstreet's two divisions, under Jones and Hood, and D. H. Hill's Division remained to hold in check the army under McClellan pending Jackson's operations.

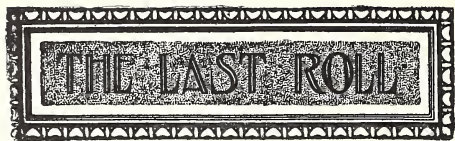
"It was the custom to send copies of such orders, marked 'confidential,' to the commanders of separate corps or divisions only, and to place the address of such separate commander in the bottom of left hand corner of the sheet containing the order. Gen. D. H. Hill was in command of a division which had not been attached to or incorporated with either of the two wings of the Army of Northern Virginia. A copy of the order was, therefore, in the usual course, sent to him. After the evacuation of Frederick City by our forces, a copy of General Lee's order was found in a deserted camp by a soldier and was soon in the hands of General McClellan. This copy of the order, it was stated at the time, was addressed to 'General D. H. Hill, commanding division.' General Hill has assured me that it could not have been his copy, because he still has the original order received by him in his possession. It is impossible, therefore, to explain how a copy addressed to Gen. D. H. Hill was thus carelessly handled and lost.

"But what an advantage did this fortuitous event give the Federal commander, whose heretofore snakelike movements were wonderfully accelerated when he was made aware of the fact of the division of our army and of the small portion thereof which confronted him!

"The God of battles alone knows what would have occurred but for the singular accident mentioned; it is useless to speculate on this point, but certainly the loss of this battle order constitutes one of the pivots on which turned the event of the war."

Note 1.—Colonel Venable, one of my associates on the staff of General Lee, says in regard to this matter: "This is very easily explained. One copy was sent directly to Hill from headquarters. General Jackson sent him a copy, as he regarded Hill in his command. It is Jackson's copy, in his own handwriting, which General Hill has. The other was undoubtedly left carelessly by some one at Hill's headquarters."

Note 2.—"Upon learning the contents of this order, I at once gave orders for a vigorous pursuit." (General McClellan's testimony, "Report on the Conduct of the War.")



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

THE REMNANT IN GRAY.

O sing me a song of the shadowy land
Where an army thinned by the frost of years
Marches with trembling foot and hand
The silent road of the volunteers:
The shadowy way
With no light to stay
The soul that has never had room for fears.

But a little while in the shadowy way,
And the last will make his final stand,
And the soul which courage would always stay
Will feel the touch of Charon's hand.
Then the shadowy way
With no light of day
Will see the end of this faithful band.

But a little time in the shadowy way,
Such a little while, and the grave is there;
So while the few who with us stay
Yet walk with us, let every care
In the shadowy way
With no light to stay
Be theirs to the end of the last sweet day.

—H. E. Harman.

CAPT. S. W. BENSON.

At the home of his devoted daughter, Mrs. Georgia Martin, of Memphis, Tenn., Capt. S. W. Benson, better known among his host of friends as "Uncle Doc," answered the last call May 3, 1922, aged eighty-four years.

Captain Benson was born in Limestone County, Ala. His parents moved to Marshall County, Miss., in 1851, and he spent the greater part of his life in and around Byhalia, Miss.

Soon after his graduation from Union University at Murfreesboro, Tenn., war between the States was declared. He was one of the first to enlist as a private, and he was made captain of his Company (F), 17th Mississippi Regiment, in 1864. He was with General Lee's Army in Virginia, and never missed a battle his company was engaged in, except a



CAPT. S. W. BENSON.

minor engagement while he was home on a furlough recovering from a slight wound.

He fought at First and Second Manassas, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg (two battles), Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, The Wilderness, Cold Harbor (two battles), Berryville, Strasburg, Harper's Ferry, and Petersburg, where the fighting lasted several days.

Captain Benson was a brave soldier, an upright citizen, and a Christian gentleman, honored and esteemed by all who knew him.

[J. L. Chenault, a comrade.]

CURTIS GREEN.

Curtis Green, born December 8, 1840, near Forsyth, Ga., was reared on a farm and attended the common schools of his county. His plans to attend college were sadly changed by the war in 1861. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company G, Sixth Georgia Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade, Martin's Division, and with this command he served throughout the war except when in prison. He was in twenty-eight recorded battles and numerous skirmishes and was twice captured, first in the early part of the war, when he was sent to Camp Douglas, but was soon exchanged; next, in 1864, near Rome, Ga., while on duty as a scout clad in Yankee uniform. He was placed in prison at Rome and ordered to be executed on October 4, 1864, but, by cutting through the floor, he succeeded in making his escape and swam down the river to freedom on the night before. He again rejoined his command and served till the close of the war.

Comrade Green went to Texas in 1865, married, and settled near Gatesville, afterwards moving near Oglesby, where he lived till his death. His occupation was that of a farmer, and his efforts as such were rewarded by his acquiring one of the finest farms on the Lean River.

His education was limited, but his native ability was far above the average, and he kept well informed on the current events of the day, especially on matters of public interest. He was a total abstainer and did not use tobacco in any form.

Comrade Green was a member of the Methodist Church, but was a great asset to the Holiness Association of Waco, Texas, being a member of the executive board for the last few years up to his death. He was one of the few who possessed every copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, having each year's volume neatly bound. He attended all of the reunions and was ever true to the cause for which he so loyally fought.

He died May 2, 1922, in the eighty-first year of his model life.

THOMAS WESTRAY.

After a long illness, Thomas Westray died at his home in Spring Hope, N. C., on July 13, 1922. He was born at Stanhope, Washington, County, N. C., in November, 1841. Until about three years ago he took an active part in the welfare of his community, being one of the most influential citizens of his county. He served as county commissioner for fourteen years and was active in all public matters, taking a bold stand for what he thought to be right. He was also deeply interested in educational matters and a devoted member of the Baptist Church, which he joined during his service in the army.

In March, 1862, he volunteered as a soldier of the Confederacy, joining Company A, 47th North Carolina Regiment, and served through the remainder of the war. He was wounded three times. He was a member of the Washington County Camp, U. C. V., and always took the deepest interest in everything pertaining to the Confederacy.

Comrade Westray was twice married, first, in 1867, to Miss

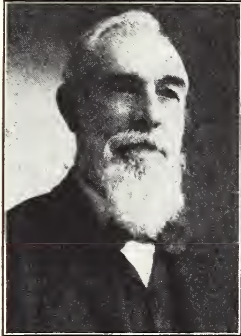
Josephine Rice; his second wife was Miss Lou Taylor, who survives him, with seven children. His life was devoted to farming, of which he made a success. He was an upright citizen of strong convictions, loved and honored by all who knew him.

GEORGE H. REID.

After a brief illness, George H. Reid died at his home in Bishopville, S. C., on May 6, 1922, in his eighty-third year.

He was born in Sumter (now Lee) County, S. C., February 7, 1840, the son of Rev. William Moultrie and Margaret Goulding Reid. His father was for forty years pastor of the Mt. Zion Church of that county, and the son was a deacon for forty years and organist for thirty years in the Bishopville Presbyterian Church.

The following is taken from Volume V of the "Confederate Military History" in regard to his Confederate service:



GEORGE H. REID.

"George H. Reid was educated in the schools of his native county and attended a private school in Charleston, S. C., for two years. He enlisted April 8, 1861, in the Chicora Guards, the first company organized in Sumter County, and with that company went to Charleston and served there some six weeks. He was taken sick there and sent home, where he remained until the fall of 1861, when he joined Company K, 9th South Carolina Infantry, with which he served until 1862. When the army was reorganized, he selected the artillery branch of the service and, returning to South Carolina, joined the Palmetto Battery of Light Artillery, commanded by Capt. Hugh R. Garden. With this command he served the remainder of the war, participating in the battles of Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, the siege of Petersburg, Battle of the Crater, Fort Harrison, and surrendered at Appomattox."

After the surrender he returned to Sumter County and followed farming as his life occupation. He was twice married, first to Miss Line E. Dennis, of Bishopville, who left two sons; the second marriage was to Miss Mary E. Bradley, of Bishopville, who survives him with two daughters.

An interesting article was contributed to the VETERAN by Comrade Reid in November, 1920, in regard to his service for the Confederacy, and at the time he was the lone survivor of the ten sons of preachers who served throughout the war in Captain Garden's battery. Four brothers of Comrade Reid also went through the war and surrendered at Appomattox.

JUDGE MARION SEWELL.

After a lingering illness, Judge Marion Sewell died at his home near Madras, Ga., on August 8, at the age of seventy-nine years. He served throughout the War between the States as a member of Company D, 41st Georgia Regiment, and was wounded at the battle of Perryville, Ky.

Judge Sewell was one of the most highly esteemed citizens

of his county. He had been justice of the peace of his district for over thirty years. Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Jeannette Habgood, of Fairburn, Ga., and nine children—six daughters and three sons. There are also fifteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

JOSEPH W. WOODS.

Joseph W. Woods, veteran of the Confederacy, died at his home in Athens, Ga., on July 8, 1922, in his eighty-third year. He was born in Madison County, Ga., near Paoli, the family going to Athens later on. For many years he was a loyal member of the Cobb-Deloney Camp of Confederate veterans in Clark County.

In 1861 Joseph Woods volunteered in Company D, 16th Georgia Regiment, under Capt. John Montgomery. He was in many hard-fought battles and never had a furlough. He lost his right arm at the battle of Knoxville, Tenn., in 1863; was also made prisoner and taken to Fort Delaware, where he was detained for nine or ten months, suffering many hardships from hunger and cold.

A few years after the war Comrade Woods married Miss Emma Conger and settled on a large farm, which he successfully cultivated for many years. He was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church at Athens and was honored and respected by all who knew him. He had a special regard for his Confederate comrades, and many times a dollar would pass from his palm to that of some needy old comrade. He loved truth, honor, and kindness, and these beautiful qualities stand out as characteristics of his daily life. He attended many reunions and looked forward to being with his comrades at Richmond again this year. In his illness, as his mind wandered, he thought he was with them in Richmond, and sometimes he imagined he was fighting the old battles over again. He told his beloved wife and children, who were constantly at his bedside, that he had received his discharge and was ready to answer the last roll call.

His funeral was largely attended, and the many beautiful floral tributes attested to the love and esteem in which he was held by the community.

MAJ. C. E. LUCKY.

Maj. Cornelius Evert Lucky, prominent for decades in the legal and business world of Knoxville, Tenn., died in that city on January 23, 1922, in his eighty-second year. He was born at Jonesboro, Tenn., February 25, 1841, the son of Judge Seth J. W. and Sarah Rhea Lucky, his mother being a descendant of the Rev. Joseph Rhea who came to America from the north of Ireland in 1769. His father was for many years clerk and master of the Chancery Court at Jonesboro, and later was chancellor of that division, which included Knox County.

Major Lucky was a student at Emory and Henry College, Va., when the War between the States came on, and from the first his sympathies were with the South; but his father was Union in sentiment, and this prevented the son from joining the Confederate army until September, 1862, when he enlisted with an infantry company in Washington County, which later became one of the units of the 60th Tennessee Infantry at its organization in Johnson City, in October, 1862. He participated in many engagements of his command until its surrender at Vicksburg in July, 1863. He was paroled, but not exchanged until July, 1864, when he immediately re-enlisted with his old brigade at its reorganization, it becoming mounted infantry, commanded by Gen. John C. Vaughn, of Sweetwater. He served with this command with conspicuous gallantry to the end of the war, having charge of the brigade wagon train.

After the war he finished his college education and read law under Judge Nelson at Knoxville, and had practiced law there with signal success to the time of his death; and he had sat as special judge in the Supreme Court. He was also actively identified with many civic interests, and gave much attention to political affairs, being always counted on the side that stood for moral uplift and advancement of his community. He was a consistent and faithful member of the Presbyterian Church from early youth, charitable, and greatly beloved whenever known.

Major Lucky was married to Miss Julia Simms, of Dalton, Ga., in 1872, and she survives him with one daughter.

SERGEANT RUFUS E. MCCRARY.

Rufus E. McCrary, born January 16, 1839, died on May 2, 1922, at Alvaton, Ga. He received his education in the public schools of his county, and when the war came on between the States, he enlisted in the first company organized in Meriwether County, under Captain Howard, of the 8th Georgia Regiment, Tige Anderson's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He was in the principal battles of his command from Manassas to the surrender at Appomattox, serving as private and as sergeant, and during the entire four years of service he went home only once. At the battle of Gettysburg his company was almost annihilated, all members being killed or wounded except himself and one other. He passed through the war without a scratch.

He taught school after the war, and otherwise gave faithful service as a citizen. He joined the Missionary Baptist Church and served as deacon for several years. He was also a Master Mason and filled every office in the Lodge. His wife, who was Miss Mayzella Howard, survives him with their eight children. He was laid to rest in the Alvaton Cemetery. His life was an example to his community, and few men will be as greatly missed as "Uncle Rufus."

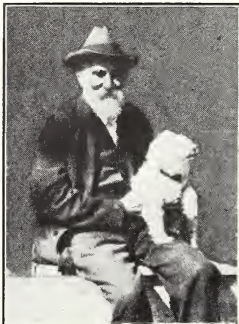
(Andrew J. Mann, M.D., Alvaton, Ga.)

WILLIAM B. HALE.

William B. Hale died April 13, 1922, at his home at Moratito, Lancaster County, Va., after an illness of several months. He was born September 17, 1845, at his ancestral home, where he spent the greater part of his life.

In 1861 he volunteered his services to defend his beloved country and became a member of Company E, 40th Virginia Infantry, where he served with courage and valor until General Lee laid down his arms at Appomattox. He was severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and the time he spent in the hospital was the only part of the entire war that he was not at the front.

After the war Mr. Hale returned to his old home, where he married Miss Bettie A. Rock. They were blessed with twelve children, nine surviving him. His life was a loving expression of his beautiful Christian faith. He was kind, gentle, and sincere; his bright, cheery disposition was like a sunbeam to those about him.



WILLIAM B. HALE

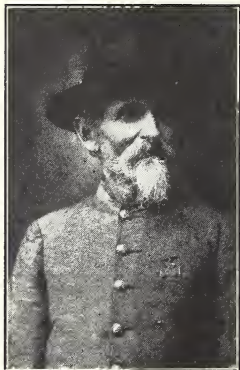
The Lawson-Ball Camp U. C. V., of which he was long a member will feel his loss very keenly.

At Old Farnham Baptist Church, where for so many long years he had been one of the leading members, he was laid to rest beside his wife, who preceded him only a few months.

(Mrs. Luther G. Connelle, Historian Lawson County Chapter U. D. C.)

THOMAS WHITFIELD.

Thomas Whitfield was born in 1839, and died on July 6, 1922, eighty-three years of age.



THOMAS WHITFIELD.

He spent his whole life in Williamson County, Tenn., near where he was born. In May, 1861, he enlisted in a company made up by Capt. Lewis Wagoner, which afterwards became a part of the 10th Tennessee Infantry. After the organization of the 20th Tennessee Infantry, he was transferred to that regiment and was with it at the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., in January, 1862. The army retired to Corinth, Miss., and he was there discharged on account of ill health just before the battle of Shiloh, but he and two other comrades went into that battle with discharges in their pockets. One of

them, Tom Stevens, was killed; Tip McKay was wounded, but Whitfield came out unhurt. He returned to Tennessee, but when Bragg's army came to Murfreesboro, he went to his company, though, his health not being then recovered, he was not sworn into the service. He was with the regiment in the fighting around Murfreesboro, December, 1862, and January, 1863; was also at Hoover's Gap in June, 1863, and at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, where he was captured. He was taken to Rock Island prison and released in April, 1865. Returning home, he bravely took up his duties and became one of the leading members of his community, also of the Church and Masonic Lodge. He was a good citizen, and a true and loyal friend, and every inch a man.

T. L. MARTIN.

T. L. Martin, born March 15, 1840, died June 28, 1922, at Wynne, Ark. He moved to Arkansas in 1855, and enlisted in the 20th Arkansas Regiment in 1861. He was in the siege at Port Hudson, and after his exchange he served under Gen. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department, surrendering at Wittsburg, Ark., May 25, 1865.

"Uncle Tom," as he was called by all who knew him, was a good man and always looked on the bright side of life. He loved his fellow man. I was intimately associated with him for over fifty years and never heard him complain. He loved his sons and their wives. He was very feeble for six months before his death. We all feel that a good man has gone to rest under the shade of the trees.

(W. P. Brown, Commander and Adjutant, Marian Cogbill Camp U. C. V., No. 1316, Wynne, Ark.)

COL. HENRY STEPHENSON HALE—IN MEMORIAM.

"Of all gallant sons of the War-God Mars,
None has fought, and few so well,
As the soldiers who followed the Stars and Bars
Of the storm-cradled Nation that fell."

On the morning of July 24, 1922, Col. Henry S. Hale, one of the oldest, best loved, and most highly esteemed citizens of Graves County, Ky., a veteran of many hard-fought battles in the War between the States, "crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees."

Colonel Hale had lived to the ripe old age of eighty-six years. He was a native Kentuckian, born in Warren County, near Bowling Green, May 4, 1836, and he lived the greater part of his life in Mayfield, Graves County, Ky.

He was an upright citizen of strong convictions, loved and honored by all who knew him, therefore prominent in nearly every walk of life, especially so in Church, educational, and civic improvement. It was due to his influence and work that the first temperance election was held in Mayfield; and mostly through his efforts has our city for more than fifty years had no evil influence of the saloon to combat.

He was a man of great and wide influence, his death causing a sense of grief and personal loss to many people throughout the entire South. He was a valuable citizen, a loyal friend, a courteous, true Southern gentleman of the "old type;" a leader in Church work, and always lined up with every movement for the betterment of his community and country. He stood for right, and was ever ready to lend a helping hand to

the needy, a listening ear to the troubled and heavy burdened, to aid his comrades of the War between the States.

Colonel Hale acquitted himself honorably in the discharge of the duties of the public offices which he held, always courageous, loyal, and faithful to every trust. He served his county as sheriff and representative; was the organizer of the First National Bank of Mayfield, and served as President from the organization to his death, except during his administration as State Treasurer of Kentucky.

A brief history of his Confederate service is taken from "Service Record of Lieut. Col. Henry S. Hale," by the late Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.:

"Henry Stephenson Hale, a native of Kentucky, Christian, soldier, financier, statesman, entered the Confederate army as captain of Company H, 7th Kentucky Infantry, September 18, 1861.

"Participated in battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862, and, as senior captain, commanded the regiment in retiring from the battle field.

"Promoted major, May 25, 1862. The regiment was mounted and assigned to service with Gen. N. B. Forrest, March 10, 1864, participating in all his battles and campaigns thenceforth to the end, May 10, 1865.

"At Brice's Cross Roads, Miss., June 10, 1864, where General Forrest annihilated the command of the Federal general, Samuel Sturgis, Maj. Henry S. Hale was in command of his regiment, displaying such extraordinary gallantry and judgment as to attract favorable notice of General Forrest, who, in a conversation with the writer hereof after the war, accorded to Major Hale such valuable and effective service that contributed largely to the Confederate victory.

"At the bloody battles of Harrisburg, Tupelo, and Old Town Creek, Miss., July 13, 14, and 15, 1864, Major Hale was again in command of his regiment and participated with his usual effectiveness.

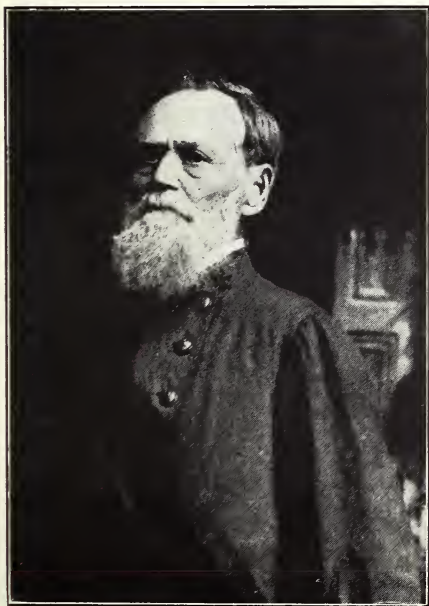
"At Old Town Creek, late in the afternoon, July 15, the Federals made a determined stand and, being favorably posted for the defensive, the Confederate casualties were greater in proportion to time engaged than in any of General Forrest's battles. It was here that Major Hale was severely wounded, lingering many weeks between life and death, during which his absence was keenly felt by the regiment.

"On February 28, 1865, the Kentucky Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry—i. e., the 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky Mounted Infantry—was reorganized, the 3rd and 7th being consolidated. Several gallant and efficient officers, who ranked Major Hale, were supernumerated, and he was promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy of the consolidated regiment."

In the passing of Col. Henry S. Hale, the Mayfield Chapter, U. D. C., has sustained an irreparable loss in a devoted friend, wise counselor, and one of its most loyal honorary members; while his family, Church, and countless friends are bereft of that ready sympathy and spirit of helpfulness which ever animated his life.

His home for many years was the home of the Mayfield Chapter, our organization having been made at his home, November 29, 1899, at which time he, Mr. J. T. George, Mrs. Josephine Pope Evans, and the lamented Dr. J. L. Dismukes were made honorary members of our Chapter for their splendid service rendered in perfecting the organization. His much beloved wife, Mrs. Adelaide Virginia Hale, was made President, which place she faithfully filled until 1907, when ill health forced her to resign.

(Memorial Committee, Mrs. George [T. Fuller, Mrs. J. L. Stunston, Mrs. J. E. Warren.)



MAJ. H. S. HALE.

This picture was taken on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Harrisburg, and Major Hale has on the old coat and sash which he wore in that battle.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

Mrs. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

530 W. 114th St., New York City

Mrs. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
 Mrs. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. *Second Vice President General*
 Mrs. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
 Mrs. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
 Miss ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

Mrs. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
 Mrs. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
 Mrs. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
 Mrs. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
 Mrs. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: It is not my intention to review the account of the reunion, which has been so ably given in a former issue of the *VETERAN*, but simply to mention some incidents which were brought to my attention by the Hospitality Committee and to ask the *United Daughters of the Confederacy* to see that they may not be repeated at the reunion in New Orleans. These incidents are as follows: Veterans were allowed to take the trip to Richmond without funds provided for their return. The Committee saw that these veterans received sufficient funds to restore them to their families, but one veteran had suffered such deprivations that there were fears for his mind as well as his health.

Relief is the first obligation of the Daughters while the veterans are still with us, and can we not provide, as did the Virginia Division, committees in the towns through which the trains pass with coffee and sandwiches for the comfort of the veterans on their journey to the reunion? The District of Columbia Division raised eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, as well as sending a committee of Daughters with the veterans to Richmond whose sole duty it was to care for their comfort and welfare.

Boy Scouts.—It would be impossible to estimate the value of the Boy Scouts in contributing to the success of the reunion; these cavaliers, of the present day, were ever ready to serve and were always at their post of duty. I was introduced to one, Jake Swartzman, and was told that he had slept only one hour a night during the three nights of the reunion. I cannot pass without mentioning the beautiful luncheon given by Mrs. James Alexander Scott, President of the Virginia Division, in honor of the President General.

Convention.—As the time approaches for our convention in Birmingham, let me recall to your attention the importance of paying your delinquent per capita tax and of having your Chapter fully registered; see that your delegates are elected and their names recorded on the credential blanks. The list of hotels, with prices, will be published in the *VETERAN*. Secure your rooms early and do your part to make the 1922 convention the largest in the history of our organization.

Red Cross Window.—As permission has been given by the American Red Cross President to unveil the window placed in the Red Cross Building in Washington by the *United Daughters of the Confederacy* in honor of the Women of the South in the War between the States, the ceremony will occur on Wednesday, November 1 (All Saints' Day), at three o'clock, and although it will not be possible to issue invitations to every member of the organization, anyone will be admitted to the building who wears the insignia of the U. D. C. or veterans wearing the Cross of Honor. I learned with regret that the committee which had raised the funds for this window had been "discharged with thanks." So I am indebted to the

District of Columbia President for her able assistance in arranging the detail of this ceremony.

Jefferson Davis Monument.—I am forced to say, with deep pain, that unless the Daughters send in large contributions from the sale of certificates the work on this monument will have to be suspended. Surely we cannot allow this to happen. Let me beg every Daughter to do her utmost to see that this monument is unveiled on June 3, next year.

Education.—I have received a copy of "Tried and True

Recipes," compiled by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Chairman of Education for Alabama, and presented to the Alabama Division for the benefit of their Educational Endowment Fund. The book is dedicated to her daughter, Helen Bashinsky Case, and should be of special interest to the Daughters, for it contains recipes furnished by members in every State. It may be secured from Mrs. Julius Jaffe, 2326 Highland Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., at \$1.90 a copy.

Confederate Flag.—The following is a copy of a letter just received from Col. Henry Hersey Andrew, son of the war governor of Massachusetts: "My sister and I have a Confederate flag, captured early in the war and given to my father, and we naturally desire that it should be permanently located where it will be preserved and treasured. Before making a final disposition of it, we desire to know the State and locality to which it belonged.



ETHEL ALMOND DUBOIS.

Special Page to the President General. Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, St. Louis Convention, November 8-12, 1921. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. DuBois, Paducah, Ky., and granddaughter of Charles H. Almond, Company I, 2nd Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

The flag is of silk, and on one side are the three stripes and field, on the other side in gold letters, 'Presented by the Ladies of Anson to the O.K. Boys,' also a Latin motto which I do not remember, and that side of the flag is of plain silk, no stripes or field. The staff is the original one. It is of black walnut, intact, with the exception of a splinter taken off by a bullet on the battle field. It is a most interesting flag. There is an Anson County in North Carolina and an Anson in Missouri. Will you kindly endeavor to find out, through members of your Association, to what company and regiment the flag belonged. It seems to be a company flag of the early part of the war."

This letter is inserted with the hope that some one may be able to assist me in locating the company to which this flag belonged.

The Sulgrave Institution.—As President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I have had the distinction of being appointed a Vice Chairman of the Woman's Committee of the Sulgrave Institution. On September 11 this committee will entertain the English delegates at Frances Tavern, on which occasion I shall present, in the name of the organization, to our guests, the "Washington Manor House," a book descriptive of the Mt. Vernon of Great Britain, written by Miss Ethel Armes (of Alabama), author of "The Story of Coal and Iron in Alabama." The Washington Manor House, the home of George Washington's ancestors, was presented to America by the English branch of the Sulgrave Institution, and this book is the first complete and detailed description from a historical standpoint to be written. It should be of special interest to us, as it speaks of our flags, the Stars and Bars and the battle flag of the Confederacy.

Faithfully yours, LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

HOTEL RATES FOR BIRMINGHAM CONVENTION, NOVEMBER 21-25, 1922.

The Recording Secretary General has received the following for publication:

Tutwiler Hotel.—Convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$2.50; with bath, \$3.50. Double room, without bath, \$3.50; with bath, \$3.50 and \$7. \$1 extra for cot placed in room.

Moulton Hotel.—Adjoining convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$2 and \$2.50; with bath, \$3 and \$3.50. Double room, \$1 (each person).

Morris Hotel.—Six blocks from convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$2; with bath, \$3 and \$3.50. Double room, without bath, \$3 and \$3.50; with bath, \$4 and \$4.50.

Bencor Hotel.—One and one half blocks from convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2; with bath, \$3 and \$3.50; double room, without bath, \$3 and \$3.50; with bath, \$4.

Hillman Hotel.—Two blocks from convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$2; with bath, \$3.50. Double room, without bath, \$3.50; with bath, \$4.50.

Empire Hotel.—Three blocks of convention hall. Single room, with bath, \$2 and \$3; without bath, \$1.50 and \$2. Double room, with bath, \$3.50 and \$4; without bath, \$2.50 and \$3. \$1 extra for cot placed in room.

Hotel Caswell.—Four blocks of convention hall. Single room, with bath, \$1.50 and \$2; double room, with bath, \$2.50 and \$3.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Miss Wilsie Dwyer, a little girl of fourteen, living in Detroit, Mich., wanting to help build the Fairview monument to the great leader of the Confederacy, President Jefferson Davis, has sent to Mrs. White, Director for Tennessee, one dollar in honor of her great-grandfather, who was an officer in the Confederate army, a fact of which Wilsie is very proud.

From France.—The Major General Polignac Chapter U. D. C., of Paris, France, through its President, La Marquise de Courtivron, sends a contribution to the Lee Memorial Chapel, and writes to Miss Poppenheim as follows: "I am sending you five dollars from our Chapter for the chapel at Washington and Lee University at Lexington. I hope you wont mind receiving it and sending it on to the proper person, as we would like to do our part in this general U. D. C. tribute to General Lee. So many thanks for sending me the Richmond papers with portraits of Marechal Foch, LaFayette, and my father. We all much appreciate the honor done his memory. We saw Marechal Foch at a great dinner on his return from the United States and heard him describe the glorious reception he was given throughout America."

DIVISION NOTES.

Maryland.—The Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, observed the anniversary of President Davis's birth by holding a large meeting, at which officers were elected for the following year. Eight applications for membership were received and delegates appointed for the State and general conventions. On June 4, the Chapter, with the Children's Chapter, joined the Confederate Memorial Society in their annual services at Rose Hill Cemetery, decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers and the Confederate monument erected to the four hundred unknown dead buried there. While the flowers were being placed, Mr. Russell Campbell played "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot."

Mrs. John Duer, daughter of Maj. Randolph Barton, has accepted the important place of Leader for the Maj. Randolph Barton Chapter Children of the Confederacy.

Missouri.—On June 7, the members of the Independence Chapter were guests at an old-fashioned dinner given by the Gen. Joe Shelby Chapter of Oak Grove. The hostess Chapter was a year old in June and has over thirty members. Mrs. Ezra Williams, President, reports the Chapter steadily growing and all members interested in the work.

The Springfield Chapter reports that Memorial Day was observed with appropriate services held in the Confederate Cemetery. Automobiles were provided for the veterans, so all who wished to attend could do so. After the services every grave and the large monument were strewn with flowers, which the Daughters abundantly supplied. The Chapter has had twenty-eight volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN bound and presented to the Public Library. A Children's Chapter is being organized, and twenty-six children applications for membership have been received.

Louisiana and Texas.—The Confederate monument recently placed in the cemetery at Scottsville, Tex., is a gift from Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, La., who was a native of Scottsville. On the block below the tall shaft are engraved the names of the Confederate soldiers to whose memory it is erected, "the Confederate dead buried at Scottsville." The figure of the Confederate soldier surmounting the shaft is of Carrara marble; the rest of the monument is of Texas gray granite, the whole being the work of Frank Teich, the discoverer of the Texas gray granite.

New Jersey.—Officers of Robert E. Lee Chapter No. 1773, East Orange: President, Mrs. J. Alfred Dixon; First Vice President, Mrs. Daniel Henderson; Second Vice President, Mrs. John E. Parker; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. M. Griffith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George E. Patterson; Historian, Mrs. S. C. McKeown; Treasurer, Mrs. R. L. Dimm; Registrar, Mrs. R. L. Hall.

South Carolina.—To the Pickens Chapter should fall, perhaps, the prize for the most elaborate and beautiful celebration of June 3, which was attended by a crowd of approximately 7,000 people, this being the twentieth annual county reunion of Confederate veterans. While only forty-five veterans were left to be present, the vast crowd that assembled on this occasion showed how deeply enshrined in the hearts of her people is the cause they fought and died for. The commemoration was planned and carried out by the Daughters of the Confederacy, a parade, address, and inspiring exercises being followed by an old-fashioned picnic dinner.

The Pickens Chapter had the pleasure in 1920 of presenting to Mrs. Alzara Foster a bar of gold from the Confederate Southern Memorial Association and a silver cup as the gift of the Chapter. Mrs. Foster is now ninety-seven years old, and has three sons living who were in the Confederate army. She is called a "Gold Star Confederate Mother."

A number of the officers of the South Carolina Division U. D. C. attended the reunion at Richmond.

Washington.—The Mildred Lee Chapter was complimented by Mrs. Tom Turner with "Our Own Birthday Party" at her home in June. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, the colors of the Confederacy being used in the dining room. The entertainment took the form of a garden party, the program being given on the lawn, every one of the sixty guests of veterans and Daughters giving an original rhyme suitable to the occasion, in addition to which were readings and an oriental dance.

According to her annual custom, established several years ago, Mrs. M. A. Wilkins, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, observed the birthday of President Davis at her home by entertaining the Chapter and its honor guests, the Confederate veterans of John B. Gordon Camp. An interesting program was given. Some G. A. R. veterans also participated. This Chapter was awarded the fourth prize in the American Legion's Fourth of July street parade, for its float, beautifully decorated in red and white, and carrying three tiny girls.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Charlotte, N. C., made such a wonderful record in its second year that it may well be held up as an example of what can be done when there is the will to do. This Chapter is divided into senior and junior divisions, elect their officers and committees the same as the adult Chapters, hold monthly meetings, at which the veterans are entertained, and assist the Mother Chapters in all public entertainments. The following is the record, in part, of what they have done in the first six months of their second year:

On November 11 both senior and junior Chapters took part in unveiling the tablet erected by Liberty Hall Chapter to the soldiers of Mecklenburg County who lost their lives in the World War.

On November 17, they cared for a sick veteran on his way to Arkansas for five days; paid railroad fare for veteran to the Confederate Home in Raleigh, \$28.

On November 18, they assisted in placing tablet on bed

donated by the mothers of both divisions of Chapter to the Orthopedic Hospital, and gave the children of the hospital a party, which, with gifts of fruits and flowers, books, etc., amounted to at least \$100.

On Thanksgiving Day a box was sent to the Confederate Women's Home at Fayetteville, valued at \$78.75, the box containing materials for clothing and good things eatable. In this month floral offerings were also sent to the funerals of two women of the Confederacy.

In December the children of Thompson Orphanage and the Alexander Rescue Home were entertained at a pageant. On Christmas Day a basket of flowers was sent to the Chapter's beloved friend and loyal supporter, Mrs. E. C. Register; and during the Christmas holidays one hundred individual boxes were sent to the Confederate Home at Raleigh, containing socks, soap, handkerchiefs, combs, pencils, stamps, pipes and tobacco, a pound box of candy, and fruits; appropriate boxes to the Confederate Home in Fayetteville; these boxes were valued at from \$1.50 to \$2 each; total value, \$175.

Ten large boxes of clothing and provisions were distributed among veterans and widows of veterans at home, valued at \$10 or more each.

Five hundred post cards were mailed to veterans and widows at the Homes in Raleigh and Fayetteville, as well as to all veterans in Mecklenburg camp.

Two children at county home, grandchildren of Confederate veterans, were remembered with baskets of toys, candies, fruits, etc., one being supplied with a suit of clothes valued at \$12.50.

January 6 and 27.—Tickets for stranded veterans on their way to Spartanburg and Waynesville, \$3.25 and \$8.25, respectively; \$20 in groceries to needy veterans and widow.

January 30.—Two dozen outing and one dozen corduroy sleeping caps to disabled veterans of the World War at the hospital in Asheville, also 50 comfort bags. Same date donated \$5 to Wilson Memorial Fund.

February 17.—Half ton coal to veteran's widow. Made final payment on piano purchased by the children and placed in Veterans' Hall, \$125.

February 14.—Thirty-seven pounds candy in one-pound boxes, Valentine wrappers, to Confederate Home for Women in Fayetteville.

February 17.—Fifty magazines to Confederate Home in Raleigh.

February 22.—\$5 to veteran to assist in moving household goods; \$5 toward entertaining World War veterans; two pots of flowers sent old ladies of Confederacy.

March 1.—One box quilt scraps to Confederate Home for Women in Fayetteville.

April 9.—A linen shower box to Confederate Home for Women in Fayetteville, containing books, pillows for chairs, soap, candy, towels, pillow cases, sheets, counterpane; etc.; this box was valued at \$59.15. (These donations were from a birthday celebration, the children bringing donations for Confederate Woman's Home instead of gifts.)

May 10.—Suit of clothes, three shirts, pair of shoes given to a veteran; \$40 donated by mothers through children for Jewish relief; \$118 donated to Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V. Up to date have made 65 visits to sick veterans, carrying fruit, flowers, etc.

January 19 and 22 were observed with appropriate exercises, also May 10, placing flowers and flags on all the graves of the Confederate dead.

Took part in May 20 parade in celebration of Mecklenburg Declaration, having two floats. Have written twelve historical papers and the second historical scrapbook is being written.

Won William Watson banner from State last year, also sent one of the pages to Winston-Salem State Convention, U. D. C.

Assisted Mother Chapters in selling tags to buy uniforms for veterans. Also sold poppies for American Legion on poppy day.

All the members of Mecklenburg Camp were entertained at a birthday dinner, over one hundred veterans, mothers, and children being present.

Have given \$25 on Fayetteville Water Fund; \$10 on Matthew Fontaine Maury Fund; \$5 to tuberculosis bed.

June 19.—Gave \$5 for groceries to veteran's wife; \$10 to veteran's wife to attend reunion.

June 15.—Twenty-one dresses and ten pounds of candy to Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia.

This Chapter has 153 registered members, a gain of 45 since last report. Its money is made by having bazaars, a pageant, card and sewing parties, flower sales, liberal donations from the mothers, and Chapter dues. A wonderful showing.

U. D. C. GOLD MEDAL.

Mrs. Samuel Burleigh Milton, Historian for the District of Columbia U. D. C., has offered a gold medal to the Daughter of the Confederacy residing in the District of Columbia who sends the best essay on "The Laurel Brigade of Virginia and Its Leaders." The medal is given in honor of her father, Col. John Marshall Seymour, and is to be known as the "Inez Seymour Milton Medal."

Rules for Contest.—(1) Essay must not contain more than 1,000 words, number of words to be stated on upper left-hand corner of the first page. (2) Essay must be typewritten and fictitious signature, real name, Chapter, and address must be put in sealed envelope, on the outside of which is to be placed the fictitious name only. (3) All essays must be sent to the District Historian not later than November 15 next.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

Lee in command of the armies of Virginia and North Carolina in 1862. The Seven Days Battles, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1922.

The Immortal Six Hundred who did not belong to the Light Brigade at Balaklava. Who they were and what happened to them.

NOBLE SOUTHERN WOMAN.

Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, calls attention to an error in the maiden name of the wife of Capt. Louis Gourdin Young, a sketch of whom appeared in the *VETERAN* for August, page 306, and of whom he writes:

"To a heroic and gifted Southern woman, such as Mrs. Louis Gourdin Young, of Savannah, Ga., who blended into harmony in life and character the graces of historic lineage with the purest ideals of a versatile and catholic culture, no tribute, however long deferred, is ill-timed or irrelevant.

"Miss Mary Stuart Waller, who became the wife of Capt. Louis G. Young, was a native of ancient Williamsburg, Va., a granddaughter of President John Tyler, and a probable representative in descent of the Cromwellian and Restoration poet, Edmund Waller. All the potent ties of blood, origin, as well as the resistless influence of moral and logical conviction, linked her with the aspirations and traditions of the South that is dead, its tender grace, its fadeless charm, which defy even the vicissitudes of fortune, the complex anarchy, and the prevailing chaos of our contemporary world, if only as a memory or a vision of a vanished and irrevocable past. In literary and historical acquirement, Mrs. Young's range was broad and accurate; from the standpoint of religion, she was a devoted and uncompromising Anglican. Foreign travel and enlightened observation imparted an especial flavor to her varied attainments, the gift of communicating or imparting rendering her intellectual treasures ever accessible and available, instead of being shrouded in the esoteric and cloistered seclusion which is too often the evil genius of the professional scholar."

NOT YET RECONSTRUCTED.

BY J. EDWARD BEALE, REMINGTON, VA.

This happened in one of the fashionable boarding schools of Washington, where there were students from all sections of the country, those from the North predominating. It seems that eight daughters of the North, well gifted in voice, besieged two little rebels from Virginia and Georgia by marching in on them singing "Marching through Georgia." Nothing daunted, the Southern girls began to yell "Dixie," but, unfortunately, neither of them could turn a tune.

Realizing that they were at a disadvantage, they ran out of their room, down a long corridor and into another room, followed by the eight Yankees singing melodiously, while the little rebels kept up their unearthly yell of "Dixie." When the eight were all in the room, Virginia and Georgia slipped out of the room and locked the door on them. As they quietly tripped back to their room, there was a rattle of the locked door, and pretty soon the music ceased. Time for dinner drew near; to be late was a serious offense. Soon the melodious strains of "I Wish I Was in Dixie" rang out; softly the key clicked on the outside. There was a look of amused triumph in the expressive brown eyes of the fair daughter of Virginia as she sedately moved to her seat. "I'll get even with you," whispered black-eyed Dollie from the Empire State. "I'd be late for dinner in heaven before I'd sing 'Marching through Georgia,'" replied the blue-eyed Georgian.

As they arose from the table, Dollie slipped her arm around the little Georgia girl and whispered, "We still love each other just the same," and received a warm response.

"Well, Lou," said the head of the school to the girl from Virginia, "I hear that you are not yet reconstructed," to which Lou replied with some feeling: "Not sufficiently to sing 'Marching through Georgia.'"

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
 437 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
 Memphis, Tenn.
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
 Fayetteville, Ark.
 MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
 Oklahoma City, Okla.
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
 7000 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
 MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
 Athens, Ga.
 MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
 College Park, Ga.
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Post Laureate General*
 1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
 MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
 Montgomery, Ala.
 REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
 Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garalde Welch
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
 GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeanne Blackburn
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
 MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
 OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
 TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
 VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, Chairman of the Resolution Committee of the C. S. M. A., has submitted the following resolutions of appreciation for what was done for the Association during the Reunion at Richmond:

Resolved: 1. That the thanks of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association be extended to the United Confederate Veterans, their Commander in Chief, General Julian S. Carr, the Chief of Staff, Gen. Joe Lane Sterne, Gen. A. B. Booth, and their assistants, who made it possible for our Convention to meet at the same time and place as the Confederate Reunion in Richmond and at the most comfortable quarters at the Jefferson Hotel.

2. That we extend our thanks to the splendid people of Richmond for countless hospitalities while in this Capital City of the Confederacy and to the Governor of Virginia, Hon. E. Lee Trinkle, and the Mayor of Richmond, Hon. George Ainslee, for their warm words of welcome.

3. That we extend our thanks to the Memorial Associations of Richmond and to Mrs. J. Taylor Ellison, our hostess; to Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman; to the Reunion committee, and their coworkers, who labored unceasingly to add to the comfort and pleasure of the delegates, and for the luncheons served daily at the First Baptist Church.

4. That we extend our thanks to the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., General Carr, and to the Commander in Chief, S. C. V., Edgar Scurry, for their inspiring addresses; to Miss Mildred Rutherford, who presided so ably in the enforced absence of our President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson; to the vested choir of the city, under the leadership of Prof. Ernest Crosby, for the inspiring music furnished; to Rt. Rev. William Cabell Brown, Rev. Russell Cecil, D.D., Rev. George Booker, and Rev. Giles B. Cooke for their invocations of the divine blessing on our deliberations; to Hon. J. Boyd Sears for his beautiful memorial address; to Mrs. B. A. Blenner for her kind assistance on parade day; to Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General U. D. C.; to Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy, Virginia State President, C. S. M. A., and Mrs. James A. Scott, President Virginia Division, U. D. C., for inspiring words of welcome; to Dr. Benton Davis, Virginia Division, S. C. V.; to the Hostess Committee, which arranged the delightful reception at the Governor's Mansion, for an "Evening in the Old South," and the ball at the Jefferson Hotel; to the Sons of Veterans for the boat trip down the James; to the Confederate Choir for Southern Songs; to the officials of the Confederate Museum and the Confederate Memorial Institute for courtesies extended during the period of meeting; to the press for its generous publicity; to the pages for their

unwearied attentions to the welfare of delegates, and to the Boy Scouts for courtesies.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., Historian General of the C. S. M. A., has answered her critics who have attacked her as a "stirrer up of strife," in a clear, decisive manner, giving many facts concerning history which historians of the North have given falsely, and which have misrepresented the South and its people. She states in her pamphlet, recently issued and distributed to hundreds of Southerners and Northerners, that the textbooks and histories false to the South or the North shall be ruled out of our universities, colleges, schools, and libraries, unless the authorities or communities prefer false history. Miss Rutherford's article is too long to be recorded here, but may be had of her upon application at her Athens address.

Miss Rutherford is the former Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and is now State Historian of the Georgia Division U. D. C. and Historian General C. S. M. A., which she so ably represented at the Confederate reunion at Richmond recently. She is regarded as an authority on all historical information concerning the Confederacy and is one of the South's most loyal and gifted daughters.

A peculiar interest centers about the funeral of Miss Mary Hall, former Historian General C. S. M. A., which took place in Augusta a few weeks ago, following the reunion at Richmond. Miss Hall, who was one of the remaining "unreconstructed rebels," was given military honors and carried to her final resting place with her coffin draped in the faded Confederate flag so dear to her, and which was held in place by a wreath of Southern magnolias, a tribute from the Augusta Ladies' Memorial Association. It was Miss Hall's request that she be buried in her Confederate uniform, with her soft gray hat in her hands and the Confederate flag that had never left the head of her bed since the surrender laid at the head of her still little figure.

All the Confederate Camps were represented in the cortège that followed her to the grave, and a military salute concluded the solemn services. It was a most unusual ceremony, both at the Episcopal Church, to which she belonged, and at the cemetery, with its attendance of Confederate veterans, members of the fire department, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Memorial women, besides hundreds of men and women in her home town who knew and admired her undaunted

courage and loyalty. In the history of the South Miss Hall was a unique character.

Miss Annie Lane, well-known member of the Ladies' Memorial Association, continues ill at her home in Washington, Ga. Miss Lane is a prominent Daughter of the Confederacy, a writer of ability, and representative of an old and aristocratic family of the South.

"AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

BY G. NASH MORTON, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The labors of those Southern women whose names have gone down in history as having accomplished and endured so much and, some of them, as having done such heroic deeds should be taken as typical of Southern women in general. For many there were who worked and suffered for the Southern cause, which they loved so dearly, whose names will never be heard of. This is especially true of the noble women of the States which, though Southern in civilization and sentiment, yet by domination were kept from throwing in their lot with their struggling Southern sisters.

There were few women in Baltimore, where so many women risked everything for the Southern cause, who dared so much and did so much for that cause, both during and after the war, as did Mrs. J. Harman Brown. Her husband was full brother of Stewart Brown and half brother of James M. Brown, the late heads of Brown Brothers of New York. Her name is never mentioned in connection with our cause, although she worked hand in hand with Miss Matilda Saunders, whose name was upon the lips of so many of our soldiers.

Neither of these two women looked for reward or glory in this world, but simply, as two devoted Christian women, dedicated themselves unreservedly to the work of helping the needy and distressed. Mrs. Brown, a stanch Presbyterian, and Miss Saunders, a devout Catholic, worked together as two sisters without ever showing the slightest sign of jealousy, rivalry, or religious prejudice.

Mrs. Brown began her labors when her relation, Robert Bell, who had been a student at the University of Virginia, was captured and, if my memory serves me right, in company with Randolph McKim, was brought through Baltimore and lodged in the city jail. She visited the two prisoners and ministered to their wants. Next, Col. Marshall J. Smith, of New Orleans, was prisoner at Fort McHenry. A lady in Baltimore, whose husband was in the Confederate army, and who was afraid of being arrested if her identity was suspected, came to Mrs. Brown and informed her regarding Colonel Smith and his wants. She promptly responded, as she ever afterwards did, to every call made upon her courage or her enterprise, and supplied him with the clothing and other articles necessary for his comfort. Other prisoners, hearing of her charitable services, applied to her. About this time she was in receipt of over a dozen letters a day, to every one of which she gave the promptest attention. When Dr. Holmes Boyd and other suspected citizens of Winchester, Va., were consigned to Fort McHenry by the Federal authorities, she lost no time in furnishing them with the necessary food, bedding, etc. She was all the time on the lookout for prisoners passing through Baltimore or confined at Fort McHenry.

At last a great opportunity of assisting the Southern cause on a larger scale offered itself. After the battle of Antietam, she set out for Frederick, Md., with large supplies of hospital necessities of every kind contributed by her well-to-do friends who were in sympathy with the South. It is worth recording

that an influential citizen of Frederick named Williams was at the station with his carriage to meet the train and to offer his house to anyone coming from Baltimore to render assistance to the wounded Confederates. As soon as he learned that Mrs. Brown had come on that mission, he introduced himself and invited her to his house and treated her royally during her entire stay. To illustrate how that frightful war had divided families, Mrs. Williams had a brother who was pronounced a Unionist as her husband was a Southerner.

In Frederick a large tannery was converted into a hospital, and there Mrs. Brown spent days and weeks in nursing the desperately wounded and in bringing the ardent love for her Saviour to comfort the dying. Returning to Baltimore, she continued to forward supplies and to watch for other opportunities of service.

It was about this time that she and Miss Saunders met at the home of common friends and became fellow workers until the end of the war. They were both at Gettysburg, though not thrown together in their work, Mrs. Brown being assigned to the desperately wounded, who were, for the most part, kept under tents or in barns, while Miss Saunders was set to nursing in the town of Gettysburg. Mrs. Brown, setting out in the early morning, trudged through the fields under an almost incessant rain, wet up to the knees, nursing and caring for the wounded and dying until late at night, when she returned to her hired room in a farm house.

Mrs. Brown used to tell a touching story of a mortally wounded Federal soldier left with the Confederates. The doctor told her, when she took charge, that the boy could not get well, and she tried tenderly to bring him to some realization of his condition, but he protested: "I have sent word to mother; she will be here soon, and then I will be all right." Before mother could arrive, he had passed away.

The work and the strain were too much for Mrs. Brown. She was taken ill and had to return home, where she was confined to bed for some weeks.

When Miss Saunders had returned to Baltimore and her room was searched, there were found a number of letters from Confederate soldiers, and though none of them were incriminating, the authorities ordered her South. She went to Richmond in a boat carrying exchanged prisoners. We old Confederates know too well what these prisoners were, men whose constitutions had been shattered in Federal prisons and whose fighting days were over. The Federals used to taunt us with Andersonville and Libby prisons. My answer was that when I looked upon the train loads of returned prisoners from the North, I secretly resolved that, come what might, I would never be taken prisoner; that should I ever be cornered, I would sell my life as dearly as possible.

Miss Saunders, at grave risks to her self and to her friends in the city, twice during the war came back to Baltimore on errands for "the boys." The first time, Mrs. Brown, while by chance looking out of the front window, saw a carriage drive up and stop on the opposite side of the street. Presently a country-dressed woman, with an ordinary country sun-bonnet on her head, alighted, and she recognized Miss Saunders. Mrs. Brown soon had her safely in the house, when Miss Saunders divulged her special mission, which was on behalf of four young soldiers from Baltimore who were sadly in need of money. It was soon arranged that Mary, Mrs. Brown's youngest daughter, should go to the parents of these boys and let them know that Miss Saunders was in the city and what she wanted. They lost no time in visiting Miss Saunders and in supplying her with what their sons needed. Mary also went out to a drug store and bought a few medical supplies which Miss Saunders took back with her. Mary had

her mother's spirit, and this was by no means her last and only errand.

When the Federals had carried out their brutal order "to so lay waste the Valley of Virginia that a crow flying over it would have to take his rations with him," some generous citizens of Baltimore came to Mrs. Brown and told her that if she would undertake to handle their gifts they would contribute to the relief of the suffering. Always eager to engage in a work of this kind, she accepted the task and immediately sat down and wrote to General Sheridan for permission to carry out the generous offer of the Baltimoreans. General Sheridan answered by sending her a pass and asking her to come to Winchester and confer with him about the matter, saying that she must have been misinformed about "the great suffering." She went to Winchester. When she entered the office the General was sitting at his desk writing. Mrs. Brown greeting him, with "Good morning, General Sheridan," he neither looked up nor replied. She repeated the salutation for the third time, when he thundered out, "What do you want?" Not to be shaken from her purpose by his rude manners, Mrs. Brown recounted how she had come to secure his permission to bring aid to the suffering. Rising from his seat and striding up and down the room, he said very brusquely: "There is no suffering. You secesh women are always too ready to believe everything you hear. Who told you all this? Some secesh woman of Winchester, I suppose?" "No, General," was the reply, "they did not. The order of the War Department was in the newspapers, as also was the declaration of the officer who had executed the order. The devastation that followed in the wake of his army is a matter of public knowledge." "It is much exaggerated," he said. "The march of an army in war times is not like a Masonic procession in times of peace." "Yes," rejoined Mrs. Brown, "but it was a savage's way of carrying on warfare. The suffering is there, and it should be relieved." "Well," said the General, still striding up and down the room, as he had done during the whole of this conference, "I tell you what I will do. I will appoint a committee of two citizens of Winchester and two of my officers who will take this matter of distribution in charge." Mrs. Brown accepted the plan and forthwith began to put it into execution. The plan worked until the surrender. No one can estimate the suffering and want relieved by this magnanimous benefaction on the part of these kind-hearted gentlemen of Baltimore.

In this connection, we should not forget Mrs. Griffith, of Duffield Depot, on the B. & O. Railroad, near Martinsburg. Her husband owned the store at the depot. After the desolation created by the Federal army, she was very active in distributing the relief which came in from the country around. Before the visit to General Sheridan, Mrs. Brown had solicited and shipped to Mrs. Griffith a quantity of second-hand clothing for those who had lost everything. Mrs. Griffith was untiring in her efforts to help the helpless.

When the war was over, Mrs. Brown and Miss Saunders did not relax their activities. A Woman's Depository was organized in Baltimore, where Southern women could send their handiwork or any other article to sell, and through which Baltimore ladies could give orders for work they wished done. Miss Saunders was put at the head of the Depository. A Ladies' Fair was held, and large sums of money were raised. You may be sure that Mrs. Brown and Miss Saunders were not mere lookers-on at this fair. This money was divided up among the most needy States. Committees were appointed for each district. Mrs. Brown was placed at the head of the Virginia committee. But her activities were not confined to this work. Wherever there was a poor minister of the

gospel or an impoverished Church in the South, when the case was brought to her attention, she set to work to collect the funds required. Through her influence her cousin, Mrs. George Brown, furnished the money for the fine library building at the Union Seminary, in Prince Edward County, Va.

Down in Dixie it used to make my heart thrill to hear how, when prisoners were marched under strong guard through the streets of Baltimore, the brave women of that city would snatch whole baskets of provisions and toss them over the heads of the angry guards to the wretched, half-starved Confederates. Not so spectacular, but no less heroic, was the work which Mrs. Brown was engaged in almost every day of her life in caring for some sick or wounded soldier. At one time, in transferring the disabled to the South, there were four soldiers left behind, so badly wounded that the authorities did not dare to move them. As soon as Mrs. Brown heard of them she began to send them a good dinner every day. She notified two other women of Southern sympathies, and it was arranged that these soldiers should have a good wholesome meal every day, cooked in the respective homes of these three ladies and taken to them by their maids. Under this treatment, all four recovered completely. One interesting feature of this patriotic work on alien soil was the fidelity and zeal of the servants of these Southern sympathizers. Never once did I ever hear of one of these servants betraying her mistress or refusing to render, most willingly and cheerfully, whatever service was required of her toward these helpless and penniless prisoners. Each seemed to possess the spirit of her mistress.

On another occasion, Mrs. Brown, with a sympathetic companion, visited Fort McHenry to see if there was anyone there who needed attention. They were shown four badly wounded Confederates. The colonel commanding (I wish I could recall and rescue his name from oblivion) was a kindly disposed old gentleman, with no rancor in his bosom, who was easily persuaded to let the men go (under certain regulations of course) to the Episcopal Hospital, where the ladies could look after their comfort. The wounded men were transferred immediately, and every day a maid from one of the homes of these ladies took a carefully prepared meal to these men, all of whom recovered, though much disfigured.

The climax came on one Thanksgiving occasion, when numbers of citizens said they would each send a turkey if Mrs. Brown would cook it and dispense it to the prisoners, of whom there were many at this time in Baltimore. Like Miss Saunders, her one mission in this world was to do good, and she never declined an opportunity. Her house was a perfect storeroom of apples and turkeys and all good things for distribution. Twenty-eight turkeys landed in her house in one day. When the cook had put in the entire day cooking turkeys and when, about seven o'clock in the evening, the last one had come smoking from the oven, a gift of two more was sent in. Mrs. Brown, the most resourceful woman in the world, looked despair. The cook "caught on" to the situation and heroically came to the rescue. "Never mind," she said, "they shall have these, too; I will cook them." And cook them she did. Some Daughter of the Confederacy ought to raise a monument to this Joan d'Arc of a cook.

In 1888, after a ceaselessly active life, with no particular disease, her great heart ceased to beat, and Mrs. Brown fell asleep. Her body lies in Greenmont Cemetery, Baltimore, where she awaits the resurrection call to her blessed reward.

Miss Saunders, some years her junior, survived her. Twice she visited us in New York. One of my married daughters, who resided in Baltimore, made it a point to see her at least once a week. But even so, a mysterious Providence intervened, so that in the lonely room, where Miss Saunders had chosen to

pass her simple life, she breathed her last just before my daughter reached her bedside. Her death was tragic. While she was preparing a frugal meal in her room, a sudden gust of wind blew the flame toward her and set her clothing on fire. Before she could summon help, she was so badly burned that she expired that night. No need of requiem from mortal lips. "I believe in the resurrection of the dead." In recalling her image, I do not look backward to the charred, disfigured body planted under the sod of Loudon Cemetery. Again, as a good Catholic, Miss Saunders was due to pass through the fires of Purgatory. Indeed, the priest who functioned at her funeral labored to explain why such a woman would have to go there, but added that, for her, the stay would be short. Knowing her as I did, her simple, childlike trust in Jesus and her faithful service, and knowing her Saviour as I do, the author of a perfect salvation, I do not believe that she will ever pass through such an ordeal. Along with her sister worker, whose body was planted in unconsecrated ground, she, "in the fullness of the seasons," will, like the hyacinth, burst through the dull earth with a body as different from that charred, disfigured one covered by the clods of Loudon Cemetery as the green plant and stalk with its beautiful and fragrant flower is different from the dull earth and the homely bulb from which the hyacinth sprang—a glorious, immortal, uncorruptible body, like unto her Saviour's.

This and this only, is my requiem over these two sleeping sisters: "For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." (1 Thess. iv. 14.)

BOOKS THAT SOUTHERN CHILDREN READ.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The quotations given in this article were taken from books in the Birmingham Public Library. No newspaper nor organization, except the Confederate veterans, has protested against these books. The book from which the following statement was taken is in the children's department, and it was recommended to the children of Birmingham by the librarian. This recommendation was printed on the children's page of the Birmingham *News* during a reunion of Confederate veterans in the city:

"The South wanted war, and by them war was made. The war was on, and it had been begun by the South. The administration had not invaded nor threatened invasion, but the South had fired on the flag, and dearly paid for this crime."

There are hundreds of such books in the library, others are being constantly added. One of them, a so-called history, is used by the teachers in the public schools as a reference book.

Some of the things said about Davis: "There is no reasonable doubt that Davis approved the murder of Lincoln, whether he had given Booth a definite commission or not."

"The conduct of Davis while in prison necessitated the placing of irons on him, which were subsequently removed when they had answered their purpose. Not only was he imperious and haughty, but he became absolutely obstreperous, insulting the guards, abusing the officers and their government, throwing his food at the attendants, and tearing a secession passion to tatters generally. As a necessity, and probably as a punishment and a warning, orders were given to place irons on him. This medicine had the desired effect, so that the great fugitive and prisoner became completely docile and far less defiant."

"Jeff Davis, who had deliberately starved to death thousands of Federal prisoners."

"This member of defunct royalty was captured disguised in his wife's dress."

The Confederate veterans protested against books of this kind in the library. They received a reply from the Library Board that gave no valid reason for spending the city's money for books that were written, published, and placed in the library for no other purpose than to defame and injure the people of this section of America.

When a candidate for city commissioner stated publicly that he intended to take all false and libelous books from the library, the Birmingham *News* was loud in its condemnation of the candidate and his "childish issue," saying he had resurrected it from a complaint made by some "ex-Confederate."

There are thousands of good books that are not in the library because there is no money to buy them. Why spend good money for books that will some day be destroyed?

The children of Birmingham get much of their education from the library. It is, as the Library Board stated, "a means of education not second to the public schools." Why teach the children false history?

The Birmingham newspapers are quick to resent any effort that is made to take false and libelous books from the library. If these books libel the people who live in this section of America, why this antagonistic attitude toward the people of Birmingham and especially the Confederate veterans?

Why are these books placed in the library and kept there against the wishes of ninety-five per cent of the people of Birmingham?

(I certify that the statements made in the above letter are true. J. T. Garretson, Commander Camp W. J. Hardee, No. 39, U. C. V.)

CURTIS GREEN—A TRIBUTE.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRETNAL, LA.

With the passing of Curtis Green, of Ogleby, Tex., there passed away one of the bravest soldiers in that army of Confederates so many of whom gave up their lives in a cause which was to us just and holy. I served in the same company and shared with him all the vicissitudes of soldier life from February, 1863, to January, 1864, and I can testify to his record as a brave and intelligent trooper, always ready for anything that presented in the line of duty. Our associations were intimate in character, whether on the march, in camp, or in battle, and he never failed to fully perform his part. Ready, always, to do that part to the best of his ability; cool, collected, and daring to a degree that bordered on rashness, I often told him that his daring would result in capture, or worse. His only answer would be: "Well, when I have to do a thing, I'm going to do it if I can."

On January 27, 1864, I was captured at Fair Gardens, Tenn., and we did not meet again until the Birmingham reunion, and then for a few minutes only, through a misunderstanding as to time and place. But at Chattanooga we met again and roomed together during the reunion and "fought our battles over again;" and it was during these discussions that we agreed upon the epitaph we would wish to have engraved on our tombstones if we had any: "A Confederate Soldier. He came when called and went when sent." "Yes," said he, "I would not want a better epitaph than that, because it would be true."

True, brave, and constant in the faith that animated him to the day of his death, he left to his children and their children's children a glorious heritage, and passed peacefully away on his journey across the "silent river" to rest with the comrades "neath the shade of the trees."

FIRST ACTIONS UNDER CONFEDERATE RULE.

From an old scrapbook, compiled by his sister during the war and reconstruction days, Charles B. Mumford, of Muncie Kans., copies some data on first occurrences under the Confederate régime, as follows:

"The first officer who reported to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, at Montgomery, Ala., with men for service, was George Washington Lee, of DeKalb County, Ga., postoffice, Stone Mountain, Ga.

"The first dollar that was ever put into the treasury of the Confederate States was the money to give these men food and blankets. This money was borrowed from Mr. Knox, President of the Central Bank of Alabama, by H. D. Capers, and paid to Capers in gold on February 26, 1861, vide the books of the bank.

"The first official line ever written for the Confederate States was a notice published in the Montgomery papers of the 19th of February, and indicating a fact, first declared, that the office of the Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States could be found on the corner of Market and Commerce Streets, which was signed by H. D. Capers, Chief Clerk.

"It is a remarkable coincidence in the facts of history that the name of the man who first reported to the Confederate authorities for service was George Washington Lee, who, by birth or relationship, was not connected with either George Washington or Robert E. Lee."

George Washington Lee served with distinction during the war. Col. H. D. Capers afterwards became a soldier in the army.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The Managing Editor had no report to make on "The Women of the South in War Times" for August. Activities were largely suspended in the summer months. With the beginning of fall, however, Mrs. R. P. Holt, Director of Publicity and Distribution, will begin an active campaign to carry out the pledge made at the St. Louis Convention.

Reports that come in from various sections still indicate that "The Women of the South in War Times" carries with it a greater measure of conviction in regard to the justice of the Southern cause than any book which has appeared from the press. It is read with interest by good Americans everywhere, reflecting exceptional credit on the organization of the U. D. C., the name of which is carried on the title page.

There are only two months left for active endeavor to meet the year's circulation promised at St. Louis. In the matter of distribution, the various Divisions are at present ranked as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. South Carolina. | 12. Missouri. |
| 2. North Carolina. | New York. |
| 3. West Virginia. | 13. Maryland. |
| 4. Alabama. | 14. Colorado. |
| 5. Arkansas. | Illinois. |
| 6. Tennessee. | 15. Massachusetts. |
| 7. Virginia. | 16. Oklahoma. |
| 8. Texas. | 17. California. |
| 9. Mississippi. | Louisiana. |
| 10. District of Columbia. | Minnesota. |
| 11. Florida. | Washington. |

Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania are not credited with any orders so far since November 1, 1921.

If each Chapter will order ten copies and sell them at the usual profit, the St. Louis pledge will be met. Some Chapters are certainly expected to distinguish themselves by doubling or tripling their quota.

THE CROSSING AT COLUMBIA, TENN.

W. E. Preston writes from Columbus, Ga.: "In the VETERAN for August, page 288, Capt. R. N. Rea is in error as to Cheatham's Corps having crossed Duck River in November, 1864, in front of Columbia and Schofield's army. We crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, about sunup, I think, some distance to the right of the town, unopposed, then marched through woods, fields, and on settlement roads to near Spring Hill. Lowry's Brigade, while on what seemed to be a dull plantation or settlement road, waded a small stream, formed line of battle and charged the Federals from behind temporary rail breastworks, on through a field, up an incline, to where they made a stand about a dwelling, horse lot, and out-buildings, and there Elijah Godwin, Company B, 33rd Alabama, was killed (that is, he died there in a day or so, it was said). Again we had them moving all right through a field when we were ordered to halt. It was then near sunset, and some time that night we were aroused, told to fall in, and advanced a short distance until we came in contact with a Federal line between us and the pike. We had been unfortunate in our advancing and firing in the dark, some persisting in shooting while just to the rear—that is, not well up in line—killing some of our own men. We made no serious attempt to carry the line, but waited for daylight. I saw no fires. Cleburne did not permit us to have fires at night when in line of battle near the enemy.

JACKSON'S STATUE AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Dr. Berkeley Minor, sometime private in the Stonewall Brigade, A. N. V., writes from Charlottesville, Va.:

"In the VETERAN for February, 1922, page 44, I find this in Dr. Alderman's speech in presenting the Jackson statue to the city of Charlottesville last October: 'The monument shows Jackson in full Confederate uniform on "Little Sorrel," leaning forward, with stern purpose and energetic action pictured in face and figure.' Dr. Alderman seemed to think Jackson was in battle, or near it, but to one of his old soldiers who had often seen him hurrying, cap in hand, to get by the columns of marching men, who 'cheer him to the echo,' 'tis plain how the artist has taken him. His appearance always evoked this homage, grateful to him, no doubt, but trying to this most modest of heroes. Looking at his effigy, I felt like throwing up my hat, 'my ready cap in air,' as often we did on our rapid marches 'in the land where we were dreaming.'

"'A dream I had when life was new,
Alas, our dreams they come not true!'"

A GOOD SHOWING IN AGE.

A report comes from W. A. Bell, of Farmersville, Tex., giving a list of veterans over eighty years of age in the Joseph E. Johnston Camp at that place. It is but a small Camp, and this is the list:

A. F. Clendenning, aged 92 years, was a member of Col. Arch Dobbins's Regiment, Walker's Arkansas Brigade.

J. B. Wells, 86 years, Fitzhugh's Texas Regiment, under Gen. Kirby Smith.

Capt. John Murchison, 82 years, Company K, 40th Georgia Regiment.

W. S. Aston, 80 years, Stevens's Tennessee Regiment, under Mouton and Polignac.

M. N. Stroup, will be eighty in November; he was a member of the 30th South Carolina Regiment, Evans's Brigade; was in the trenches blown up at Petersburg.

Mr. Clendenning was with Walker in Nicaragua in 1856.

—PETTIBONE—



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Oscar W. Bates, Memphis, Tenn. (350 S. 4th St.), asks that any survivor of the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Cleburne's Division, Cheatham's Corps, who knew William R. Walker, of that command, will please communicate with him.

Isaac Markens, of New York City (No. 575 W. 159th St.), has a collection of clippings on Lincoln, some 15,000, and asks that readers of the VETERAN will send him any clippings they may have, old or new, for or against, which they do not care to preserve.

CREDIT DUE.—The VETERAN should have given Capt. Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant U. C. V., Apalachicola, Fla., credit for twenty-two new subscriptions instead of twenty, as published in the August number, as he sent two others later. Who will be next to do as well?

A. W. Mountcastle, of Lenoir City, Tenn., wants to exchange a nicely bound copy of the "History of Davidson County, Tenn.," 499 pages, illustrated profusely, compiled by Prof. W. W. Clayton, for a copy of "Three Daughters of the Confederacy," by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—A certain professor confided to a friend that he had been very happy, when, after years of wooing, the lady of his choice had said "yes." "But why did you break the engagement so soon after?" asked the friend. "It was she who dissolved it." "Really? How did that happen?" "It was due to my absent-mindedness. When a few days later I called at her home, I again asked her to marry me.—*Harper's Magazine.*

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.

Four disabled veterans who were rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau, as X-ray technicians, are now receiving an average salary of \$312.50 per month. The average length of time which these four men spent in training was ten months. These men were unable to earn a livelihood at their pre-war occupations due to their disabilities.

During the past year, three years after the Armistice was signed, approximately a quarter of a million claims for compensation were filed by the veterans of the World War, according to figures compiled by the U. S. Veterans' Bureau. Thousands of disabled veterans have recently become aware of the fact that the United States Government had made provisions for their relief. Over 80,000 of the 245,153 claims filed during the past year are the result of the clean-up campaign conducted throughout the country by the U. S. Veterans' Bureau. It may seem strange that these claims were not filed immediately after the men were discharged from the service. In many cases their disabilities were of such a minor degree that they did not think it necessary to make application for compensation. This minor disability, through inadequate medical attention after discharge and also due to the character of their occupations, became aggravated and developed into disabilities of a major degree. Then, too, there were thousands of veterans who, although they were suffering from major disabilities, lacked information as to the proper procedure of filing their claims and in many cases were entirely ignorant of any knowledge of the relief provided by the government.

The following figures indicate the problems which face the U. S. Veterans' Bureau during the coming year: Number of men in vocational training, 104,578; number of men ready but not in training, 29,960; total number of disability claims for which compensation is now being paid, 153,650; total number of compensation claims handled during the last year—January 1, 1921, to January 1, 1922—245,153; total number of compensation claims filed, 760,153.

Reuben Pratt, of Denver, Colo., whose height is six feet and nine inches, is the tallest man taking vocational training under the United States Veterans' Bureau.

Deafness

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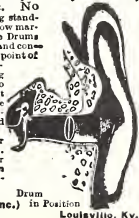


Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Drums, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Dissolved Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvellous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drum, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft scented material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 1165 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



Over 300 hundred women are being retrained by the United States Veterans' Bureau, who through disabilities incident to the service, are unable to carry on in their pre-war occupations. These women are army nurses, yeomenettes, and others who served in the military service.

Carl H. Spurlock, of Covelo, Cal., a student of the Rehabilitation Division of the United States Veterans' Bureau, has made sixty-six "A" grades out of a possible sixty-seven at the University of California. He is taking a course in horticulture at this university.

Joseph Kaufman, who is studying music under the Rehabilitation Division of the United States Veterans' Bureau at a School of Music in Minneapolis, Minn., has three voices. His voice has the same sound as if three men were singing side by side in unison. Only one other such case has ever been known. He is a chorus all by himself. Mr. Kaufman has received several offers to go on the vaudeville stage, but prefers to complete his course in music.

Confederate History

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY INCLUDES SOME NOT HERETOFORE OFFERED BY THE VETERAN, BUT ALL OF INTEREST AND NOW SELDOM AVAILABLE; ONLY ONE COPY OF MOST OF THEM, SO MAKE YOUR SECOND AND THIRD CHOICE IN SENDING YOUR ORDER:

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| Partisan Life with Mosby. By Maj. John Scott..... | 4 50 |
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| Popular Life of Lee. By Miss Emily V. Mason..... | 3 00 |
| Life and Campaigns of General Lee. By his nephew, Edward Lee Childe..... | 5 00 |
| Personal Reminiscences of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones..... | 4 00 |
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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

OCTOBER, 1922

NO. 10



SAM DAVIS

By MRS. G. T. McLAURINE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"Speak but his name and your life is spared"—
Ah! vainly the foeman plead;
Martyred was he, brave boy in gray,
And the South mourned a hero dead.
Dauntless he stood as they fixed his doom,
A friend he would never betray;
At the end of a rope, ignominious death,
His life must the penalty pay.
Visions of mother and home arose
No doubt in that crucial hour,
Inviting surrender of honor bright
Should he yield to their potent power.
Sublimely grand youth's sacrifice,
Immortal glory his dower!

ECHOES FROM DIXIE.

The best of songs, dear to Southern hearts, are represented in the collection called "Echoes from Dixie," compiled by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Virginia (now Mrs. Hampden Osborne), and later revised and added to by Matthew Page Andrews. Here are the sweet old songs our mothers loved to sing, the songs the soldiers sang in the sixties, songs of sentiment, of patriotism, and the fine old hymns that comforted and sustained in darkest hours. Both words and music are given. Only in this collection can be found that song made famous by Jeb Stuart, "Fine the Cavalry."

The price of the collection is one dollar, postpaid, but two dollars will give a year's subscription to the VETERAN and this splendid collection of songs. Every home should have it, and every Camp of Veterans and Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy will find it a valuable asset to their meetings. Get a copy now when renewing subscription.

CAMPAIGN FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

The first response to the VETERAN's appeal in behalf of putting on a campaign for new subscribers came from W. T. Hightower, of Sweetwater, Tex., who wrote that he thought "the veterans should make some effort to assist in the dissemination of the information that the VETERAN has tried to put before the public," so he asked for the plan and necessary literature, and went to work at once and sent in the first club of five new subscriptions. He also thinks he may be able to secure more, and, anyway, will make the effort. All honor to this good friend for his enterprise!

Other responses are as encouraging, and the VETERAN hopes to add many new patrons to the list during the month of October. All who can secure even one new subscriber will have a part in this good work.

Gen. W. B. Haldeman, President of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, sends subscription order for himself and daughter, three years each, and writes:

"I know of no publication more worthy of the earnest aid and encouragement of every man and woman in the South than the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. At any time or in any way that I can be of service to it, I am at your command."

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

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THE THREE CROSSES.

The iron cross is black as death, and hard as human hate;
The wooden cross is white and still, and whispers us, "Too late;"
But the Red Cross sings of life and love and hearts regenerate.

The iron cross is a boastful cross, and marks a war-made slave;
The wooden cross is a dumb, dead cross, and guards a shallow grave;
But the Red Cross reaches out its arms to solace and to save;

The iron cross is a kaiser's cross, and narrow is its clan;
The wooden cross is a soldier's cross, and mourns its partisan;
But the Red Cross is the cross of One who served his fellow man.

—Exchange.

Mrs. Aaron S. Cole, of Alto, Tex., is in need of a pension and wishes to hear from comrades of her husband who can testify to his Confederate service. He was first lieutenant in Captain Chickwood's company, but she does not recall the company and regiment. Comrade Cole drilled the company, which was in the Georgia Infantry, and he served to the close of the war. He went in from Franklin or Habersham County, Ga., and was for some time at Vicksburg; went to Texas after the war. Address Capt. P. A. Blakey, Commander Camp U. C. V., Alto, Tex.

J. R. Bailey, who enlisted at Mobile, Ala., in June, 1862, as a member of Company C, 37th Alabama Regiment, wishes to get in communication with some of his comrades who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier and thus enable him to get a pension. Comrades will please write to Jeff T. Kemp, County Judge, Cameron, Tex., who is trying to get a pension for him.

Charles Chick, now at Waverly Hill, Vally Station, Ky., wishes to get in touch with any survivors of Capt. B. F. Barker's Company, Army Battalion, Richmond, Va., the last company with which he served at the close of the war. He would like to communicate with anyone who knows him and his service record and can assist him in getting the necessary affidavits for his pension application.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1922.

No. 10.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The following report on the number of Confederate veterans now living, most of them now receiving pensions or being in Confederate Homes in the Southern States, will occasion considerable surprise, as the general idea is that only a very few thousands are now with us. This report was compiled with great care by Francis M. Burrows, of Washington, D. C., one of Pickett's Division of Virginians and now colonel on the staff of Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief U. C. V., upon information from State treasurers, commissioners of pensions, and superintendents of Confederate Homes, and these figures are correct up to July 1, 1922. There are many Confederate veterans that do not draw pensions, and many scattered over the Northern and Western States whom he could not reach, and he has given a very conservative estimate on those.

| State | Pensioners | In Homes | Widow Pensioners | Negro Pensioners |
|---------------------|------------|----------|------------------|------------------|
| Alabama..... | 4,306 | 70 | 7,052 | |
| Arkansas..... | 9,000 | 100 | 5,000 | |
| Florida..... | 1,471 | 33 | 2,575 | |
| Georgia..... | 9,000 | 105 | 7,200 | |
| Kentucky..... | 1,000 | 190 | 1,250 | |
| Maryland..... | | 25 | | |
| Mississippi..... | 3,632 | 164 | 5,106 | 566 |
| Missouri..... | 1,900 | 236 | | |
| Louisiana..... | 2,298 | 43 | 2,996 | |
| North Carolina..... | 6,250 | 120 | 3,750 | 1 |
| Oklahoma..... | 1,411 | 73 | 1,273 | |
| South Carolina..... | 3,732 | 56 | 5,637 | |
| Tennessee..... | 2,456 | 84 | 3,152 | 95 |
| Texas..... | 14,969 | 256 | 8,372 | 2 |
| Virginia..... | 4,982 | 214 | 4,724 | 3 |
| West Virginia..... | | | | |
| | 65,707 | 1,859 | 57,987 | 667 |

Drawing pensions, 65,707; in the Confederate Homes, 1,859; others unknown, 7,500. Total, 75,066.

COL. ROBERT E. LEE.

The death of Col. Robert E. Lee, grandson of Gen. R. E. Lee, and third of the name, on September 7, was widely mourned by the people of the South, to whom he was endeared not alone for his name and family connection, but also for that spirit of love and loyalty to the cause of the South in the sixties which he ever evinced. Bob Lee, as he was affectionately known, was a speaker at many Confederate gatherings and always gave expression to sentiments which made him one with his hearers. He was very ill at Hot Springs, Va., during the reunion in Richmond, but sent a message of love to the veterans in convention and regret that he could not be with them.

Robert E. Lee was the son of Gen. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, the second son of Gen. R. E. Lee, and his mother was Miss Mary Tabb Bolling, of Petersburg, Va. He was born in February, 1869, nearly two years before the death of General Lee, to whom he was an object of pride and affection, as the many references in his letters reveal. Robert was educated at the Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va., and at Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. Graduating there, he studied law and practiced that profession in the city of Washington. He also served terms in the Virginia legislature, representing the Ravensworth District, the old Lee home in Fairfax County. His service on the staff of Governor Montague gave him the title of colonel.

Colonel Lee died at Virginia College, Roanoke, Va., after an illness of many months. He was stricken in March, and went to Hot Springs, Va., to regain his health, but the heart affection allowed little hope of permanent recovery. However, he rallied in the latter part of June and was taken to Roanoke, where he and his wife usually spent the summer, and there death came to him in his fifty-fourth year.

In the Mausoleum of the Lee Memorial Chapel at Washington and Lee University his body was laid alongside the dust of his distinguished ancestors, Gen. R. E. Lee and Gen. William Henry (Light Horse Harry) Lee, whose body was brought from Cumberland Island, where he died in 1818.

The funeral was held in the Lee Memorial Episcopal Church at Lexington, with the simple but impressive service of that Church. The honorary pallbearers were members of the Board of Trustees (of which he was a member) and the President and

faculty of Washington and Lee University; the President and faculty of the Virginia Military Institute; together with the veterans of the Lee-Jackson Camp of Confederate Veterans, and Camp Frank Paxton, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Lexington.

Of the three sons and four daughters of General Lee, only the two younger sons ever married. He seemed anxious for his boys to marry and thus give him more daughters to love, but evinced no desire to add to the number of sons. The grand children are Col. R. E. Lee (the only one General Lee ever knew) and Dr. Bolling Lee, sons of Gen. W. H. F. Lee; and Mary Custis and Anne Carter Lee, daughters of Capt. R. E. Lee.

REV. JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D.

The hearts of many, many friends will be saddened to learn that our dear Dr. McNeilly has passed into the spirit land, death coming to him on the morning of October 28, after an illness of many months. A wonderful life was his in length of days and the service he rendered his fellow men. Almost to the end his mental vigor was unimpaired, his last contribution appearing in the September VETERAN. A sketch of his life will be given in the November number.

HISTORICAL GAVEL USED AT RICHMOND REUNION.

The scene below represents the presentation of a gavel, made from a piece of the original floor of the mansion at Arlington, to Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief U. C. V., by Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor, of North Carolina, now living in Washington, D. C.

The gavel was christened by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, only surviving member of General Lee's staff, at the opening session of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. After being used at the sessions of the United Confederate Veterans, it was placed in the Confederate Museum in Richmond by Mrs. Taylor on June 23, this being the ninety-fourth anniversary of her father, David Henry Williams, a Confederate soldier.

Mrs. Taylor is a prominent member of the U. D. C., being Director of the District of Columbia for the Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Historian of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Washington, also Chairman of the Press for the District of Columbia U. D. C. She is also President of the Daughters of 1812 in North Carolina, and prominent of the D. A. R. of that State; and she is an officer of the North Carolina Society of Washington, and Chairmen of the Extension Committee of the Southern Society of that city.

When the new floor was placed in the Lee mansion at Arlington, some pieces of the old floor had to be removed, and in this way Mrs. Taylor secured a piece for the gavel. Most of the old flooring was left, the new flooring being placed over it.

Those taking part in the presentation of the gavel were (reading from left): Mrs. I. W. Faison, Mrs. J. B. Newell, both of Charlotte, N. C., and they are holding the North Carolina State flag; Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor, presenting the gavel to General Carr; Miss Duncan, of Oklahoma.

SEES DIXIE IN A NEW LIGHT.

The following is taken from a letter by H. B. Parker, now at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, to the *New Republic* on the occasion of a controversy on slavery between a Virginia woman and Dr. Hart, a prominent historian.

Mr. Parker says: "Letters concerning slavery published in the *New Republic* (editions of May 10 and June 14) are of peculiar interest and significance to a Massachusetts Yankee, born and bred, who is convalescing in Sunny Dixie.

"I wish to call attention to the second sentence in the sixth paragraph, which reads in substance, 'No successful effort was made in any slave-holding State between 1830 and 1860 to even ameliorate the harsh conditions of slavery.'

"Of course, most of our readers will very likely read 'legislative' in between success and effort. Mr. Hart writes, very likely, with this fact in mind, and is aware that the majority of your readers know that very real and *successful efforts were made* in several of the slave-holding States between 1830 and 1860 to 'ameliorate the harsh conditions of slavery' in the local quiet, but powerful social pressure, planter's code of honor, etc.

"But many less well informed and, therefore, more easily prejudiced people will read this letter through the papers and magazines which reprint your material. I would suggest, therefore, that all such statements involving a consideration of the character of many of our countrymen be made more scientific and apparent to all concerned by inserting the appropriate qualifying word.

"I say this with all due respect to all concerned, but very earnestly after having nearly died in the same war in which many brave sons of Southern folk gave their all. I feel the need of giving Southerners the good name they deserve, whenever I remember that five of my kin who struggled in 1775 were readily helped by Southerners whose assistance was sorely needed. I remember that my own kin of two generations ago, several of whom were active in an effort to preserve the Union, had a wholesome appreciation of the upright character possessed by Southern men, even though differing with them politically; and, above all, since living and study-

(Continued on page 397.)



WAS LINCOLN A FRIEND OF THE SOUTH?

BY DR. LYON G. TYLER, HOLDCROFT, VA.

During the war with Germany, this country fell into a panic over German propaganda. It was a serious matter then, and we all joined in fighting the German program of misrepresentation. But now that no danger to the country can result, we can see that this widespread apprehension had its comic side. As a matter of fact, the art of propaganda had its origin in America, and the Germans only employed our own weapons against us. In saying America, I mean the ruling North. Propaganda is merely an organized form of advertisement, and this had its origin and highest development with the shrewd business men of the North. The chief characteristic of the propaganda was the sacrifice of everything to the humor of the public. And so the Germans, always ready enough to avail themselves of agencies which they did not possess, seized upon this American device and turned it to the purpose of their war. But it scared the country so that the joke was not appreciated.

Undertaken, however, by what may be considered a rebuke of unscrupulous methods of popularizing one's wares, the North has kept up the old art, and in these latter days many Northern writers and speakers are applying it to historical questions. The main purpose of the popular advertisement is to make people believe; and, in this historic application, truth becomes secondary to a sectional wish.

Of all the propaganda at work to-day, the glorification of Abraham Lincoln and the attempt to set him above Washington are the most notable. In order to make this idealism of Lincoln general, this propaganda is trying its best to make it appear that Lincoln was a friend of the South. To accomplish this result, an entirely false construction is given to Lincoln's attitude and actions.

For the sake of historic truth, let us look briefly into Lincoln's official conduct during the war for Southern independence, and see if there exists any real justification for this claim.

Well, one of the earliest of his official actions was to denounce all Southern privateersmen as pirates, subject to the death penalty. Another was to approve an act of Congress denouncing death, imprisonment, or confiscation upon everybody in the South, including their sympathizers in the North. Another was to make medicine contraband of war, the first time it was ever done in the annals of warfare. Still another was to suffer Benjamin F. Butler to go unrebuked after his infamous order at New Orleans, directed against the women of that city. The British Prime Minister, Palmerston, characterized it in open Parliament as an order "too indecent to be put in the English language," and the British Minister at Washington protested to Seward against it, but without effect. In the American Revolution some of the women of Boston spat at the British soldiers of Burgoyne's captured army, and went unrebuked; but Butler's order was directed against merely "any gesture or movement expressive of contempt of a Federal soldier."

At another time, when some ladies of England asked permission to distribute \$85,000 among the Confederates in Northern prisons, the permission was refused by Seward, the Secretary of State, and Lincoln did not interfere. This was going far beyond the Germans, who permitted such gifts to be freely distributed among their prisoners during the World War.

Lincoln had plenty of opportunity to check Sheridan, Grant, and Sherman in their work of burning houses and towns and destroying private property, but instead of blaming anyone of the three, he sent them congratulatory letters and telegrams.

It is difficult to find a greater act of cruelty perpetrated in any war than that of Sherman in driving away, in the midst of winter, the whole population of the city of Atlanta, numbering 15,000.

Property in the South was everywhere seized without compensation, and within the areas embraced by the Union lines, the people of both sexes above sixteen years of age had to take an oath of allegiance or quit their homes. Whatever may have been the origin of these orders, they were notoriously public, and Lincoln never interfered.

When we come to consider his emancipation policy, the facts are far from reflecting any honor upon him. He first declared the policy as "futile as the Pope's bull against the comet," but in ten days he reversed his decision and published his edict freeing the slaves. At the interview in which he expressed himself adverse to the policy, he observed that if he ever did issue such a proclamation it would be as a war measure, independent of its legal or constitutional character or "its moral nature in view of the possible consequences of insurrection or massacre in the South." Now, just here, I will ask the question, did this language show any friendliness to the South?

Had Lincoln taken the high ground of humanity in issuing his proclamation, I can understand how an incidental massacre might be excused as a very regrettable necessity; but his proclamation did not extend to slavery within such areas as were within the Federal lines, and where his authority might control the radical effects of his action. It professed to extend to areas entirely outside of his authority—areas where, in the interview referred to, he expressly admitted that his policy as an orderly measure could not be expected to go into effect. (Nicolay and Hay, "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," VIII., 30, 31.)

What then? It became a favorite afterthought with modern writers that Lincoln issued his proclamation for the moral effect it might produce in Europe, but of this he said nothing in the interview mentioned, and his own words show that he had "the possible consequences of insurrection and massacre" directly in mind.

And what else could he have expected in view of Nat Turner's rebellion in Virginia in 1831 and the experience in Hayti and San Domingo in 1802, when sixty thousand white people were destroyed and scenes enacted too terrible for any human pen to describe?

Lincoln's proclamation was denounced both in England and France, and in the South its war character was construed to mean a scheme to break up the Confederate armies in the field by the menace of a frightful danger at home. That the negroes did not rise in the South is not due to the humanity of Lincoln, who realized the peril and made it a menace; but the credit goes to the slave owners for the humane manner in which they had treated their slaves, and affords the most conclusive refutation of the misrepresentations of the abolitionists of cruelty on their part.

But this propaganda tried to draw to its embrace Mr. Davis and others who expressed regret at the assassination of Lincoln. Thus, Dr. N. W. Stephenson, born in Ohio, and now holding the chair of history in South Carolina College, declares in his "Abraham Lincoln and the Union," forming volume XXIX of the "Chronicles of America": "It is recorded of Davis that in after days he paid beautiful tribute to Lincoln and said that next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South had known." Did Mr. Davis mean any compliment to Lincoln in these words? Only a victim of propaganda can imagine such a thing. If Mr. Davis is correctly quoted, as I presume

he is, he referred merely to the opportunity which Lincoln's assassination gave to the South haters in the North to carry through their plans of reconstruction. Had Lincoln lived, though there is little assurance that he would have successfully opposed any plan of the radicals, the necessary stimulus to excessive cruelty afforded by the action of Booth would have been lacking. That is all Mr. Davis meant.

How little reliance was to be placed upon any policy of Lincoln, and how incapable he was of standing up against the "malignants" around him is shown by perhaps his very last official acts. On the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederates, he visited the city, and, while there, was persuaded to give an order for the assembling of the Virginia Legislature. But he had hardly returned to Washington when, yielding to the vehement protest of Stanton, his Secretary of War, as Stanton himself says, he recalled his permission, excusing his action on grounds that are plainly afterthoughts.

In the light of the doctrine of self-determination, now so generally admitted, it appears one of the most astonishing things in history that eight millions of people (now twenty millions), occupying a territory half the size of Europe, with a thoroughly organized government and capable of fighting one of the greatest wars on record, were not permitted to set up for themselves. Having begun the war, Lincoln saw that there was no way out of it except to win the war. So unstable as he was in every other particular, a political dancer that veered about every other question in circles, he kept this one thing steadily in view. There is little doubt that had he to choose between the failure of his war and entire extermination of the Southern people, he would have chosen the latter alternative. We have his own words to this effect, when, on August 3, 1862, he declared to his cabinet that he was "pretty well cured of any objections to any measure except want of adaptedness to putting down the rebellion."

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR.

BY COL. H. W. JOHNSTONE, CURRYVILLE, GA.

Statements of historical issues should never be considered as personal. Abraham Lincoln being unknown to me, I only attack the President. If the acts of the executive affect the character of the man, it is his to refute or to bear. Only facts, truths, should be considered; for theories and glittering generalities are not only useless but delusive.

From this viewpoint, I comment on Comrade Jennings' article in the August VETERAN.

The real issue raised at Richmond was as to the facts, truths, stated in "Truth of the War Conspiracy in 1861" as commended by the committee and indorsed by the U. C. V. This report contained a clause, not embraced in the VETERAN's text, which I quote here for obvious reasons:

"The importance of these facts is so great that we urge the general reading of the publication and dissemination of these valuable historic facts."

The VETERAN twice alludes to this as "heretofore unknown history," "unknown facts." Mr. Jennings, without alluding to the vital facts, truths, considers only the "charge," and says:

"As a matter of fact, the charge has been made time and time again. Percy Greg, quoting records, makes the same charge. It is no new thing, though it seems to be considered so by many. In this instance the many are right as to new facts, truths, cited to sustain the charge."

Mr. Jennings, of course, knows that the charge, in any issue, is a different thing from the evidence it rests on. Mil-

lions have charged Mr. Lincoln with inaugurating war. Mr. Stephens so charged in writing, so have hundreds more, but the facts, truths (as stated in the booklet) to prove the charge have not been given by any history I know of including Percy Greg's.

Mr. Jennings would relieve Mr. Lincoln of personal responsibility for war by placing part, if not all, responsibility on his cabinet. This is primarily the argument of the Lincoln propaganda, but the exact reverse of this is true.

On March 12, 1861, President Lincoln ordered the reinforcement of Fort Pickens, regardless of the recognized armistice existing at Pensacola. That was war, even if no armistice had existed. Three days later, on March 15, 1861, Mr. Lincoln convened his cabinet, the first time so far as I have found, and submitted to each member the following, in writing:

"My Dear Sir: Assuming it to be possible to now provision Fort Sumter, under all the circumstances, is it wise to attempt it? Please give me your opinion, in writing, on this question. Your obedient servant, (signed) A. LINCOLN."

Only two, Chase and Blair, approved this proposal, even to provision Fort Sumter. Five opposed it—Seward, Cameron, Welles, Smith, and Bates—all in writing. Notwithstanding this, Lincoln continued to connive with Blair, Fox, and others for weeks. He sent Fox to spy at Sumter, who used the existing agreement to enter Fort Sumter, and reported to Lincoln.

Then, on March 29, Mr. Lincoln again convened his cabinet and submitted to them, verbally, the same question. On this occasion Chase and Blair were joined by Welles; Seward and Smith opposed it; Bates was neutral, and Cameron was absent.

Thus it appears that Lincoln's cabinet opposed his overt war measures by five to two March 15, and only three favored it on March 29. Yet, on this day, March 29, Lincoln issued secret orders (never reported by him) to reinforce Fort Sumter, and, a week later, sent by messenger an ultimatum to South Carolina and the Confederate authorities. This was so violent a usurpation of power that the Confederate States authorities required proof that it was the act of the Washington government, and delayed action three days to satisfy this doubt before summoning Fort Sumter. Major Anderson was invited to remain neutral, but, being in the "conspiracy," he declined, and then "Sumter was fired on"; but war existed from the hour that ultimatum was delivered by the "President's messenger."

As a matter of fact, President Lincoln overreached his cabinet, held Congress off, and usurped dictatorial powers. It would be unreasonable for a man to so possess himself of such power if he were not predetermined to make use of it.

Unless the facts are refuted by equal evidence, that "strong statement" must stand. It is vain to waste sentiment on a character that can only pass without censure when it passes without observation.

While we live in the hopes of a better day, brother,

A morrow of sunlight and bloom,
Let us honor the brave, whose valor unflinching
Burned on through the midnight of gloom.

By the coursers so swift,

By the sabers they lift

And the scabbard they threw away,

May the light of the dawn

Of our Liberty's morn

Fall bright on the rider in gray.

—F. O. Ticknor.

AS THE WAR ENDED.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Some forty years ago I put down all I could remember of my experiences in our war for independence, aiding my memory with old letters and bits of diary kept during the siege of Petersburg. The following refers to the happenings just before and after the surrender at Appomattox:

On the next day, April 9 (Sunday, Palm Sunday), our regiment (Talcott's Engineer Troops) was left in the rear to burn the bridges over the Appomattox after our army had all passed over. While waiting I happened to meet Virginius Dabney, major on Gordon's staff, who was the first to tell me that Grant's army, or a good portion of it, had gotten in front of us, and we would soon be forced to surrender.

It was strange that up to that time, notwithstanding so many signs to the contrary, I had kept alive the hope in my heart that all would yet come right, that General Lee would be victorious at last, and the Confederacy be established; but the end was very near now.

We had a sharp little action with the enemy while protecting the companies of our regiment detailed to burn the bridges—the county bridge and the railroad bridge. My company (H), which I commanded, as Captain Howard and First Lieutenant Welch were absent, with some others was put in line to the left (north of the railroad) and a little back from the river in full view of the railroad bridge and the country beyond, which now began to be occupied by Federal troops. I don't think the regiment fired a shot, at least, my company did not, but we held our ground for some time under fire, until the bridges were fairly in a blaze. I saw two spans of the railroad bridge fall in. The county bridge was not in sight, as it lay much lower down, and I was told that the enemy put it out quickly; but it made very little difference, as the Appomattox there is small and easily fordable. General Mahone and his troops were with us; indeed, I think he commanded the rear guard of the army. I saw him on foot on the railroad

very quietly ordering the withdrawal of the troops as the enemy pressed on over the river. He was every inch a soldier, though there were not many inches of him, he was so small. Pity for his own honor and glory he had not died there.

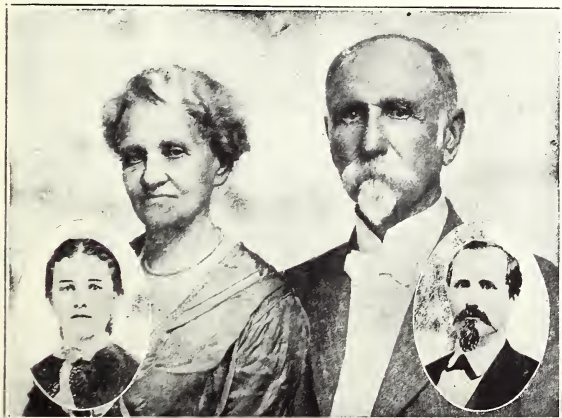
We retired in fairly good order from the bridge under a right sharp fire, and were glad to go. Soon we began to see signs that the end was near. A very notable one was stragglers moving in both directions, front and rear.

We halted for a considerable time, and heard sharp firing in our front. We learned afterwards that it was Gen. John B. Gordon, who was pressing the force in front to find out what it was, infantry or cavalry. Then came an ominous calm. There was little movement of troops anywhere. To add to the trouble just then, my old friend, Lieut. Charles Minor, of our regiment, was told that his brother Lancelot (private in our old battery, the Rockbridge) had been mortally wounded and left to the enemy. He was badly hurt, but recovered.

Orders came for us to move, and we left the road and took position in line some distance to the left. There was some movement in our front, and skirmish firing. We were ordered to load, expecting an attack every moment. Just then a single horseman dashed out of a skirt of woods a little to the left of our front and rode rapidly up toward our regiment. As he came nearer we recognized the blue Yankee uniform. When he was about fifty yards off, he waved his saber and shouted: "Throw down your arms." He was nearly in front of my company and just then some one cried: "Fire!" I think a dozen men must have fired together, for man and horse went down as if struck by lightning. He staggered to his feet for a moment, with blood dripping from him, and gasped out, "Men, you ought not to have shot me. There's a flag of truce out," and fell dead. A sadder sight I never saw. The poor fellow must have thought it would be a fine thing to make a regiment surrender, and did not consider what the temper of the men must be at such a time. He supposed we knew that a flag of truce was out. In fact, an order came a few minutes later to cease all hostilities, but too late to save him.

The firing brought some Federal officers along, to whom Colonel Talcott explained how it happened. We could not find out who cried: "Fire!" I well remember our colonel's reply to a remark made by one of the Federal officers who came up to inquire the cause of the firing. I was quite near the party. The officer said, "Well, sir, I hope this will be the last of it," or words to that effect. Colonel Talcott said very quietly: "I hope not, sir." Meanwhile some of the men had rifled the pockets of the dead soldier. Good men, or, at least, good soldiers were these, for the engineer troops were picked men; but alas, how brutalizing is war! We soon marched back to the road and bivouacked near it.

And this was the end—the end of all our toil and danger! I don't think I realized it fully then. Indeed, the relief from intense toil and hardship was in itself enough for the present. We were so broken down that rest was blissful, purchased at almost any price; but from that day to this I have had more and more impressed on me the evil of becoming a subject people. We remained there near Appomattox Courthouse for two or three days on very poor rations. Some beef was all we had, I



FIFTY-FIVE YEARS TOGETHER.

Captain and Mrs. J. F. Shipp, beloved citizens of Chattanooga, Tenn., celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary on the 12th of August, 1922, a reception being given in their honor by the Confederate Memorial Association and the Reunion Committee. He was a gallant officer of the Confederate army and is known as the man who conceived the idea of a general organization of Confederate veterans, and has served as Quartermaster General of the organization since its inception in 1899.

think, but the conquerors did the best they could for us, I reckon, for they were in great good humor over their victory, as appeared plainly by the band playing on all sides such things as "John Brown's Body," etc. Such rejoicing made us sadder. As our Virginia poet, Armistead Gordon, sang long after:

"What we had lost, they ne'er dreamed who won."

In the interval we were paroled. I have mine now. I have never been exchanged. I value it much as proof that I stood by General Lee to the last. I preserve also carefully "General Orders No. 9," Lee's last. It is written in pencil on a scrap of Confederate paper. It will live when the "Gettysburg Address" is forgotten. The truth will prevail, sooner or later.

"Fiat justitia, ruat caelum."

THE BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE.

(In sending a clipping referring to the battle of Secessionville, S. C., which took place on June 16, 1862, and giving a list of the Charleston survivors of that battle at present, R. DeT. Lawrence, of Marietta, Ga., writes that he had a part in that battle, that as he was a private he could tell only of his immediate surroundings, but that the victory was so complete the Federals never afterwards attempted the capture of Charleston by land. Reference to the "Confederate Military History," Vol. V, pages 85-92, was made for the account here given.)

Secessionville is situated on a peninsula cut from the east side of the island by an arm of Lighthouse Creek, a bold tide-water stream which empties into the harbor of Charleston, east of Fort Johnson. At the point of the peninsula of Secessionville where the battery was erected, the peninsula is narrowest, probably not more than half regimental front, and on either side of it run the tide waters of Lighthouse Creek and Big Folly Creek, bordered by impracticable marshes. The banks of the peninsula in front and in rear of the battery were fringed by a thick growth of myrtle bushes. Col. T. G. Lamar was in command of the fort at Secessionville (afterwards called Fort Lamar, in his honor) and its infantry supports. The garrison consisted of Companies I and B of Lamar's regiment of South Carolina Artillery, Capts. G. D. Keitt and Samuel J. Reid; and the infantry support was composed of two battalions of infantry, the Charleston Battalion, Lieut. Col. P. C. Gaillard, and the Pee Dee Battalion, Lieut. Col. A. D. Smith. The battery mounted an 8-inch Columbiad, two 24-pounder rifles, several 18-pounders, and a mortar. A gunboat battery on the east bank, anchored in Big Folly Creek, and commanded by Capt. F. N. Bonneau, would have been an effective ally had not its guns just been moved on shore to be added to those of the fort.

In the early morning of June 16 the Secessionville picket was on duty at Rivers's place, a mile in front of the fort, and the 24th, with six companies of the 1st South Carolina and one of the 47th Georgia, was covering the front of the east lines, under command of Col. C. H. Stevens. In the fort a gun detachment was awake and on the watch, but the remainder of the garrison was fast asleep.

At 1 A.M., Gen. H. G. Evans had started one hundred picked men from Colonel Goodlett's 22nd regiment, under Capt. Joshua Jamison, as a fatigue party, to go over the bridge to Fort Lamar and assist in mounting Captain Bonneau's guns in the fort. These men reached the fort about daylight. Just

at dawn the Secessionville picket was surprised and several of them captured. The main picket force ran in and gave the first notice to Lamar of the enemy's rapid advance on his position. The garrison was aroused and at the guns and on the flanks just in time to meet the gallant assault of the 8th Michigan, 7th Connecticut, 79th New York, 28th Massachusetts, 100th Pennsylvania, and 46th New York, with Rockwell's and Strahan's light batteries and a company of engineers. The six regiments were moved forward in two lines, both under the immediate direction of Gen. I. I. Stevens, and each commanded by its senior colonel. As they advanced the peninsula narrowed, and when within short range of the works, the left regiment of the front line, the 7th Connecticut, was crowded into the marsh. Just at this juncture Lamar fired the 8-inch Columbiad charged with canister, and in rapid succession the 24's and 18's, and the mortar opened. The whole line wavered and was broken in some confusion. Urged on by their officers, the Connecticut, Michigan, and New York regiments pressed forward, the latter two in large numbers gaining ground. Groups of men and officers of these two regiments gained the ditch and both flanks of the works, and some of them mounted the works. They were met by the galling fire of the infantry of Gaillard and Smith, and were either killed or captured. Meanwhile the hundred men under Jamison, sent to mount Bonneau's guns, arrived and promptly took their places on the parapet, adding their rifles to the fire of the Charleston and Pee Dee battalions.

A number of the assaulting force, moving along the marsh under cover of the myrtle bushes, gained a lodgment on the right flank and in rear of the works, and were doing serious execution by their fire, hid as they were, and shielded by the bank of the peninsula. But they were soon dislodged by the rifles of the 4th Louisiana battalion, sent by Colonel Hagood to reinforce the garrison as soon as he learned that the fort was being attacked. The Louisianians, coming up at a run, were promptly put into position by their gallant commander, Colonel McEnery, and drove the Federals from the myrtles into the marsh or out into the field. Two 24-pounders, in battery on the west flank of the fort and west of the creek and marsh, had been silent up to this moment. Colonel Hagood, who had moved promptly down the Battery Island road to check any advance by that way and protect the right front of the fort, noting the silence of the flank battery, dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Capers to open the fire of these guns. Finding a small detachment of Lamar's artillery at the guns, under Lieutenant Kitching, a prompt and gallant response to the order to open fire was made, and under the direction of Colonel Capers solid shot and shell were delivered along the line of the myrtles and into the regiments vainly endeavoring to form on the field in front of the work. The sun was now fully up and Lamar's victory was achieved, though both sides continued to fire until the Federal regiments had withdrawn from range.

During the assault upon the fort, a column of forty companies of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, about 2,500 strong, under Brigadier General Wright, advanced along the Battery Island road and up the west side of Lighthouse Creek, as a covering force for the protection of the left and rear of the troops assaulting Secessionville. This force was made up of the 3rd New Hampshire and companies of the 3rd Rhode Island, 97th Pennsylvania, 6th Connecticut, 47th New York, 45th Pennsylvania, and 1st New York Engineers. The advance of Hagood down the Battery Island road, with a portion of the 1st and 24th South Carolina and the Eutaw battalion, brought him in contact with General Wright's advance, which he checked and re-

pelled. The Eutaw battalion was placed behind an obstruction of felled timber on the east of the road, and four companies of the 24th still farther to the left and immediately in front of the enemy's advance. One piece of Boyce's battery, under Lieutenant Jeter, was put in position immediately on the right of the 24th, and the four companies of the 1st south of the road. Jeter opened fire on the enemy, in full view at Hill's place, and immediately Wright's artillery replied, shelling the whole front of Hagood's force and throwing solid shot at Jeter's gun. The 3rd Rhode Island advanced to charge the position, but was handsomely repulsed by Colonels Stevens and Simonton and the effective fire of Jeter. By this time the contest in front of Secessionville having been determined, General Wright retired his troops to their entrenched positions and the battle of Secessionville was ended.

After the first repulse, the fort was again in danger from the fire of infantry and artillery in its rear and right flank by a portion of Wright's column, which had marched up the west bank of Lighthouse Creek and was in position south and east of Hill's negro houses. It was this force that McEnery attacked as he came up, firing at short range across the creek. They were ultimately driven off by the fire of the 24-pounders in front of Clark's house, above alluded to, and by Hagood's troops. The latter were well posted, and when assaulted easily repulsed the attack. Lieutenant Jeter with his guns did good service in this affair; indeed, the position of General Wright's column at Hill's houses, though for a short time it took the work at Secessionville in flank and rear, was between the infantry fire of McEnery at the fort and Hagood's force and the 24-pounder battery at Clark's house. If Colonel Hagood had had his whole advance guard under his command with Boyce's entire battery, he could have moved immediately against General Wright's column, striking him in flank and rear. On the contrary, if Wright had known that Hagood had with him only the total strength of a good regiment, with one piece of artillery, he would doubtless have attacked with his entire force instead of with a portion of the Rhode Island regiment only.

The force assaulting the fort numbered, of all arms, 3,562. It was defended by two companies of artillery, three battalions of infantry, and a hundred picked men under Captain Jamison, a total of less than 1,000 men. Wright's column could not have been less than 2,400 to 3,000 of all arms. Hagood's force did not exceed 700 men, with one piece of artillery. The Confederate troops actually engaged did not exceed 1,800.

General Stevens reported a loss of 529 men and officers in his assaulting column; General Wright, 129; making an aggregate of 658. Colonel Hagood took twelve prisoners and counted twelve dead in front of Colonel Stevens's four companies, and eight in front of the Eutaw battalion. More than the number reported by General Stevens were buried on the field, and while that general reports one officer and thirty men made prisoners, by actual count the Confederates took sixty-five wounded and forty-two unwounded prisoners. The total Federal loss could not have been less than 750 to 800.

The Confederates lost in killed, wounded, and missing, 204 officers and men, as follows: 47th Georgia, 1 killed; 4th Louisiana, 6 killed, 22 wounded; Lamar's artillery, 15 killed, 39 wounded, 1 missing; Charleston battalion, 10 killed, 40 wounded, 2 missing; Pee Dee battalion, 3 killed, 23 wounded, 3 missing; First Volunteers, 1 wounded; Twenty-Second Volunteers, 10 killed, 8 wounded; Twenty-Fourth Volunteers, 3 killed, 7 wounded, 2 missing; Eutaw battalion, 4 killed, 14 wounded; total, 5 officers and 47 men killed, 12 officers and 132 men wounded, 8 missing; aggregate, 204.

Among the gallant dead were Capt. Henry C. King and

Lieut. John J. Edwards, of the Charleston battalion; Capt. Samuel J. Reed, of Lamar's artillery; Lieut. Richard W. Greer, of the Eutaw battalion; and Lieut. B. A. Graham, of the 47th Georgia. Colonel Lamar and Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard were both wounded severely. Also among the wounded were Captain Walker, of the 4th Louisiana; Capt. J. A. Blake, F. T. Miles, and R. P. Smith, and Lieuts. J. W. Axson, George Brown, John Burke, and F. R. Lynch, of the Charleston battalion; Lieut. J. G. Beatty of the Pee Dee battalion; Lieut. F. W. Andrews of the Twenty-Fourth; and Lieut. Samuel J. Berger of the Eutaw battalion.

It was a gallant assault on the part of the Federals and came near being a complete surprise. But for the heroic conduct of the garrison in standing to their guns, and the persistent and gallant support of the Charleston and Pee Dee battalions and Jamison's men, who fought on the parapet and on the flanks, the Michigan and New York regiments and the 7th Connecticut would have swarmed over the work at the first assault, closely followed by their supports.

The news of the victory at Secessionville was heralded to every quarter of the State and the Confederacy, and filled the hearts of soldiers and people with joy and thanksgiving. General Pemberton congratulated the troops engaged in orders, and especially acknowledged the heroism and ability of Lamar and his garrison. In published orders, the following officers and soldiers were specially mentioned for good conduct: Col. T. G. Lamar, Lieut. Col. P. C. Gaillard, A. D. Smith, John McEnery, and Ellison Capers; Maj. David Ramsay and J. H. Hudson; Capt. Samuel J. Reed, Henry C. King, F. T. Miles, G. D. Keitt, W. W. McCreery, F. N. Bonneau, R. E. Elliott, S. J. Corrie, H. W. Carr, Joshua Jamison, Samuel S. Tompkins, and W. H. Ryan; Asst. Surg. James Evans; Lieutenants Hall and Matthews, C. S. N.; Adj. E. J. Frederick; Lieuts. W. H. Rodgers, J. B. Kitching, J. B. Humbert, W. S. Barton, J. W. Moseley, T. P. Oliver, John A. Bellinger, W. M. Johnson, J. W. Lancaster, L. S. Hill, H. H. Sally, J. V. Cobb, William Bechham, George Brown, A. A. Allemand, James Campbell, and R. A. Blum; Sergt. W. H. Hendricks, and Privates Joseph Tennett, J. Campbell Martin, and T. Grange Simon, Jr.

Maj. David Ramsay, who succeeded to the command of the Charleston battalion on the wounding of Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard, closes his brief report with this appropriate and just tribute, applicable to each of the commands engaged in the battle of Secessionville: "I have mentioned those especially noticeable, but can only repeat that I refrain from enumerating others because it would be to furnish a roll of those engaged."

Sighly repulsed at Secessionville, and convinced of the strength of the line of defense across the island, the Federal commander in chief abandoned the campaign, evacuated James Island the last of June, and aggregated the main portion of his troops at Hilton Head, Beaufort, and North Edisto. There were left only the gunboats in the lower Stono and the blockading fleet off the bar to menace Charleston. The troops which had reinforced the command of General Gist on James Island were returned to their former stations on the coast and at Savannah, and the heroes of Secessionville were toasted on every hand.

During the remainder of the summer, several affairs occurred along the coast which illustrated the watchfulness and gallantry of the South Carolina soldiers. An expedition to Fenwick's Island was organized and successfully conducted by Maj. R. J. Jeffords, commanding the 6th battalion, South Carolina cavalry, and the enemy's positions in the surrounding waters and on the adjacent islands fully reported to Col.

W. S. Walker, commanding the Third District. On August 14, the Federal gunboats, having entered Winyaw Bay, steamed up Black River as far as Mrs. Sparkman's plantation, twenty miles above Georgetown. Maj. W. P. Emanuel, commanding in that quarter, with a section of Woods's battery and all his troops south of the river, marched at once to Mrs. Sparkman's and boldly attacked the boats with rifles and battery. The enemy's force that had landed was compelled to reembark, and the boats soon steamed down the river, shelling the banks on their way. Major Emanuel threw his mounted infantry forward at every available bluff and gave the boats a spirited fight on their return to Georgetown. A picket force on Pinckney Island was surprised and captured at dawn of August 21, by Captains Elliott and Mickler. This was an incursion far into the enemy's lines, and at the risk of being cut off by his gunboats, which were in the immediate vicinity. The lieutenant commanding the Federal picket was killed, with fourteen of his men, and thirty-six were captured, four of whom were wounded. The expedition left Bear Island in nine boats, one hundred and twenty strong, detachments from the 11th Volunteers, Captains Mickler, Leadbetter, and Wescoat commanding, and from the Beaufort artillery, Lieutenant Stuart commanding, the whole directed by Capt. Stephen Elliott and John H. Mickler. The affair was well planned and gallantly executed, with the loss of only eight men wounded on the part of the Confederates.

(Following are the names of the survivors of the Charleston companies engaged in that battle as reported by Comrade R. DeT. Lawrence: Sergt. John L. Sheppard and Edward S. Burnham, Company A, Washington Light Infantry, Eutaw Battalion; Sergt. T. Grange Simons, Jr., Sergt. Alexander Force, Corporal R. deTreville Lawrence, J. P. Millard, Robert W. Greer, and R. G. McCutcheon, Company B, Washington Light Infantry, Eutaw Battalion; First Sergts. James F. Riley and Dennie Cassiday, Union Light Infantry; Bernard P. Maull, Charleston Light Infantry; Henry T. Surau, Sumter Guards; Corporal Adolph Jager, Irish Volunteers; Sergt. Joseph T. Sanders, Beauregard Light Infantry; Edmund H. Browne, and Charles A. Speissegger, Charleston Rifemen. The six companies mentioned belonged to the Charleston battalion.)

CROSSING THE POTOMAC.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

After the capture of Milroy's army and cleaning up the Valley of Virginia of all Federal forces, we marched leisurely to the fords of the Potomac and crossed over into Maryland on what might be called a summer picnic excursion, which did not end until we reached the Susquehanna River at Wrightsville and Harrisburg, Pa., and returned to Gettysburg, where, to our surprise, we found that General Lee had followed us with his whole army. Some parts of our (Ewell's) corps crossed the river at Williamsport, but Gordon's Brigade forded it at Shepherdstown.

On a bluff on one side of the road leading down to the ford was our military band playing "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland," while many of our soldiers from that State sat on their horses on the opposite side near General Gordon and seemed greatly pleased as we plunged into the blue water waist deep, delighted with the prospect of our driving the enemy out of their beloved native State.

The river at this place is wide, with a strong current; but we made the landing on the other side without an accident.

We then marched straight toward Sharpsburg and passed

through the old battle field where, the previous September, was fought the most desperate engagement of the entire war.

We continued our course through Hagerstown and were soon across Mason and Dixon's line in Pennsylvania. Less than a mile from the State line we made our camp for the night; but before we broke ranks General Lee's order was read forbidding us to trespass on private property under pain of death. Some of our soldiers were inclined to disregard this order of our noble general, since the enemy ravaged our Southland without hindrance by those over them, and thought we ought to pay them back in kind, since we were in their country. Compare our conduct in Pennsylvania with that of Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas, and Sheridan and Custer in the Valley of Virginia, and decide which side was the more humane.

In every regiment, I suppose there were some who were unworthy and even a disgrace to the service. In my company was a short, stocky fellow of German descent, who was always among the stragglers in the rear when there was any fighting to do and ahead of us when we were on the retreat. This knock-kneed, slew-footed fellow was a natural thief, always drunk when he could get liquor to drink, a consummate coward and dodger; but when under the influence of spirits a very dangerous man. Some wag dubbed him "Old Webfoot," and the name was so appropriate as to stick. Near the public road and just a few feet from the State line stood a very substantial residence, evidently the home of well-to-do people. "Webfoot" fell out of the ranks of the stragglers when he saw the house and entered it, demanding in his abrupt manner something to eat. The folks treated his request with contempt, refusing to give him anything; whereupon he went through the dining room and pantry, taking the best of what he found. Not satisfied with this, he examined the premises and found concealed in the basement, under a quantity of hay, a span of splendid dappled iron-gray horses, very suitable for artillery service. This he reported to our quartermaster, whose duty it was to impress horses for the army, and in a short while the horses were led out and inducted into the Confederate service.

We marched the next day without any interruption and made our camp near a village. The next morning the captain sent me and a comrade ahead of the column to fill the canteens with water. We stopped in front of a beautiful residence, with a grassy lawn in front, and hailed. An old gentleman, dressed in blue overalls, with a wide straw hat on his head, came out, apparently very much frightened. We spoke to him respectfully and asked if we might fill the canteens at the pump just over the fence in the yard. But the old fellow's mind was so preoccupied with the apprehension that his factory on the other side of the street would be burned that he paid no attention to our request and would talk to us about nothing else. We assured him that it would not be molested, but this did not satisfy him, and we left him in a state of extreme doubt and fear. No doubt he judged us from his own standard of right and wrong. I saw but one private enterprise destroyed in this campaign in Pennsylvania, and that was the iron works of Thad Stevens, a member of the United States Congress, one of the bitterest enemies of the South, and an advocate of every extreme measure enacted before, during, and after the war.

In crossing the mountainous part of the country we found the few people we saw to be rough and ignorant, living in little log shacks; but the men were not at home; they had business somewhere else at that time. When we reached the open country it was quite different. Our route lay through a

lovely country of well tilled farms, nice towns, and villages. We, the infantry, were kept close in ranks, while the quartermasters and the small cavalry force with us were busy collecting horses, cattle, and sheep for the use of the army; but we were not allowed to appropriate anything to our own use.

Passing in front of a lovely home, which reminded me, from its style of architecture and the grounds in front, of a Southern residence, I rushed in at the front gate, through which others were passing, and went into the spacious hall through the open front door, thinking to find hospitable people who would give me something to eat; all doors were wide open. I found a lady, trembling with fear, in a room to the left, with three little children clinging to her. I think I never saw anyone so badly frightened as this woman was at the sight of our men coming into the house in a great hurry, all asking for bread and milk. She excited my sympathy, and I stepped up to her, supposing a kind word would dismiss her fear, and told her not to be afraid, that the soldiers did not mean to do her any harm, but only wanted to get something to eat; but the poor creature was so overcome by her feelings that she did not seem to hear me. I was disposed to stand by her side until the whole army passed, but I knew that would not do, so I hastily snatched up from the dining room such as I found convenient and left her and her little ones there to themselves, knowing that they would not suffer any violence at the hands of our men, for there was not a one in our whole army mean enough to do such a thing.

The day we marched into Gettysburg was cold and raw, although it was June, and a drizzly rain falling. The brigade entered the town from the west and marched to the public square, where the head of the column turned down the main street to the south and halted while our military band took position on the principal corner and played "Dixie" and many other selections; but none of the older citizens showed themselves. The younger set, however, of both sexes, considered it a holiday and turned out in force. They were anxious to know when we were going to burn the town. Crowds of these youngsters hung to us everywhere we went, asking this same question. Our only answer was that Southern soldiers didn't burn towns.

The 31st Georgia Regiment was selected to do provost guard duty in the town, and we were up a great part of the night. Worn out by the long march of the previous day and tramping over the town until a late hour, wet and chilled to the bone, I made my way to the courthouse and threw myself down on a bench to spend the few remaining hours of the night in sleep. At early dawn the rattle of the drum called us to ranks, and we set out on the march to York.

This place was much larger than Gettysburg and the inhabitants did not shut themselves up in their houses through fear of us, but were so anxious to see us and converse with us that we had some difficulty in forcing our way through the city. It was Sunday morning, and everybody was dressed in his very best. So great was the pressure that our officers marched us through the town in single column of twos. Handsomely dressed women extended their hands from each side, anxious to have a word with us; but our officers hurried us along as rapidly as possible. Among the men I saw several who were suffering from wounds, but these kept themselves well to the rear and did not seek to come in contact with us. The people of York were the most refined and intelligent folk we met in the State and reminded us of our friends at home, both in manners and personal appearance. They did not seem to be a bit reserved, and if we had not known where we were, we might, from their conduct, have supposed ourselves in Dixie.

We continued our course to the east and in two days more reached Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna, where we met the first hostile demonstration since we had entered the State. The river at this place is very wide and rapid. A long bridge spanned the stream, and from the bridge the town extended up a long and rather steep hill, and consisted of a row of wooden buildings on each side of the street. About a mile from the village the State militia threw up good earthworks, but ran away after exchanging a few shots with us, set fire to the town, and blew up the bridge. This was very fortunate for us, for, no doubt, if it had not been done, we would have gone right on to Philadelphia and would have been too far away to help other parts of the army at Gettysburg. When we reached the village the flames were fast eating their way up the street, and the entire place would have burned but for the heroic efforts of our pioneers and soldiers in subduing the conflagration. This we succeeded in doing only after blowing up several houses with kegs of powder. But we got no thanks from the citizens for what we did; they seemed to think we had come only to kill and destroy. We were animated by a different spirit from that which inspired Sherman at Atlanta and at Columbia, S. C., and Sheridan and Custer in the Valley of Virginia.

Other brigades of Early's division went to the Susquehanna at Harrisburg and captured thousands of State militia (some say five thousand), and would have taken the State capital could they have crossed the river. We remained at Wrightsville until the next day at eleven o'clock in the morning, when we were ordered to return to York. From that place we marched rapidly to Gettysburg, where we were surprised to learn that General Lee had followed Ewell's Corps with the rest of the army.

At York General Early had made a demand on the merchants for a large sum of money as indemnity for destruction of property in Virginia. When they were unable to pay the amount imposed, he seized a large quantity of such goods as the army needed. We arrived there in the night, after a hard march from Wrightsville, and bivouacked. The orderly sergeant detailed me and a comrade to go to the quartermaster and draw rations, and our part of the goods coming to our company. It was surprising to see the amount and variety issued to us, and to get it all to the men consumed a great part of the night, and we found many of them lying about fast asleep, and could not waken them to take anything. We finally fell down ourselves and had hardly closed our eyes in sleep when we were called to ranks, half dead from fatigue, to resume a hard march to Gettysburg. Even when our men awoke they paid no attention to the great piles of supplies we had brought them, and marched away, leaving their portions for anybody who might find them. Among the rations I remember were two hindquarters of very fine beef, a barrel or two of flour, some buckets of wine, sugar, clothing, shoes, etc. All this for about twenty men. I suppose the rest of Early's division got things in the same proportion as our company, all of which would have required quite a train to transport it.

My comrade and I had been up the greater part of three nights in succession, to say nothing of the hard marching, and, as the hot sun arose, we found it impossible to keep up with the regiment, then hurrying toward Gettysburg. Both of us were scorched with fever and had to follow slowly with the stragglers. Before noon the boom of cannon ahead of us indicated that an engagement was on, but the brigade had left us far to the rear and by the time we reached the place where it struck the enemy, it had driven them through forest and field, through the city, and from every position where

they had attempted to make a stand. The remnant not killed or captured took position on top of a great elevation overlooking the town and began immediately to fortify it. So few were left our men did not bother to attack them that evening, but heavy reinforcements arrived during the night, and they were able to hold their strong position. To the left of our brigade our men captured parts of their line the next day, but could not hold the ground against superior numbers. Our brigade lay in line of battle in the suburbs under shell fire from the artillery and the enemy's sharpshooters on the heights above them, while our skirmishers in the upper rooms of the houses in the town kept up a hot fire on the enemy's line, returning shot for shot. Some of our brave comrades, exhausted by the fatigue of the past few days, lying here under fire, fell asleep despite the noise of this great battle, and in this condition they were killed, and thus never awoke to know their fate. When my comrade and I reached the place where the brigade struck the enemy, we walked over the ground for some distance to see if we could find any of our comrades among the dead and wounded. We saw some dead Confederates and some hopelessly wounded, but none we knew. The enemy's dead were everywhere as far as we could see toward the town. From the prisoners we learned that the brigade struck them just as they had arrived from a forced march to assist those parts of their army that A. P. Hill and General Rodes of our corps were driving toward the city, and just as the enemy had formed in line and were stacking arms to take a minute's rest, our brigade opened on them, moving them down at a fearful rate. This threw them into a great panic, from which they were never able to recover, although they made several attempts to hold positions between that place and the town. The brigade, under General Gordon's splendid leadership, drove them like cattle, while Hill and Rodes, to our right, were doing the same thing. Ten thousand of the enemy were lying wounded or dead on the battle field and the sun was still shining in the heavens. Gordon did not want to halt at the town, but was anxious to drive the enemy from the heights, which he could have done at this time so easily, but was not allowed to do so by his superiors. It is said that he was so mortified at their refusal that he cried: "O, for Stonewall Jackson!" If they had only hearkened to Gordon that afternoon history would have been quite different. That night, when Mead arrived, he would have found the Confederates holding the high ground and in position to destroy his army. Gordon's ability was never appreciated until it was too late for him to accomplish anything.

When our men were driving the enemy's broken ranks toward the city, certain individuals of the enemy exhibited acts of heroism worthy to be mentioned. The color bearer of a New York regiment was a hundred yards in the rear of his men, waving his flag and begging his comrades to stand and fight. Certain soldiers in my company noticed him and cried: "Shoot him! Shoot him!" and one of them threw up his gun and fired, bringing down the flag and killing the brave fellow. Seeing what he had done, he said: "O, I am sorry I killed that brave man; I ought to have shot one of those cowardly rascals yonder running away."

THE LAUREL.

They wreath with it the warrior's brow,
And crown the chieftain's head;
But the laurel leaves love best to grace
The garland of the dead. —Father Ryan

WHO SAVED LYNCHBURG FROM HUNTER'S RAID?

BY A. H. FLECKER, LYNCHBURG, VA.

In the Lynchburg *Virginian* of Sunday, June 12, 1864, appeared this article:

"An ammunition train that left this city via the Orange road, about two o'clock on Saturday, and for the safety of which great fears were entertained, returned safely about eight o'clock in the evening. The conductor saw smoke in the direction of Arrington Depot, from which he inferred that the building was burned by the enemy. There was on the train a gentleman named Dowdy, who had a hundred unarmed men with him, and he took the responsibility of seizing an equal number of muskets that were on a car, armed his men, and got off at Tye River bridge with the avowed purpose of defending it to the last extremity. Such an instance of heroism should not be left unrecorded."

The only mistake in this paragraph is the name of the gentleman, or captain of the company, Douthat being the proper name.

Now, as a member of that band of men from 1861 to 1865, I wish to give a little Confederate history. The company was organized in 1859, at the time of the John Brown raid, and was named the Mountain Rifles. Its first captain was Joseph W. Anderson (son of a distinguished citizen of his county), who was promoted to major of artillery and was killed at Champion Hill, Miss., in June, 1863. Its next captain, John W. Johnston, was also promoted to major of artillery, and served under his distinguished kinsman, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, to the close of the war in North Carolina. Its third captain was Henry C. Douthat, who was its commander to the close of hostilities.

The company was among the first to arrive at Manassas in 1861, and was known as Company H, 28th Virginia Regiment. In the early autumn the company enlisted for the war and was given artillery and a thirty-day furlough. We broke camp at Centerville on Christmas Eve for sweet home, and on January 25, 1862, the company went into camp at Camp Lee, Richmond, Va. It was now known as Anderson's Battery, and had the promise from his kinsman, Joseph R. Anderson, of the Tredegar Iron Works, of six brass guns, the very best the works could turn out. The company was very quick in mastering artillery tactics, as it was also in infantry, and was called on to drill other troops as they arrived in camp. In the early spring an order was received from Tennessee for the best-equipped and official battery to be sent them, and it fell to the lot of Anderson's battery to go. It was the advanced company, and the compliment was great. We left Richmond in high spirits, with our Virginia flag (made from Mrs. Anderson's wedding gown), presented to the company by the ladies of Buchanan, our home town, unfurled, and in due time arrived at Knoxville, Tenn., where we received our horses and started for Powell Valley, East Tennessee, and spent the summer and fall there and in Kentucky under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. In the late fall we were back in East and Middle Tennessee, where we did some hard and tiresome marching over Walden's Ridge and Cumberland Mountain. We marched four miles in sixteen hours, fourteen horses hitched to a carriage or gun. At the close of the year the battery, with General Stevenson in command, was ordered to Vicksburg, Miss., where we arrived at 8 P.M. on the last day of the year 1862. A battle had been fought that day above the city, and was expected to be renewed the next. We were ordered to march at once to the battle field, three miles off. It was very dark and raining hard, but we finally got in the lines under fire from the enemy's sharpshooters or pickets.

At daylight the Yankees were gone, and our company went into camp around and in the city.

About this time we elected new officers; Captain Anderson having been made major of artillery, Lieutenant Johnston was made captain. The name of the company was changed to Botetourt Artillery. We fought in all the battles around the city up to and during the forty-seven days of siege. Our losses were very heavy, especially at Port Gibson, where we lost forty-five officers and men killed, wounded, and captured, fifty-three horses and four guns. At this time we had but one left of the commissioned officers we had five months before. The one that escaped was Lieutenant Douthat, who was on detached service, recruiting for the company. After the siege the battery was sent back to its home State, Virginia, and served in southwest Virginia.

On June 9, 1864, an order came for the company to move at once to Staunton, via Lynchburg, Va., leaving our horses behind. The order was so urgent that the flat cars, with the battery on, was attached to the mail train. On arriving at Lynchburg, we were told to remain for further orders, hence the paragraph in the Lynchburg paper mentioned above, and we left next day on date and time mentioned. On arriving at Amherst Station, fourteen miles out, we were informed that the enemy was in our front, destroying the road. Captain Douthat prevailed on the conductor to take his company on to the next station, or as far as he felt safe to go. Arriving at the next station, we could see the smoke from the burning depot at Arrington, six miles off. Midway between the two stations was a railroad bridge (a large wooden structure) over Tye River. Now, we knew if the enemy got to that bridge the loss would be great. "But what can we do here with guns on these cars and no horses?" said the captain. Some one said: "Let's rock them." Another spoke up and said: "There are small arms in one of the cars. I saw them put on in the city before we left." In a few minutes every man had a gun, with ammunition in his pockets, and started at a double-quick three miles to that bridge, got there at dark, and placed pickets. Captain Douthat asked me to take two good men and take position on a hill about five hundred yards beyond the bridge, in a road leading from the burned depot, and keep a good lookout should the enemy show up. "And when you are sure of your game, fire on them and fall back to the bridge," he said.

The night was very dark, and with woods in our front we could see nothing. About midnight we heard the tramp of horses on the hard road. We halted them when within proper distance, and asked who they were. They stopped, but made no reply. I asked again, "And if you don't tell me we will fire on you." At that they turned tail and went back at a rapid rate. We fired after them and still held our post. Now, I have every evidence to believe that it was the enemy coming to destroy that bridge. Shortly after daylight they came in contact with some of our cavalry, on the lookout for them, and were driven back across the mountain into Rock-bridge County. After burying one of our men, who accidentally lost his life at the bridge, the company marched back to Lynchburg, twenty-three miles, as our train with guns had returned to the city soon after we left it. At Lynchburg we got horses and moved to a redoubt on Amherst Heights. On the morning of the 17th, the battery was ordered to the city, and lay all day on Church Street, every man at his post, awaiting orders to go on to the front, as the enemy was quite near the city at that time. At dark we moved to the inner lines on College Hill. Early the next morning we were ordered to move to the front lines, with four guns on the forest road, and two on the Salem Turnpike. Those on the forest road

were just in time to drive the enemy back from the railroad and a railroad bridge over Ivy Creek they were trying to burn. They made several attempts to get to the road and bridge in the early part of the day.

During the early morning we met with an accident in the bursting of one of our guns, and Lieutenant Obenchain took the disabled gun and detachment back to the city to get a new one. On arriving at the depot, where a number of guns were parked, he was told by the officer in charge that he could not get one without the proper permit, and for him to go up into the city and see "Major So-and-So," who would give him an order on "Captain So-and-So," then to bring the order to him, and he would get the gun. Now, Lieutenant Obenchain was not a profane man, and it was hard to tell what was passing through his mind at that time, but he told the officer that the case was very urgent; that the enemy was likely to enter the city any moment, and these guns would all go up with the city. A gun he had come for, and he was going to have it, regardless of the red tape, so he ordered his men to take charge of a gun and move rapidly to the front. With a smile he saluted the astonished officer, telling him to charge the gun up to the Botetourt Artillery. The gun arrived in good time to help drive the enemy back from the railroad and bridge. Finally they gave up it, placed a battery on the high grounds beyond the railroad, and spent the rest of the day shelling us. We replied in kind, and before daylight on the 19th, General Hunter was on the run for the mountains of West Virginia, with our battery in hot pursuit. Having about eight hours the start of us, he escaped with only the loss of a battery and a few prisoners near Salem, Roanoke County, Va.

We continued with General Early down the Valley, and in December the battery was sent back to Southwest Virginia, and went into winter quarters at New River Bridge. In the early spring of 1865, we were on the march toward Tennessee to meet Stoneman, who was advancing from that direction. On April 12, three days after General Lee's surrender, we cut down our gun carriages and caissons and buried our guns on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, and went home, after four long years of service and suffering.

As Miss Mary Johnston, daughter of Maj. John W. Johnston, said in her address at the unveiling of our monument in Vicksburg, Miss.: "They fought all over." So we did. Fifty-seven years have passed over our heads since that eventful day. At our last reunion, May 1, 1921, we could muster only seven men, and one of them has since passed over the river. The battery has two monuments to its credit, one in its home village, the other in Vicksburg National Park. The company kept up its quota of men, one hundred strong, and six guns throughout the war.

Had the bridge over Tye River been destroyed the night of June 11, 1864, General Early could not have arrived when he did, at 2 P.M., on the 17th. He would have had to march twenty-three miles, part of it after dark, on a dark night and a rough road, and he could not have arrived much before daylight on the morning of the 18th, the day he fought the battle. The forces in Hunter's front on the 17th were inadequate to hold him, consequently the city would have been in ashes by that time, the morning of the 18th. When General Hunter heard that Early was in his front he was a whipped man.

At the battle of Guilford Courthouse, March 15, 1781, the "Maryland Line," with the Virginia regulars, bore the brunt of the battle, and turned defeat into victory.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

A LITTLE GIRL IN THE WAR.

BY MISS M. M. JENNINGS, GREENVILLE, ALA.

I am not sorry that I've passed many milestones in life's journey, that the snows of many winters have gathered upon my head, though the snow began to gather when I was sixteen. My regret is that I did not have more of those happy days of the dear old "mammy," the care-free, happy days of Dixie before the war.

I was quite a little girl when the war began. My second term at school was the winter of excitement and secession of the States, but I remember much of those blissful days. My home was in town, but I spent much time in the country on the large plantations. Many of the plantation homes were but a few miles distant. On some, the owners lived; on others, the overseers and families.

The young people of the present can have no conception of the beauty and grandeur of those golden days. The memory of them is one of the most precious of our treasures.

Each plantation was a little colony. The "big house," in which "Ole Master" and "Old Mistis" lived; the kitchen across the yard, for then no kitchen was attached to the dwelling; the houses around the yard for the house servants; and then the "quarters," where the field hands lived. Each family had a two-roomed house with a hall between and a yard and garden. And all was ruled by—"Ole Mistis." "Ole Master's" word was law in regard to raising the cotton, but the welfare of all rested upon "Ole Mistis," and she and "mammy" ruled supreme.

The days of early childhood were golden days. Then came the days of excitement, of secession, and the men enlisting in the army. We little girls took part in it. We made stump speeches, of course, talking as our fathers and brothers talked. We organized a military company, wore red sashes and paper caps, and had broom handles and walking canes for guns. We marched around the campus and on the streets up town, where the men encouraged and drilled us.

We thought we could whip a regiment of Yankees, that all we would have to do was to say "boo" and rush toward them, and they would turn and run. Those were the days of excitement and glory; later, dark gloomy days came.

To me the days of excitement lasted a year, for my mother, my younger brother, and I went to Norfolk, Va., to join father and brother, who were there with their regiment.

We remained in that city with a cousin, visiting the camps several times a week. Knowing all the men in the home company, and having relatives in others, Willie and I soon became much at home in the camp. My father, as chaplain, had his tent in line with other officers, and near that of the colonel. We were welcome in all, and became pets.

There was much to be seen in and near Norfolk, Fort Norfolk, the fortifications along the banks of the river, Craney Island, and, across the river at Gosport, the navy yard.

General Huger, commander of the post, and my father were warm personal friends, and Governor Wise, then a general in the Confederate army, and my father were cousins; so many courtesies were extended us, many opportunities given to see all that was to be seen.

In the fall the regiment was moved some miles from the city. We went too, but did not stay in camp. A beautiful stream flowed between the camp and our abiding place—a small house just off the road, which father secured for us. Across the road from our regiment was a large encampment of cavalry, and just on the other side of our house was artillery. You can imagine what an exciting, wonderful winter it was to me—the booming of cannon, drilling of soldiers, and the heavy snows and freezing over of the stream. The latter part of the winter

we returned to the city. Not long after it was announced that the Virginia (Merrimack) was finished and in a few days would attack the Yankee fleet in Hampton Roads. On that Saturday morning the wharves and piers and banks of the river were lined with thousands of people to see the first iron-clad vessel. I was at the end of a pier hugging a post and watching the strange-looking vessel steam down the river. It looked like the roof of a house floating on the water. Soon it reached the Roads, and then the cannon began to boom, and we knew that men were being killed. The Virginia returned that evening, then went out again on Sunday morning and resumed the battle. My mother took me to church that morning. I well remember how gloomy all the people looked, their greetings quiet and few. I suppose the grown-ups heard the sermon; I did not. I heard the booming of the cannon, and kept saying to myself: "Some more dead Yankees." I never thought that any of our soldiers would be killed or wounded.

The editor of one of the papers lived near us, and his little daughter and I were chums. I was at her home on Sunday afternoon when her father came in and said that the Virginia had returned, and they feared she had received internal injuries. I misunderstood the word and ran home, rushed in, and said: "Mr. Hathaway says the Virginia has come back and has internal injuries." "No, you mean internal," said my father. I was much ashamed of the "infernal" mistake and wished to forget it, but they wouldn't let me.

The Virginia was put in dry dock immediately, and repairs begun. A few days after the battle, father took us to the navy yard to see her. The first part I saw was the smoke-stack, and I exclaimed: "O! look at the smokestack! It looks like a big nutmeg gear." And that is what it did resemble, as many shots had passed through it. I was not allowed to go on board, but went all around and beneath her; went to the bottom of the dock and saw the entire hull, and where the prow had been broken off.

In May came the evacuation of Norfolk, and those were gloomy, exciting times. The streets were filled day and night with soldiers marching to the ferry and station, and all of the citizens who could do so were packing and leaving. Our regiment had gone to Richmond, and father decided it was best for us to go back to Alabama. The wife of Captain Bonham and their two children were to accompany us. We left on Wednesday morning, and the Yankees entered on Friday. There were no sleeping cars in those days, and the day coaches were small and uncomfortable. Our train was crowded with fleeing citizens and sick and wounded soldiers. One passenger was Buchanan, the brave captain of the Virginia, who was wounded during the battle.

That was a long trip, full of excitement and discomforts. The first night was spent at Raleigh, N. C., and we went to several hotels before we could get rooms, all crowded with refugees.

A bit of unintentional rudeness and a compliment on my part gained us a room. As we entered the lobby of a hotel, my eyes fell upon the most perfectly beautiful woman I ever saw. Childlike I stared at her; she noticed it, and smiled. As I continued to stare, she came to me and asked if I thought I knew her. I told her I did not, but could not keep from looking at her, as she was the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. She smiled, and asked where I was from and where going. I told her, and that we had no place to spend the night, pointing to the other members of the party. She spoke to my mother, then crossed the room and talked with another lady. Returning to us, she said she and the lady had a room with two

beds in it, and would gladly give us the use of it, and we accepted with thanks.

The next day, at a small station, where our train had stopped, I saw a soldier bidding his mother good-bye, then he attempted to board the train after it began to move, his foot slipped and his life was crushed out beneath the wheels. The horror of the scene and the shrieks of his mother were with me all day.

The next night was spent on the train—Friday night at Augusta, Saturday night at Atlanta, and Montgomery was reached on Sunday noon—four and a half days on a trip that can now be made in less than one. We stopped at "The Montgomery Hall," a hotel which stood upon the lot occupied by the Federal building. No boat left Montgomery until Monday evening, so it was Tuesday when we reached home.

The fighting raged around Richmond, and father, who was physician as well as minister, and had been appointed surgeon in the army, was busy in the hospitals, taking no rest. While there the two brothers in Magruder's army at Yorktown were sent to Richmond, one wounded, the other desperately ill. The hospitals were so crowded that father got the wounded one transferred to Lynchburg and the sick one to the home of a friend in Petersburg.

Owing to constant duty and heat father's health failed, so he resigned and came home during the summer. The sick brother came also, and soon answered the last roll call, the one in Lynchburg having died a few weeks before. Two other brothers were in the army, one in the Army of Tennessee the other with Stonewall Jackson.

Those were sad days, for there were many new mounds in the cemeteries, many women wearing black, many homes in which there were aching hearts. The dark days had come, and for three years remained with us. Homes had been stripped of carpets and heavy curtains to be used as blankets for the soldiers. All linen articles had been made into bandages or scraped into lint and sent to the hospitals. Dry goods, shoes, tea, coffee, and many other articles could not be procured. Salt was so scarce that every grain was worth its weight in gold. Many things were substituted for articles that had been considered necessities. The principal one for coffee was sweet potatoes cut into small cubes, roasted, and ground, and used without sugar. There was but little flour, and the few having any used it once a week, hot biscuit for breakfast on Sunday morning. Not having any sugar, and flour being so scarce, few cakes were made; occasionally some made molasses cake. Not much cane was raised at the beginning of the war, but more and more as the years passed by. Millet was raised from which sorghum is made.

It was almost impossible to get dry goods, so spinning wheels and old looms were brought out, and many learned to use them. Thread for stockings for those at home and socks for the soldiers was spun, and every woman and girl learned to knit; all were knitting most of the time for the soldiers.

As the men were in the army, the women had to superintend work on the plantations, raising the crops, weaving of cloth, not only for home consumption, but for the men at the front.

After many experiments, the art of dyeing was learned and many lovely pieces of homespun were woven, much like the gingham now. I remember a dress I had just before the close of the war. One thread of blue, one of black, one of white in both warp and filling made a bluish gray that was pretty. The threads were fine and material soft and dainty.

Providing shoes was also one of the problems of the times, It was almost impossible to buy them or have them made if leather could be secured. No shoemakers, only a few cobblers

among the negroes, until many of the men too old for the army, or disabled, learned to make them. It was difficult to get leather for an entire pair, so the ladies made the uppers of broadcloth, using old coats and pants. They were stitched by machine, or hand, generally the latter. Spool thread became so scarce and so high—five to ten dollars a spool—that the sewing machines were not used. Not a basting thread was thrown away, and needles were treasured like jewels. Pins were worth their weight in silver. Buttons were made of various articles—seeds, cardboard, and gourds cut into shape and covered with cloth or silk, and old horns cut into shape.

Lovely hats were made of palmetto and shucks. When shucks were used, a frame was made and wired; the shucks were cut into strips four or five inches long and stripped by pins to within an inch of the ends, then folded and sewed to the frame; lovely flowers were also made of the shucks. Most of the hats in our town were made of palmetto, for we could get much of it. It was stripped, bleached, plaited into different kinds of braid, and sewed into shape. Some were trimmed with palmetto flowers, some with rooster and bird feathers, some with ribbons that had been dyed. Those trimmed in dried grasses were much like such hats as the people in Florida now make, which are bought and worn by Northern tourists.

Hard as the times were, there were changes in style. Dame Fashion ruled them as now. I remember the "skyscraper" bonnets some of the ladies wore, not many, for few could get material enough to make one, not for lack of money, but scarcity of material. Those bonnets were huge affairs of light, thin material, were tied under the chin, covered the entire head, and stood four or five inches above the forehead, the space between the head and bonnet being filled with flowers.

Writing paper became a precious article. Old blank books were looked over, clean sheets cut out, fly leaves of books were cut out, wrapping paper cut into sheets—envelopes were turned; and the ink used was homemade. Copybooks at school were few; we used slates, and were very careful of them, for we knew they could not be replaced. We were well supplied with slate pencils, for at one place the bottom and banks of a near-by stream were of soapstone, from which we made our pencils.

Lights were another problem. Oil could not be procured. Some families had candle molds and made their candles of tallow; but it was not plentiful, so many could not be made. The light from a tallow candle is not very bright, but one was all a family could afford. Tallow became so scarce that common yellow wax was mixed with it, and the "Confederate Candle" was made. They were of strands of thread several yards long, dipped into melted wax and tallow, when dry, dipped again and again until about the size of a finger, then wound around an upright object, sometimes a bottle, but generally a corn cob fastened to a block, the roughness of the cob keeping the coils in place. Such candles had to be watched constantly to keep all from melting; as it burned low, it had to be uncoiled and lifted up. During family prayers one of us had to watch it.

It is impossible to tell of all the hardships endured by the women and children, all so willingly borne for the sake of the cause. It was their undaunted courage, patriotism, and willingness to bear hardships that kept the men at the front. President Davis said: "The war would have been a pulseless cause without woman's patriotism at the heart of it."

Vegetables and chickens were raised, and sent, with milk and butter, to the hospitals and sick and wounded soldiers. Uncomplainingly, willingly, did they sit down to meals of corn bread and sorghum or meal. They not only superintended the raising of crops, weaving of cloth, their households,

but sewed and knit for the soldiers, and nursed the sick and dying.

Christmas was a sad time for the parents, for they could do so little for the happiness of the children, but it takes little to make them happy. The home-knit stockings were hung up, and little ones slept believing Santa Claus would come. Some molasses cake and candy, a pair of mittens, or rag doll, some homemade toy, were put in, and next morning the children were happy.

Times were hard, hearts were aching, but there were pleasures and gayety, for young folks will be young folks. Entertainments were gotten up—tableaux, concerts, dances and parties—at the homes which were lighted by a few candles, but refreshments were seldom served. Some of the girls wore dresses they had before the war, but most of them wore homespun, and some were so fortunate as to have new calico dresses. Many of the parties were given for a soldier returning to his command after a furlough, or illness, and although they were gay, there was an undercurrent of sadness, and there were tears when the "good night" was said. Dan Cupid played his game then as now, and there were weddings—the groom often clad in a patched suit of gray, the bride in homespun, fortunate if she could get a new calico for the occasion. Calico, when it could be got, cost six and eight dollars a yard, and before the close of the war went up to ten and twelve dollars. Fifty-six dollars was paid for a dress for me, and I was very proud of it.

We school children attended to our studies, played our games, had our pleasures. During the summers we made trips to the country, but autumn gave us our greatest pleasures. Our nutting parties were merry, and we laid in large supplies for the winter. And the visits to the plantations were joyous affairs. We became monarchs of all we surveyed, and every command was obeyed. The little darkeys brought out their treasures of nuts, "mammy" and the "aunties" told us stories of "Brer Rabbit" and Brer Possum; of spirits and hants; of the "booger" man. Just such stories as "Uncle Remus" has given to the world. Mammy roasted potatoes for us, baked ash cakes, and popped corn. But the best time of all was when they made syrup. We always carried a large pot in which to make candy and mammy, or an old auntie, went to make it. While she was making it, we drove the horse around the mill, chewed cane, drank the juice, and played games. Then came the joy of pulling the candy. Each child tried to get his piece lightest in color. We returned home laden with candy, nuts, cane, popcorn, and apples, tired but happy.

Simple pleasure you will say, but healthful and innocent.

But there was an undercurrent of sadness even among the children. We did not organize any more military companies. We had learned that the Yankees could and did fight.

As the end drew near the current came to the surface, and the days were gloomy, especially when we knew that Wilson's army was coming. Those were the days of planning how and where to hide valuables. Many girls and women stole out at midnight and buried treasures at the roots of rosebushes and fruit-trees. Children carried treasures to the woods and hid them in hollow logs and stumps.

Then the Yankees came. A small detachment of Forrest's troops were near town. Some of the boys of the town belonged to that detachment and had come into town to see the home folks. One was visiting at a home half a mile from town, and on the road by which the Yankees were coming.

The alarm was given, and he ran to the gate. The Yankees were in sight and saw him unhitch his horse. After he had done that, he turned, took off his hat, bowed to them, vaulted

into his saddle and came to town, giving the alarm, and calling to his comrades.

He was followed by a squad of the Yankees, and the first glimpse we had of the army was that squad headed by an Indian, whose long black hair streamed out behind him. They were firing constantly, and my father had us go into the house, and doors and blinds were closed for fear stray bullets might reach us. The squad returned to the army, which went into camp near town. No one slept that night. We could hear them riding about the streets, but no one was molested. We could see fires in the direction from which they had come, and knew barns and gins, perhaps homes, were burning.

When daylight came, my father told us to put on all the clothes we could, for fear the house would be burned. He gave me his revolver, a six-shooter, and told me to wear it beneath my skirts. I put on extra underwear, belted in the revolver, another undershirt, then the pretty blue-gray homespun dress, then the precious calico, and over all another homespun dress. I was a sight to behold, almost as broad as long, and very uncomfortable.

By sunrise the bluecoats were everywhere, demanding eggs, chickens, milk, and butter, and that provisions be cooked for them.

It was a time of pillage, of looting, destroying what they could not take with them. They went into homes and took everything from wardrobes, trunks, and drawers, pulling beds apart, in some places cutting open beds, pillows, and mattresses. They took handsome silk quilts for saddle blankets all the silver they found, in fact, everything they could carry off. Everything in pantries and smokehouses was taken or destroyed. I saw them cut meat into tiny pieces and throw them on the ground, meal and dirt thrown over them, then syrup poured over, and all mixed together. Hams and other pieces of meat were tied on the saddles, bags of provisions, and bundles of looted articles were fastened on, so that little of the horse could be seen. A strange-looking army that marched from the town! They scoured the country for miles around, and that night the sky was lighted in every direction by burning buildings.

Stock was taken, people left with empty pantries. They lived as best they could, some on parched corn that was picked up where the horses had been fed. Many chickens were frightened and hid under houses where the soldiers couldn't get them. They were saved, and the sale of eggs from them brought in the first United States money that some had seen for years.

A part of that army was stationed at Montgomery, and foraging parties came every week, taking vegetables, butter, eggs, and chickens, if any could be found, and not paying for anything they took. As they visited us so often, I continued to wear the six-shooter—beneath my skirts. Our section fared better than other parts of the country, especially the border States, but it was so sad so horrible, that I pray that we may never again pass through such scenes.

TENNESSEE.

BY SUSIE GENTRY, FRANKLIN, TENN.

A beautiful, bright land of mountain and lea,
Where clear streams ripple in exuberant glee;
Where birds warble songs that linger and thrill,
And herds roam lazily over sunlit hill;
Where the spirit of man is proud and free
In our God-blessed land, great Tennessee.

LITTLE OIRISH.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

After the second day's fighting at Chickamauga, both Lanigan and the boy were missing. When a soldier's company returns without him after a victorious battle, it means that he had been killed, sonny. These two had not been seen since the day before.

As he talked of them in low tones, numbering them with other loved ones among the dead, a bent figure came staggering into the light of the campfire beneath some heavy burden, followed by a weary, drooping dog. Advancing, uncertainly, he laid his burden down upon the ground in our midst.

"It's Oirish," whispered Cunningham with a sob, "is he dead, Lanigan?"

The Irishman looked at him blankly.

"He was shot in the head. 'Twill be a wonder if he recovers," he answered, miserably. "Hilp me take him to the hospital, bhoys."

"Leave go, Lanigan, old man," said Cunningham, gently, as the big man stooped to resume his load. "You are tired now; we can carry him for you."

"Thank ye, Cunny," he replied, "Oi am tired. Oi hov carried the poor bhoys six moiles already."

Lifting him gently from the ground we carried him to one of the improvised hospitals. Luckily, a surgeon examined him immediately on his arrival.

"A pretty bad wound," said the surgeon; "he was hit in the head, but luckily for him the ball glanced a little. He should be out in a few weeks. He has youth and strength to withstand the shock."

"Thin ye don't think it's serious, docthor," inquired Lanigan, greatly relieved.

"No. He should recover quickly."

"Thank God for that."

Returning to camp, we gave Lanigan a bite or two of our rations, for he was hungry as a wolf. When he had gulped them down, Cunny looked at him curiously.

"Well, Lanigan, tell us how it happened. Where have you been?"

The Irishman lit his pipe and took a few puffs before replying.

"Yisterday mor-r-ning Oirish and mesilf wint a thrifle too far in wan of the charges an' the inimy capthured us."

"So that was it?" asked Cunny. "How did you ever manage to escape, with Oirish wounded as he is?"

"Oi never would hov escaped excipt for Oirish," replied Lanigan. "It was in wiggling away that we were foired upon and the lad wounded. And Oi'll bet thot Yankee gin'ral niver in his blissed loife caught such a tarthar as our Little Oirish. He is a genuine Tip, or me name is not Lanigan."

"What do you mean?"

Lanigan laughed gleefully at the recollection.

"Whin they caught us the soize of the bhoys impressed thim, and they regarded us with great curiosity. Their ginral rode by and observed the la-a-d as they were taking us to the rear.

"'Phwat is thot brat doing here?' asked the gin'ral.

"'A prisoner, sir,' answered our guard, saluting.

"The gin'ral laughed and had Oirish stand out befoor him. Just thin a whole big bathtery of guns come rumbling along. Ye niver saw so many guns in your loife. The gin'ral looked at the bhoys, and thin pointed to the guns.

"'La-ad,' he said to Oirish, 'do ye think ye rebels kin iver whip the North with her gr-reat guns. Did ye iver see anything loike thim in all your loife?'

"The little devil looked over the bathtery an' smolled beautiful an' innocent-loike, as he always does whin the mischief is popping out of him. Thin he says to the gin'ral, says he: 'Shure, sor, an' nearly all of our guns ar-re just loike thim. They all hov U. S. stamped on thim the same as thim.'

"Well, shure to God, Cunny, Oi came near bursting with laughter. The gin'ral must hov felt almost the same, for his mug turned red as a bate. Thin he patted the bhoys on the head.

"'Well said, me little mon,' he told the la-ad, 'and if ye ar-re as big a devil with the gun as ye ar-re with your tongue, Oi am shure glad we hov capthured the loikes of ye!'"

We laughed heartily at Lanigan's story.

"How on earth did you ever escape?" asked Cunny.

"Whin they took us to the rear, the la-ad seemed to be thinking and thinking. Foinally they rounded us up with a boonch of other prisoners around a big foire, as it was darker than pitch, and took down our names and the rigimint to which we belonged. Whin the officers got to the other soide of the foire from us, the la-ad noticed that they could not see us at all, and thot we could edge off out of the loight of the foire and hov a chance to escape. So whilst the officers was busy with their wor-rk, niver dreaming anyone would escape, Oirish tapped me on the shoulder and motioned me to slip back out of the foire light, which we did—an' no one observing us at all.

"'If they march thim off without counting thim over agin, we are safe,' says Oirish to me.

As luck would hov it, thot is exactly what they did—wint marching off niver observing us at all. Even thin, however, I didn't think we could wiggle though their loines, but we did do it aisy until we came to the outer senthries. The place where we tried was in a wood. The sinthry had a keen ear for noises, an' if aven so much as a twig cracked ben'ath our feet, the brute would stop an' cock his head to wan soide, listening. He kipt his gun cocked all the toime—we heard him pull the hammer back. Whin we wor-rked up to wan ind of his bate, he was off at the ither. If we tried to cross in front of him, he would hear us an' opin foire, so we waited to see phwat we moight do by way of nabbing him as he came by. All of a suddint, we heard a voice on the ither soide of us, saying: 'Halt! Who goes there?' It was the sinthry next to ours, halting the officer of the guard. It was plain they were changing the sinthries.

"'Lit's fall in with the relafe squad,' whispered Oirish to me.

"It hadn't occurred to me before, but the idea was nivertheless a good wan. So, as they passed us in the blackness of the noight, we fell in behoid thim. No wan observed us but the new sinthry as we passed him, an' he, of course, thought we belonged to the guard. After going a piece, we stood stock still in our thracks and let thim go on. Whin they were a few paces away, we slipped out of the loines into the darkness. All would hov been well but for our bit of bad luck. For, as we climbed a fence, Oirish jumped off it ploomp into the belly of a dhom hog. The craitheer squaled loike all the powers of evil had twisted his tail. The sinthries were alarmed by the uproar and foired several shots in our direction. Wan of these bullets hit poor Little Oirish an' he fell loike a log. But, luckily enough, wan of thim also struck the hog sending him squalling into the noight. The sinthries laughed as they heard him.

"'Tis only a dhom pig,' Oi heard wan of thim say.

"'Listen to the br-rute,' said anither.

"They were relaxed to foind it was not a night attack, an'

wint on about their business, laving me alone with the bhoys." Lanigan paused here and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"It was terrible wandhering in the woods with him. I got losth' an' this mor-ning Oi found Oi had come out the wrong soide. There was a whole corps of the inimy betwixt meself an' me fri'nds. Oi would niver hov escaped had they not given way an' left me path clear about three o'clock. Just whin Oi thought Oi was through and everything breaking justh roight, Oi heard the clatter of horses an', looking up, found meself in the hands of a troop of Yankee cavalry. Oi gave up all hope an' threw meself on the bank by the road to loughten me burden. Oi noticed the major and captain in command of the troop seemed to be looking at me sorry-loike, so Oi sa-ays sort to meself, but loud enough for thim to hear:

"O, Lord, is there no hilp for me littlde son."

"From the tail of me eye Oi noticed the two officers look at each other quickly.

"Phwat did ye sa-ay, me good mon," asked the major, roiding up close to me.

"O, Lord is there no hilp for me littlde son," Oi wails to meself as though not hearing him.

"He turned to the captain an' sa-ays: 'An' did ye *iver* hear such a sintiment iminating from such a ma-an?'

"Niver," agrees the captain, 'an' in such a brogue.'

"The major turned agin to me.

"Look at me, me good mon," he ordered, 'an' quit your infernal mumbling.'

"Yis, sor," Oi answered an' looked at him.

"Which direction do ye coom from?" he asked, looking at me hard.

"From the wist," Oi answered.

"An' where ar-re ye going?" he continued, his eyes lighting up an' boring through me.

"Over there," Oi replies, pointing to our lines.

"Toward those burning buildings," he says, looking the way Oi pointed an' getting all excited.

"Yis, sor," Oi replies, seeing it pleased him.

"Phwat are ye seeking," he asked, quick as a flash an' still boring me with his eyes.

"Intelligence—to sa-ave the bhoys," Oi told him.

"Can you bate it," he asks, turning to the captain. 'Intelligence, phwat is ut but mintal loight?'

"It's wonderful," agreed the captain, 'he's a mighty shrewd duck, an' don't give annything away; just hints around about it.'

"They were both terribly excited. Oi moight hov known they were crazy as loons, but somehow it niver popped into me head until the captain leaned over the major's saddle and winking at me solemn as an owl, asked me: "How would you'd your grandmother be if she were alive?'

"'Van hundred an' fifty years,' Oi replied, just to humor him.

"An' where did she live?" he kept on.

"Mimphis," Oi lied, not wishing to implicate me native bog.

"Well, sir, Cunney, ye wouldn't hov dreamed ut, but thot lunatic captain fell back into his saddle and said: 'It's a fact, Major, Oi've been there, meself, an' Oi know ivery word of ut to be thru. Let's turn him loose.'

"As you say," replied the major, an' bhlamed if they didn't wish me the bist of luck and roide away. Crazy as loons they were an' full of gibberish."

As Lanigan concluded, we who were members of the order to which the captain and major had so evidently belonged, laughed merrily at the Irishman's bewilderment.

"They weren't crazy, Lanigan," Cunney explained, "they were simply trying to pump you, in an apocryphal manner, to see if you were a seeker of light; and in the confusion you fooled them."

It was several weeks before Little Oirish was among us again. When he did come he seemed like another person altogether, sonny. The mere deviltry that had made him a general favorite was now lacking. He sat by himself or with Lanigan and said never a word unless spoken to. The prayers, which at first had been such a nuisance to him, were now his favorite means of passing the time. He would often remain at his devotions for hours. On the long marches we would hear him repeating various hymns as he toiled wearily along the rough roads. God, how it made our hearts ache to see him that way. We wanted our little boy back again.

At mess one night, after an unusually exhausting march, he was missing. Feverish with anxiety, Lanigan searched for him in the moonlight. Exhausted at length by fruitless searches, he sat down. As he mopped the perspiration from his face, Old Frank came up in front of him.

"Phwat do ye want, ye br-rute," growled Lanigan, for he never liked the dog.

Old Frank looked at him, then turned and walked a few steps and looked back.

"Phwat is ut?" asked Lanigan, his curiosity aroused by the behavior of the pointer.

"He wants you to follow him," said Cunney, who was watching them; "that's the way all dogs do, in the first reader, when they want anyone to follow them."

"Phwat does he know of the first reader?" complained Lanigan in disgust; "and, besides, phy should Oi follow him walking me legs off, aven if he knows ut all by heart."

"Little Oirish"—suggested Cunney.

"Dhom! Ye ar-re roight," yelled Lanigan, springing to his feet. "The br-rute wants to show me where to foind the bhoys."

About ten o'clock he found the lad in a fence corner, sleeping very peacefully on a pile of fence rails. Lanigan shook him gently.

"Wake up, Oirish, la-ad. Phwat possided ye to coom way off here by yourself an' shlope on the bhlame rails, anyway?"

"Leave me alone," complained Oirish, crossly, "'twas the only comfortable bed I could find."

"Thot bid comfortable," exclaimed Lanigan in amazement.

"Phwy, bhoys, it's cutting into you loke a knife. Your back is blue from ut."

"I don't care," said Oirish, "it's the only way I can sleep."

"Thin pad thim over with the blankets a littlde," urged Lanigan.

"No, I want to sleep just as I am."

Thus he remained obdurate, depite all persuasion. The faithful Irishman remained with him through the night. Next morning when they came to mess, Lanigan wore a worried look.

"Oi belave the poor bhoys is going wrong in his head, Cunney," he confided to Cunningham, after relating the happenings of the night. "He niver has acted roight since he got thot bullet in his head."

Cunningham laid his arm affectionately over the big man's shoulder.

"God will take care of the lad, Lanigan," he said soberly.

"Whatever is best—it will be done for him."

Lanigan drew a long breath that was like a sob.

"'Twould be better, Cunney," he whispered, "for the la-ad to be killed in batthle than to becom a lunatic."

"That is liable to happen, Lanigan," Cunney told him "and I feel that you are right about it. The boy is too dear to this army for us to think of him as demented. If he went where so many of our boys have gone, we could feel that there was a fitness in his taking off. He is a soldier, and for him it would be the better way."

"'Yis, Cunney, ye ar-re roight," Lanigan agreed, "but Oi only hope thot whin his toime cooms, the Lor-rd will take Lanigan, too. Oi'm getting odd, Cunney, an' Little Oi-ish was all Oi had to live for. Phw, mon, ye don't know phwat gr-great things Oi've planned for the bhoys whin the war is over. 'Twould hov given the ould mon something to do whin paice cooms."

"He may get over it, though," urged Cunney; "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

"Oi fear not, Cunney," mourned Lanigan.

They were silent a moment. Then Lanigan's rough hand stole gently over to touch Cunney's shoulder.

"Van more thing, Cunney," he began.

"And what is that?" asked Cunney.

"Thot dog, Cunney, he's no ordinary hound. Oi would niver hov found the bhoys but for him. Ye niver saw such a look in living eyes as he gave me whin we found the bhoys, Cunney. First he looked at Little Oi-ish, thin up at me as much as to sa-y: 'It's the two of us, his fr'iends, must look alther him now.' Oi couldn't h'lp it, Cunney. Oi just knilt an' gathered him up in me ar-rms an' kisthed him. Forget ut, Cunney; all the mean things Oi hov said an' done to Ould Frank."

Lanigan's worst fears concerning the boy seemed to be realized. Oi-ish grew slowly worse. He would walk for miles, even after a long march, to find rails to sleep on. Lanigan aided him in every way and watched over him like a mother over her child. His face grew grave and preoccupied as he watched the triumph of the Grim Destroyer over the little boy. Ah, sonny, the infinite tenderness of that rough soldier became the wonder of the army. Sometimes, on the weary marches, he carried the boy even when his own muscles ached from exhaustion. At night he slept beside him. Old Frank slept at their feet.

One evening the three of them sat on the brow of a hill gazing at the sunset, just such a sunset as that over there, all clouds and gorgeous color.

"Don't the clouds look like the hosts of angels that Father Ryan says are fighting our battles for us?" asked Oi-ish, a dreamy and far-away look in his eyes.

"They do, indade, bhoys," agreed Lanigan, to whom the comparison nevertheless seemed far-fetched.

"Somehow I feel like they are stretching out their arms for me to come on and go with them!" continued the boy softly.

"Don't!" exclaimed Lanigan, a sharp pain at his heart.

The boy looked at him wonderingly. Old Frank, roused by the note of pain, rose and whimpered in sympathy.

"That is the way I feel," maintained Oi-ish, "just like they were looking at me and calling me to come on."

Lanigan grew very sad.

"'Tis a premonition," he told me; "the lad will soon be gone from this earth."

That night, I noticed, they prayed longer and more earnestly than usual. Lanigan regarded those devotions as a confession in the presence of death, for he felt certain that the end was near. You know how superstitious soldiers are about premonitions, sonny? Lanigan never doubted the infallibility of the warning. Long after Oi-ish had fallen asleep, the big Irishman threw aside his blankets and knelt beside him. Tenderly as a woman he kissed the sleeping boy; then,

with clasped hands, remained long in murmured prayer. He was praying to die with Little Oi-ish. And He who holds the world within the hollow of His hand must have heard and been pleased.

In the great battle that we fought next day it came about even as he had feared and even as he had prayed. At the very top of a certain breastwork were scattered piles of loose rails. When the battle was over, we found them lying there. There were hot tears shed by brave, strong men, sonny, as we buried those two. Into that grave we lowered the heart of the Orphan Brigade. Father Ryan, choking back his tears, pronounced the rites of the Church. When he had ceased, some one started tenderly to lift Little Oi-ish from the pile of rails on which he lay. With reverent gesture the priest restrained him.

"Comrade," he said, his fine eyes shining with unshed tears, "bury him just as he is. God has made his bed for him so he will rest easy till the Bugler sounds the Reveille."

* * *

The young recruit, in his khaki, gazed at the splendid face of the old man lit with its memories from the past.

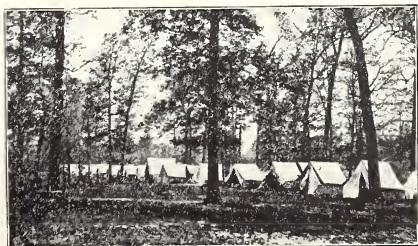
"What became of Old Frank, Professor," he ventured after a bit.

"The day we buried Lanigan and Little Oi-ish," the old man replied, "the dog disappeared. Two days later, while foraging near the battle field we passed by the grave and found Old Frank lying there upon the mound of earth above his little friend. He had been dead some time. There wasn't a mark on him, just plain broken heart, sonny. His head was resting upon his paws, his eyes straining into the infinite as though his very life had marched out through them to follow Little Oi-ish along that rough pathway to the stars."

The old veteran rose and placed his hands upon the boy's shoulders.

"Sonny," he said, almost fiercely, in his earnestness, "out of the caldron of hate that we call war comes undying love, the comradeship of those who battle together for the cause. Your father was my comrade during those four long years. We who fought then for the liberty of a section now see you marching away to war again—for liberty. It was not given then, in the old Confederate days, to behold the grander vision, the glistening bayonets of the world's democracies leagued to the death against despotism. But I am glad, and were your father living, he, too, would rejoice to see you marching side by side with the sons of our one-time enemies—not as mere allies (as it might have been), but as Americans—to battle for a liberty as far-flung as the heart beats of man."

With a common impulse they clasped hands and looked deeply into each other's eyes. Then, arm in arm, they walked slowly back to town—sixty-one and seventeen — comrades.



THE VIRGINIA AND THE MONITOR.

BY LAMAR HOLLYDAY, PIKEVILLE, MD.

An extract from a newspaper account of the Confederate war vessel, Merrimac, or Virginia, as she was renamed by the Confederate authorities, reads as follows: "How the Merrimac defeated the United States frigate Congress and Cumberland, with a loss of two hundred and twenty men, and how on the next day the strange little cheese box Monitor sent the armored Merrimac back to Norfolk so badly crippled that it was not again heard of during the Civil War is history which every schoolboy and girl is furnished."

It seems strange that Northern writers, with the records they have at their disposal, continue to put forth this glaring inaccuracy, which the records of both the Confederate and Federal governments disprove.

The truth is the Merrimac was somewhat disabled and its commander wounded in ramming the Congress the day before her fight with the Monitor, though that did not prevent her from fighting the Monitor as long as that vessel remained in water deep enough for the Merrimac to reach her. The latter vessel did not return to Norfolk until after the Monitor retired to shallow water, where it was impossible for the Merrimac to reach her.

It is true that the Merrimac did return to Norfolk, but she appeared again in Hampton Roads several times after that, and each time she came out the Federal vessels retired before her. The following extracts from Confederate and Federal reports, published by the U. S. Government in the official records, will prove this fact.

Report of I. G. Van Brunt, Captain Commanding U. S. S. Minnesota: "By the time she (the Merrimac) had fired her third shell, the little Monitor had come down upon her, placing herself between us, and compelled her (the Merrimac) to change her position, in doing which she grounded. As soon as she got off, she stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around and ran full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious, but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her. For some time after the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for *Fortress Monroe*, and I thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition, or sustained some injury. Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship. On ascending the poop deck, I observed that the enemy's vessels had changed their course and were heading for Craney Island."

Assistant Secretary G. V. Fox wired Hon. G. Wells, Secretary of the Navy: "Nearly all here are of the opinion that the Merrimac is disabled. I was the nearest person to her outside of the Monitor, and I am of the opinion she is not seriously injured."

Admiral Buchanan, of the C. S. Navy, commanded the Merrimac on her first day's fight, was badly wounded, and was succeeded by Lieut. Catesby Jones. The following is an extract from the report of Lieutenant Jones of March 27, 1862: "At daylight on the 9th we saw that the Minnesota was still ashore and that there was an iron battery near her. At eight o'clock we ran down to engage them (having previously sent the killed and wounded out of the ship), firing at the Minnesota and occasionally at the iron battery. We ran ashore about a mile from the frigate and were backing fifteen minutes before we got off. We continued to fire at the Minnesota, and blew up a steamer alongside of her, and also

engaged the Monitor, sometimes at very close quarters. We once succeeded in running into her, and twice silenced her fire. The pilots declaring we could get no nearer the Minnesota, and believing her to be entirely disabled, and the Monitor *having run into shoal water*, which prevented our doing her any further injury, we ceased firing at twelve o'clock and proceeded to Norfolk."

Lieutenant Jones also wrote Lieutenant Davidson, C. S. N., under date of August 20, 1862: "The action lasted near four hours. We had run into the Monitor, causing us to leak, and had received a shot from her, which came near disabling the machinery, but continued to fight her until she was *driven into shoal water*."

Lieutenant Davidson, C. S. N., says in a letter to Lieutenant Jones, under date of October 25, 1862: "Whilst this novel warfare was going on, the Virginia was run aground by the pilots, and remained so for about three-quarters of an hour. I think it was during the grounding of the Virginia (Merrimac) that the Monitor received her *coup de grace*, and *hauled off on the shoals, out of reach of our guns*, and gave us the opportunity to fire about eleven shells from my big bow gun at the Minnesota." When the Virginia was floated again, I was informed that the pilots declared that it was impossible for me to get nearer the Minnesota. This circumstance, and in consideration also that the Monitor was *drawn off and sought safety in shoal water*, and that the Minnesota was crippled beyond the hope of safety, induced you, by the advice of the lieutenants whom you consulted, to return to Norfolk."

Lieutenant Simms, C. S. N., in a letter to Lieutenant Jones, C. S. N., dated December 6, 1862: "The ship had been aground a considerable distance from the Minnesota, and, a short time after she floated, the Monitor ran into shoal water and ceased firing, . . . and as there was nothing for us to fight, the Monitor having gotten out of our reach, and the Minnesota being in a position (according to the pilots) where we could not get at her, was a sufficient reason in my opinion for ceasing firing."

On March 10, 1862, Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, wired Assistant Secretary G. V. Fox: "It is directed by the President that the Monitor be not too much exposed; that in no event shall any attempt be made to proceed to Norfolk."

On March 13, 1862, Hon. Gideon Wells wrote Hon. S. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: "I have the honor to suggest that this department can easily obstruct the channel to Norfolk, so as to prevent the exit of the Merrimac, provided the army will carry the Sewell's Point batteries, in which duty the navy will give great assistance."

The following extract from the Secretary of the Navy to Flag Officer Goldsborough, U. S. N., in a letter dated March 15, 1862, says: "Still, if the channel can be closed, it should be done, as that is the only certain means of guarding against this formidable vessel, except by capture of Norfolk, which, if the army were disposed, I think the most desirable and effective movement."

More quotations could be taken from official reports, but the extracts given show conclusively,

1. That the Monitor retired before the Merrimac into shallow water, where she could not be reached by the former.
2. That the Merrimac was not destroyed; on the contrary, the Federal government was greatly alarmed, fearing she would come out again, and gave orders not to allow the Monitor to seek her.

The Merrimac made her second appearance April 11, 1862, over a month after her fight with the Monitor, and, although additional vessels had been added to the Federal fleet, in-

cluding another ironclad, there was no effort made to attack her. This is proved by official reports, now quoted from.

Under date of April 12, 1862, Flag Officer Goldsborough, U. S. N., sent Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, the following report: "The Merrimac and consorts all made their appearance yesterday morning and remained between Sewell's Point and Newport News, out of gunshot from Fort Monroe and the Rip Raps, until late in the afternoon, when they returned to their anchorage off Craney Island. Among the hundreds of sailing vessels congregated here, several had anchored, contrary to my advice repeatedly and formally urged upon the proper authorities on shore, in an exposed position well toward Newport News, and three of them were captured by the enemy's vessels."

Report of Major General Wool to Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, April 11, 1862: "The Merrimac came out and planted herself between Newport News and Sewell's Point, with the Yorktown and Jamestown, and several gunboats and tugs; the tugs came down as far as Bates's Dock and carried off three small vessels, empty." At 5 P.M., of the above date, General Wool again reports that the Merrimac came down toward the Monitor and Stevens. The latter fired four or five rounds and the Merrimac one round, when she, with her consorts, returned to Craney Island."

Report of Mr. Fulton to Secretary of War: "About seven o'clock, a signal from the Minnesota turned all eyes toward Sewell's Point, and coming out from under the land, almost obscured by a dim haze, the Merrimac was seen, followed by the Yorktown, Jamestown, and four smaller vessels, altogether seven in number. At 8:30. For the last hour the maneuvers of the rebel fleet have apparently been directed toward decoying our fleet up toward Sewell's Point. When the Merrimac first appeared, she stood directly across the mouth of Elizabeth River, followed her escorts as if they were bound for Newport News. The Merrimac approached the English sloop of war, and after apparently communicating with her, fell slowly and moved back toward her consorts in rear. The French and English vessels then moved up as if they had been informed that the lower roads were to be the scene of conflict, and they had been warned out of range. For an hour the rebel fleet kept changing position without making any decided advance in any direction. *On our part no movement was made, the Monitor, with steam up and in fighting trim, lay quietly near her usual anchorage.* The Nangattuck (Stevens's battery) came out and took position alongside the Monitor. Signals were exchanged between our vessels, the fort, and Rip Raps, but *no movement was made.* At length the Yorktown moved rapidly up and, after advancing well toward Newport News, steamed rapidly toward Hampton. The object was then seen to be the capture of three sailing vessels, two barges and a schooner, transports, which were either aground or had not been furnished with a tug in order to make their escape. The bold impudence of maneuvering continued; *the apparent apathy of our fleet excited surprise and indignation.* There was a rebel boat, not built for war purposes, having the protection of the Merrimac and her consorts, where it appeared to impartial eyes she could easily be cut off and yet *no attempt on our part to do it.*"

I could give many more extracts from Federal as well as Confederate reports to prove that the Merrimac came out and offered battle, which was not accepted by the Federal vessels, but will close this second appearance with the following extract from the report of Commander N. W. Hewett, V. C., Royal Navy, commanding H. M. S. Binalds: "Early on the morning of the 11th, the Confederate ironclad Virginia, accompanied by four gunboats and two tugs, was seen ap-

proaching from the direction of Norfolk. . . . The Virginia and her consorts continued steaming for Fortress Monroe, but when abreast of Sewell's Point, well out in the stream, the gunboats and tugs stopped and the Virginia proceeded as before. . . . At 9 A.M. the Confederate gunboat Teaser captured three transports *close on the Federal side without being interfered with*, and towed them to Norfolk. From this hour until 4 P.M. the Confederate squadron cruised about the Roads *without opposition*, the Virginia occasionally going within range of the Federal guns on the Rip Raps and Fortress Monroe, as well as those of the large squadron under the guns of the fortress."

During all the day of the Virginia's second appearance, the Federal fleet, although greatly outnumbering the Confederates in vessels and men and with more than eight or ten times the number of guns, failed to attack them. It is well to note that the Merrimac, drawing twenty-four to twenty-five feet, was necessarily compelled to keep in deep water where there was room for her to maneuver.

On May 8, 1862, the Merrimac made her third appearance in Hampton Roads. The following extracts from official reports give the particulars of the movements of the opposing forces on that day, and it will be seen that the Federal fleet, instead of giving battle, retired as the Merrimac approached.

Flag Officer Goldsborough, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, under date of May 9, 1862, says: "Also by direction of the President, our vessels shelled Sewell's Point yesterday mainly with the view of ascertaining the practicability of landing a body of troops thereabouts. The Merrimac came out, but was even more cautious than ever."

"The Monitor was kept well in advance, so that the Merrimac could have engaged her without difficulty had she been so disposed."

Flag Officer Goldsborough does not say why the Monitor or any of his fleet did not attack the Merrimac.

Lieutenant Constable, commanding U. S. S. Nangattuck (an ironclad), under date of May 9, 1862: "I have the honor to report that I received orders yesterday morning from Flag Officer Goldsborough to proceed with the vessel under my command, in company with a squadron composed of the steamers Susquehanna, San Jacinto, Dacotah, Seminole, and Monitor, for the purpose of shelling Sewell's Point battery. My individual orders from the Flag Officer were to take a position referred to and engage the battery. . . . I proceeded with the vessel under my command toward the place of action. . . . I selected a position off the battery of the enemy within a distance varying from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a quarter from which I threw shells into the enemy's battery with good effect until the Merrimac made her appearance, coming out of Elizabeth River with the rest of the squadron, led by the flagship, *we slowly retired toward Hampton Bar.*"

Abstract log of the U. S. S. Minnesota May 8, 1862: "At 1:30 the Monitor went close into the battery. At 2:15 *the fleet began to draw off*, and the Merrimac appeared coming out, around Sewell's Point."

Abstract log of the U. S. S. Susquehanna, May 9, 1862: "At 12 M. beat to quarters and cleared the ship for action and stood toward Sewell's Point in company with San Jacinto, Dacotah, Seminole, Monitor, and E. A. Stevens (ironclad); . . . at 3 P.M. made signal to 'Follow our motions,' and stood toward Fortress Monroe. *The rebel steamer Merrimac standing down from Craney Island toward us.* Flag ship made signal 'Resume your moorings.' At 4:30 Merrimac turned and stood toward Craney Island."

Abstract from report of Flag Officer Tatnall, C. S. Navy,

who commanded the Confederate fleet, and who was aboard the Virginia: "On the 7th inst., Commodore Hollins reached Norfolk with orders from you to consult with me and such officers as I might select in regard to the best disposition to be made of the Virginia under the present aspect of things. We had arranged the conference for the next day, the 8th, but on that day, before the hour appointed, the enemy attacked the Sewell's Point battery, and I left immediately with the Virginia to defend it. We found six of the enemy's vessels, including the ironclad steamer Monitor and Nangautuck, shelling the battery. We passed the battery and stood directly for the enemy, for the purpose of engaging him, and I thought an action certain, particularly as the Minnesota and Vanderbilt, which were anchored below Fortress Monroe, got under way and stood up to that point with the intention of joining their squadron in the Roads. Before, however, we got within gunshot the enemy ceased firing and, *retired with all speed under the protection of the Fortress, followed by the Virginia until the shells from the Rip Raps passed over her.* The Virginia was then placed at her moorings near Sewell's Point, and I returned to Norfolk to hold the conference referred to."

The British ship Rinalds was in Hampton Roads during this time, and her commander gave the following account of this second appearance of the Merrimac: "The same morning (May 8) a Federal squadron, consisting of the Dacotah and Oneida screw sloops of 6 guns each, San Jacinto, screw, 11 guns, Susquehanna paddle sloop, 15 guns, Monitor and Nangautuck, iron-cased batteries, moved up the river toward Sewell's Point and commenced shelling the Confederate battery on that point, at very long range. The Federal squadron continued firing up to 2:30 P.M. without intermission. The Monitor was at this time about 1,800 yards from Sewell's Point. She was then observed to be coming back again toward the rest of the squadron, which was some 4,000 yards from the point. The smoke of a steamer could be seen rising above the trees and moving along toward Hampton Roads from the direction of Norfolk. At 3 P.M., the Confederate ironclad battery Virginia rounded Sewell's Point, and the whole Federal squadron steamed down quickly under the guns of the fortress. As the Virginia alone came within range of their guns, and those of Fort Wool on the Rip Raps, the Federal frigate Minnesota, accompanied by four large steamers, which are intended to act as rams, proceeded up the river abreast of Old Point and joined the rest of the squadron. With the exception of a few shots fired from the Rip Raps at the Virginia, the Federals made no attempt to molest her, but, on the contrary, as she approached them they steamed away from her. She would most likely have made her appearance before had the water been sufficiently high. The Virginia, having driven the Federal fleet away, returned and anchored under Sewell's Point, where she remained."

Federal reports show that the Virginia remained in sight all the 9th and 10th of May and that no effort was made to attack her. On the morning of the 11th of May, two months after it is claimed by Northern writers that she was destroyed by the Monitor, she was blown up by her own people after Norfolk was evacuated. The account and cause of her being blown up is best told in the report of Flag Officer Tattnall, her commander, who, after giving an account of his conference in Norfolk on May 9, says: "The opinion was unanimous that the Virginia was then employed to the best advantage, and that she could continue for the present to protect Norfolk, and thus afford time to remove public property. On the next day at 10 A.M., we observed from the Virginia that the flag was not flying on Sewell's Point battery and that it

appeared to have been abandoned. I dispatched Lieut. J. P. Jones, the Flag Lieutenant, to Craney Island, where the Confederate flag was still flying, and he then learned that a large force of the enemy had landed in the bay shore and was marching rapidly on Norfolk, that the Sewell's Point battery was abandoned, and our troops were retreating. I then dispatched the same officer to Norfolk to confer with General Huger and Captain Lee. He found the navy yard in flames, and that all the officers had left by railroad. On reaching Norfolk, he found that General Huger and all other officers of the army had also left, that the enemy were within half a mile of the city, and that the mayor was treating for its surrender. On returning to the ship, he found that Craney Island and all other batteries on the river had been abandoned. It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and this unexpected information rendered prompt measures necessary for the safety of the Virginia. The pilots had assured me that they could take the ship, with a draft of eighteen feet, to within forty miles of Richmond. This the chief pilot, Mr. Parrish, and his assistant, Mr. Wright, had asserted again and again, and on the afternoon of the 7th, in my cabin, in the presence of Commodore Hollins and Captain Sterrett, in reply to a question of mine, they both declared their ability to do so. Confiding in their assurance, and after consulting with the first and flag lieutenants and learning that the officers generally thought it the most judicious course, I determined to lighten the ship at once and run up the river for the protection of Richmond. All hands having been called on deck, I stated to them the condition of things, and my hope that by getting up the river before the enemy could be made aware of our design, we might capture his vessels, which had ascended it, and render efficient aid in the defense of Richmond; but to effect this would require all their energy in lightening the ship. They replied with three cheers and went to work at once. The pilots were on deck and heard this address to the crew. Being quite unwell, I retired to bed. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, the first lieutenant reported to me that, after the crew had worked for five or six hours and lifted the ship so as to render her unfit for action, the pilots had declared their inability to carry eighteen feet above the Jamestown Flats, up to which point the shore on each side was occupied by the enemy. On demanding from the chief pilot, Mr. Parrish, an explanation of this palpable deception, he replied that eighteen feet could be carried after the prevalence of easterly winds, but that the winds for the last two days had been westerly. I had no time to lose. The ship was not in condition for battle, even with an enemy of equal force, and their force was overwhelming. I therefore determined, with the concurrence of the first and flag lieutenants, to save the crew for future service by landing them at Craney Island, the only road for retreat open to us, and to destroy the ship to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. I may add that, although not formally consulted, the course was approved by every commissioned officer in the ship. There is no dissenting opinion. The ship was accordingly put on shore, as near the mainland in the vicinity of Craney Island as possible, and the crew landed. She was then fired, and after burning fiercely fore and aft for upward of an hour blew up a little before five o'clock on the morning of the 11th. The Virginia no longer exists, but three hundred brave and skillful officers and seamen are saved to the Confederacy."

It is not the desire of the Confederates to keep alive ill feeling, but we do ask that the truth be told.

WITH JACKSON IN THE VALLEY.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When the campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia opened during the last days of April, 1863, Brig. Gen. Robert E. Rodes, as senior brigadier general, was in command of the division previously commanded by Maj. Gen. Daniel H. Hill, the latter having been transferred to another military district.

Rodes's Division was one of the three led by Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson during the dark hours of the early morning of May, 1863, to reinforce Anderson and McLaws, whose divisions were confronting and combatting Hooker's great aggregation of troops near Tabernacle Church. The latter had effected a lodgment and were entrenched in the vicinity of Chancellorsville. Their position placed them on the left flank and rear of the Confederate position in front of Fredericksburg. Rodes's Division was the leading one in the column, and part of it participated in the vigorous assault made on Hooker's advanced line on the evening of May 1 which forced the enemy within his entrenched position.

It was also the leading division next day, May 2, when Jackson marched his column of 25,000 hungry Confederate soldiers across the front of Hooker's great entrenched collection of 90,000 well-equipped, well-fed, and well-clothed troops, by tortuous, rarely used, and difficult roads, through the dense forests by which Hooker's position was surrounded. Fourteen miles of this rugged marching brought the head of the column to its goal, fronting Hooker's right flank and rear. When the column of attack was formed, Rodes's Division was still in the lead, and by its boldness, dash, and energy, Hooker's right flank, consisting of the Eleventh Federal Corps, was crushed and scattered, and the way was paved for the brilliant, though bloody, victory which followed on May 3.

By his energy, military skill, and courage in this movement and assault, Rodes won the admiration of the great American strategist, Stonewall Jackson, and, though the latter received his death wound on the night of May 2, before his death, eight days later, he recommended and urged the promotion of Rodes to receive the rank of major general, and added a request that his commission should bear date of May 2, 1863, all of which was done. This was a rare distinction for Rodes, as it was the last request that Jackson ever made of the Confederate authorities.

On June 4, 1863, Rodes's Division, one of the three divisions constituting the Second (Ewell's) Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, moved from the vicinity of Hamilton's Crossing, below Fredericksburg, toward Culpeper, reaching the latter point on the 7th. Early on the morning of the 9th, the booming of cannon in the direction of Fleetwood and Brandy Station, eight or ten miles distant, announced the opening of the great cavalry battle between Stuart's Confederate cavalry and the Federal cavalry supported by several regiments of infantry. The continued roar of hostile guns indicated the severity of the contest and caused Rodes to anticipate an order from Lieut. General Ewell; and he proceeded to the support of Stuart, reaching the hard-fought and bloody field in time to see the rear of the defeated enemy retreating across the Rappahannock.

On the evening of June 10, Rodes's Division, with the divisions of Early and Johnson, the other two divisions of Ewell's Corps, resumed its march westerly, along obscure and exceedingly rough roads, by way of Newby's Crossroads and Flint Hill. This route was followed to conceal the

moving troops from the enemy. On June 12 Rodes's Division preceded the divisions of Early and Johnson, and crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains through Chester Gap, passed through Front Royal, forded both forks of the Shenandoah River, and halted a few hours at Cedarville.

During the halt at Cedarville, Rodes received orders to take the Berryville road, by the way of Millwood, and to attack and seize Berryville, advance immediately on Martinsburg, and thence proceed to Maryland, there to await orders. This was to be done while Early's and Johnson's divisions reduced Winchester.

Soon after Rodes's division crossed the mountains, it was joined by the cavalry brigade of Brig. Gen. A. G. Jenkins, with about 1,600 men. The division then proceeded toward Millwood by an unfrequented road. To conceal the movement of the infantry, the cavalry was sent by a different road, and part of it was to go to Millwood. After a march of seventeen miles, the division bivouacked near Stone Bridge.

The next day, June 13, the division advanced toward Berryville, but before reaching Millwood, the advance of the infantry was discovered by Federal cavalry, coming up from Berry's Ferry, apparently moving toward Berryville. The Confederate cavalry ordered to Millwood failed to occupy that place the night before, which, if it had been done, would have prevented the discovery of the infantry. Having been discovered, it necessitated that the infantry press forward rapidly through Millwood to Berryville. At the latter place, Jenkins was found held at bay by the Federal artillery after driving in the cavalry.

It was soon discovered that the garrison was preparing to evacuate the position. Jenkins's cavalry moved to the left of the town to cut off the retreat to Winchester. Four of the infantry brigades moved, two each, to the right and left of the town, to unite in the rear, in an effort to surround it. One brigade was left to fill the gap. While these movements were being executed under cover, and before their execution had made much progress, it was discovered that the Federal garrison was already retreating. Colonel O'Neal, in command of Rodes's Alabama Brigade, pushed rapidly forward upon the town, closely followed by Reese's battery (Jeff Davis Artillery).

On reaching the camp of the enemy, it was easy to see that the infantry had retreated sometime previously, leaving their tents, a few stores, etc. The cavalry and artillery had been left to detain the Confederate cavalry. The infantry had retreated toward Charlestown without being discovered by Jenkins's cavalry.

The approaches to the town were well provided with rifle pits and earth-works, and, with an adequate force, were prepared to make a strong defense. The force occupying the position consisted of two small regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and a battery of rifled guns, about 1,800 men, under the command of Col. A. T. Reynolds. It was too small to admit of successful defense against Rodes's Division. No losses occurred to the Confederate forces, as but few rounds of artillery were fired by the enemy after the arrival of Rodes's Division.

The Confederates secured a few valuable quartermaster's and commissary stores. The great quantity of Yankee beans captured in this camp was a novel sight to the men of the Jeff Davis Artillery. This was a new food to them, or to a majority of them, as few of the men had ever seen such beans before. Every man supplied himself with a quantity of the beans, as they were among the first to enter the camp and had free access to everything in it.

When the company bivouacked that night and fires were lighted, every available kettle ("she-bang," so called by the company) was loaded with beans and placed on the fire. In many cases the efforts of the men to cook them proved dismal failures. These failures were caused by refilling the kettles with cold water after the hot water, first heated, had evaporated. We learned that the chilled beans would not cook soft. Many of the men ate the hard beans, and paid for their temerity in the pains which followed. Fortunately, nothing serious came of this indulgence. After learning the cause of their failure, they were more successful in subsequent efforts.

Rodes's Division soon moved on to Summit Point, on the road to Charlestown, where the retreating enemy turned toward Winchester; and the entire force reached that place and entered the fortifications between 9 and 10 P. M. Milroy's effective force, on June 12, numbered 6,900 men, including the garrison at Berryville, but not the force at Martinsburg. Upon the arrival of McReynolds's force, Milroy's entire command was collected in the Winchester fortifications. Milroy was sure that Lee's entire army had given Hooker the grand dodge, marched five or six days, and was threatening his destruction.

Rodes's Division bivouacked at Summit Point on the night of June 13, after having marched twenty miles, not counting the detours made at Berryville by the four infantry brigades. Sweeney's battalion, of Jenkins's cavalry, overtook the rearward of the enemy at the Opequon Creek, and gallantly charged it, capturing a piece of artillery, which it could not hold on account of its weakness. Major Sweeney was badly wounded in the charge.

Jenkins's force, during the 13th, in advance of the infantry, vigorously attacked a detachment of Federal cavalry and infantry at Bunker Hill and lost several men, as the Federal forces had barricaded themselves in two stone or brick houses, well provided with loopholes to shoot through. Seventy-five or one hundred prisoners were captured here and the remainder fled toward Martinsburg.

The division pushed on toward Martinsburg as fast as possible, reaching the vicinity of that town late in the afternoon of June 14, after a hot, fatiguing march of nineteen miles. Jenkins's cavalry was found skirmishing with the Federal force, being held in check by the Federal artillery present. The enemy's force was drawn up in line of battle on the right of the town, in the vicinity of the cemetery, and consisted of eight companies of the 126th Ohio Volunteers; eight companies of the 126th New York Volunteers; Capt. Thomas A. Maulsby's Battery of West Virginia artillery, six pieces of 3-inch rifles; one company of Maryland cavalry; a detachment of the 1st New York Cavalry, and a detachment of the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry. A section, two pieces, of Maulsby's battery was stationed in position one hundred-fifty yards beyond the main line to meet a possible attack from the left.

The force, which did not exceed 1,200 men probably, was under the immediate command of Col. Benjamin Smith, of the 126th Ohio Volunteers. Brig. Gen. Dan Tyler had reached Martinsburg on the morning of June 14 to relieve Colonel Smith, but as Jenkins's cavalry had reached the vicinity, and Colonel Smith was making preparations to meet it, Tyler declined to assume command, but acted in an advisory capacity.

This force had been previously warned that an attack was probable, and had sent off a considerable wagon train loaded with military supplies. This train had gone beyond the reach of its Confederate pursuers and made its escape,

reaching Harrisburg, Pa., in safety. Jenkins's cavalry had reached the vicinity of Martinsburg about 8 A. M. that day, but, having no artillery, could not compete with the Federal battery which commanded the approaches to the town and shelled any hostile troops who showed themselves. Jenkins sent, under flag of truce, a written demand to the commanding officer to surrender, which was refused.

Preparations were immediately made to assail the enemy's line with infantry and artillery. Reese's battery, and perhaps another of Colonel Carter's batteries, were placed in position, and opened an effective fire against the enemy. The first shot from Reese's battery passed over Captain Maulsby's four nearest pieces and plunged into the farthest section, killing and wounding several horses and demoralizing the infantry support. Captain Maulsby fired six rounds, from each of his four pieces, after the Confederate batteries opened, and limbered up and attempted to retreat toward Williamsport.

A movement of Jenkins's cavalry to the left greatly aided in the quick scattering of the enemy's forces, and his pursuit of Maulsby's battery resulted in the capture of the four guns carried from position by Captain Maulsby, with horses and other equipment complete. One piece of the detached section was abandoned and fell into the hands of the Confederates. Hence, five 3-inch rifles, of Maulsby's West Virginia artillery, were captured. The infantry retreated on the Shepherdstown road, and, as this fact, taken in connection with the darkness, as night had approached, was not known to the pursuing Confederates in time, it escaped and reached Harper's Ferry next day, the 15th. But one piece of the battery made its escape. Quite a number of prisoners were captured concealed in the homes of Union citizens in the town.

That night the division bivouacked in the vicinity of Martinsburg. Six thousand bushels of corn were among the captures here, but the greater part of the stores was carried off or burned. Before leaving Martinsburg, the four captured rifle guns, with horses and equipment complete, were turned over to Reese's company, the Jeff Davis Artillery. The old guns of the company, two Rome, Ga., rifles, one bronze Napoleon, and a twelve-pounder howitzer, and the greatly worn equipment, which had been in constant use for about two years, were turned in to the Confederate Ordnance Department. With the artillery, two excellent ambulances and their teams were captured.

This was another of the numerous cases when the attack was made too late in the day to reap all the advantages that were available, as the infantry escaped because of the darkness. The division rested until about 10 A. M. on the 15th. It was during this period of rest it was first learned that Milroy, with his shattered forces, had passed through Smithfield, en route to Harper's Ferry, and had passed beyond the reach of Rodes's Division.

Three brigades—Rameur's, Iverson's, and Doles's—with three batteries (Reese's was one of them), were ordered across the Potomac. Jenkins's brigade of cavalry had already crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport, and, driving off a small force from that place, immediately advanced into Pennsylvania. The division remained in the vicinity of Williamsport during the 16th, 17th and 18th days of June. Five thousand pounds of leather, thirty-five kegs of powder, and two thousand or three thousand head of cattle were purchased and sent back, except enough of the cattle to supply the troops with beef.

The operations of the three divisions of Ewell's Corps

in the Valley thus far were simply preliminary to the advance of the entire Army of Northern Virginia into Pennsylvania. The purpose of these movements was to capture or disperse the enemy's forces located in that section. The fruits of these operations were more than 4,000 prisoners, 29 pieces of artillery, 270 wagons and ambulances, with 400 horses, besides a large amount of military stores. Casualties 47 killed, 219 wounded, and 3 missing; total, 269.

Ewell's leading troops crossed the Potomac River on June 15. On the same date the last of A. P. Hill's troops, whose corps had been left to watch Hooker's movements at Fredericksburg, left that point to join the advancing army. By the route traveled, Ewell's advanced troops and A. P. Hill's rear troops were approximately one hundred and fifty miles apart. On the same date Longstreet's Corps left Culpeper and moved along the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Thus, it will be seen that Lee's army was stretched over a space of one hundred and fifty miles. By this audacity was Lee coquetting with fate?

(To be continued.)

THE LOOKOUT BATTERY.

(This little history of the Lookout Battery was written by Capt. Robert L. Barry, in 1889. Perhaps some surviving member can give other incidents of its service.)

The organizing of the Lookout Battery was first suggested to me by Richard L. Watkins, on March 1, 1861, and, on April 4, we organized the battery by election of the officers by the men composing the company. These were Robert L. Barry, captain; Richard L. Watkins, first lieutenant; James Lauderdale, junior first lieutenant; James M. Armstrong, senior second lieutenant; and John Springfield, junior second lieutenant; A. N. Moon, orderly sergeant.

The first engagement of this battery with the enemy was at Shellmound, Ga. I was ordered by Brigadier General Leadbetter, who was then in command of the Confederate forces at Chattanooga, to send one 12-pounder gun to Shellmound to prevent the enemy from crossing the river at that point. Lieutenant Watkins was in command of the gun, and was given the responsible work of sinking any craft that made its appearance. He had quite a little fight with batteries from the enemy. I cannot give dates, but it was soon after the battle of Corinth, perhaps the first of May. The enemy did not cross, but went on to Chattanooga. A few days thereafter Lieutenant Watkins returned to the batteries, to little Cameron Hill, and there for two days we had a hot cannonading fight. After the enemy returned whence they came, General Bragg went to Chattanooga and took command, then began his campaign into Kentucky, which started from Knoxville, Tenn. The railroads being so pressed in carrying the infantry, the batteries were ordered to go by land. The Lookout Battery was ordered to Knoxville to join the advance Confederate forces, commanded by General Cleburne, who led the advancing Confederate army into Kentucky. The battery was then in command of Lieutenant Watkins, leaving me sick in Chattanooga. As our battery was not able to reach Knoxville in time, and General Cleburne had to take another battery, the Lookout Battery was then ordered to Cumberland Gap, and while on its way received orders to return to Knoxville, and there received orders to report for duty at Mobile. The United States forces at this time were commencing raids out in the country from Pensacola. The battery was ordered to Pollard, Ala. to assist our forces in driving back these raids from Pensacola. Thus we were engaged for some months. When Grant landed his forces at Vicksburg, the battery was ordered to Jackson,

Miss., and a few days after the battle of Baker's Creek, we joined General Logan's Division. He assigned us for duty to a brigade commanded by Gen. Abe Buford, who remained only a short time, being relieved by Brigadier General (Wirt) Adams, of Tennessee. This brigade consisted of the 6th, 15th, and 20th of Mississippi Regiments, as brave a brigade as ever faced an enemy. On the night of July 4, 1862, the battery was ordered to lie upon the bank of the Big Black River, to lead the advance against Grant's forces for relief of Vicksburg. Gen. Joe Johnston was then in command of our army there. Our order was to cross over when General Adam's Brigade came to support us. General Adam's Brigade never came, and we remained there, awaiting their arrival, till late in the day. The army had learned of the fall of Vicksburg and of the advancing forces of Grant's army, and we retreated, and thus managed to get through without being captured. After a hard day's march we were enabled to reach Jackson, Miss., a few hours before the enemy, and on that afternoon had a brush with Sherman's force at Jackson, Miss. We remained with Johnston's army until Gen. Leonidas Polk took command, and carried his corps to unite with Johnston's army, which was being hard pressed by United States forces under Sherman.

We reached Resaca, Ga., May 13, 1864, and on the 16th we were charged by the 110th Ohio and 10th Tennessee, U. S. A.; so, as the old saying is, it was "Greek meeting Greek." We were victorious in repelling that charge, in fact, but few of the attacking forces were left to tell the tale of slaughter.

We were then engaged at New Hope Church, Lost Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain, Chattahoochee River, and Peachtree Creek, where we suffered more than in any former engagement. Nearly every man engaged was more or less wounded. Lieutenant Watkins was one among the few who escaped even a wound, though at his post all the time. We were ordered then to fall back into the trenches around Atlanta and command Fort Hood, on Marietta Street, the most exposed position around the city, where we had some hard fighting. After the fall of Atlanta, our battery, with some others, was ordered to Macon, Ga., to help in defense of that city. There we had but little fighting, as General Sherman passed Macon without making an attack upon it. When General Hood, who succeeded Johnston, commenced his advance into Tennessee, my battery was ordered, with others that had accompanied me to Macon, to Corinth, Miss., to protect the supplies that were being sent there for Hood's army.

After Hood's defeat at Nashville and his retreat, the battery was ordered to Mobile, Ala., and from there to Spanish Fort, which had been attacked. Our forces were hard pressed, and we had some very hard fighting for some days. It was there that Lieutenant Watkins received some severe wounds, from which he did not recover until sometime after the surrender of the Confederate army. At this fort the enemy charged and captured the infantry on the night of April 9, 1865, the darkest, blackest rainy night that ever was. Lieutenant Lauderdale and I, with thirty men, succeeded in getting away in some bateaux, while Sergeant Anderson and thirty more men swam eight miles to Blakely, got skiffs there, and rowed across the bay to Mobile next day; while thirty of our men were captured and taken to Ship Island. From Mobile we were sent to Demopolis, Ala., and then to Meridian, Miss., where we surrendered, on May 16, 1865.

My recollection is that Lieutenant Watkins was never absent from his command but once, getting a furlough to visit home but once, and the battery was never in any sort of an engagement that he was not at his post, and he performed his duty like a soldier always. I don't think he was ever sick a day except from his wound received at the front.

BATTLE OF ROGERSVILLE, OR BIG CREEK, TENN.

BY G. D. EWING, FATTONSBURG, MO.

The battle of Rogersville, or Big Creek, Tenn., was not a sanguinary battle, as the losses were small, but for the Confederates the catch was fine. I have never seen this affair in print, but its good conception and bold execution should give it rank with many such battles which occurred in the War between the States.

This successful raid on the Federal lines was made about November 1, 1863. At this time General Burnside still had his headquarters at Knoxville, Tenn., the outpost of his army consisting of the 7th Ohio Cavalry and the 2nd Regiment of Tennessee Mounted Infantry, and a battery of artillery. This force was under the command of Col. Israel Garrard, commanding the 7th Ohio Cavalry.

The forces on the Confederate side were the brigades of cavalry commanded by Col. H. L. Giltner and Brig. Gen. William E. Jones. This department was then under the command of Major General Bransom, whose headquarters were at Blountville. Gen. W. E. Jones was in command of the forces on this expedition. The objective, upon the Confederate side, was the capture of this advanced post, near Rogersville, Tenn.

It was bleak, cold, and rainy weather. No doubt the Federal forces felt comparatively safe during such unpropitious weather for the movement of troops, the condition of the roads considered, and especially as the Confederate troops would have to cross the rapid Holston River in its swollen condition.

Colonel Giltner's Brigade moved to a point near Kingsport, going into camp for a short time. Lowrey's Battery was with Colonel Giltner's Brigade. General Jones was then quite a distance in our rear, but was as rapidly advancing as the weather and roads would permit. Giltner's Brigade soon left its camp for an all night's march in the cold November rain, and about dark reached the ford on the Holston River. This stream was much swollen from the downpour of rain. It seemed a dangerous undertaking to attempt to cross, but the crossing was made in the following order: 1st Tennessee, 10th Kentucky Cavalry battalion, 4th Kentucky, Lowrey's Battery, and 16th Georgia Battalion. Some horses were thrown down with the riders in the cold water, but all finally got across without loss of either men or horses. It was as dark as Erebus, a night's travel long to be remembered. The plan was for General Jones, with his brigade, to gain the rear of the Federals, while Giltner's Brigade, with Lowrey's Battery, was to make frontal attack. Some time during the night we were halted for perhaps an hour to permit Jones's Brigade to cross the road in front of us.

These troops had advanced rapidly under the immediate command of General Jones, affectionately called by his troopers, "Owl-Eyed Billy," by reason of his many night movements. Before day our advance met a company of scouts near Surgoinsville and chased them several miles. Knowing that these fleeing troopers would apprise their forces of the approaching Confederates, we hurried on as fast as possible. The dawn of day revealed the enemy in position to receive us. General Jones had moved with much celerity, and was now gaining their rear. As Colonel Giltner was making disposition of his troops for front attack, it was noticed that a panic seemed to prevail in the Federal ranks and some were breaking away and hastily fleeing. Colonel Carter was ordered with his regiment to charge and gain the ford, so as to cut off their escape. This movement was well executed, causing the fleeing ones to return to their lines. We after-

wards learned that this was a part of the Tennessee Regiment. Tennesseans were after them. They seemed to be as uncomfortable as though they were between the devil and the deep blue sea. During the dark night our artillery had gotten far behind, owing to the condition of the roads.

The enemy had chosen an excellent position on a sharp ridge, their battery commanding our line for quite a distance. Major Parker, of the 4th Kentucky, and Colonel Trimble, of the 10th Kentucky, at once charged their front, Major Parker charging on horseback to the foot of the hill on which were the Federal lines, not more than three hundred yards from their batteries, supported by the men. At the foot of this hill our horses were comparatively safe from artillery fire. As soon as we dismounted we went rapidly to the lines on top of the hill. But the fight was soon over, as the forces opposing us soon fled, leaving their battery of four pieces of brass cannon, which we soon had in our possession. The brigade of General Jones did not get into the fight, but had reached a position which enabled them to prevent the crossing of the river of as many as one-half of their men.

We captured about nine hundred men, four pieces of brass cannon, near one thousand horses, their military stores, with more than one thousand rifles, and a large supply of ammunition. But after that terrible night's travel the commissary stores had much attraction—barrels of flour, sugar, coffee, mackerel, potatoes, dried fruit, and so on. As soon as other duties were attended to, we roughly invoiced their commissary stores. How these two brigades of Confederates did eat! And still lingered at the festal board. We had not had such a feast for a long time. Old home songs were sung as we partook of these many good things, which had been hauled from old Kentucky. If not for us, we enjoyed them just the same. General Jones's Brigade was made up of fine Virginians, fifteen hundred strong. They were proud of their command, and well they might be. He was trained at West Point Military Academy. Few generals lived so close to their men as did he, partaking of their coarse fare, enduring their hardships, besides being a brilliant leader and strategist. Brave general! He was afterwards killed in battle at Piedmont, Va.

During that cold night ride most all of the soldiers were without overcoats. It was indeed a trying night. The officers would frequently ride along the line, talking to the boys to keep their spirits up. At one time Colonel Giltner and his staff came along Company A, which was my company. I had known Giltner before the war. As he recognized me, he said, "Well, Ewing, what does your requisition call for on this trip?" I replied that I had put in for one brass cannon, an officer's rain cape, a good supply of underwear, two pairs of socks, one pair of boots, and many sundries. He laughed at my extended order, and said: "I hope you may get your full order." Strange as it may seem, I did get all and then some more. Lieut. Archie Smith, of my company, and I were the first to lay hands on one of the captured cannon. Capt. R. O. Gathright soon joined us. We tried to turn the gun and fire on the running enemy, but in that we failed until they had escaped, to be later captured. Not long after that fight I was detailed as orderly sergeant at brigade headquarters of Col. H. L. Giltner, where I remained for the rest of the service.

General Jones was very prudent and especially careful. After we had partaken heavily of the bounties the Federals had for us, it was suggested to General Jones that, as the men and horses were so tired, we should remain until the following morning. To this he replied in his fine soprano voice: "No, gentlemen, we had better be getting back near our base. It is better to make sure of the catch we now have than to risk losing it for a little rest and sleep. General Burnside is not

far away. We will put more miles between us and his army. Then I think we can rest more securely."

We moved out with all our captured stores, with nine hundred prisoners and one thousand captured horses, and commissary supplies sufficient to gladden our often impoverished stomachs for quite a while, and reached our base without loss.

After going to Col. H. L. Giltner's brigade headquarters, I usually acted as aid de camp in times of battle. This kind of service was often exciting and filled with thrills.

NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

The following gives a list of the National Cemeteries in the United States authorized by act of Congress of July 17, 1862, and subsequent acts, and shows the number of interments in each up to June 30, 1917. The list was taken from the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., for which paper it was prepared by the War Department (Office of the Quartermaster General):

| | |
|----------------------------|--------|
| Alexandria, La. | 4,542 |
| Alexandria, Va. | 3,565 |
| Andersonville, Ga. | 13,723 |
| Andrew Johnson, Tenn. | 19 |
| Annapolis, Md. | 2,544 |
| Antietam, Md. | 4,759 |
| Arlington, Va. | 24,478 |
| Balls Bluff, Va. | 25 |
| Barrancas, Fla. | 1,663 |
| Baton Rouge, La. | 3,163 |
| Battle Ground, D. C. | 44 |
| Beaufort, S. C. | 9,492 |
| Beverly, N. J. | 201 |
| Camp Butler, Ill. | 1,597 |
| Camp Nelson, Ky. | 3,660 |
| Cave Hill, Ky. | 4,790 |
| Chalmette, La. | 13,120 |
| Chattanooga, Tenn. | 13,706 |
| City Point, Va. | 5,180 |
| Cold Harbor, Va. | 1,969 |
| Corinth, Miss. | 5,737 |
| Crown Hill, Ind. | 816 |
| Culpeper, Va. | 1,375 |
| Custer Battle Field, Mont. | 1,583 |
| Cypress Hills, N. Y. | 7,673 |
| Danville, Ky. | 359 |
| Danville, Va. | 1,331 |
| Fayetteville, Ark. | 1,316 |
| Finns Point, N. J. | 2,632 |
| Florence, S. C. | 3,013 |
| Fort Donelson, Tenn. | 676 |
| Fort Gibson, Okla. | 2,488 |
| Fort Harrison, Va. | 818 |
| Fort Leavenworth, Kan. | 4,046 |
| Fort McPherson, Nebr. | 854 |
| Fort Scott, Kan. | 885 |
| Fort Smith, Ark. | 2,399 |
| Fredericksburg, Va. | 15,186 |
| Gettysburg, Pa. | 3,680 |
| Glendale, Va. | 1,198 |
| Grafton, W. Va. | 1,276 |
| Hampton, Va. | 11,549 |
| Jefferson Barracks, Mo. | 12,642 |
| Jefferson City, Mo. | 843 |
| Keokuk, Iowa. | 906 |
| Knoxville, Tenn. | 3,552 |

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Lebanon, Ky. | 875 |
| Lexington, Ky. | 1,136 |
| Little Rock, Ark. | 6,916 |
| Loudon Park, Md. | 4,002 |
| Marietta, Ga. | 10,424 |
| Memphis, Tenn. | 14,441 |
| Mexico City, Mexico. | 1,552 |
| Mill Springs, Ky. | 729 |
| Mobile, Ala. | 1,127 |
| Mound City, Ill. | 5,432 |
| Nashville, Tenn. | 16,771 |
| Natchez, Miss. | 3,414 |
| New Albany, Ind. | 3,146 |
| Newbern, N. C. | 3,399 |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | 3,444 |
| Poplar Grove, Va. | 6,217 |
| Port Hudson, La. | 3,851 |
| Quincy, Ill. | 317 |
| Raleigh, N. C. | 1,214 |
| Richmond, Va. | 6,578 |
| Rock Island, Ill. | 424 |
| Salisbury, N. C. | 12,149 |
| San Antonio, Tex. | 1,970 |
| San Francisco, Cal. | 7,166 |
| Santa Fe, N. Mex. | 1,099 |
| Seven Pines, Va. | 1,400 |
| Shiloh, Tenn. | 3,622 |
| Soldiers' Home, D. C. | 7,825 |
| Springfield, Mo. | 2,451 |
| St. Augustine, Fla. | 1,775 |
| Staunton, Va. | 766 |
| Stone River, Tenn. | 6,149 |
| Vicksburg, Miss. | 17,070 |
| Wilmington, N. C. | 2,361 |
| Winchester, Va. | 4,546 |
| Woodlawn, N. Y. | 3,278 |
| Yorktown, Va. | 2,196 |
| Total. | 372,164 |

Over seventy thousand of these are Union soldiers who died in Confederate prisons and are buried in National Cemeteries adjacent to the points where the prisons were located. Andersonville, Florence, and Salisbury are entirely prison cemeteries.

Of these interments approximately 10,578 are those of Confederates, being mainly in the following National Cemeteries:

| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| Arlington, Va. | 300 |
| Camp Butler, Ill. | 865 |
| City Point, Va. | 131 |
| Cypress Hills, N. Y. | 456 |
| Finns Point, N. J. | 2,436 |
| Hampton, Va. | 284 |
| Fort Smith, Ark. | 127 |
| Jefferson Barracks, Mo. | 826 |
| Little Rock, Ark. | 922 |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | 200 |
| Springfield, Mo. | 549 |
| Woodlawn, N. Y. | 3,012 |

"Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers wither at the North wind's breath;
But thou, thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulcher."

J. G. POWELL.

In the death of J. G. Powell, on July 14, 1922, New Orleans lost one of its most valuable citizens. He was one of the pioneers of the State, and during his long and useful life of eighty-one years he had built up a large lumber business in Louisiana.

When the call to arms was sounded in 1861, he and two younger brothers were among the first to volunteer in the service of the Confederacy, joining the Beaver Creek Riflemen, Company E, of the 4th Louisiana Regiment, with which he served until after the battle of Shiloh, where he was under Colonel Allen. The regiment was then ordered to Vicksburg, where his company was transferred to Winnfield's 3rd Louisiana Cavalry and ordered to Louisiana to join that regiment. It was not mounted at the time, but was attached to the 10th Arkansas Regiment and went into the battle at Baton Rouge with Boyd's Battalion; and it was this battalion, with Company E and one section of Simms' Battery that opened the battle. Simms' battery was commanded by Captain Fauntleroy. At the siege of Port Hudson the company served as infantry with the 10th Arkansas, and after the surrender there it was ordered into camp, when J. G. (Green) Powell was made first lieutenant of the company; the men were then mounted and served with the 3rd Louisiana Cavalry. Powell was captured shortly afterwards in a skirmish near Port Hudson, but made his escape; he was captured again and taken to New Orleans and held in prison for six months, when he and two others made their escape. He was taken care of by friends in New Orleans, among whom was a Miss Kate Watkins, who gave him financial aid, enabling him to rejoin his company. He surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., under General Forrest.

Comrade Powell was twice married, and is survived by four daughters, who are active members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, doing what they can to perpetuate the service of the Confederate soldiers. Four brothers and two sisters also survive him.



J. G. POWELL.

JOHN W. CASTLEBERRY.

John W. Castleberry, born in Marshall County, Ky., on January 9, 1842, died in Booneville, Ark., June 30, 1922.

He enlisted in Company G, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, in September, 1861, under Gen. John C. Breckenridge; was wounded in the leg at the battle of Shiloh, and took part in the siege of Vicksburg; when the 3rd, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Regiments were transferred to Forrest's Cavalry, afterwards being known as mounted infantry, he served under Forrest and was with him in all his raids; was captured at Nashville while fighting under Hood, was taken to Camp Chase and kept as a prisoner until March, 1865, when he came to our camp at West Point, Miss., on parole, and General Lyon, our brigade commander, told him to go home, that the war would be over before he got there, and the day he got home afoot the guns were firing in Paducah to celebrate the surrender of General Lee. To the end he loved the cause for which he fought, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to which he had been a subscriber for many years, represented that cause to him.

He went to Arkansas in 1869 and served his county as judge, and was also justice of the peace. He was a member of the Methodist Church for many years, and a Mason in good standing. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter, also seven grandchildren.

The writer of this is the only brother living and was with him from 1863 to the close of the war.

(D. B. Castleberry, Booneville, Ark.)

EUGENE MAGEE WHITEHEAD, SR.

On February 8, 1922, at Denton, Tex., Eugene M. Whitehead, Sr., answered the last roll call and passed over the river to join his many comrades gone before. He was born November 2, 1840, in Carroll County, Miss. In 1861 he joined Company H, 4th Mississippi Infantry, at Carrollton, under Capt. Joe Gee. His first fight was at Fort Henry, and he was then at Fort Donelson, where he had to surrender, and was in the prison camp at Camp Morton for eight months. He was taken prisoner three times, and the last time he and three comrades escaped by jumping from a train near Indianapolis, Ind., and were hidden by a Southern man near Louisville, Ky. After making their way back home, he joined the noted N. B. Forrest and served with him until the final surrender.

In 1866 he was married to a Mrs. Wallace, who lived only a few years, then, in 1872, he married Miss Fannie Farmer, who survives him. A son and daughter are also left—E. M. Whitehead, Jr., of Arlington, Tex., and Mrs. C. S. McMath, of Denton; and there are many grandchildren, nieces, and nephews.

When a young man he joined the Baptist Church at Mt. Nebo, of which he was a consistent member to the end. He was also a member of Sul Ross camp, U. V. C., at Denton.

(His niece, Elizabeth Whitehead.)

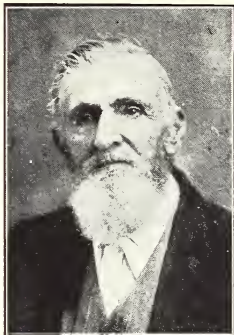
MAJ. A. N. NEAL

Maj. A. N. Neal, who died at Jeanerette, La., on November 9, 1921, was born in Grenada, Miss., in 1839, and was thus in his eighty-third year. He was one of the oldest veterans in the State, and was loved by all who knew him. He served in the Confederate army as a volunteer from Greenwood, Miss., and took part in the battle of Gettysburg; was also in the Atlanta campaign under Hood; was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., with Forrest's command. He was never married. Major Neal was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.

JAMES TURNER REEVES.

James Turner Reeves, son of Edward and Nancy Reeves, was born in Cypress Creek Township, Bladen County, N. C., July 11, 1836, and died on July 12, 1921, at Caldwell, Tex.

When he was eighteen years of age, the family moved to Mississippi, where his father died of cholera on a Mississippi River steamboat in 1854. The family then went to Brandon, Miss., and four years later removed to Texas, locating at Burleson, where he engaged in farming. When the war came on in 1861, young Reeves took up arms in defense of the Southern cause and served through the four years in Hood's Brigade, taking part in many of the battles in Virginia, where he was wounded. While on a furlough on account of his wound, he made the only visit to his old North Carolina home.



JAMES TURNER REEVES.

At the close of the war he returned to Texas, where he was soon married to a Miss Houston, and engaged in farming and merchandizing. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church. Three daughters and two sons survive him.

M. W. ARMSTRONG.

On August 30, 1922, the grim reaper claimed another of our Confederate veterans, Martin W. Armstrong, death occurring at his home near Alto, Tex.; and he was buried in the family cemetery near his home.

Martin W. Armstrong served with Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, and he was promoted to first lieutenant of his company for gallantry on the battle field of Murfreesboro, Tenn. At the battle of Allatoona Pass, Georgia, he wrung by main strength from the hands of a Union soldier the flag he bore for his regiment, and captured the Union soldier also. For this daring deed he was mentioned in the official reports of the battle. Comrade Armstrong was a member of the Ross-Ector Camp No. 513, U. C. V., of Rusk, Tex., since its organization. He attended many of the U. C. V. meetings, the last being at Atlanta, Ga.

He had been twice married, his first wife being Miss Kate Bush, of Rusk; the second wife was Miss Almira Harrison, who survives him with two sons and a daughter. He had reached the age of eighty-one years. His Confederate comrades assisted in the burial service. Only three of the company remain in the county out of one hundred and twelve of the original company.

(P. A. Blakely, Captain Commanding.)

VETERANS OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The Knoxville Chapter, U. D. C., has been made to realize very forcibly during the past year the rapid passing of our beloved veterans, twelve having gone from our midst. They are: George Peterson, William Crane, E. H. McKinney, Capt. John M. Brooks, Hector Coffin, Maj. C. H. Luckey, Col. William Henderson, Joshua Jones, N. C. Duncan, C. T. Towry, and Jonathan Walker. Each of these sleeps beneath a wreath and flag, the gift of the Knoxville Chapter, the flag they followed in days gone by, the wreath of victory won by

enduring true to the end. The Chapter President and members attend all funerals of veterans when possible, saddened by the thought that the "thin gray line" will soon have vanished entirely, and this privilege will have passed.

Each year at the annual dinner given by the daughters to all veterans in and around the city, we note with sorrow the number of vacant seats that were filled the year before.

May the Daughters be true to the veterans, as the veterans were true to the Cause.

[Mrs. F. O. Kesterson.]

R. Y. H. SHUMATE.

Robert Y. Hayne Shumate died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. George, in Piedmont, S. C., on February 17, 1922, after an illness of some weeks.

Bob Shumate was one of four brothers in the same company in the Confederate army, the Butler Guards of Greenville, S. C., which was Company B of the 2nd Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. Of him it was said that he never missed a battle in which his company took part. He was wounded in 1864, and his brother James was killed in the same year at the battle of Cold Harbor.

He was a leading member of Crittenden Camp, No. 707 U. C. V., and was greatly interested in its reunions. As a subscriber of the VETERAN, he took great pleasure in passing his copy along to others who were interested. The writer of this sketch had the pleasure and honor to know Mr. Shumate for many months before he died, and had the privilege of hearing of his wonderful experiences many times.

While attending the great meeting of the Blue and Gray at Gettysburg in 1913, Mr. Shumate met some Yankee veterans, who said jokingly, "Well, we whipped the South," to which he replied, "No, you didn't; we wore ourselves out whipping you."

Above everything else, Mr. Shumate was a good man and took an active interest in all that tended to make his community better. His influence was such that it was a blessing to be associated with him.

(Charles B. Hanna, S. C. V.)

J. C. HURLEY.

After a long illness, J. C. Hurley died on August 6, 1922, near Little Oak, in Pike County, Ala., and was laid to rest in the Mount Moriah Baptist Church Cemetery by the Masonic Order, of which he had been a member since 1864.

Born January 16, 1839, he had thus reached the advanced age of eighty-three years. He was married at the age of twenty-one to Miss Josephine Edwards, and to them were born five sons and five daughters, seven children surviving.

In January, 1862, Comrade Hurley enlisted in Company A, 39th Alabama Regiment, and it has been said of him that Alabama furnished no better soldier to the Confederacy. At the battle of Chickamauga, while he was carrying the colors of his regiment, the staff was shot in two; he stopped and cut a maple sprout, to which he lashed the colors, then shouted to his comrades, "Come on, boys!" and carried the colors on to victory. He was in all the principal battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at the last. In the battle at Bentonville, N. C., his left arm was shot to pieces, which disabled him permanently.

Comrade Hurley joined the Baptist Church at Orion, Ala., in 1857, and was a consistent member of that Church to the end. He was a member of Camp Ruffin, U. C. V., of Tröy, Ala., a loyal and faithful veteran of the Confederacy always.

(C. N. Mallett.)

CAPT. W. J. KERR.

Capt. W. J. Kerr, one of the most honored and respected citizens of Alvin, Tex., passed away on February 25, 1922, aged eighty-one years. He was laid to rest in the city cemetery with full Masonic honors.

Captain Kerr was born in North Carolina, May 7, 1841, and went to Texas in early life. At twenty-six years of age he went to Alvin from Lockhart, Tex., settling upon his farm four miles south of Alvin, in the Mustang neighborhood, where he resided until the time of his death. He was a man of sterling character, highly respected by his immediate neighbors and all who knew him. He had been confined to his home for the past year. His many acts of kindness and business activities are well remembered.

Captain Kerr enlisted in Company F, 6th North Carolina Infantry, and went to Virginia in 1861, and was with the Army of Northern Virginia from Manassas to Appomattox. He was orderly sergeant of his company, and up to the time of his death could call the roll from memory.

He was a member of the John A. Wharton Camp No. 286, U. C. V., of Alvin, also member of Alvin Lodge No. 762, A. F. & A. M. Captain Kerr was proud that he had been one of the charter members of the original Ku Klux Klan of the sixties, and served as chief of one of the local organizations of North Carolina.

Two daughters survive him.

ROBERT THEODORE MOCKBEE.

Again has the hand of death invaded the ranks of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28 U. C. V., and removed from us Robert Theodore Mockbee, a noble and loved Comrade, who departed this life on July 20, 1922, at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. H. M. Rhodes, of Memphis, Tenn., after slowly failing health of many months.

Comrade Mockbee was born at Dover, Tenn., on August 17, 1841. He enlisted in Company B, under Captain Gholsen, at Palmyra, Tenn., in the early spring of 1861. His company was assigned to the 14th Tennessee Infantry, going to Virginia, where his regiment became a part of Archer's Tennessee Brigade, Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, which command was in all of the principal engagements under General Lee, A. U. V., except at Chancellorsville, when Comrade Mockbee was absent on special detached duty in Tennessee, where he was captured and held in prison at Nashville for a few days, when he escaped and made his way back to his command in Virginia.

He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Md., at Spotsylvania, and at North Anna. At Gettysburg, Pa., Archer's Brigade was assigned the post of honor, which was the post of danger, being the center of attack. At the battle of Shepardstown, he was in command of his company and then, as throughout all the conflicts, most valiantly he fought for his dear Southland; patiently, heroically he endured all privations and dangers on the field or on the march, on to the coming of that dark day of gloom at Appomattox; yet then not a surrender day for R. T. Mockbee. There he secured an old artillery horse and with another comrade, rode away and joined Rosser's Cavalry, going on to Lynchburg, where Rosser disbanded his forces; thence Comrade Mockbee headed his way to Chester, S. C., to visit the lady who had cared for him when sick and wounded, thus renewing a love afterwards cemented by marriage. After this visit he went to Washington, Ga., where on June 11, 1865, he was duly paroled, returning to his home.

The following year, 1866, he returned to Chester, S. C., and was united in marriage to Miss Kate Mobley, who had so devotedly cared for him in sickness. For twenty-seven years he made Chester his happy home. Then he moved to Memphis, where he continued to reside until his death.

A valiant, faithful comrade, a worthy Christian gentleman has gone to receive his reward. Comrade Mockbee's life was epitomized in these six words: Confederate patriot—Southern gentleman—conscientious Christian.

F. D. Denton, M. V. Crump, W. R. Sims, Committee.

C. TAYLOR HOLTZCLAW.

C. Taylor Holtzclaw, a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485, U. C. V., was born in Fauquier County, Va., June 20, 1847, and died in Hampton, Va., April 11, 1922, aged seventy-four years.

In August, 1864, he entered the Confederate army as a private in Utterback's Battery of Field Artillery, Poague's Battalion, Army of Northern Virginia, and served until the close of the war.

He was educated in the private schools of Fauquier, and later completed a course in architecture. As an architect and builder, he spent five years in Washington as a member of the firm of Holtzclaw Brothers. He came to Hampton forty-one years ago, and during that time planned and constructed many buildings at Fort Monroe, the National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, and Newport News. Among them the theater at the Soldiers' Home, Hampton Bank building, and theaters in Hampton, and the celebrated Chamberlin Hotel at Old Point Comfort.

As an architect of high attainment and a citizen of strict integrity of character, he identified himself with the best interests of the community and enjoyed the esteem and fellowship of his friends.

Mr. Holtzclaw was a member of the Hampton Baptist Church, St. Tammany Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and was a Royal Arch Mason, Knights Templar, and Shriner.

He leaves a wife, several children, and grandchildren, worthy citizens of Hampton.

(Joseph R. Haw, Adjt.)

COMRADES AT MONROE, GA.

The R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1055, U. C. V., of Monroe, Ga., has lost three of its members within the last year.

Rev. W. E. Ivey, born August 2, 1847; enlisted July, 1864, with Company K, Georgia State Troops; married Miss America Peter, 1869; was chaplain of the Camp at Monroe for a number of years; died July 29, 1922.

J. O. Malcolm, born November 12, 1843; entered service of the Confederacy May 11, 1862, as a member of Company H, 42nd Georgia Regiment; was married three times; died January 5, 1922. He made a good record in war and peace.

M. F. Fuller, born June 11, 1841; enlisted March, 1861, with Company D, 2nd Georgia Regiment; was twice married; died July 1, 1922. He made a good name as a soldier and citizen.

All these comrades loved to read the VETERAN.

(J. M. Adams, Secretary R. E. Lee Camp.)

MOSBY'S RANGERS.

The following members of the 43rd Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, Mosby's Rangers, have died within the past year:

Boyd M. Smith, J. H. Judd, Lieut. James G. Wiltshire, Lieut. Charles E. Grogan, Dr. W. L. Dunn (Asst. Surgeon), Ludwell Lake, C. R. McIntosh, I. Williams Coons, Chilton Lunceford, the latter aged ninety-two years.

These men were honored by all who knew them, and their memory will be cherished as long as virtue, patriotism, and gallantry inspire the heart and minds of those who live after them.

(Channing M. Smith, Adj. Mosby Camp No. 110, Delaplane, Va.)

COL. JOSEPH B. CUMMING—A TRIBUTE.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, HISTORIAN CAMP NO. 435
U. C. V., AUGUSTA, GA.

Col. Joseph Bryan Cumming was born in Augusta, Ga., February 2, 1836. Graduating from the University of Georgia, with first honor in the class of 1854, he then studied law and was admitted to the bar. With the supervening of the War between the States a few years later, however, his legal labors were laid aside when he patriotically enlisted in the Confederate army.

His military service began early in 1861 as a member of the Clinch Rifles, Company A, of the 5th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. John K. Jackson, and he was at first stationed at Pensacola, Fla. In September of the same year he became a lieutenant in Company I, from Columbus, Ga., and in January, 1862, he was promoted to the captaincy of this command, officiating in that rank as assistant adjutant general in J. K. Jackson's brigade at the battle of Shiloh, in the Kentucky campaign, and in the conflict at Murfreesboro, Tenn. In the last-named contest he had a horse shot from under him, and he suffered a slight wound at the battle of Shiloh. After the sanguinary engagement at Murfreesboro, he was ordered to report to Brig. Gen. William H. T. Walker, and being subsequently advanced to the grade of major, he served in the Adjutant General's Department of Walker's command. He was in the campaign with Johnston against Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta in 1864, and took part in the famous battle of July 22 of this year for the defense and retention of that town.

Major Cumming was in every battle of the Army of Tennessee from Shiloh until the surrender, excepting those of Missionary Ridge and Jonesboro, Ga. Among all the heroes on those ensanguined fields none ever received from comrades in arms or superior officers higher meed of praise for gallantry than Maj. Joseph B. Cumming.

After the lamented death of Major General Walker in the memorable battle of July 22, 1864, at Atlanta, Major Cumming was ordered to report to General Hardee, on whose staff he served until his transference to the corps of General Hood, who was then commanding the Army of Tennessee. He was with the latter officer in the Tennessee campaign, and was on his staff at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. Upon the removal of Hood and the reappointment of General Johnston to the command of the Army of Tennessee, Major Cumming was placed on Johnston's staff. On the reorganization of the army in 1865, just before the surrender, Major Cumming was appointed colonel of a regiment made up of C. H. Stevens's brigade. The army being on the eve of surrender, however, he did not take command, remaining with Johnston until the disbanding of the Confederate troops at Greensboro, N. C.

Colonel Cumming is remembered as the gallant speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives in the winter and summer of 1872, soon after the return of the Democrats to political supremacy in State affairs. He was a member of the Georgia senate a few years later, but with that exception he had absolutely abstained from politics. He was an orator of forcefulness and rare charm and contributed to many occasions in lastingly emphasizing the truth of history. With his

pen he was always apt and ready, and frequently gave point to a subject which realized the most ardent expectations of his readers.

Among the numerous positions of trust and responsibility which he had acceptably held was that as the Captain and Commander of Camp 435, U. C. V. (Confederate Survivors Association), of Augusta, Ga., in which capacity he officiated in 1901 and 1902, and the honor of membership on the Chickamauga National Park Commission. The latter distinction was conferred on him by President Roosevelt in 1903, and the dignity thus bestowed was personally highly prized to the day of his greatly regretted death.

Pleasing always in address, and popular everywhere, this gallant gentleman was an ornament to the generation in which he lived; and when, on May 15, 1922, his public-spirited and patriotic usefulness ended, Colonel Cumming had more than intensified his claim to the title of a battle-scarred veteran of the Confederacy.

A FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

(The following tribute was written some years ago by the late Maj. J. Ogden Murray in memory of his friend, Rev. Abner Crump Hopkins.)

The wise old sage who said that "No friend should write the obituary of his friend" could never have felt that love of comradeship which filled the hearts of the men who followed old Stonewall up and down the Shenandoah Valley in those days of the South's peril, when the iron hoof of war ran over the land and the torch was in the hand of the invader. The grave cannot still the tongue of the living nor bid the heart forget those days, those men of the past with whom we shared our rations and our blankets. No man could pay more beautiful tribute than that by A. W. Hawks, to the memory of his father's comrade and friend as "The Bishop of Homeville," which appeared in the *Baltimore Sun* in 1905; and no man ever more richly deserved this tribute than Rev. Abner C. Hopkins, the "Fighting Chaplain" of the Stonewall Brigade, beloved by all his old comrades. Exerting by his life and example an influence always for good, he was loved, respected, and trusted by every man in the old fighting brigade, from its grim old commander down to the humblest man in the ranks. The "Fighting Chaplain," as the men called him, was modest, brave, lovable, serving the Master as he loyally served the South. Broad in mind, sincere in purpose, noble in character, it was never a question with him whether a soldier who wore the gray was Gentile or Jew; his help was cheerfully given to all, his charity took in all those in need. Careless of his own comfort, he was always solicitous of the welfare of others, both spiritual and physical. If there was a man sick, the chaplain would always be at his cot side, cheering and nursing the patient back to health; if a man fell on the battle line, the fighting chaplain was by his side, easing the pain of the wound; when the battle line was forming it found the chaplain present, ready to take his place, and to go where most needed without the least regard to shot and shell. Then who can wonder that the "fighting parson" had the confidence of Jackson and his men?

There is a story told of the chaplain by the boys of the brigade. At Mine Run, Va., the men of the brigade were busy getting breakfast, when the enemy made a sudden dash on the flanks that almost caused a stampede. Chaplain Hopkins, frying pan in hand, was everywhere rallying the men, getting them into line. In a short while after the line was formed, the enemy was driven off, with loss, and the preparation for breakfast went on. Yet no one ever heard Chaplain Hopkins claim-

(Continued on page 398.)

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENshaw, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The world has never produced a greater man than Gen. Robert Edward Lee, and the death of his grandson, Col. Robert Edward Lee, is a personal loss to the entire South, and the sorrow of his bereaved family is shared by every member of this organization.

Convention.—The call for the convention will reach you before this letter, and you will see by it that the dates mentioned in the September VETERAN, "November 21 to 24" was an error, the correct date being the 15th to 18th. A telegram from the Recording Secretary General has requested me to give as much publicity to this correction as possible.

As the convention to be held in Birmingham draws near, I will ask you to bend every energy to redeem our pledges made at St. Louis.

Women of the South in War Times.—If you will refer to your Minutes, you will see that on page 175 we pledged ourselves to dispose of ten thousand copies of this book during the year. This would be an average of ten volumes for each Chapter. On the strength of this pledge, Mr. Norman offered the following prizes: One to the State selling the greatest number of books, one to that Chapter in the thirteen seceding States selling the greatest number of copies, and one to that Chapter outside of the thirteen States with the largest sale to its credit. In a letter recently received from the publisher, I have learned with regret that unless the next two months bring forth better results, Mr. Norman will not be able to redeem his promise.

Daughters, can we not fulfill our pledge? The prizes are not the goal; the goal is fulfilling our pledge. I hope that every Director will do her utmost to see that each Chapter does its part.

The Confederate Flag.—I wish to report that I have received a response to my letter of inquiry concerning the O. K. Boys of Anson. I have learned that there are three of the O. K. Boys still alive, and in due time the flag will be safely deposited in some worthy place in the South.

Pledges.—Let me remind you of your pledges made in St. Louis. The Cunningham Memorial Scholarship, three thousand dollars (\$3,000). The Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument, five thousand dollars (\$5,000). The Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., amount not settled. The Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va. Send to your State treasurer, as soon as possible, all funds in your Chapter treasury, in order that she may forward to the Treasurer General before she closes her books, thus making it possible for her to report the full contributions of the Divisions for the year.

Reports to the Convention.—By a ruling made at one of the former conventions, all reports of Committees and Division Presidents must be made in triplicate, and must be typewritten. Many chairmen and Division Presidents bring but one copy, thus delaying the printing of the Minutes. Your Re-

cording Secretary General will deeply appreciate this aid in hastening the work of issuing the Minutes.

Sulgrave Institution.—It was my privilege to represent you officially in receiving the delegates who have just arrived from England to present to America the busts of William Pitt, Edmund Burke, and James Bryce. This delegation consisted of former Lord Mayor of London and Lady Wakefield; Sir Arthur Addington Haworth, M.P., President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Trustee of Mansfield College, Chairman Manchester Royal Exchange, Junior Lord of the Treasury, etc., and Lady Haworth; Sir William Letts, M.P., R.D., etc.; Harold Spender, Esq., author and journalist; H. S. Perris, Esq., Director British Sulgrave Institution; the Rt. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and Lady Lemieux, Lieutenant Governor William MacCallum Grant, and Lady Grant, Nova Scotia; the Australian High Commissioner accredited to the United States, and others.

Division Conventions.—I have received cordial invitations to attend the conventions in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Texas, but, unfortunately, all but West Virginia come on the same date as the New York Division Convention, which makes it impossible for me to accept. I am hoping, however, that these conventions will show the result of a great year of accomplishments under the leadership of their able Presidents.

Faithfully yours,

LENORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. W. E. Massey, Third Vice President General, announces that registration of papers of the C. of C. will continue up to within a few days of the general convention, U. D. C., in Birmingham, in November. All certificates ordered now will be sent promptly. State Presidents are requested to see that their Directors send in the names of their Children's Chapters.

The book "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," by Susan Hull, can be had by addressing Mr. Frank Reagan, fifth floor, Bibb Realty Building, Macon, Ga. Price, \$1.15.

DIVISION NOTES.

Arkansas.—Arkansas Daughters sympathize with Mrs. C. M. Roberts in the death of her husband, Dr. Roberts, which occurred on August 4.

George S. Spraggins, of Hope, Ark., has been awarded a Hero Scholarship. He is a student at Washington and Lee University.

The work of registering the members of the Arkansas Division has kept steadily on with satisfactory results. It is the aim to have every member of the Division registered by November 1.

Mrs. W. E. Massey, President of the Arkansas Division, spent the summer in Europe. While in Paris, she was entertained by the Marquise de Courtivron, President of the Paris Chapter, U. D. C.

A historical pageant was given by the Elliott Fletcher Chapter, at Blytheville, Ark., on the night of August 3, in which two hundred and fifty people took part in reproducing the history of Mississippi County, beginning in territorial days. This was based on the "History of Northeast Arkansas," written by Capt. H. M. McVeigh, of Osceola, and the story was dramatized by Miss Agnes Bailey, a niece of Mrs. J. W. Bader, President of the Elliott Fletcher Chapter.

The following gives an outline of this very interesting historical pageant, which reflected much credit upon the Chapter's enterprise and activity:

In 1541 De Soto and his Spaniards, searching for gold, discovered the Mississippi River and landed on the Arkansas side, in that part of the Arkansas territory which is now Mississippi County. The territory was occupied by the Casqui Indians, whose camp was pitched on the bayou, near what is now Blytheville. The adventuring Spaniards visited the camp, inspiring reverence and friendship, and the opening scene of the pageant shows the Indian camp, with De Soto and his followers erecting a cross on the river bank. A war dance and merry-making followed the service.

In 1673 James Marquette and his band of Catholic ministers penetrated to the headwaters of the Mississippi and floated down to Arkansas. Their visit was commemorated in the second scene, followed by the coming of La Salle, and De Tonti, with their French exploring party. In 1682, Charlevoix visited Arkansaw, and noted his passage in his diary. His arrival was shown as part of the early history.

In 1812-1828 the first white settlers made their way to Mississippi County. These were the Kellums and the Carsons, for whom Kellum's Ridge and Carson's Township were named. These men hunted and fished and lived peaceably with the Indians. Among the Indian chiefs of the day was Chicasawba, for whom Chicasawba District was named. Act 1 closed with a village scene of early pioneer days.

The founding of Osceola in 1842 opened the second act. Osceola had a post office in 1840, but so limited was its function that the entire post office was represented by a cracker box to hold the mail. The Osceola Aid Society was the first corporate body of women in the State, and its membership was shown in session. Judge Moore's school in 1884 was the scene of an old-fashioned schoolhouse party.

In Act 3 the War between the States was portrayed in a series of tableaux. The few white-haired veterans of the army of the Southern Confederacy in the country took part and enjoyed the Virginia reel and Southern songs given by a group of young girls. Home life during the war was shown in a pretty group, in which a young girl at her spinning wheel sang "Love's Old Sweet Song," while her gray-haired mother carded cotton and the negro "mammy" bent over an open fire. A military wedding during war time gave an opportunity for very elaborate and beautiful costumes of ante-bellum days.

The fourth act brought the action up to the present, with the work of Mississippi County during the World War. A striking tableau was the reproduction of "The Greatest Mother in the World." The pageant closed with a tableau of the queen of the pageant, Miss Lynn Phillips, and her attendants, with Father Time in the background.

There was music with every scene.

The pageant was said to have been one of the most elaborate events ever given in the county, and it was attended by enthusiastic audiences.

Louisiana.—One of the most delightful entertainments ever given at the Confederates Home of Louisiana was that given on August 4 by Mrs. George Denegre in honor of the birthday of her father, the late Col. Thomas L. Bayne, of the 5th Company of the Washington Artillery. Not only was Colonel Bayne's memory honored at this celebration, but that of his daughter, Mrs. A. S. Vaught, who started the birthday celebration in which the Confederate veterans in the home participated. Appetites that fared on bacon and corn coffee during the War between the States showed their ability to do justice to ham, stuffed crabs, etc., and sweetmeats prepared by the chef of Galatoire's restaurant. Dressed in their best, the old men sat in groups on the luxuriantly planted grounds of the home, ready for the party long before the appointed time.

Over in the infirmary, newly screened and painted, with its rows of white beds, each with a white-capped nurse in charge, only a few of the veterans remained in bed. The others sat on the long gallery, a step or two from the living room, where their feast would be served.

The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the Daughters of the Confederacy were everywhere assisting the hostess, Mrs. Denegre, in her efforts to make the celebration a never-to-be forgotten one.

A pretty feature of the afternoon was the presentation of a large bunch of flowers from the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, by Mrs. Feeney Rice, the Custodian, who placed them under the portrait of Colonel Bayne.

Among the guests were the Board of Directors of the Confederate Home, the officers of Louisiana Division, U. D. C., and the officers of New Orleans Chapter, of which Mrs. Denegre is a member. The chairman of committees of the State Division were also invited guests.

While at dinner, the veterans listened to music by the pupils of Prof. Schuyten's Conservatory of Music, "Dixie," and other favorite airs being enjoyed by those present.

Camp Moore Chapter, located at Tangipahoa, was charmingly entertained on Friday, August 4, at the pretty home of Mrs. E. R. Elliott, midway between Kentwood and Tangipahoa, in honor of her house guests, Mrs. Carrie R. Elliott and Mrs. W. A. Buntin of Mississippi. Honored guests of the Chapter were Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, President of Louisiana Division, and Mrs. Jesse P. Wilkinson, of New Orleans. The members of the Chapter were nearly 100% present, and the success of the Chapter is partly attributed to the fact that the members are scattered in different parts of the State, and the Chapter meetings are held in the homes of the members which are easily reached by automobile. Sometimes a member entertains in Amite, sometimes in Kentwood, Spring Creek, Tangipahoa, and the next meeting will be in Osyka, Miss., at the Jefferson Davis Highway Tea Room, with Mrs. Haley as hostess. The members always look forward to the meetings and often have the Division President, who is a member of the Chapter, present at the meetings.

The meeting was presided over by the State President upon request, and much important business was discussed. Mrs. Kolman gave an interesting talk on the work of the Division, supplemented by a splendid address by Mrs. J. P. Wilkinson.

At the last convention in Louisiana, the Camp Moore Cemetery was an important work that will be taken up this year for its improvement. Steps are being taken to try to have this historic place made a beautiful Highway Park, and to this end Mrs. D. T. Settoon, Chairman, with her committee, Mrs. J. H. Page, Mrs. R. W. Travis, Mrs. George Moore, and Mrs. H. Friedrichs, and Miss Mattie B. McGrath, is working. Camp Moore was the camp of instruction where soldiers were

trained and sent out to fight. Measles broke out in the camp, and more than three hundred soldiers died and were buried here. A beautiful monument was erected through the efforts of the Louisiana Daughters some years ago.

At the close of the business session, the guests were ushered into a beautifully appointed dining room, where a delightful social hour was spent around a table laden with delicious refreshments in keeping with the colors of the Confederacy, red, white and red.

Maryland.—Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, President of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, writes that the Children's Chapter held a sale at the city market to raise money for the Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument. Their stall was decorated in the Confederate colors, and the girls wore white dresses with red ribbons. The booth was donated by Mr. Garver, the market inspector of the town, who helped them make the affair a success. Mr. Clarence Stonebraker has presented this Chapter with a calendar, which is a half century Confederate Memorial gotten out by a bank in Georgia. It is most instructive and will be framed by the Chapter.

Most of our officers and members are summering at the various mountain and Seashore resorts. Some have preferred the "overseas" trip, but all will be returning by October to participate in a bazaar to be held sometime during that month.

South Carolina.—Prizes awarded in South Carolina Division were as follows:

Arthur Tompkins Prize.—Ten dollars cash prize, offered by Hon. A. S. Tompkins to the high school pupil writing the best essay on "Gen. Wade Hampton, the Confederate Chivalrous Knight of the Saddle," was won by Miss Catherine Calvert, Jonesville, S. C.

John C. Calhoun Medal.—Offered by Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton to the student in the graduating class of the University of South Carolina, or the Citadel, or Clemson College, writing the best paper on the subject, "John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's Exponent of State Rights." This work, judged on its historic and literary merit, was won by Edgar T. Thompson, Dillon, S. C. (South Carolina University).

Calvin Crozier Chapter Medal.—Offered by the Calvin Crozier Chapter, U. D. C., to any student in the young woman's colleges of the State, for the best essay on "Matthew Fontaine Maury," was won by Miss Lalla Stephenson, Marion, S. C. (Columbia College).

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historical General*.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

The Wilderness. Petersburg. Appomattox.

The causes which contributed to the overthrow of the Confederacy.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1922.

A Lone Rider of the Revolution—Jack Jouett.

(The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for May contains an article on Jack Jouett and his famous ride.)

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG AND OTHERS.

(In giving the following history of the flags of the Confederacy, Capt. Carter R. Bishop, of Petersburg, Va., writes that he compiled these facts about the Southern colors some years ago, and being anxious to have it altogether correct, the data were submitted to Gen. Marcus J. Wright, then in charge of the Confederate Records at Washington, who stated that his compilation was in accord with the records. Captain Bishop takes the position that the last flag adopted by the Confederate Congress was never in use with the Confederate army, nor was even made up until after the fall of the Confederacy. Is there any comrade who remembers to have seen this flag in use after its adoption March, 1865?)

The Bonnie Blue Flag, a blue field with a white star in the fess point, was the emblem of secession. It fitly blazoned the doctrine of State sovereignty. The flag was displayed and the song was sung to arouse people to a sense of their reserved rights as an ultimate resort. When the State seceded, the function of the flag ceased, and it was no longer seen.

When South Carolina seceded, she hoisted over her custom-house a red flag bearing the single star and a crescent in white, and the next day a vessel cleared from Charleston flying this flag.

On March 4, 1861, the Confederate Congress adopted the first national flag, the "Stars and Bars." It consisted of three horizontal bars of equal width, the intermediate one being white and the others red. In the upper corner of the luff of the flag was a union of blue charged with seven, equal white five-pointed stars arranged in a circle. The union was square and extended down through two of the bars. It was ordered that each new State joining the Confederacy should be represented by an additional star in the union. It was unfurled over the Confederate congress in Montgomery, Ala., as soon as adopted, by a granddaughter of President John Tyler, of Virginia.

In September, 1861, at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., General Beauregard designed the "Battle Flag," which was used till the war closed. It was square, with a red field upon which was a blue saltier, or St. Andrew's Cross, extending from corner to corner, charged with thirteen equal, five-pointed white stars. The cross was outlined with a fillet of white, and the whole flag had a narrow border of the same. This was the only flag known to the great body of the Confederate army, though it was not officially recognized till it became incorporated by Congress in the second national flag.

On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted the design for a new flag, as the similarity between the "Stars and Bars" and the United States flag some times produced confusion. This second national flag was a pure white field with the "Battle Flag" as a union in the upper corner of the luff.

The first flag of this design, as soon as made, was sent by President Davis to enfold the body of Stonewall Jackson, who had just died. On this account it was sometimes called "Jackson's flag." Its other name was "The Stainless Banner." This was the only Confederate flag that circumnavigated the globe and sailed every ocean. It was carried at the peak of the Shenandoah in the most masterly cruise that was ever known, and was hauled down in Liverpool on the morning of November 6, 1865, six months after the war was over.

On March 4, 1865, the Confederate Congress again changed the national flag, by putting a broad red, vertical band on the leech of the design last described. This was done because the "Stainless Banner," when hanging limp might be mistaken for a flag of truce.

As Congress adjourned forever a few days later, this flag was never made until its design was found in the records by a true

(Continued on page 398.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
430 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MEKRY.....*Treasurer General*
Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN TOSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss L. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

It is with great pleasure that I bring you the glad message that your President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, is improving. She and Major Wilson have been at Atlantic City, and it is possible that she will remain there through October.

You know the old saying? "While the cat's away, the mice will play!" Figuratively, I am the nice, or mouse, and while our dear President General is away, I am going to tell you a few of the wonderful things she has accomplished in organization, work, and leadership. There are so many things that I will pass over, just giving an outline of what she did for the "Uncle Remus Memorial Association," which, through her personal effort and enthusiasm, has preserved for future generations "The Wren's Nest," home of Joel Chandler Harris, the great folklore writer.

When Mrs. Wilson undertook to raise the purchase price of \$25,000, she had \$108 left from the memorial fund of several thousand dollars raised by a group of men at a mass meeting called to provide a suitable memorial for the South's interpreter of the ante-bellum negro with his weird and romantic imagination. A small band of her loyal friends stood by Mrs. Wilson, and in many ways the fund grew. It was on the return of President Theodore Roosevelt from his African tour that this intrepid woman asked him to give a lecture in Atlanta for the Uncle Remus Association. She also asked Andrew Carnegie for a subscription, and he replied that he would cover the sum made on Roosevelt's lecture with a check for the same amount. This he did, and with his check and that for the Roosevelt lecture, the fund was \$10,000 to the good.

Mrs. Wilson then negotiated for "The Wren's Nest," and the Harris family donated \$5,000 when the purchase was made. There is a four-acre lot in the rear of "The Wren's Nest," called by Mr. Harris "Snapbean Farm," and Mrs. Wilson and her Association are almost ready to pay the purchase price of that and add it to "The Wren's Nest."

Now, what seems a most interesting and fitting thing to my mind is that the Margaret A. Wilson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, the largest C. of C. Chapter in existence, with nearly two hundred members, is laying up money with which to build a C. of C. Chapter House on "Snapbean Farm."

Under Mrs. Wilson's management, The Wren's Nest has prospered. It has been the scene of many notable social affairs, and there the visitors find a remarkable autograph collection of books and pictures, and a register that contains many illustrious names from all parts of the universe, for nearly every country is represented in the visitor's list.

The two outstanding features of the social life of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association are the annual banquet and the May Festival.

Mrs. Wilson has named Mrs. James A. Armstrong, of Oklahoma, General Chairman of the Textbook Committee. Mrs. Armstrong is the wife of Judge J. A. Armstrong, of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, and is a woman of unusual ability. Her work is to cooperate with the C. S. M. A. in its effort to put only the truths of history before the children, whose textbooks have not heretofore given the true history of the South and its people. This is a work too important to be neglected, and it is a wise appointment that Mrs. Wilson has made, for Mrs. Armstrong is both enthusiastic and qualified for the position.

It is with much pleasure that we are looking forward to the publication of Volume II of "Representative Women of the South," by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier. From all over the South, and we might say America, letters are coming to Mrs. Collier congratulating her on her great work. Dr. Lucien Lamar Knight said of the author in his introduction to Volume I that "her task was colossal," and that "only one akin in spirit to those could hazard such an undertaking. But," he said "Mrs. Collier is of the South. Its gentlest aristocracy is in her veins; and she brings to her sacred task a heart full of tenderness, filled with all its memories, and dowered by all its muses." It was said of Queen Elizabeth that the secret of her power was that the impulses she had were impulses common to the English people. Her purposes were their purposes. So we know Mrs. Collier loved the South. No one can come in touch with her and not feel this loyal love. She knows her people and believes that in no other country are the women like the Southern women. This was the inspiration of her work.

Her work has touched all the States of our nation. In a recent issue of the *Atlanta Journal*, a page of famous women, each from a different State, made a most interesting review of Volume II of "Representative Women of the South."

I quote from some of the South's leading men and women who have praised Mrs. Collier's work:

Miss Mary Hilliard, of Raleigh, N. C., Registrar of the "Order of the Crown," said: "What a glorious work Mrs. Collier is doing for the womanhood of the South."

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General U. D. C. expresses herself as being "delighted with the work Mrs. Collier is doing."

Mrs. Egbert Jones, President of the Colonial Dames of Mississippi, Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, former President General U. D. C., Judge W. D. Ellis, of Atlanta, Ga., Dr. E. C. Cox, of Cox College, College Park Ga., Mrs. John A. Per-

due, former Regent of Joseph Habersham Chapter D. A. R. and President of Atlanta Chapter U. D. C., Mrs. B. B. Rose, of Alabama, Mrs. Z. I. Fitzpatrick, former State President of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, and others of prominence have paid Mrs. I. Collier the highest tribute in the work of compiling her wonderful historical records of distinguished women who have added a luster to Southern history. These are but a few of the testimonials given her books, which fifty years from now could not possibly be written.

It seems urgent that the Memorial women do as much as they possibly can to help with the completion of the Jefferson Davis monument. The funds are running short, and there may be a stoppage of the work for the present if more money is not raised for the fund. Of course there had been an unprecedented demand on the time, energy, and purse of the people, but every little helps, and it is hoped that the money will be forthcoming so that this, one of the most notable monuments in the South, can be completed without delay.

AN INCIDENT OF MASONIC POWER.

[Written by the late Mrs. W. P. McGuire, of Winchester, Va., and read before a State Convention, U. D. C.]

As my father was Attorney General of Virginia during the War between the States, our home was in Richmond, and we stayed there until the last six months of the war, seeing what could never be forgotten by children—the excitement of moving armies, the anguish of mothers giving up their sons to a cause which they all felt and knew was just, the constant fear that the Yankees were coming, the breaking up of our day schools when the alarm of fire bells came (which meant that the city was in danger), the privations from hunger, Yankee prisoners being marched through the streets, the going and coming of our own armies, which were fed and followed through the streets by the women and men who had to stay there—scenes never to pass from memory. Six months before the end, my father thought it advisable for my mother and the six children to leave Richmond, so we were sent to Albemarle County for safety (as we thought), and boarded in the family of a widow, Mrs. Meriweather Anderson, just above Ivy Depot. We had hardly reached the place when her eldest son was killed in battle and his body was brought home for burial.

We had never seen a live Yankee up to that time, except the prisoners brought to Richmond, and the fear of them was something terrible, so one can well imagine our consternation when, in the following March, 1865, the youngest son of Mrs. Anderson, then a boy of sixteen, came running in late one afternoon and announced that he had been told at the station that the Yankees were coming and that they were then at Greenwood Station, twelve miles off. They proved to be Sheridan's raiders, who were pushing on to Richmond, so this young boy and the negro men began at once to move all the horses and cattle on the place farther off the main road into some woods, as the enemy was expected at Ivy by daylight. My old mammy, who followed us wherever we refuged, was more frightened than any of us, as she verily believed the whole object of the Yankee army was to capture St. George (my brother Harry), who was then a boy of twelve years. By eight o'clock at night only the two lone women and a lot of young people were left on the place with the servant women in the quarters. Our valuables in the way of silver were hidden, and a few bottles of whisky were tucked away in the mattresses. These were almost the first things hunted for by the Yankees when they came, but were not

found. We all sat up, waiting breathlessly, until morning, no enemy appearing until later in the day, when they came in full force, a lot of miserable, drunken soldiers, who surrounded and filled the house, uttering oaths, brandishing swords, and pointing their pistols at the heads of the "damned women," as they called them, and ordering them to give up everything in the way of provisions. The smokehouse was ransacked and emptied, and the meat was strewn in the road afterwards. I remember, what was a great distress to us children, seeing a can of sorghum molasses of fifteen or twenty gallons being emptied in the yard. Our terror was beyond description, not knowing what would happen next. When we thought probably the house might be burned, Mrs. Anderson turned to my mother and said: "My father and husband were both Masons, and I have taken a woman's degree, and I have a Mason's apron. I am going to get it and see what can be done with it." She took it from the bureau drawer and ran with it to a porch. The house was surrounded by cavalymen, who were guarding it while the others were ransacking the inside. She stood up on a bench, holding this little apron in her hand, and cried: "Is there no one here who can protect the widow of a Mason?" Instantly a soldier dismounted, grabbed the apron, examined it, then went inside and ordered every soldier out. The house and place were cleared of them, and for the three days that the army was there, although encamped in the field near the house, not a soldier came inside the yard gate.

It was the most thrilling scene that I ever witnessed, and one that we always felt should be told to show the power of Free Masonry. I have often wondered who that soldier was, and if the scene could have been as impressive to him as it was to us.

Just after this raid we moved to the University of Virginia, thinking it safer to be in a town than in the country. We had hardly gotten there when the news came that Richmond had fallen; a little later that General Lee had surrendered; and the whole South was weeping, not because we had been overpowered, but because of the terrible disappointment that had come to our brave generals and soldiers, the anguish that had been wrought in the loss of so many noble young men, and the utter desolation and ruin left to so many homes.

EDMUND—A SERVANT.

(Tribute by Mrs. John D. Weeden, Florence, Ala., to the faithful body servant of ex-Gov. Robert M. Patton.)

The kindest relation that ever existed between the two races in the South was the ante-bellum relation of master and slave, a relation of confidence and responsibility on the part of the master, and of dependence and fidelity on the part of the slave. This was exemplified in the relation of my father and his faithful body servant, Edmund Patton.

My father brought my mother to Florence, Ala., a bride in 1832. His home was ready for her. Shortly afterwards this little ten-year-old negro boy was offered for sale, and my father purchased him. He was trained to be house boy, carriage driver, and useful in many ways, and was trusted implicitly.

Huntsville had the only bank in North Alabama, seventy-five miles from Florence. My father had promised that one thousand dollars should be paid in there on a certain day. The only mode of travel was by private conveyance. One evening he called Edmund, then about grown, and explained that he must take this thousand dollars to Huntsville by ten o'clock on a certain day and deliver it to the president of the bank. Early the next morning this money was belted around Edmund's waist. My mother laughingly said: "Edmund, that

much money would set you free." Before ten o'clock on the day appointed, the money was deposited in the Huntsville bank. This confidence continued through life, and he proved faithful for sixty years.

My father was in public life thirty years before the Confederate war. In 1832 he was sent to the Legislature in Tuscaloosa, but was in the Senate most of those years. Edmund always went with him to Montgomery, and he spent much time at the Capitol. It was amusing to hear him tell of the bills discussed and the members. This continued when my father was made governor just after the war. His greatest test of devotion was during the war. My father was appointed Confederate Commissioner and had to travel to collect funds to feed and clothe the army, and Edmund accompanied him. When the factories were burned by the Federals, it was not safe to stay at home, so my father would cross the Tennessee River, and Edmund was the messenger between him and home. The Federals called him a spy, and several times searched the house for him, threatening to hang him. He had some very narrow escapes.

After the war, my father gave Edmund a nice house and twenty-five acres of land, where he spent his declining years. He nursed my father faithfully during his last months of illness, and grieved when he died.

Edmund did not long survive his master. He was ill for several weeks, and my sister and I did all we could for his comfort. One morning he said to us: "I was so sick last night, I thought I would not live 'till morning, and I called over all the names of the children I love. I have always tried to do right. Marster taught me what was right. I have always felt he was close to me ever since he went away."

Just before he breathed his last, he roused himself and said to his nephew, whom he had reared: "Dick, I will soon be gone, you must remember what I have taught you and live up to it. Go over and tell 'Mistis' I am sorry not to see her before I go away, and tell her good-by for me." He was ready for the summons. His master's portrait hung over his bed; looking on that at the last, his spirit took its flight, and dear good Edmund was reunited to his master he loved. At his funeral every member of our family stood around his casket and joined in singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and we followed his body to the grave.

Edmund belonged to a type that is fast becoming extinct—the high-toned, honest Southern negro. He left a record of which any man would be proud—true to himself, true to his fellow man, and true to his God.

ANNUAL MEETING OF OLD COMRADES.

Capt. R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., writes of the annual meeting of comrades of his old company, of which he says:

"Of the one hundred and sixty men enrolled in Company E, 12th Louisiana Infantry, there are now but ten or twelve left. This company served in Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Georgia, and North Carolina with Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and John B. Hood; was at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and was paroled at Greshboro, N. C., with about twenty-five or thirty men. Of ten commissioned officers, only I am left. I was its captain at the surrender. In October, 1912, the company began holding a reunion, meeting first with Comrade T. J. Autrey, who conceived the idea. Then we had about eight comrades in a circumference of ten miles, and with one of them we met each year and enjoyed a good dinner. The second meeting was with A. E. Fuller, the third was at my home, the fourth with H. C. Johnson, fifth with C. M. Fuller; then we were with J. B. Lynch, a Missouri comrade, who, two

years ago, went to his reward; three others who were with us in 1912 have also passed over the river. All within reach have had the meeting twice except C. M. Fuller, with whom we will meet next October. Last year we were with H. C. Johnson, whose wife made a fine hostess and gave us a dinner that we will not soon forget. We are looking forward to this year's meeting with high anticipations, but it is sad to think that some of us may be gone."

ANNUAL REUNION GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIA VETERANS.

The thirty-fifth annual reunion of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans was held at Winchester, August 29-31, and the meeting was characterized by that enthusiastic spirit for which our Confederate veterans are noted. Something under three hundred veterans were registered, most of them now in their eighties. Of the most active and enthusiastic was comrade O. C. Snyder, nearly ninety-three years old, who was a private of Company C, 11th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade. His military bearing was still as noticeable as that of young Col. Bryan Conrad, son of the late Maj. Holmes Conrad, who is a veteran of the World War and gave greeting to the veterans in gray on behalf of the American Legion.

The most important business feature of this annual gathering was the consideration given to the proposed Manassas Battle Field Park, which Virginians and Southern people generally want to have as distinctly our own rather than as a National Park like Gettysburg; and this matter was placed in the hands of a committee for final disposal.

The election of Capt. Robert Mason Colvin, of Harrisonburg, as Commander of the Grand Camp gave universal satisfaction. He is one of the best known Confederate veterans of the State and among the most active in keeping alive an interest in Confederate principles. For many years he has been Commander of the S. B. Gibbons Camp of veterans of Harrisonburg, and is known and loved for that chivalrous spirit of the old South. He was born in Campbell County, Va., and was a lad of about sixteen when, on March 16, 1862, he enlisted in Company E, 11th Virginia Infantry. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Garland, and was attached to Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division. Captain Colvin served throughout the war, except the ten months in prison at Point Lookout, and several of his brothers were also in the service. After the war he engaged in railroading, going with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Grafton, W. Va., on April 1, 1868, from which he was retired in May, 1910.

SEES DIXIE IN A NEW LIGHT.

(Continued from page 364.)

ing here for a year and a half, I have felt urged to hope that our already too bitterly sectionalized groups may be more wholesomely united by stronger bonds of mutual understanding, Christian forbearance, and forgiveness.

"I can no longer believe that the folk of antebellum Dixie were the cruel, harsh lot I once thought them. They lived in a region the conditions (climate, soil, industry) of which led them to see so quick way of changing the labor system which had been in vogue since before our Constitution was adopted.

"I am glad to see geographical, industrial, personal, and social factors given more place in the history textbooks now being written. In this way young Americans will gradually gain a more truly scientific and wholesome appreciation of

the at present misunderstood Southerners and their ancestors, as well as of folk even less understood and appreciated.

"I have tried to force myself to be moderate, but the impatience of my distant kinsman, Theodore Parker, is strong in me, and I long to help hasten the day when a more thoroughly informed race will possess a mutually respectful, brotherly, dignified, more truly sportsmanlike spirit.

"Sincerely your comrade for a better republic."

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG AND OTHERS.

(Continued from page 394.)

and loving people as they watched for the first violet springing from the green sod on the grave of their dead hopes. It never knew conflict nor bloodshed, victory nor defeat. It is the emblem of a hallowed memory, the sovereignty of a nation that existed only in the land where we were dreaming, of a cause strong with the strength of right and immortal with the immortality of truth; sustained by a devotion in which Roman valor and Spartan zeal were marked by the highest knightly courtesy, and lost by a law of nature as inexorable as that by which a handful of gems must lose when weighed against a fraction of their value in cast iron. It came to us in our blight and desolation, when innate pride had set a new limit for uncomplaining human endurance, and inspired us with memories of days that were no more. It is the seal of an ideal set on the scroll of time that all will admire, few will imitate, and none will equal. It is wreathed both with laurel and with myrtle, doubly sacred and is without stain. It is as redolent of the fragrance of glory and the grandeur of gloom as the fragments of the alabaster box of precious ointment which the Master said the woman had kept for his burial.

A FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

(Continued from page 391.)

ing the least praise for his efforts in that affair. He would blush like a girl whenever one of the boys told the story, and turn the talk into another channel as soon as he could.

When the war was over, he returned to his work of the Master he loved and served, and he was loved by rich and poor for the work he did in the Master's name. He was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Charlestown, W. Va., for forty years, and died there in December, 1911. He was born in Powhatan County, Va.

FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS.

BY S. M. RAY, HENNING, TENN.

I joined the Confederate army in the latter part of 1863, becoming a member of Buchanan's Company of the 15th Tennessee Cavalry, of which Stewart was colonel and Logwood the lieutenant colonel, Neely's Brigade.

At Holly Springs, Miss., in the summer of 1864, the Federals had assembled a large army, some 18,000 infantry and 7,000 cavalry, with artillery, all well-armed and well-equipped in every respect, and with several very eminent Federal generals in command, such as Smith, Mower, Washburn, and Grierson. Holly Springs being their base, this force moved south, and General Chalmers skirmished with them, thus keeping them from scattering all over the country.

General Forrest, with Bell's and Neely's Brigades and Mor-

ton's battery, met the Federals out north of Oxford with not more than 4,000 men and one battery of artillery. Hurricane Creek is a large creek some eight or ten miles from Oxford, running east and west, and the large range of hills on the north and south sides of this creek was a very favorable place for artillery play between the armies. The Confederates occupied the old cemetery on the south side of the creek, and in this position we skirmished with the enemy for several days, having a regular artillery duel on one or more occasions. Finally, the Federals, by their overwhelming numbers, turned our left flank, thereby necessitating our vacating the hills and falling back to Oxford.

On August 18, or thereabouts, Forrest selected about 2,000 of his best men, and, in person, started on this raid into Memphis with Morton's battery, but without any wagon train and only two days' rations. We left Oxford in a drizzling rain traveling west in the direction of Panola, on the Tallahatchie River. There had been a pontoon bridge across the river at this place, but we had to abandon two pieces of artillery, as the roads were so bad. We started in the direction of Hernando, traveling day and night, building bridges at Hickala and Coldwater, both streams being very much swollen. The bridges were quickly built and delayed us but a short while, and about sundown of August 20 we were within twenty miles of Memphis, and then traveled all night.

The Federal outposts were only a short distance from their camps, and these we captured. Some one fired a gun and thus gave the alarm. The Federals ran off from a battery of six guns without even firing a shot; a portion of the troops dashed into their camps, while another part went into the city, the latter going in by way of the old Female College up to Main Street, where they divided. Some of them went to the Gayoso Hotel, where the Federal officers were located, the idea being to capture the Federal generals—Washburn, Hulbert, and Buckland—but they had been warned and escaped to the fort. However, we captured General Washburn's clothes and about six hundred prisoners. We stayed in the city three or four hours and finally fell back to the old academy and fought the Federals for quite a while, giving time to get the prisoners away. We then crossed Nonconah Creek, and sent a flag of truce to General Washburn, asking for food to feed the prisoners, as we had nothing to give them. We also returned General Washburn's clothes. Not a great while thereafter, General Washburn had Forrest's old tailor to make Forrest a nice Confederate suit.

The effect of this raid was to make General Smith fall back to Holly Springs, and Forrest and his men were permitted to return to Panola. After resting and recruiting the horses for some time, we then marched into northern Alabama.

GIBSON'S BRIGADE AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.—Referring to the article by Posey Hamilton in the *VETERAN* for September on the battle of New Hope Church, in which he mentioned the bravery of two brigades there, one of them being Granbury's Texas Brigade, the other unknown, Mrs. Mary D. Ruiz, of Fincastle, Va., writes that, in a letter received from her husband shortly after that battle, he mentions that Gibson's Brigade, of Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps, took part in the battle. He was a lieutenant of Company A, 30th Louisiana Regiment, which was a part of Gibson's Brigade, and he fought in that battle of July 28, 1864, subsequently captured on August 5, 1864, and sent to Johnson's Island, from which prison he was released in June 21, 1865.

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LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE.

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author at above address.

THEY HAD MET.—Church was over. The congregation filed slowly out, and gathered in little chattering groups in the churchyard. Presently the vicar came up and joined the select little party. He introduced an old sea captain to the leading light of the village, a wealthy Mr. Burke. "You must have seen each other in church to-day," said the beaming vicar.

"Sure," said the old captain. "E was sleepin' in the next bunk to me."

Alfred H. Henderson, 108 Mason St., Cincinnati, O., writes that he wishes to get a record of his father's service in the Confederate service. His father, Howard A. M. Henderson, he thinks, was colonel of the 28th Alabama Regiment, and during the last year of the war was commissioner for exchange of prisoners, with headquarters at Cahaba, Ala.

Mrs. E. L. Sikes, of Wise, Va., wishes to get the war record of the Sikes brothers from Bladen and Robeson Counties N. C. One of these, her husband's paternal grandfather, died in prison at Elmira, N. Y., and his mother's father, named Cogdell, was killed at Fort Fisher.

AN EARLY RISER.

Uncle Ezra Waters was a master hand to rise,

Birds 'ud still be sleeping when he'd open up his eyes;

Had th' stock all fed before the slightest streak o' dawn;

Long before the sun was up he'd et his meal an' gone;

He'd come home for dinner while most folks was snoozin' on.

"Nuthin' gained by sleepin'," Uncle Ezzy used t' say;

'N hour 'fore the sunrise's wuth the rest of any day."

So he kept' a risin' leetle sooner right along,

Going out to labor with his lantern burning strong;

Comin' back to dinner 'fore the lark began his song.

Gettin' old and childish, Uncle Ezra, by and by,

Couldn't stand to stay in bed and let the moments fly;

Used to clamber for his clothes 'long at one or two;

Hustle out and milk the cows; rush the chorin' through;

Then he'd wait for sunup an' he'd stew an' stew an' stew.

Uncle Ezzy's gone away to a better clime;

He don't wait for sunup now; it stays up all the time.

He was only sixty-five—killed himself, they said;

Pined away for lack of sleep—crazy in his head.

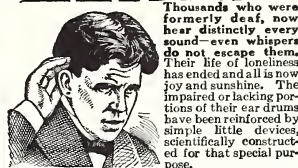
Ezra got to gittin' up before he went to bed. —Exchange.

A. H. Buie, of Stamford, Tex., in one of our afflicted veterans, having had a stroke of paralysis, so he cannot get about much now. He spends most of his time in a chair and reads for entertainment. He was a boysoldier of Company I, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, and would like to hear from surviving comrades.

Mrs. Julia Holmes, of Aubrey, Tex., is anxious to locate some one who knew her husband, E. B. Holmes, as a soldier in the Trans-Mississippi Department, Parsons's Cavalry, as she needs to secure a pension. Address A. Wayne Robertson, Frisco, Tex.

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SAYINGS OF THE GREAT.

Adam: "It was a great life if you didn't weaken."

Plutarch: "I am sorry that I have no more lives to give to my country."

Samson: "I'm strong for you, kid."

Jonah: "You can't keep a good man down."

Cleopatra: "You're an easy Mark Anthony."

David: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Helen of Troy: "So this is Paris."

Columbus: "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."

Salome (tiring of the dance): "Let's have done with the wiggle and wobble."

Nero: "Keep the home fires burning."

Solomon: "I love the ladies."

Noah: "It floats."

Methuselah: "The first hundred years are the hardest."

Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh: "Keep your shirt on."—*Tampico Legionnaire*.

H. H. Christian, of Sanger, Tex., who served in Company G, from Tuskegee, Ala., in the 54th Alabama Regiment, would like to locate any surviving members of the company.

ANSWER "PRESENT" WHEN
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American Red Cross

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Armistice Day (Nov. 11)

TO

Thanksgiving Day (Nov. 30)



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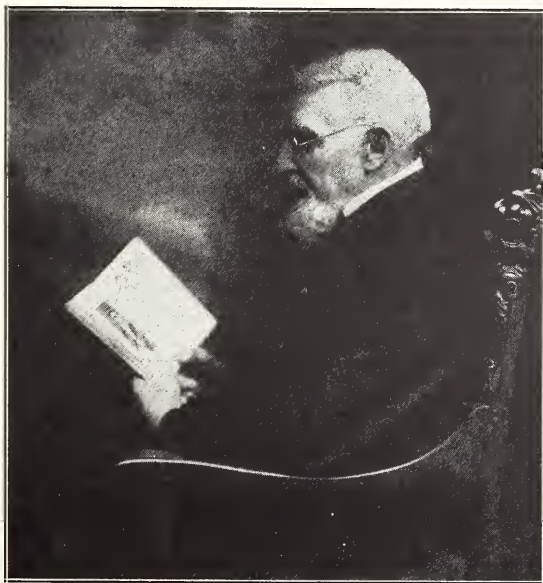
In carrying out the vast peace-time obligations of your Red Cross, which steadily met the stupendous tests of the World War. The work for the ex-service men and their families and the men of the Army and Navy and their families; the calls for emergency service in flood, fire, famine, and pestilence; in fighting the battle for better health conditions in all sections of the United States, both deserve your support and encouragement. So answer "Present" at the annual Roll Call and gladly pay your dollar membership fee to your Red Cross.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

NOVEMBER, 1922

NO. 11



REV. JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D.
June 9, 1838; September 28, 1922

ECHOES FROM DIXIE.

The best of songs, dear to Southern hearts, are represented in the collection called "Echoes from Dixie," compiled by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Virginia (now Mrs. Hampden Osborne), and later revised and added to by Matthew Page Andrews. Here are the sweet old songs our mothers loved to sing, the songs the soldiers sang in the sixties. songs of sentiment, of patriotism, and the fine old hymns that comforted and sustained in darkest hours. Both words and music are given. Only in this collection can be found that song made famous by Jeb Stuart, "Jine the Cavalry."

The price of the collection is one dollar, postpaid, but two dollars will give a year's subscription to the VETERAN and this splendid collection of songs. Every home should have it, and every Camp of Veterans and Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy will find it a valuable asset to their meetings. Get a copy now when renewing subscription.

CAMPAIGN FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Some very encouraging responses have come in the VETERANS' campaign for new subscribers, several workers having sent in more than one report. The campaign will be continued to the close of this year. Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy are taking part in this effort to build up the VETERAN's patronage, and write of their interest in the publication. Some of the veterans, not able to make any physical exertion, are trying to enlist the younger men. Comrade W. B. Beeson, of Arcadia, La., writes in cooperative spirit that though his age (now over ninety-three years) prevents his taking an active part in the campaign, he will try to enlist the young members of the Camp to take it up actively. He also says: "At the September meeting of Arcadia Camp U. C. V. we took into our organization the Sons of Veterans, and elected one of them as assistant adjutant. He is a fine business man as well as an enthusiastic S. C. V., and can do more than I to increase the circulation."

This spirit of coöperation everywhere will give the VETERAN renewed strength to carry on its work, and all friends who can add even one name to the list are asked to do that much. Send for sample copies to distribute.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Phillips.

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Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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THE OLD SONGS.

I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fall me,
And foolish tears would flow;
For by-gone hours come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain;
I cannot sing the old songs
Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep;
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep;
And though all forgotten still,
And sadly sweet they be,
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again
Of golden dreams departed
And years of weary pain.
Perhaps when earthly fetters
Shall have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity.

Columbus Day, also called Discovery Day, is now recognized as a legal holiday in thirty-three states, and it is appropriately observed by school exercises, patriotic programs, etc. The day was set aside as a legal holiday by proclamation of President Benjamin Harrison in 1892.

TO ALL CAMPS, U. C. V.

Truth of War
Conspiracy, 1861

By COL. H. W. JOHNSTONE

☞ This book should be in the home of every Confederate veteran.

☞ At the Richmond Confederate convention last June the committee on history recommended this book for general reading for its historical facts.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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No. 11.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

REV. JAMES H. MCNEILLY, D.D.

On September 28, at his home in Nashville, Tenn., the great spirit of Dr. James H. McNeilly, Christian soldier and patriot, passed into eternity after a life of eighty-four years made beautiful by service to his fellow men.

To the VETERAN the loss of this good friend brings greatest sorrow. Ever a devoted friend and interested contributor to its columns, especially since the death of its founder and editor has his interest been keenly active, and his pen never wearied in the effort to spread the truth of Southern history in the sixties. Besides his reminiscences of personal service in the Confederate army, he wrote much in defense of President Davis, on Secession, Slavery, and other things for which the South has been so willfully maligned. For nearly a year he had been confined to his bed, but he was mentally active almost to the last, and continued his contributions by dictating to the devoted daughter who was his constant attendant. That his contributions were appreciated by the patrons of the VETERAN was shown by the many letters that came to him from all over this country and the messages to the VETERAN commending his articles and asking that they be continued.

When the war came on in 1861, Dr. McNeilly was a student at the Theological Seminary at Danville, Ky., and after his graduation in May, he returned home and assisted in raising troops for the Confederate army. In January, 1862, he was commissioned to fill a Church pastorate in Louisiana, but in September he returned to the army, then at Vicksburg, enlisted in Company D, 49th Tennessee Infantry, and was detailed as chaplain. He was with his regiment in this capacity at Port Hudson and until May, 1863, when he was in Johnston's campaign around Vicksburg. Stricken with blindness during this exhaustive summer campaign, he was for three months in a hospital at Lauderdale Springs, Miss., but in the spring of 1864 he went with his regiment to Georgia, and, as chaplain of Quarles's Brigade, took part in the campaigns until after the battle of Nashville, serving with the rear guard on the retreat out of Tennessee. Again being disabled by blindness, he was sent to Mobile for treatment and was later appointed as post chaplain at Tuscaloosa, where he was paroled on May 20, 1865. His service as chaplain brought

him into close contact with his "boys," as he affectionately designated the men of his brigade, for he shared their hardships of camp and march, eating of their coarse fare, and sleeping with them on the hard ground, and they loved him as a father. It was his custom to go with them into the battle charges and to minister to them as they fell, and his fearless devotion to duty was commended in high sources. "I cannot refrain," said General Quarles, in his report on the battle of Ezra Church, July 28, 1864, "from mentioning the conduct of the Rev. J. H. McNeilly, chaplain of the 49th Tennessee. At all times a consistent and faithful follower of the Master, on this occasion he exhibited the qualities of the Christian soldier. Following the blood-stained path of his regiment, he was everywhere to be seen ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of the wounded and dying." He was in the thick of the fighting at Franklin, and there lost a beloved brother.

James Hugh McNeilly was the son of Robert and Margaret Larkin McNeilly, both parents coming of sturdy Scotch ancestry, pioneers of North Carolina. He was born in Dickson County, Tenn., and his early education was at Tracey Academy at Charlotte, in that county. He was afterwards under a private tutor for literature and the classics, later graduating as Master of Arts from the Masonic, or Jackson, College at Columbia. His father was a lawyer and farmer, and he was reading law in his father's office when he decided to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church and he went to the Theological Seminary at Danville, Ky., for that training. While there he met Miss Mary Russell Weatherford, of Danville, to whom he was married shortly after the war, and their many years together were filled with happiness and content. The greatest sorrow came to him in the death of his loved companion in 1914, but his last days were made happy in the devotion and loving ministrations of his sons and daughters.

After the war Dr. McNeilly resumed his ministerial work, and in 1866 he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, which the Federal authorities were about to confiscate. In order to thwart this design, he agreed to serve as temporary pastor. An amusing account of this complication was given in one of his articles for the VETERAN. Afterwards he served other Churches throughout

the State, then was again connected with the Churches in Nashville until 1877, when he was called to Houston, Tex., where he remained until 1879. Coming back to Nashville, he served different Churches of the city and founded many new ones. Doubtless his greatest work was in establishing new Churches, many of those in Nashville having originated under his efforts. In his last years he served as pastor emeritus to all the Churches of Nashville and Davidson County, only giving up when illness came on him in November, 1921. His life was consecrated to this work, and he was known as one of the leading ministers of his Church. In this he sought not fame or glory; simply to do the Master's bidding and to lead his people in the paths of righteousness was the dominant thought of his life, and he lived up to it. In the eventide of life the message came, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and he passed into the joys of his Lord.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF S. C. V.

The sensation is most peculiar, almost paralyzing, when one who has for years fought the Lincoln propaganda and sought to bring out the truth as regards Abraham Lincoln suddenly finds himself accused of favoritism toward that personage or inferentially charged with pushing along the chariot of the Lincoln propaganda!

This sensation is mine, for Col H. W. Johnstone, the recommendation of whose booklet, charging Abraham Lincoln with personal responsibility for bringing on the War between the States, stood the Richmond Reunion on its head, makes this charge directly and inferentially in his attack in the October number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN on my article which appeared in the August issue discussing this matter.

The total misapprehension of the spirit of my article, which was the official utterance of the history department of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, of which department I am at present the chief, as well as the wrong interpretation placed upon the plain English of the piece is most astonishing. I will not attempt an argument or discussion with anyone who would attempt, after reading this article of mine in the August VETERAN, to assign me a place in the line of Lincoln propagandists, but, in justice to my department of the S. C. V., some few remarks are necessary.

The matter Colonel Johnstone assembles in his booklet, quotations from the records mostly, is true. From these truths to draw an indictment making Lincoln personally responsible for the war is, my article stated, a "strong statement," and a strong statement I still so consider it. To make this assertion bans me in the eyes of Colonel Johnstone, who likewise twists my fourth and fifth paragraphs, which make an assertion strong by offering an impossible alternative, into "relieving" Lincoln of responsibility and placing it on his cabinet. So many factors entered into the bringing on of war between the North and South that, though we may admit Lincoln's acts as to the Confederate Commissioners and the reinforcement of forts touched off the outburst, and likewise may admit his willingness to have war, it still remains a "strong statement" to grant him the power to throw the sections of a great nation at each other's throats, disregarding the tendency toward war brought about by numbers of circumstances and numbers of conditions.

When the Rutherford Committee report was unanimously adopted by the Richmond Convention, recommending Colonel Johnstone's booklet, there was immediately almost universal disapproval expressed by the press the country over.

The tide was so strong that no one could fail to see how counter to the facts of the case set out by Colonel Johnstone ran the current of public thought. It seemed that the "facts" themselves as well as the "charge" would be swept away.

Immediately the history department of the S. C. V. began to receive inquiries as to the truth of these matters, and from some sources came the inquiry as to why the Sons did not make public their stand on these issues or assertions.

Hence, it was determined best to set forth our position in an official utterance which would support the facts of the Johnstone booklet and indorse the charge as far as indorsement could go from these facts.

The "facts" of an indictment stand; the charge drawn from these facts may vary with the individual. This is my answer to the stress Colonel Johnston lays upon this point.

Thus, in the midst of practically universal disapproval, either of the Johnstone booklet or of the introduction of the report indorsing the booklet, I ventured to swim across the current and take a defensive stand by Colonel Johnstone's side. How any other possible interpretation of the article I wrote can be made passes comprehension. The whole purport and idea of my article in itself and the offering of the article to the public was that of indorsement as far as indorsement could go, and moral and active support at a time I thought support would be appreciated. Our encouragement lies in the fact that in the attitude he assumes against our position Colonel Johnstone stands absolutely alone. The publication of the Sons' article, written by me, brought quick appreciation expressed in letters to me from every one of those most intimately connected and concerned in the Rutherford Committee report and its introduction. The only discordant note is Colonel Johnstone's article.

COL. FRANK MASON BURROWS,

Who made the interesting compilation as to the number of Confederate veterans now living which was published in the October VETERAN, died in Washington City on October 9. He was a member of the staff of Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans and had been for years in government service at Washington.

Colonel Burrows was the son of Jesse Lee and Catherine Mason Burrows, born in Culpeper, Va., March 28, 1840. He served in Pickett's Brigade during the War between the States. He was a Vice President of the Southern Society of Washington, and also connected with the Sons of the American Revolution of that city. His funeral was conducted from the Confederate Memorial Home by his Confederate comrades of Washington.

LIGHT HORSE HARRY LEE.—The VETERAN stands corrected in the identity of Light Horse Harry Lee, who was Gen. Henry Lee and not Gen. William Henry Lee. This mistake was one of careless writing which comes home to the VETERAN's editor as well as some contributors. Thanks are extended to Dr. Henry E. Shepherd for calling attention to the blunder.

REUNION DATE.—Announcement has been made that the Reunion in New Orleans, La., will be held April 15-18, 1923.

CREDIT DUE.—By an oversight, the VETERAN failed to mention that the picture of Captain Shipp and his wife, appearing in the October number, was used by courtesy of *The Lookout*, Chattanooga.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., when completed, will be one of the most striking memorials ever erected to commemorate Confederate ideals. It is to be 351 feet in height, the second highest monument in the world, and it is modeled on the great obelisk in Washington City which was the nation's tribute "to him who made his country great." The Washington monument is five hundred and fifty-five feet high, and it required a government to build it. It honors the first President of the United States, and

this at Fairview will honor the first and only President of the Southern Confederacy, and it will be the tribute of the people who loved him for his service and sacrifice. The accompanying illustration shows the monument at the height of two hundred and sixteen feet when work on it was suspended last June. It will require some \$30,000 additional to complete it according to the original plans, and nothing short of that should be contemplated. It will be a tribute to the people who built it as well as to him to whom it is dedicated, for a great undertaking will have been carried through as never before. The Bunker Hill monument, for many years the

greatest structure of the kind, is only two hundred and twenty-one feet high, while the next highest to the Jefferson Davis Memorial is the Perry column at Put-In-Bay, Ohio, which is three hundred and thirty-five feet high, and was built by the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Kentucky. Only one State, Kentucky, has contributed to this.

Plans are now being made to raise the requisite sum to finish this memorial and dedicate it in 1923. This is one of the "big things" that will absorb the activities of the United Daughters of the Confederacy during the coming year, and these plans will have consideration at the Birmingham Convention in November. Gen. W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, Ky., is now President of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, while Capt. John H. Leathers is still the faithful treasurer. We must hold up their hands to the end.

The beginning of this memorial to President Davis was the purchase of some twenty-one acres of his birthplace at Fairview, Ky., which was made into a magnificent park, about which was built a handsome stone fence. And it is within this Jefferson Davis Park that the great obelisk is reaching up to the skies.

The courage of Jefferson Davis, his loyalty, patriotism, and nobility of soul are enshrined in every Southern heart. "His was a magnificent life, so veracious that no man was ever deceived, so intrepid that no duty was ever shirked, and so pure politically that no flaw has ever been found." Can we then fail to do him justice in this memorial?

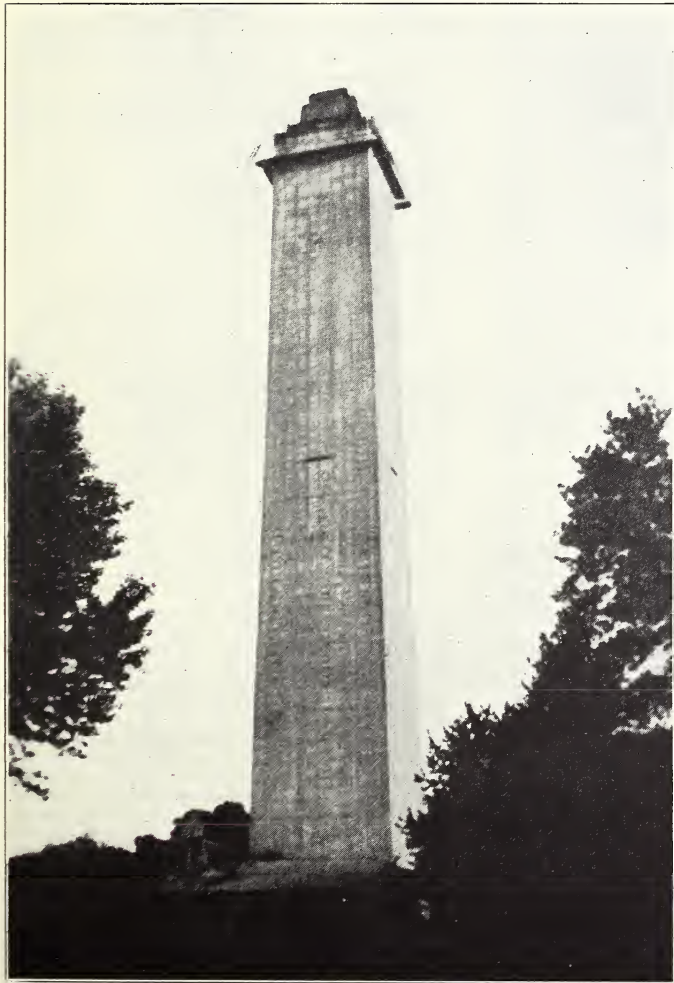


Photo by Robert S. Satterfield, Jr.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL AS IT IS NOW.

AN ECHO OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In a letter from Col. Charles H. Olmstead, of Savannah, Ga., he writes: "I was in prison at Sandusky, Ohio, in 1862, and met a Colonel Avery, of Morganton, N. C., who was captured at New Bern. Do you happen to know any of his family?" I showed that letter to Hon. Isaac Avery, of Morganton, a prominent lawyer, who told me that the Colonel Avery referred to was his father, Col. Clark Moulton Avery.

On the tablet at the base of the Confederate monument in Morganton is inscribed: "Avery, C. M., Colonel 33rd North Carolina."

In 1861, C. M. Avery answered the call to the colors of our beloved Southland in command of the Burke Guards, in the regiment commanded by Col. (afterwards lieutenant general) D. H. Hill, which gave such a glorious account of itself at the battle of Big Bethel in Virginia, the first encounter with the enemy on Southern soil in the War between the States. Captain Avery was the subject of high encomium in an address delivered some years ago by Mr. Wilson, his subject being "The Battle of Great Bethel." Later Captain Avery became colonel of the 33rd North Carolina, following the fortunes of that regiment in the battles in Virginia until, in the Battle of the Wilderness (May, 1864), he was severely wounded in the leg, and while being carried from the field had an arm shattered by a Minie ball. It was necessary to amputate his arm, but when it came to doing the same with his leg, he said he would rather die than go through life thus maimed. Gangrene set in, and he died in June, 1864, at Orange Courthouse, Va., where he had been taken.

In a later letter (September 6, 1922) Colonel Olmstead writes me: "Thank you for writing me the particulars of Colonel Avery's wounds and death. He was a prisoner of war at old Fort Columbus on Governor's Island, New York, when I was first taken there, and we were moved together to Johnson's Island later in the summer of 1862.

"A gallant gentleman he was, and a brave soldier whose memory I will always revere.

"One night at the latter island he came to my room in great excitement. A prisoner had been brutally murdered by a sentinel and the inmates were wild about it, plotting to rise and attack the Yankee garrison that night.

"'Colonel,' he said, with blazing eyes, 'we can't stop this thing—we must lead it.' It would have been the maddest act of folly, but righteous anger had taken the place of calm judgment and the colonel was ready to lead, whatever the results. There could have been but one ending, for we were without a single weapon of any kind, located on an island three miles from shore, commanded by artillery from block-houses at the corner of the stockade, by a sufficient force of Yankee infantry, and by an armed vessel on the lake.

"I presented all the points to Colonel Avery and together we went to see old Colonel Battle, of Mobile, and other field officers who were summoned to meet at his quarters to consider the matter. We were agreed as to the unwisdom of the rising, and succeeded in bringing our fellow prisoners to the same way of thinking, but it was a very memorable occasion."

This recital of a thrilling situation recalls one of the bravest of North Carolinians who drew his sword—and led—in the defense of his beloved Southland. Who can tell the influence for good such men as Clark Moulton Avery would have wielded had they been spared!

Colonel Olmstead, now in his eighty-sixth year, commanded the 1st Volunteers, Georgia Infantry in Mercer's Brigade—from July, 1864, to end of the war—in Cleburne's Division,

Army of Tennessee. He is one of two living cadets of the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, Ga., of the class of 1852-1856. This institute was established in 1851, and died in 1864, when Sherman destroyed it in July of that year.

As pertinent to this story I will add that when I showed Colonel Olmstead's letter to Mr. Isaac Avery, the signature, "Charles H. Olmstead," struck him as familiar, and he said to me: "My father brought home from Johnson's Island an autograph album with the signatures of many of the prisoners there, and I am quite sure that of 'Charles H. Olmstead' was there."

THE BATTLE FIELDS AROUND FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

BY D. C. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

In beginning this article let me record the well-founded claim that within twelve miles of Fredericksburg were fought the famous battles of Chancellorsville, those of the Wilderness in 1863 and 1864, the Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Salem Church, Todd's Tavern, etc., besides the great and decisive battle at and in the streets of Fredericksburg itself. And within this area of twelve miles diameter of a semicircle more men were killed and wounded than ever before in any similarly sized space in the world's history of wars for centuries, at least.

So, while in Orange County, Va., recently I accepted the invitation of a charming Southern woman to go with her in her car to Fredericksburg and the many battle fields in its vicinity. I had for years eagerly wished to visit those places, some of which to me, as a boy in gray more than a half a century ago, were familiar.

Orange County was prominent nearly all during the war. There were cavalry fights in the streets of her county seat and vicinity; and several times Federal armies moved against Lee, whose forces were encamped at various times along its borders on the Rapidan. Thus every foot of ground we traveled over was historic.

It is claimed that the following touching incident occurred upon the banks of the Rapidan River, which borders Orange County. Near one of its banks lay encamped Lee's army, and near the other was Meade's, each with some regiments posted within hearing of the other. One evening at sunset about Christmas time (when all hearts "go home"), a Federal band played "The Star Spangled Banner," which was cheered by that army; then soon "Dixie" was played in answer, with cheers of the Confederates. A moment later was heard from one side the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and so both sides were united in playing it with the joint cheers of both armies.

From the very start we were near and in full view of Slaughter's Mountain—well named—where Stonewall Jackson in June, 1862, in a short and decisive battle sent reeling back in a rout the army of the doughty and vainglorious Pope, who, with amusing vanity at the beginning of his campaign, dated his first boasting general order, "Headquarters in the Saddle." His disastrous thrashing by Jackson provoked the witticism that his headquarters and his hind-quarters became confused, the latter controlling. He was soon after "retired" for incompetency.

A fine, smooth, hard road is now in place of the old "Plank Road," so often named in the battle reports, almost impassable at times during the war, and running forty miles from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg, largely through the Wilderness country. We soon passed the battle field of Mine Run,

where Meade, in the fall of 1863, by a sudden crossing of the Rapidan River, mainly at night, made an unexpected, dashing attack upon Lee, but was driven back with loss. Mine Run, a lazy little creek crossing the road which here runs through the beginning thickets of the famous Wilderness, is an instance, and there are many such, of an insignificant feature becoming famous in war history.

About fifteen miles from Fredericksburg we passed through some of the Wilderness battle fields in the spring of 1863 and May, 1864, a favorite arena of conflict. It was here that Grant made his historical boast, which he carried out only in part, that he would "fight it out on this line if it took all summer." On May 4, 1864, he crossed the Rapidan upon his "On to Richmond march," with, perhaps, the largest and best-equipped army ever seen on this continent, and began that bloody and unsuccessful attempt. But he was for weeks thwarted by Lee's much smaller army and compelled finally to attack Richmond "from behind," at Petersburg, twenty-five miles away on the south side of the James River, where he, about a year later, finally succeeded. Without seeing this, no one can get even an idea of the dense, dark, and well-nigh impenetrable thickets and undergrowth of the Wilderness, in whose recesses many thousands were slain on both sides, many of whose bodies lay there hidden and unburied for weeks. At that period, there was but one road of any size through the Wilderness for many miles, the "Plank Road." It was truly a wilderness, with here and there a trail or bridle path leading into it.

Here, from the morning of May 5 to the 12, 1864, inclusive, waged continuously some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting of the war.

Eleven miles from Fredericksburg, and standing right alongside of our road, was the large and striking monument of granite marking the very spot where Stonewall Jackson, riding from a bridle path into the Plank Road with his staff, May 2, 1863, while reconnoitering in the night, was mortally wounded by our own men, who mistook them for the enemy's cavalry. One inscription upon the monument is Jackson's dying words in his delirium: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." Another inscription in substance is Lee's statement that it would have been better could he himself have fallen, etc.

About a mile farther on stands the large historic Chancellor brick house, still showing marks of shot, shell, and bullets of the great battle of Chancellorsville, May 1 to May 3, 1863, which raged and swept around it; and in which fighting the soon-to-die Jackson doubled up and smashed Hooker's army in one of the most wonderful and strategic flank movements of the whole war, and, indeed, in war history generally. This crushing defeat soon put Hooker on the retired list as a commanding general. Another small monument stands with the inscription that it is the spot "where Lee and Jackson last met, night of May 1, 1863."

Farther on our way, facing the Plank Road stands the oft-mentioned Salem Church; and here the storm and thunder of battle raged with as intense fierceness as anywhere. Hand-some monuments stand near by, facing the road, in honor of Federal regiments cut to pieces there.

By noon we reached Fredericksburg, a quaint old town of about 7,000, which even the thunders of many battles seem not yet to have awakened. However, in beautiful homes, cultured and hospitable people, and historic memories it is unsurpassed. An air of antiquity pervades with its Masonic Lodge where Washington became a Mason and where Lafayette attended; the streets are still named for English

worthies; beautiful Kenmore, the home of Washington's sister, Betty Lewis; the stately Chatham, on Stafford Heights on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, a mansion where Washington often visited and where Robert E. Lee wooed the beautiful Mary Custis, Washington's great granddaughter. To accentuate its antiquity, it is even claimed that white men first saw the locality in 1570, thirty-seven years before Jamestown and John Smith figured! It, too, was the scene of bloody battle and devastating bombardment. Burnside had his headquarters at beautiful Chatham before and during his disastrous attack so overwhelmingly defeated by Lee in December, 1862.

On this side (southern) of the river stands the aristocratic colonial mansion, Brompton, on Marye's Heights, a most noble place, Lee's headquarters during the great battle there in 1862. The famous stone fence and "sunken road" at the foot of the hill are still there, from which the Confederates repulsed with incredible slaughter, the repeated onslaughts, especially of Meade's Irish Brigade, strewn the plain and streets below with thousands of dead and wounded. Burnside sent his largely outnumbering army over the river on three large pontoon bridges to attack, a courageous but foolish plan. Across they came with flags flying and, 'tis said, with bands playing at his headquarters; but it was a murderous, tragic affair. Burnside, for his blunder, like many of his predecessors, as commander of the great Army of the Potomac, was "retired," owing to Lee's habit of outgeneraling, defeating, and retiring them as fast as they were appointed, Grant being the only exception. A small stone marks the spot where the gallant Confederate general, T. R. R. Cobb, fell; while not far away, and upon a beautiful site, is a Federal cemetery where 15,295 soldiers are supposed to lie, gathered from the neighboring battle fields. I say "supposed," because it was a public scandal all over Virginia just after the war that agents were paid for finding and gathering up the bones of Federal soldiers, and that many an equine and bovine patriot is enshrined along with the human ones. Of the 15,295 only 2,500 were ever identified!

Leaving the town after luncheon at a little gem of a hotel, the Princess Ann (preserving the old English nomenclature), we motored about twelve miles to Spotsylvania Courthouse, from which point, after Lee and Grant in May, 1864, had for nearly two weeks been grappling in titanic and bloody struggle, they began their parallel march toward Richmond and finally to Petersburg.

One mile north of this now peaceful village, but then torn by war, is the famous Bloody Angle, so well known in the history of bloody battles. Here, before daylight, May 12, 1864, Hancock's Division rushed over the improvised breastworks and surprised and captured about 4,000 prisoners (mostly, I believe, of Gen. Ed. Johnson's division), but they were finally driven out after a most desperate hand-to-hand and bayonet struggle. This angle was a "right angle" and, with the enfilading fire of the Confederates defending repeated attacks upon it, marked one of the bloodiest spots of the entire four years of war and not excepting Antietam, Md., (September 17, 1862), said to be the bloodiest one day's fight of all. Some of the "angle" still plainly remains for some distance, now covered with bushes and grass grown. There stands a marker upon the exact spot shortly in the rear of the breastworks, where a tree of about thirteen or fourteen inches in diameter was literally cut in two by bullets alone! The stump left is now shown in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington as a curiosity. Some of the family, then only young boys, but now gray haired, who were driven

away by the battle, now live on the little farm, and one of them told me that he and his brothers found, upon returning home, in the then little "clearing" after the armies had gone, the dead bodies of three North Carolinians lying under the fallen tree and that they gathered twenty-eight pounds of bullets from the stump and limbs! Out of a large bucket filled with bullets, I was given by him as many as I wished as souvenirs. Many are still to be picked up all over the vicinity. Monuments to Union soldiers are numerous there, and conspicuous is the very striking one, inclosed with handsome iron railing, to General Sedgwick, whose corps was a famous one. Another interesting monument marks the spot where Texas soldiers refused to charge until General Lee, who had ridden to the front under fire, ceased exposing himself and retired to the rear. One of his men caught his bride and turned his horse around, the soldiers all shouting, "Lee to the rear!" which he reluctantly obeyed.

NOTE.—This sketch has been penned largely from memory without technically correct historic data before the writer, but it is substantially correct and is hardly deserving of hypercritical comment.

ON HOOD'S CAMPAIGN INTO TENNESSEE.

BY T. G. DABNEY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The articles by Capt. R. N. Rea in the July and August numbers of the *VETERAN* are interesting sketches of his personal exploits during the war of the sixties, and he gives vivid pictures of many thrilling war scenes. However, Captain Rea's memory of those events is at variance with mine in some particulars, and I wish to offer some comment in all good will.

I was a sergeant of Bradford's Mississippi Battery, Company F, first Mississippi Light Artillery. That command was in a state of disorganization as a result of the surrender of Port Hudson, La., in July, 1863, in which siege it bore its full part. Capt. J. L. Bradford, a very gallant officer, was so severely wounded during the siege that he was disabled from duty for more than a year after the surrender of his battery. All four of his lieutenants were under arrest for incompetency when the siege began, and none of them took any part in the fighting. The command of the guns necessarily fell upon the more intelligent sergeants.

In January, 1864, I, with thirty of Bradford's men, after being exchanged, was assigned to duty with Hoskins's Mississippi battery. This battery became attached to Cockrell's Missouri Brigade, of French's Division, Polk's Corps, which became Stewart's Corps after the death of General Polk, on Pine Mountain, in June, 1864. We were, therefore near neighbors of Sears's brigade, and participated in all the movements of that brigade from Rome, Ga., in May, 1864, to Atlanta, to Nashville, Tenn., and finally to Blakely, Ala., at the wind up, where we fired our last shots at the enemy before being overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers on April 9, 1865, the day that General Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Comrade J. D. Harwell, in the September *VETERAN*, refers to a slight error of Captain Rea's in saying that Admiral Farragut commanded the Federal fleet in Milliken's Bend during the siege of Vicksburg. During the siege of Port Hudson, contemporaneous with that of Vicksburg, Farragut's fleet lay below Port Hudson, and gave us abundance of big mortar shells, which were disturbing to mental equanimity, but did no damage except in one instance, when a large specimen of that genus fell upon a gun in one of our water batteries, disabling the gun, with some casualties.

Captain Rea relates an exploit that he performed while in Atlanta just before the evacuation of that place, wherein he made a scouting excursion to the Chattahoochee river, accompanied by a small squad of his men. He brought back fourteen prisoners, and reported the enemy's movements to General Sears. He then proceeds to say: "The next day General Hood began moving his army to the left, leaving our brigade before Atlanta and stretching out our line until the men were thirty feet apart, and very soon the great battle of Jonesboro was fought. Every command in the army was engaged in that battle. In the meantime our brigade, after leaving a few men in the entrenchments, was in the city destroying the government and railway property. At 2 A.M. our brigade left Atlanta at a rapid gait, and just as we were leaving the suburbs the explosion of the magazines shook the city from center to circumference. As we marched along the streets, it seemed that every woman and child in Atlanta was standing in the doors or yards with sad faces and in tears," etc.

The comment I wish to make on the above is this: It must be inferred from Captain Rea's account that Sears's Brigade was the only command left in Atlanta at the time of its evacuation. I had always supposed that the whole of Stewart's corps moved out of Atlanta on that occasion. Certain it is that at about 2 A.M., on September 3, Hoskins's battery, along with Cockrell's Brigade, marched through the streets of Atlanta amid deathly stillness until the explosion of the magazines as we left the city. I saw no women and children in the yards at that early hour.

In the morning we found that extensive preparations had been made by the Engineer Corps for our retreat, roads being blazed out through the woods with sign boards directing the various commands which way to go. It is still my impression that Cheatham's Corps and S. D. Lee's Corps fought the battle of Jonesboro, while Stewart was left to guard Atlanta.

At sunrise or the morning of September 5, we found ourselves near General Hood's new firing line at Lovejoy Station, thirty miles below Atlanta, after a continuous march from Atlanta. A ten-day truce was proclaimed that day.

After relating the events of the attack on Allatoona by French's Division, Captain Rea proceeds: "I shall pass over the long, fatiguing march to Columbia and its incidents. We crossed Duck River ten miles above Columbia, and the other two commands crossed the river in front of the town, with Schofield's army before them and pressing them with energy."

Again: "Before Hardee's and Cheatham's corps could get across Duck River, our corps, commanded by Stewart, was over and very near Spring Hill, where we halted in line of battle and remained near the Spring Hill and Columbia pike all night long, sleeping upon our arms."

To begin with, there was no Hardee's corps at that time, General Hardee having retired some time before, and Gen Cheatham having succeeded him.

I had a conversation with Gen. A. P. Stewart in Biloxi, Miss., a short time before his death, with special reference to the episode here under review, and will give General Stewart's version of the sequence of events on that occasion. With a very distinct recollection of that conversation with General Stewart, he is thus quoted: "Hood had maneuvered very skillfully, and had got Schofield completely entrapped. He placed Lee's command in Schofield's front, and then ordered Forrest to cross Duck River and drive back Wilson's cavalry and uncover Schofield's left flank. He ordered Cheatham to follow Forrest, and advance on Spring Hill and occupy that

position. He ordered me to follow Cheatham, but when I had advanced a few miles above Columbia, I received orders from Hood to halt my command and take position in line of battle fronting the pike. I afterwards asked Hood why he halted me there, and he said he thought Schofield might try to escape that way. After remaining in that position about two hours, I was ordered to continue the march to Spring Hill. When I approached Spring Hill about dark, I saw Hood by a small fire on the side of the road, with a single orderly in attendance. As soon as I got in speaking distance of Hood, he began to inveigh against Cheatham for not obeying his order to attack at Spring Hill. It was on my tongue to ask Hood why he did not himself see that his order was obeyed, but I thought it would sound disrespectful."

The truth is, as the impression is firmly fixed in my mind, that Forrest drove Wilson's cavalry force, ten thousand strong, away to the northward beyond Spring Hill, and to the eastward, and sent a detachment across to Spring Hill to skirmish with the enemy until the infantry could be brought up to take the place. Cheatham's Corps reached Spring Hill early in the afternoon, and Brown's division of Cheatham's Corps was deployed in front of the place, which was occupied by a detachment of Schofield's army, guarding a large wagon train parked there, to make an assault upon them. But Brown's division was never ordered to advance to the attack.

Stewart's Corps reached the vicinity of Spring Hill, as above related, about dark; and we all lay supinely sleeping near the pike, without even a picket to challenge the approach of the enemy, while Schofield with his whole army quietly marched by us in the night; and by daylight Schofield's army and his large wagon train, posted at Spring Hill, were well on their way to Franklin, where he gave us, behind strong fortifications, the bloody fight that Captain Rea so vividly describes. It was currently believed at the time that Schofield's men did light their pipes at our camp fires as they marched by our slumbering hosts.

Of the retreat from Nashville Captain Rea, says: "General Hood succeeded in taking his army across the rivers of Harpeth, Duck, Shoals Creek, and Tennessee, which latter we crossed just above Florence, Ala. Three gunboats were shelling us as we crossed on our pontoon bridge to the Tuscumbia side of the river. They might as well have shot popguns at us as we got over without a single casualty."

On the morning of December 17, after the rout of Hood's army before Nashville, this writer (who had been fighting gunboats on the Cumberland river below Nashville, with two ten-pounder Parrott guns of Hoskins's battery, one of which was lost during the night march by a broken axle) approached the Franklin pike about sunrise. The pike was filled with a disorganized mob of soldiers without weapons. I pursued my solitary way down the Franklin pike amid most dismal surroundings, with rain and sleet overhead and icy slush underfoot. When I had proceeded about ten miles down the pike, I encountered General Hood, riding entirely alone, his countenance haggard and weary. After some questions, I was ordered by General Hood to turn back to a creek about five miles behind, turn out to the right and report to Colonel—somebody. I obeyed orders, of course, and, on arriving at the point designated reported to the colonel, and position was taken alongside of about three hundred infantry and two guns of Cowan's Mississippi battery, under Lieut. George Tompkins, of Vicksburg. We remained in this position about two hours, expecting the enemy to advance upon us; but the colonel learned that our position was being flanked, and we were ordered to resume our march down the pike.

I never saw nor heard of General Hood after that interview with him, and supposed that he had dropped out of sight. (General Hood was with his army until in January, 1865, when relieved.—Ed.)

As to the crossing of the Tennessee River, near Florence, under the fire of three gunboats, the pontoon bridge over which Hood's fragmentary army crossed the Tennessee River was located fully five miles above Florence. When we got there, Lieut. George Tompkins, with two Napoleon guns of Cowan's battery, and I, with one Parrott gun of Hoskins's battery, were ordered by General Stewart in person to proceed down to Florence to intercept a Federal gunboat that was coming up the river to cut our pontoon bridge. We reached Florence about dark, and reported to a colonel of Roddy's Cavalry. We were ordered to place our guns in a small lunette work but a little above the water surface. Having had experience in gunboat fighting, I knew that the lunette work was a death trap, so I suggested to the colonel that, having a rifle gun, I could use it more effectively on a more elevated position. He then ordered me to place my gun on the spur of a ridge a little farther down the river, and several hundred yards from the river bank, which order I was not slow to obey. About daylight next morning I was awakened by the sentinel, who reported that the gunboat was coming up the river. There were also two wooden boats, one on each side of the large double-turretted monitor that was turning the bend below. The engagement began at once from our side, and the wooden boats dropped back down the river. The gunboat steamed slowly up and came directly across to our side of the river, stopping exactly opposite to my gun, and not over two hundred yards from Tompkins's guns, which were about on a level with the guns of the gunboat.

Tompkins gallantly pitted his twelve-pounders against the 11- or 12-inch Columbiads of the monitor. My gun was too much elevated for the Columbiads to be brought to bear upon it, and she did not fire a shot at me. But poor Tompkins's guns were smashed, and fifteen of his men killed or wounded, Lieutenant Tompkins being among the badly wounded.

About the middle of the afternoon, when the fifty rounds of ammunition of the Parrott gun had been fired at the gunboat, probably without doing her any material damage, the gun was withdrawn and taken back up the river to the pontoon bridge, where it was crossed over the river about midnight, along with a remnant of Forrest's Cavalry. The gunboat did not proceed any farther up the river and did no more firing, I believe.

IN BY-GONE DAYS—RICHMOND, VA., 100 YEARS AGO (1822).

"Edward Coles, formerly of Virginia, is elected governor of the State of Illinois by a majority of about 500 votes over his opponent, General Phillips."

(Edward Coles, son of Col. John Coles, was born in Albemarle County in 1786. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney and William and Mary, and from 1809 to 1815 was private secretary to President Madison. In 1816 he went on a mission to Russia, and in 1818 settled in Illinois. He was always strongly opposed to slavery, and in 1819 freed his slaves and gave to each head of a family 160 acres of land. Before his term as Governor was over he was tried for failure to give bonds that his emancipated slaves should not become public charges. He was heavily fined, but the State supreme court overruled the decision of the lower court. In 1833 Governor Coles moved to Philadelphia, where he died in 1868.)

IN THE BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

A news item recalling the fact that June 16, 1922, was the sixtieth anniversary of the battle of Secessionville, S. C., stirred my recollection of that brilliant Confederate victory which saved Charleston from capture by the Federal forces; and now, following the account of that battle in the *VETERAN* for October, I will give the view of a private of the Eutaw Battalion.

To give an account of a battle there are two views: One from the standpoint of the man who sees the fight from a distance, and before whom the whole lies like a panorama; and the other from that of the private actually engaged at close quarters in the struggle. A description of this battle as viewed by the former was not recognized as the one in which, as a private, I had been engaged. The account here given is by one whose duty it was to obey, and who saw only what was before him.

Leaving the Senior Class in the South Carolina College, I arranged with two of my classmates to join them in a company in Virginia, but upon going to my home at Marietta, Ga., my mother persuaded me to rejoin the company with which I had served during a vacation, for several of the students spent the vacation previous to our permanent enlistment with some command in the field. My good friend, Iredell Jones (afterwards captain), for example, was badly wounded in the leg at the first battle of Manassas, returning to college in the fall on crutches. Whether my mother thought it safer to return to the Washington Light Infantry, I do not know. Both of the men whom I was to join in Virginia were killed within sixty days after we parted, and yet neither of them could have been in a position of greater danger than that in which I was placed a short time after.

Stationed on James Island, in Company B, Washington Light Infantry, Eutaw Battalion, afterwards the 25th South Carolina Volunteers, we were awakened at daybreak on June 16, 1862, with orders to go at double quick to the front, as the enemy was advancing to an attack. Our pickets had been captured, so the notice we had was the presence of the enemy, with the result that they had gained possession of a piece of wood which it had been planned for us to occupy. These woods were of low underbrush, too thick for us to see into them, and First Lieutenant Blum, in command of the company (killed afterwards at Battery Wagner on Morris Island), ordered us not to shoot, as it had been reported to him that our men were in the woods, though Minie balls were flying around us. Through an opening in the woods, we could see that they were bluecoats and not our men, and on our begging him to let us shoot he gave the order for us to fire, which we were very prompt to obey. The fight could not have lasted very long when the enemy retreated. Owing to the density of the underbrush, one brave fellow came to the edge of the woods in advance of his company, and was shot down by one of our men. After the fight, I asked a badly wounded Federal soldier, who said he was from Wisconsin, and to whom I gave some water from my canteen, why he had come all the way South to fight us, when he knew we were not going to invade his State to attack him, but only asked to be let alone. His reply was that he had been fooled into enlisting and sent South.

The battle over, I found myself with the man immediately on my left dead, the man on my right wounded, the second man on my right killed, as was also the second lieutenant just behind me. My life was spared through what I after-

wards claimed was the correct definition of a miracle—the concurrence of two events at a critical moment. At the instant my Enfield rifle was in position for a shot, a Minie ball passed over it and was deflected from its course; otherwise, I must have been wounded, if not killed. The right side of my jacket was torn, and later, on Morris Island, a fragment of a shell made a rent on the left side. I must have presented a dilapidated appearance, as my comrades advised me to get another jacket, which I did as soon as I could.

The young man (Saltus) killed on my left was a very pious and exemplary young man. When, in discussing the war, some of us, myself included, said we would feel disgraced should the war end and we had not been in a battle, he, on the other hand, said that he would be content to be at all times ready to do his duty without the necessity of shooting anyone or running the risk of being killed. Not an evening passed without his reading a chapter in the New Testament, and kneeling in prayer, a credit to the Church with which he was affiliated, whatever the denomination. He was the first man killed, dying instantly. "Whom the gods love die young."

While the Eutaw Battalion and a squad of artillery on our left were thus engaged, the real battle was fought and won by the men in the fort, or battery (an embankment across a tongue of land at its narrowest part), bravely assisted by some troops on the side of the battery opposite to where I was. As it seems preparation for the fight had been made only the night before the attack, the few men in the battery would have had to give up from sheer exhaustion, having become worn out after working all night, throwing up the embankment and putting in place half of the guns on hand (two of which did the most effective service), had they not been reinforced by three companies during the battle. With practically two cannon on the parapet, the canister made lanes in the ranks of the foe, who became disorganized, for the tongue of land became narrower as they advanced; while at the battery itself it was a hand-to-hand fight, with one dead left on the parapet, several dead and wounded lying at the foot of the embankment, and one man killed inside the battery. The loss on each side was in proportion to the number engaged. Our loss in killed and wounded, 150; the enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners not less than 800.

Many years after, I met at the Confederate Home of Georgia, a Mr. Jordan, who had been in the engagement in the battery, and subsequently in a number of battles in Virginia, and he told me that the one at Secessionville was the closest and hardest fought of any.

Not again did the enemy attempt the capture of Charleston by land. They soon after withdrew from James Island. The decisive battle of Secessionville ended the campaign. They were afterwards repulsed with largely disproportionate loss at Battery Wagner on Morris Island, and all attacks by the fleet were driven off, largely through our Signal Corps intercepting messages between the fleet and land forces on Morris Island, and thus informing our officers in advance of the plans of the enemy. Charleston, of all Southern cities, was the one that the Federals desired to capture and burn, and yet they never entered it until Sherman's march to Columbia, S. C., compelled us to evacuate it, at which time the war was recognized as practically over. A writer in the *London Strand* called attention to the fact (shown in a picture taken soon after the war of the sea face of Fort Sumter) that its "obstinate" defenders, burrowing under the débris of brick of which the fort was built, were actually protected by the mass of iron hurled against it by the enemy.

BENJAMIN CUDWORTH YANCEY.

When, in the early morn of October 25, 1891, the spirit of Benjamin C. Yancey passed from its earthly tenement, the people of a great State mourned the loss of one who had given himself in unselfish service to their interests.

He was born in Charleston, S. C., on March 27, 1817, and was named for his father, Benjamin Cudworth Yancey, of Virginia ancestry; his mother was a daughter of Wilson Bird, of English descent, who, on moving to Warren County, Ga., in 1796, duplicated his father's ironworks at Birdsboro, Pa. In October, 1817, Mrs. Yancey was left a widow with two sons, the elder being William Lowndes Yancey, who became a leader in the political life of Alabama and widely known as the champion of the "sacred reserved rights of the sovereign States". (Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts.)

Benjamin C. Yancey graduated from the State University at Athens, Ga., in 1836, and two years later from the Harvard Law School. He then began his professional life at Cahaba, Ala.; was appointed Registrar in Chancery for several contiguous counties, and was also with his brother as associate editor of the *Wetumpka Gazette*. Returning to South Carolina, he opened an office at Hamburg, purchased lands on which the city of North Augusta is now built, and during the years 1846 to 1849 he was a member of the legislature from the Edgefield District. In 1850 he removed to Cherokee County, Ala., and in 1855 and 1856 he was President of the Alabama Senate. In 1858 he was appointed as Minister Resident to the Argentine Republic under the administration of President Buchanan.

When the War between the States came on in 1861, Benjamin C. Yancey volunteered as a private in the Fulton Dragoons of Atlanta, Ga., and when the company was organized he was elected captain. The company was attached to

Cobb's Legion, of which he was elected major. During the Peninsular campaign he was under General Magruder, and on the retreat from Norfolk he was in command of the Legion, its colonel (Thomas R. R. Cobb) and lieutenant colonel (Pierce M. B. Young) being absent on other duties. Later on he was transferred to Georgia and put in command as colonel of the troops of Northeast Georgia.

After the war he entered into the work of building up his State, so cruelly ravaged by the Federal army, and became a leader of its people. He was President of the Georgia State Agricultural Society during the years 1868-1870, taking an active and prominent part in that work; and during 1878-79 he represented his home county of Clark in the Georgia legislature; he was also a member of the board of trustees of the Georgia State University for twenty-eight years. In 1881 he removed to Floyd County, Ga., where he spent the last ten years of his life in quiet retirement on his Van's Valley farm, near Cave Spring.

Colonel Yancey was twice married, his first wife being Laura Hines, of Sparta, Ga., and their daughter, Caro, married Dr. Hugh N. Harris, of Athens, Ga. His second wife was Sarah P. Hamilton, daughter of Col. Thomas Napier Hamilton, of Columbia County, Ga., who survived him but a few months, leaving a son, Hamilton Yancey, of Rome, and a daughter, Mrs Charles H. Phinizy, of Augusta. He died at the home of his son in Rome after a brief illness.

The following is taken from the beautiful tribute by John Locke Martin, which appeared in the Rome *Courier* at the time of his death:

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams,"

So fell asleep at the dawn of yesterday morning Benjamin C. Yancey.

"As broke upon human eyes the light terrestrial, so came to his cleared vision the glory of the light celestial. His mortal had put on immortality and, from the light that now is, he passed with the angel messenger into that life which shall be glorified throughout the sweep of eternity.

"Beside that bier Georgia gathers this sacred morning in reverence and in tears.

"Upon that coffin a great commonwealth tenderly lays its tribute of love and grief.

"For this sleeping form hath long been a tower of strength to those who sorrow, and now that no more shall he move among his people in the dignity of his noble and consecrated powers, there is sorrow that frets because it cannot be told, there are tears that empty the fountains of our grief.

"Poor indeed are the trophies of pen and tongue as we strive to picture the nobility of this grand and heroic soul which hath left us forever.

"And yet, not forever. Such men never die. The casket may fall away, but the soul lives ever, a sacred memory, a divine inspiration.

"Colonel Yancey lived a broad and generous life. The days he spent upon earth were days of loyal devotion to truth, to honor, to justice, to humanity. His life was molded upon his faith. If there be one soul at whose approach the pearly gates of the celestial city shall open widest and offer freest entrance to its eternal glories, surely it must be the one who in its life on earth strove hardest to aid the weak, to shelter the defenseless, to lighten the burdens of the heavy laden, and who brought the most smiles and fewest tears into this world."



BENJAMIN CUDWORTH YANCEY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY MRS. EUGENIA HILL ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

(From a paper read before the Randolph County Chapter, U. D. C.)

My aunt, Mrs. Jackson, was Anna Morrison, daughter of a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Robert Hall Morrison; the founder and first president of Davidson College, N. C. Her mother was Mary Graham, daughter of Gen. Joseph Graham, of Revolutionary fame, and a sister of Gov. William A. Graham. The little Anna was born near Charlotte, N. C., of whose Church her father was pastor. Her childhood was spent in the classic atmosphere of the college town of Davidson. She was educated in the well-known Moravian school at Salem, now Winston-Salem. Her *Alma Mater* always delighted to do her honor, by having her attend their commencement; and sent her a diploma in her old age, as diplomas weren't given when she graduated. The school also gave her a scholarship, which enabled her to educate worthy young girls. I will give you this short account of her young ladyhood in her own words:

"Having seen a good deal of the world in her young days, my mother was anxious to indulge her daughters in the same pleasure, and we were given charming trips whenever it was practicable; but, there being six daughters, we had to take these trips by turns. My first revelation of the gay world was a visit to my uncle in Washington, who was Secretary of the Navy during Mr. Fillmore's administration. Washington was then a rather small, old-fashioned city compared with its present expansion and magnificence, but to the little country girl in 1853 it was the grandest and most charming place that she had ever seen. Two other young ladies were guests of my uncle, and we formed a most congenial and happy trio during my delightful stay of four months. Being cabinet ladies, we, of course, were invited to all the grand entertainments, and though none of us were dancing girls (for myself, as a minister's daughter, it would not have been considered proper), certainly we did not need it to complete our enjoyment.

"One of our red-letter evenings was a social tea at the White House, the charming hostess, Miss Fillmore, being equal in cultivation and accomplishments to anyone who has filled the position of first lady of the land. Her mother was living, and, of course, took precedence of the daughter, but the latter was hostess to her young friends on this evening. We had some very delightful music on the harp, one lady singing 'Auld Robin Gray,' with exquisite beauty and pathos. Shortly after this, there was another of those delightful visits, even more momentous for her, for she and her younger sister visited my father and mother in Lexington, Va., and there she met Major Jackson, a younger professor in the Virginia Military Institute, who was an intimate friend in my father's home."

After telling of her visit and its pleasures, she concludes thus: "General Hill has told of the links in the chain of providence that led Major Jackson to Lexington. Of course, I can but look upon it as a special providence that led me there to meet him who was to be my future husband, and to know him as a friend, without the remotest idea, on his part or mine, that we would ever be to each other anything more."

I should like for those people who claim that General Jackson was lacking in humor to read the following letter, which he wrote to his sister announcing his engagement:

"LEXINGTON, VA., 1857.

"My Dear Sister: I don't know whether you have yet re-

turned from your visit to Aunt's, but I will write to you now, as I have the time, and might not have so much leisure a few days hence; and I will begin by stating that I have an invitation for you, and what do you think it is? And who from? For it is not often that I am authorized to send you invitations, and especially pressing ones. And I suppose you begin to think, or may think, well, what does he mean? Why doesn't he tell me at once and be done with it? Well, you see I have finished the first page of my letter, so if I don't tell you soon, you will hardly get it at all from this sheet. Well, now, having cultivated your patience a little—as all women are said to have curiosity—I will tell you that Miss Mary Anna Morrison, a friend of mine, in the western part of North Carolina, and in the southern part of the State, is engaged to be married to an acquaintance of your's living in this village; and she has requested me to urge you to attend her wedding in July next. To use her own words, she says: 'I hope your sister will come. You must urge her to do so. I should be very glad if she could come.' The wedding is not to be large. I told her that I would give the invitation, and, having done so, feel that I am freed from all further responsibility in the matter. I told her that I didn't think you would be able to accept it, and if you can't, just let me know in your next, and transfer the invitation to your humble servant, and he will not decline, for he is very anxious to go, as he is much interested in the ceremony and the occasion, and the young lady is a very special friend of mine.

"Our weather is beautiful at present and I suppose that spring will rapidly advance now. Give much love to all.

"Your affectionate brother, THOMAS."

Their marriage was the first one that I had ever witnessed. As a shy little tot, I was much abashed by the bridegroom's tall, commanding figure and military uniform, so when my mother brought me forward to kiss my new uncle, it was a little too much for my equanimity. Mrs. Jackson tells most beautifully in her book of their happy home life in Lexington, with its daily routine of duties and pleasure, alas, only too soon to be interrupted by the rude blasts of war!

I wish to give you not merely my own impressions and recollections, but prefer showing you a composite picture of Mrs. Jackson dawn by those also who loved her, those who were nearest and dearest to her. First I will give something from her granddaughter, her nearest living relative, now Mrs. Preston, of Charlotte, N. C.:

"Grandmother was full of anecdotes and little quaint sayings; I think the outstanding fact of her life was her unswerving devotion to truth and what she thought was her duty, and she was so quiet and gentle with it all. She was always on time in everything and most methodical in her manner of life. She was the most uniformly cheerful person I have ever known, and probably had more trouble than anyone I ever knew, yet she kept her troubles to herself always.

"She could bear physical pain as well as spiritual. When she was eighty years old she had twelve teeth (all she had) pulled out at one sitting without an opiate (cocaine was used, but apparently without effect), and then walked home from the doctor's office.

"She was a remarkable conversationalist, not so much in what she said as her ability to put every stranger at his or her ease with easy talk about this or that, with apparently no effort. As you know, she had all manner of visitors and letters asking for every conceivable favor. I remember once when we were at dinner two young girls insisted on seeing her. I went to the door, and they said they were to be in a masquerade party and one was to be Martha Washington,

and they thought grandmother might remember how Martha 'did her back hair.' They could see by the picture about the front hair. Boys and girls in college would ask her to write their theses, people would write asking her to trace their family trees, and countless numbers wrote asking about how she was relieved of neuralgia, or offering advice.

"I think the way she stood those years and years of torture from neuralgia, and then braved her entire family connection and, against all their advice, went North and submitted to an operation, was one of the bravest things about her.

"What endeared her to every one was her perfectly natural, simple manner and her humanness. She enjoyed a good joke, a spicy bit of gossip, and a party as much as anyone I ever saw."

Her only living brother says: "I cannot think of anything worth while, only of her beautiful life and cheerful spirit as we all knew her. Only once did I ever know of anything that might be thought by those who did not know her as uncharitable, and that was when the fever of politics was running high, before the war, between the old line Whigs and Democrats; Sister Anna said she would never marry a Democrat, a widower, or a soldier, and, as it turned out, she did all three."

A sister-in-law who was intimately associated with her for years writes of incidents told her by Mrs. Jackson: "A countryman came to sell butter and eggs to Mrs. Jackson when she lived in Charlotte. He said to her, 'My father was an old Rebel, and from my childhood he taught me to respect that man Stonewall Jackson,' saying this with great emphasis and pointing to a picture that hung on the wall of Mrs. Jackson's dining room. The picture was one of George Washington, but she did not tell the man of his mistake. After he left she laughed heartily over his pompous manner and the position he took while talking to her. When attending a Confederate reunion in Dallas, Tex., Mrs. Jackson was so weary from the long, hard trip that she could not get up for breakfast the morning after she reached her destination. Her host was a leading physician of Dallas, and weighed over two hundred pounds. Going to her room, he said: 'Mrs. Jackson, I will call in several of my colleagues and we will hold a consultation.' She begged him not to do this, assuring him she was not ill, only fatigued. In about an hour she heard heavy footsteps coming upstairs, her door opened, and her host ushered in three doctors apparently as large as he was. After feeling her pulse, looking at her tongue, listening to her breathing, etc., they gravely diagnosed her case, shook her hand, and departed with great dignity. The next morning she was quite rested and came down stairs, and when she said to her host, 'I told you I was only fatigued,' he replied: 'But it took one thousand pounds of doctors to restore you, and my fellow practitioners would never have forgiven me if I had not shared with them the honor of attending Mrs. Stonewall Jackson!'

"The following incident shows the discipline of the times and that the children didn't own either the earth or their parents. When a child of six or seven, she ventured to take a teaspoon of sugar from the sugar dish. One of her sisters went to her father and said: 'Anna took some sugar and did not ask mother.' Her father got a small switch and switched her, and several marks were made on her legs, as she was barefooted. When she saw the marks she wept bitterly, as she felt so sorry for herself, though really she had had a light switching, accompanied by solemn words on the subject of stealing. She used to say that the switching and lec-

ture made her an honest woman, and she has never forgotten the lesson."

A student in a Western college wrote to Mrs. Jackson: "My graduating theme is to be a sketch of Stonewall Jackson's life. Feeling that you can do the subject justice better than I can, I am writing to ask you to write my speech for me. And when you write it and I deliver it, won't we come off with flying colors! So, thanking you in advance, I am, your obedient servant." etc,

One of her nieces contributes the following: "The first conscious impression I remember concerning Aunt Anna was when I was a very small child I heard her say, very earnestly: 'Well, I certainly do hate to do it, but it is my duty, and I shall have to do it!' Up to that time I had labored under the delusion that all grown people had so grown in grace that they liked to do their duty. Another thing I remember, which made a great impression on me, hearing her say in such a tone of earnestness: 'O, the desolation of widowhood: no one who has not experienced it knows anything about it!' Of course, she rarely went anywhere that old soldiers were not brought up to be introduced to her, and on this special occasion an old soldier said: 'And you never married again.' 'No, I never married again.' 'Well, I reckon it was just as well, for you might not have done so well next time.'

"I remember how she made us laugh over stealing the sugar and its consequent punishment and of her resolution that she would be an honest person from that time on, which resolution she certainly kept, for she was one of the most honest people I ever knew, one of the most truthful, one of the most single hearted, and one of the most loyal to her own people."

One of her grandnieces has this recollection: "I was at a Confederate reunion in one of our Southern cities with my grandmother and Mrs. Jackson. A large reception was given them to meet the old soldiers, and as it was warm it was held on the spacious veranda. As I came by, imagine my surprise at seeing my aunt most beautifully dressed, but her crowning glory being an old soldier's hat on top of her head and almost obscuring her face, as it was so large. Involuntarily I exclaimed: 'Why, Aunt Anna, what are you wearing?' She laughed as she answered: 'This old soldier asked me to honor him by wearing his hat a few moments, so I am just doing it to gratify him.' She was willing to even appear ridiculous to gratify a devoted fellower and admirer of her husband."

An intimate friend gives us the next recollection as an eyewitness of an incident in the life of that great and beloved widow of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson which took place in the White House, Washington, D. C., in February, during the first administration of President William McKinley. Mrs. Jackson, accompanied by Mrs. Edward Latta, was among the delegates to the Congress of the D. A. R.'s, who are always accorded a reception at the White House. An officer asked each name as they came along in single file. Mrs. Jackson headed the North Carolina delegation, with Mrs. Latta just behind her. When asked her name, she, in her usual modest manner, replied: 'Mrs. Jackson.' Mrs. Latta promptly leaned over and said: 'Mrs. Stonewall.' With the hearing of that name, the President took her by both hands and said: 'Mrs. Jackson, I have long desired to meet the widow of the great Gen. Stonewall Jackson.' Leaning over to Mrs. McKinley, who sat in a chair by his side with a corsage bouquet covering her hands so as to show the delegates they must not attempt to shake her hands, he said: 'Dear,

this is Mrs. Stonewall Jackson.' With the hearing of the great name, Mrs. McKinley drew her hands from under the bouquet and said: 'Mrs. Jackson, I am delighted to meet you, after which she presented to Mrs. Jackson the beautiful bouquet of violets that she held. The President then leaned over and said: 'Mrs. Jackson, won't you honor me by receiving with us behind the lines?' Mrs. Latta whispered: 'You must; but, with her usual modesty, Mrs. Jackson demurred. The rest of us went on to the East Room and, after a little while, Mrs. Jackson followed, when we said, 'Why didn't you stay with greatness?' She replied: 'I had rather be in here with you?'"

I have shown you first the bright, the attractive, the witty and charming Mrs. Jackson, one who fascinated old and young alike by her amiable and loving personality. If I left my subject here I would do her a great injustice; there was still a depth to that sweet and merry little woman that only the inner circle could dream of, and that was the side that God had chiseled. Dear friends, it is not who we are in this world, it is not merely our surroundings, our advantage and our opportunities that make us, it is what God makes of us that counts, and in that respect Mrs. Jackson was as clay in the great Potter's hands. When physical suffering racked her frail little body, she bowed her head in brave submission and smiled at us between the pain; when great sorrow and bereavement came, the stricken head was bowed still lower, but never murmurs of rebellion. When her home was broken up by the marriage of her daughter, she wrote to me: "This world was not meant to be our home, and when God stirs up our nests, he means to teach us this lesson; and our chief business ought to be to prepare for the mansions he has prepared for us above." She passed through the deep waters of affliction in losing such a husband, and in such a tragic manner; then, again, when her only and idolized child was taken to a better home, she bore her sorrows just as bravely as her hero husband did his on the battle field. Shortly after her last bereavement, she writes: "My home and heart are very desolate, with my precious child gone, but God permitted all this overwhelming sorrow to come upon me, and I pray for submission and strength to bear it. If I ever reach heaven, I shall then know why so much chastening was portioned out to me; we can never understand on earth, but God makes no mistakes." Again, on her father's death, she shows the same submissive spirit when she writes: "I know that my father's God still lives and reigns and can be more to me than any earthly friend." Naturally of a bright and buoyant disposition, combined with her sweet submission, she finally emerged the bright and cheery little woman that many of you have known.

A friend remembers that Mrs. Jackson told how her husband often wished for her "a serene and happy old age." We know that when General Jackson wished for anything, he was mighty apt to pray for it, so his prayers and wishes were most beautifully answered. Surrounded by the loving consideration of her grandchildren and the infantile delights of her great-grandchildren, she often said that her old age was the happiest period of her life. From one of her later letters I quote this picture of her happy home life: "I have such good children, and such a delight in my little namesake, that I feel I have no reason to complain of anything. Our baby is simply lovely, bright, beautiful, and healthy, and is a perpetual joy to me, and to her parents a great blessing. How a baby does fill a home!"

Her granddaughter gives the closing scenes: "She clung to life, and I think she rather feared death. I don't mean

that her faith faltered, but she was naturally timid and shrank from the physical idea of death. As to her last days, as you know, she was ill from August to March, eight months, and in bed for the last sixteen weeks of her life. During that time I never knew her to lose her brave spirit or to be impatient. At times she was delirious, but when herself her mind was perfectly clear. She loved to have hymns read almost if not just as much as the Bible, and I used to read hymns to her when we thought that each night would be the last. She made me promise that I would have Dr. Ralston (her pastor) offer a prayer after she became unconscious, which I did. Her going was perfectly peaceful. After telling me 'Good night' about nine o'clock, she complained of a terrible pain in her back, but in a few minutes lapsed into unconsciousness and stayed so until four-twenty the next morning, when she opened her eyes and moved her head quickly from side to side as if she was looking up at something, and her face expressed complete amazement. I have often tried to analyze that last look, I who knew the different expressions so well, and it was not fear nor joy, but amazement—then, without any sign that she knew we were present, she was gone.

"Twice before have I seen that look of wonder and amazement on the faces of God's chosen ones when they were going home, and I thought it was a little foretaste of the heavenly home and a verification of his promise: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

It seemed a singular coincidence that, as I was preparing this article, a friend sent us several copies of General Jackson's letters to a much-loved uncle and aunt, when he was in great sorrow over the loss of his first wife, and in one of these he gives his view of death: "I regret to learn that Cousin Hardin's health is so delicate, and yet, if it were God's pleasure, I feel that I would gladly exchange with him the apparent period of dissolution. I look upon death as being that moment which of all other earthly ones is most to be desired by a child of God."

The man of the world can calmly face death and call it a great adventure, but the Christian can face it with assurance and triumphantly exclaim: "O death! where is thy sting, O grave! where is thy victory!"

THE GALLANT GRAY.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In homespun gray they marched away,
The bugles sang: "Come, life is gay!"
Brave hearts beat high, cheers soared to sky,
Brave lips stilled sobs: "Good-by, good-by!"
In homespun gray they marched away,
The bugles laughed: "Come, Youth, and play!"

In tattered gray they met the fray,
The frantic bugles shrieked: "This way!"
Through hell's red glare, on, on, and there—
Defeat, at last, but not despair.
Poor shattered gray, Fate ruled that day,
The bugles sobbed: "Come, come, away!"

In hallowed gray they sleep to-day;
The bugles hushed and silent lay.
The south wind sighs, where battle cries
Long echoed—blue and fair the skies—
In hallowed gray they sleep to-day,
Sweet rest be theirs, the gallant gray!

FIGHTING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY ROBERT HERIOT, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

As Sherman approached Savannah about December 1, 1864, the Federals along the South Carolina coast began to get busy. Their plan was to capture the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, destroy the big bridge at Tullifinney Creek, and bottle up a large portion of Hardee's troops and the rolling stock of the railroad in Savannah. For this purpose, an expedition, consisting of a force of five thousand men, composed of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, left Hilton Head on November 28, landing at Mackey's Point, on Broad River, and advanced on the railroad. At this time we had very few men defending the railroad where the attack was later made, and had General Foster, commanding the Federals, advanced promptly, he could have captured the railroad almost without firing a gun; but the Federals remembered Honey Hill, fought a few months previously, and were too cautious. We attacked them about daylight on the 7th, two or three skeleton Georgia regiments having been rushed up by train from near Coosawhatchee, and Capt. W. K. Bachman's battery, consisting of four twelve-pound Napoleons, was on the extreme left on the edge of a dense swamp. The Georgians drove the Federals back some distance. Our battery was moved forward, but the undergrowth was so dense that we could not maneuver the guns, and were ordered to fall back and park the battery in a little clearing. It was quite disagreeable to sit quietly with nothing to do while the shells were going over our heads, the enemy having our exact range, except they shot too high. However, one shell exploded about fifty feet from one of the guns, killing a wheel horse and wounding a lead horse. A fragment of the shell went between my legs, as I was sitting down, and buried itself in the ground. Had the enemy shot ten or fifteen feet lower, we would have been annihilated. While sitting on the ground and watching the shells go over our heads, I was scared worse than when in action.

We finally fell back to the railroad and entrenched, and reinforcements came up, consisting in part of two battalions of North Carolinians (old men) and a battalion of South Carolina cadets. There was a dense swamp of large trees in our front, and, in order to get a better view of the enemy, the North Carolina reserves of old men were given five hundred new axes and ordered to cut down the trees, which they surely did. It was a sight, the rapidity with which the trees fell. On the 8th, or the next day, the Federals did not advance, and we completed our line of works, which we held for ten days, or until we were removed to a point near the Combahee River.

On the morning of the 9th the enemy made an attack all along our line, but mainly near the bridge, which was held by South Carolina cadets, twelve or fifteen of whom were killed and wounded. The cadets fought as if on dress parade. Their firing could be distinguished above the roar of battle by the regularity of their discharges. I felt an interest in their welfare, as I had been a cadet at the Arsenal at Columbia during a part of 1863. I have often thought of those cadets in the years intervening since 1864, and wondered what important stations in life they carved out for themselves, for I am satisfied that many of them made men of affairs in their native State and elsewhere.

When the enemy came out of the woods into the clearing, they were a pretty sight in brand-new uniforms, with a colonel riding at their right wing. Before they got near enough for effective action, the old men, who were supporting our battery, got excited and went to firing, even before our pickets had time to get in the works, so they lay down until the firing

slackened. General Robertson, in his report of the affair, said that judging from the number of dead found in front of Bachman's battery, the latter did effective service. The enemy tried to get around our flank on the left, but bogged up in the swamp. We gave them a few rounds of double-shotted canister, which helped to turn them. During a lull in the firing, we heard some one in the swamp on our left moaning and yelling at the top of his voice. Colonel Bacon, of a Georgia regiment, in command of the left, called for volunteers to go out and bring in the man who was making so much noise. Five men of our battery went out and brought the wounded man in on a litter. He proved to be a sergeant of musicians and was wounded in the knee by a piece of canister. I later learned that he was sent to the hospital at Charleston after his leg was amputated and got well.

About this time a South Carolina cadet brought in a Yankee prisoner, reporting to Colonel Bacon. The prisoner had a fine equipment, and Colonel Bacon said to the cadet: "Young gentleman, take anything the prisoner has on." The cadet replied: "No, Colonel, I never rob a prisoner." This Colonel Bacon was a courtly kind of officer. He treated a private with as much courtesy as an officer. I took quite a liking toward him. He was a man of fine appearance. We were joking each other about dodging the shells, and the Colonel admitted that he could not help dodging himself sometimes. Colonel Woodford, according to Confederate history, commanded the Federals in these two affairs, and, on our side, Major Jenkins distinguished himself at the head of the South Carolina cadets. The Federals had the range of the railroad for two miles, and kept up a steady fire night and day, except they ceased firing when a train was headed for Savannah, their idea being to get as much rolling stock on the west end as possible and finally capture it. During the firing one day at a passenger train going toward Charleston, a ten-pound Parrott shell struck the engine back of the wagon top, just below the dome on the right side, putting her out of business. In that day locomotives were named instead of numbered. This engine had an Indian name, "Isendiga," and in later years she ran between Charleston and Augusta, and a patch over the hole where the shell went in was visible. Trains, in running the gauntlet covering the two miles, had an exciting time, especially at night, when the bursting shells could be seen for the whole distance that the enemy had the range.

During the ten days and nights that we occupied the trenches before being moved to another position, we ate only ten meals, supper every night and no breakfast or dinner, the cooked rations being brought in at night. We got our drinking water out of a ditch by the side of the track, and used the ditch water for washing our hands and faces and for all other purposes. Strange to say, our unsanitary methods did not seem to have any bad effects.

Tullifinney Creek must have had some military strategic importance, as, in reading the history of South Carolina by Simms, I noticed that the British General Proctor, in making a forced march from Savannah on Charleston, in 1780, fought a small engagement there with the Americans.

Could we have concentrated our forces in South Carolina about this time, we would have made quite a respectable resistance to Sherman. We never did get all together until Bentonville was fought, and by that time we had lost an army of stragglers. Gen. Wade Hampton, in one of his articles on the war, said he favored making a grand stand in the lower part of South Carolina, and suggested it to General Beauregard, who also indorsed it, but for some reason it was not done.

THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

BY REV. HARNEY M. M'GHEE, EDMOND, OKLA.

Time and history have proven the right of secession until to-day it is generally admitted, except by some who, on account of gross ignorance or profound prejudice, insist that it was illegal. Therefore, my paramount idea in submitting this is to reflect honor upon that principle and perpetuate that spiritual purpose and ideal. History, partially written, infers that the people of the Southland to-day are under disgrace in being descendants of ancestors who so patiently fought for their rights and privileges for fifty years in the halls of Congress to no avail and then unsheathed their swords for four long years against the invasion from the North. This causes me to gather a few historical facts concerning two important questions and, in all sincerity of conviction, present them to the public.

The founders of the Confederacy and its supporters were not outlaws, rebels, traitors, or moral degenerates, nor did they perpetrate outlawry. They were men of moral and social standing, and the leaders were of sterling character and unquestioned culture. Their strong arms fought valiantly for the preservation of the integrity of the race against the cruelty of base, unjust, and tyrannical legislation and insufferable conditions created by a horde of conscienceless, diabolical, greed- and lust-crazed adventurers that swarmed down from the North to use the negro for their own selfish ends. In simple justice, should their sacred memory be forgotten? Should their patriotic achievements be lost to posterity? Shall we of this generation allow the cruel calumny, satanic slander, and flagrant falsehoods heaped upon them for the past half century to pass, to be repeated, and go unanswered by an accurate and honest revelation of the *whole* truth? No real man below the Mason and Dixon line will consent to such a crime against our heroic dead.

Let us now note a few historical facts.

In the prosecution of active warfare during the Revolution, the legislatures of the thirteen individual colonies furnished the men and the revenue necessary to organize the American armies. Delegates from each colonial legislature were sent to Philadelphia as members of the central advisory committee, known as the Continental Congress; this Congress had no general authority to make laws, but, as a diplomatic body, it made recommendations to the legislative bodies in the separate colonies. The war itself was inaugurated for the maintenance of the sovereign authority of the thirteen separate colonial legislatures against the assumed authority of the British Parliament. (The Declaration of Independence did not assert independence for the colonies as a unit. Under special authority from their legislatures, the delegates from twelve colonies concurred in pledging mutual support in maintaining separate independence.) A legal bond was at length formulated, organizing the thirteen States into a confederacy styled "The United States of America." It was expressly stipulated in Article II that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence." Article III specified that "the said States hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other," while Article IV spoke of perpetuating "mutual friendship and intercourse among the *people of the different States*." In the determination of questions in the Congress of the League, it was provided that "each State shall have one vote." These Articles of Confederation were not adopted by all the States until the year of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, 1781. Two years later, 1783, peace was established with England through

a treaty which began as follows: "His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States—*viz.*, New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia—to be *free, sovereign, and independent States*." The fifth article of this treaty of peace contained the agreement "that the Congress shall earnestly recommend it to the legislatures of the respective States to provide for the *"restitution"* of all property confiscated from the Tories. This recommendation was made by the Congress and flatly rejected by the legislatures of the States. The Tories did not receive the stipulated compensation because of the sovereign authority asserted and exercised by the people of the individual commonwealths.

The binding force of the Articles of Confederation grew weaker by degrees. When the common enemy had been overthrown, the separate States became more jealous than ever of their individual sovereignty. Adjoining States collected customhouse duties from one another, and began fierce quarrels about boundary lines. In 1786, loud threats of secession from the League were made in New England and in the South. In the same year Rhode Island did actually secede from the Confederacy, and withdrew her delegates from the Congress. Delegates from the other twelve States met in Philadelphia in 1787 and drew up a new series of articles, which were submitted to the separate States upon the basis specified in Article VII: "The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same." Legislative powers were granted in this Constitution to a Congress consisting of a House of Representatives chosen proportionately by "the people of the several States," and a Senate composed of "two Senators from each State." The executive power was vested in a President to be chosen by electors appointed, proportionately, by "each State"; each separate body of electors was directed to meet and cast ballot "in their respective States."

The year 1788 saw these Articles ratified by eleven States, and in the following year the Federal government began to operate throughout these States upon the basis of a secession from the Articles of Confederation of 1781. Virginia distinctly reserved the right to withdraw from the new league if the compact should be perverted to her injury; this same reservation was implied in the method of ratification followed by the other commonwealths. The first Federal Congress decided that the duties levied on imports from foreign countries must be imposed on goods from North Carolina and Rhode Island. In the seventh month after the inauguration of the Federal Union, North Carolina voluntarily entered the compact as the twelfth State, November 21, 1789. Just at the close of Washington's first year as President, Rhode Island sought admission to the Federal household, May 29, 1790. This little commonwealth had held herself entirely aloof from the other States since her secession in 1786. The political sentiment of this entire period of the establishment of the Federal Constitution held each State to be the self-governing member of a league of commonwealths organized for the purposes of mutual defense and mutual intercourse.

The first serious attempt to fasten a different construction upon the Constitution was made by the Federalist party about ten years after the inauguration of the Federal government. In 1798, the administration of John Adams followed the example offered by England and passed the alien and sedition laws. The sedition law declared it a punishable crime to

publish any malicious charge against the Federal government or any part thereof. The alien law gave authority to the President to arrest or exile any alien whom he should consider dangerous to the country. These laws lodged great power in the hands of Congress and the President, and they were executed after the manner of political persecution. Legitimate pamphlets of the political sort were adjudged by Federal officials to be criminal libels. In the same year, 1798, were issued the resolutions of the Virginia and Kentucky legislatures, prepared respectively by Madison and Jefferson, denouncing these laws as contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution. Both resolutions affirmed that the Constitution was a "compact" between the States; that these sovereign commonwealths had reserved the right to restrain the creature of the compact, the Federal government, from assuming any powers not expressly granted to it. In the election of the year 1800, a great wave of popular approval swept Jefferson's party into power; the effort at centralization had thus far met naught but disaster.

When Jefferson made the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon in 1803, in the form of a treaty ratified by the Senate, a clearly developed spirit of sectionalism at once manifested itself. The people of the Southern States believed that the development of the western territory, both north and south, depended upon the free navigation of the Mississippi. Immediate action was necessary; there was not time to follow Jefferson's suggestion of an amendment to the Constitution; they, therefore, supported the treaty that secured the western bank of the great river. On the other hand, the Federalists of New England opposed the treaty, not merely on Constitutional grounds, but on the further ground expressed by Tracy, of Connecticut, that the admission of prospective States from the Louisiana territory would result in "absorbing the Northern States and rendering them insignificant in the Union." This eastern opposition to the treaty grew into a strong spirit of separatism, and in 1804 the air was full of serious threats from the New England Federalists that they would secede from the Federal Union and organize a Northern Confederacy. When Jefferson's administration passed the Embargo Act in 1807, it proved a failure because of the refusal of the people east of the Hudson River to obey its provisions. This resistance went to such length that the Massachusetts legislature, February 1, 1809, issued an official call of the commercial States to send delegates to a convention to consider the union of the eastern commonwealths against the Federal government. The movement was checked by the repeal of the embargo.

The opposition party became more determined under Madison's régime. A few months before the declaration of war against England, Josiah Quincy, on the floor of Congress, thus made resistance to the bill granting statehood to Louisiana: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of this Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." Not from any quarter was denial made of the right of secession thus boldly announced.

The war measure of 1812 added fuel to the flame, and New England proceeded to carry threats into active resistance to the Federal government. The call of the Secretary of War for the militia of the States met blunt refusal from the Governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. The Assembly of the latter State sustained its executive in a formal address which denounced the war and declared Connecticut

to be a free, sovereign, and independent State, and that the United States was not a national but a confederated republic. President Madison was held up as an invader of the State's authority over her militia. The highest court of Massachusetts gave sanction to this view, and the three States furnished none of the sinews of war. The burden of public defense fell upon the South and West. The campaigns in Canada failed, but New England did not come to Madison's help. While the mounted riflemen of Kentucky were assembling for the onset which gained the victory of the Thames in the Northwest, while the fierce soldiery of Tennessee were burning their mountain rifles to teach Pakenham's veterans their first lesson of defeat at New Orleans, the people of New England were permitting a British force to hold without resistance the territory of Maine. In the very midst of the deadly struggle, while the Southern States were voting men and money for the war, Vermont's executive was recalling troops sent by his predecessor, and the Massachusetts law-makers were holding aloof with the declaration that New England had been totally excluded from a share in the Federal government. From the mountains of New Hampshire there came also to President Madison a memorial which ran, in part, as follows: "If a separation of the States ever should take place, it will be on some occasion when some portion of the country undertakes to control, to regulate, and to sacrifice the interest of another."

Secession became the sentiment of the hour in the East as the war dragged itself onward. "The flag of five stripes" was the cry that arose in New England when the stars and stripes were going down before the colors of Britain. The Federalists of New York made response to this call by offering as a toast, the Northern Confederacy, with its boundary, "the Delaware, the Susquehanna, or the Potomac."

As the year 1814 drew near its end, with the Federal government on the verge of bankruptcy and the flames kindled by the British consuming the Capitol at Washington, delegates from the New England States were assembling in the Hartford Convention. Nullification had not brought satisfaction to the Federalists. Secession must be formally considered. The scheme that had now grown ripe presented two alternative courses; either the long-cherished Northern Confederacy must be established, or, as the Massachusetts legislature suggested, there must be made a "radical reform in the national compact" by a convention representing all the States in the Union. At Hartford, December 15, 1814, the ablest and most influential men of New England met together to express their hostility to Madison's administration. The resolutions passed by the Hartford Convention asserted the State's right of "interposition" against the Federal government, and "were so framed," says Roosevelt, "as to justify seceding, or not seceding, as events turned out." Harrison Gray Otis at once proceeded toward Washington to take note of times and seasons, whether the hour had yet come for leading New England out of the Union. News of the treaty of peace with England turned Otis back, and the attempt was made to draw a veil over the proceedings at Hartford.

The decade following the peace of 1814 saw the widening of the gulf between the agricultural and commercial sections of the Federal Union. The next issue which thrust itself between them was the questioning of a tax on imported merchandise.

The South from the first paid the largest share of the expense of the Federal government, because she sent out the great bulk of American exports. After 1824, the protective

tariff law aided in binding a yet heavier public burden upon her. In that year the wool growers of the West joined hands with the wool growers of the Middle and Northern States to fasten Henry Clay's protective system upon foreign traffic. At once New England, whose representative had opposed the earlier tariffs, left her ships on the sand to begin the work of multiplying looms and spindles, and to advocate a heavier tax on foreign goods in the interest of home manufactures. In 1828, the West cast her vote with the North to pass a tariff law still more burdensome to the South, but in the same year the West supported the South in giving more than two-thirds of the electoral vote to the hero of New Orleans. In 1830 the West drew farther apart from the North in regard to the sale of public lands, and in a moment the halls of Congress were ablaze with the debate over the tariff, the building of new States, and nullification.

The sectional wrestle began in the Senate over Foote's (Connecticut) resolutions, December, 1829, to abridge the sale of public lands in the West. Benton, of Missouri, leaped to his feet to charge New England with long-continued hostility toward the West, and declared this measure a blow aimed against the growth of that section. Hayne, of South Carolina, came to Benton's aid by holding up the second resolution of the Hartford Convention, which demanded some provision "for restraining Congress in the exercise of an unlimited power to make new States." Hayne charged New England with the design of consolidating the government in order to administer public affairs in the sole interest of the North. He claimed that the South was contending for the true intent of the Federal Constitution in her opposition to the unjust tariff of 1828, and that she might desire to practice the theory of nullification so often exhibited in the conduct of New England. Webster, in reply, labored long to show that nullification had never found foothold in New England. "No public man of reputation ever advanced it in Massachusetts," cried Webster, in utter forgetfulness of the formal action of the Massachusetts legislature. In opposition to nullification as a governmental theory, he brought forward the claim of *original consolidation*. He affirmed that the Federal Constitution of 1787 was not a compact between the States, but an instrument adopted by the American people as one great body politic. Webster's address was a masterpiece of fervid eloquence. The spirit of the man himself was aglow with patriotic earnestness, but his biographer, Henry Cabot Lodge, makes the following admissions concerning the two lines of argument:

"Unfortunately, the facts were against him (Webster) in both instances. When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of the States at Philadelphia and accepted by the votes of States in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised."

Against the tariff statutes the people of South Carolina entered solemn protest in the form of an ordinance of nullification, November, 1832. Before the ordinance became operative, the tariff was reduced by Clay's compromise measure. The fierce commercial wrestle, however, indicated the complete separation of the old Federal Union into two hostile sections. Into the arena of debate between the two divided peoples was thrust the question of slavery in this same year, 1832.

The institution of slavery in the South was a vast labor system. Under that system, the negro was registered as a member of a patriarchal household; day by day the habits of African savagery were purged from his life by the power of law, represented in the will of his master. The State laws were severe on crimes committed by negroes; but any abuse of servants was prohibited by statute. Self-interest restrained harsh masters from cruelty, and a wholesome public sentiment enforced the practice of kindness toward the quiet wards of the plantation. Cruelty was the exception. Not often was the lash used; not often were negro families separated by sale, except as penalty for misdemeanor or in the distribution of estates to heirs or to creditors. The system produced no paupers and no orphans; food and clothing the negro did not lack; careful attention he received in sickness, and without a burden the aged servants spent their closing days. The plantation was an industrial school where the negro gradually acquired skill in the use of tools. A bond of affection was woven between Southern masters and servants which proved strong enough in 1861-65 to keep the negroes at voluntary labor to furnish food for the armies that contended against military emancipation. In the planter's home the African learned to set a higher value upon the domestic virtues which he saw illustrated in the lives of Christian men and women; for, be it remembered, the great body of slaveholders of the South were devotees of the religious faith handed down through pious ancestors from Knox, Cranmer, Wesley, and Bunyan. With truth it may be said that none other economic system before or since that time has engendered a bond of personal affection between capital and labor so strong as that established by the institution of slavery.

Slowly upward toward a fitness for citizenship this mild servitude was lifting the negro, but only at the expense of Southern prosperity. Slavery was a blight upon the economic development of the South; it repressed inventive talent, it paralyzed Anglo-Saxon energy, and it left hidden in the earth the South's material resources. As a system of labor, slavery secured slight service; harvests were not abundant in proportion to the vast acreage, mines were not opened, forests were not felled, railroads were not constructed, and factories were not established. From an early date a large proportion of the Southern slaveholders desired to cast off the burden, but the problem ever arose: "What shall be done with the emancipated serf?"

It must not be forgotten that the commercial greed of England fastened the black race upon the American colonies against the vigorous protests of the colonial assemblies. Many of the English sovereigns made investments in slave ships. John Wesley advocated the purchase of slaves for the colony of Georgia in order that they might there hear the gospel. In 1776, slavery existed in all the thirteen commonwealths, and at the close of the Revolution more than half a million Africans were dwelling side by side with three million Americans. The Virginia statesmen saw danger in this juxtaposition of two diverse races, and they led a crusade against the foreign slave traffic. Into the Federal convention this war was carried, but there New England voted with South Carolina and Georgia to leave the African trade as a stain upon the country for twenty years longer. The Constitution further recognised the institution by adding three-fifths of a number of slaves to the white population as a basis of each State's representation in Congress and by the provision for the return of fugitive slaves.

Unto the ships of New England the slave-carrying trade was

transferred after the Revolution. Even before that war, her skippers had taken cargoes of rum from Cape Cod and Narragansett to exchange for flesh and blood on the coast of Africa. Fresh impetus was now given to this kind of barter. Wealth was rapidly heaped up in Rhode Island through the traffic of her fleet of slave vessels. Gradually the negroes of Northern masters were sent to the Southern markets, and thus were the Southern States filled up with the alien race.

From the beginning the Virginians had scented danger. In the opening years of the new century they began to look with alarm upon the increasing multitude of unenlightened negroes. To them it was a colossal race problem; not the mere question of the patriarchal relation of master and servant, but the presence of a barbarous race in the heart of Anglo-Saxon commonwealths. Mere emancipation from serfdom did not seem to these statesmen an adequate remedy; emancipation on a small scale was attempted by individuals, but the last state of the free negroes in the South, as well as in the North, was worse than the first. The complete removal of the negroes appeared to them the only course of treatment that could touch the sources of the malady; they feared even greater evils from the tribes of emancipated Africans within the States. It was Patrick Henry who said: "Much as I deplore slavery, I see that prudence forbids its abolition." Marshall declared that abolition would not remove the evils caused by the negro's presence. Jefferson deplored the danger to the stability of the republic, and advocated the foreign colonization of the African. The views of all these Southern leaders were set forth by Henry Clay in 1829, as follows: "If we were to invoke the greatest blessing on earth which Heaven, in its mercy, could now bestow on this nation, it would be the separation of the two most numerous races of its population and their comfortable establishment in distinct and distant countries." Again, he said: "The evils of slavery are absolutely nothing in comparison with the far greater evils which would inevitably follow from a sudden, general, and indiscriminate emancipation." The Virginia legislature in 1832 made long debate over a proposition to emancipate the slaves of the commonwealth; but the bill was defeated because of the dread of more difficult race problems after emancipation.

In spite of these Southern views, in spite of the fact that the English government, in 1833, made liberal payment for all the slaves set free on her West Indian plantations, the Abolitionists began the work of crying death to the Federal Constitution for sheltering the alleged crime of slavery. They flooded the mails with publications intended to incite the negroes to rise in insurrection against their masters; they denounced slaveholders as outlaws, and besieged Congress with petitions that it should step beyond the pale of Federal authority and begin the destruction of the institution.

In 1790, the Congress of the United States had declared that it possessed "no power to interfere with slavery or the treatment of the slaves within the States." For thirty years this remained the policy of Congress. But in 1820 the country was swept by the hot fever blast of contention over the admission of Missouri as a State. The ancient hostility of the East against the extension of the Union toward the southwest in that year forced the concession from the South that henceforth slavery should not be recognized as legal in the territories north of the parallel 36° 30'. This early assault upon the system of slavery was clearly due to political and not to humanitarian motives. But it was aggressive warfare upon slavery itself that John Quincy Adams waged in the House of Representatives under the guise of upholding the right of

petition. Bundles of denunciatory petitions he continued to present, even after the House, in 1836, reaffirmed the declaration of 1790, asserting lack of jurisdiction over slavery, and after the House had also passed a rule against receiving these documents.

From his seat in the Senate, February, 1839, Henry Clay thus laid bare the real aim of the agitators:

"Civil war, a dissolution of the Union . . . are nothing (with the Abolitionists). . . . In all their leading prints and publications, the alleged horrors of slavery are depicted in the most glowing and exaggerated colors to excite the imagination and stimulate the rage of the people in the free States against the people in the slave States. The slaveholder is held up and represented as the most atrocious of human beings. Advertisements of fugitive slaves are carefully collected and blazoned forth to infuse a spirit of detestation and hatred against one entire and the largest section of the Union. . . . To the agency of their powers of persuasion they now propose to substitute the powers of the ballot box; and he must be blind to what is passing before us who does not perceive that the inevitable tendency of their proceedings is, if these should be found insufficient, to *invoke, finally, the more potent powers of the bayonet.*"

When the old question of territorial expansion toward the southwest lifted up its head in the proposition to admit Texas into the league of American States, the Abolitionists made resistance. Although the settlement of Texas was only an incident in the great westward migration of home seekers from the Alleghanies and the Mississippi Valley, yet the Abolitionists made the charge that the presence of African servants in these new frontier households indicated a gigantic scheme to construct a slave empire. In 1842, and 1843, therefore, Adams and Giddings presented petitions from citizens of Massachusetts and Ohio, asking Congress at once to take steps toward "the peaceable dissolution of the Union." Adams, Giddings, and other congressmen issued a public address, in March, 1843, declaring that the annexation of Texas would be "so injurious to the interests of the Northern States as not only inevitably to result in a dissolution of the Union, but fully to justify it." The month of August, 1843, saw a national convention of the Liberty Party, binding itself by formal resolution "to regard and treat the third clause of the Constitution, whenever applied to the case of a fugitive slave, as utterly null and void." Formal announcement was made in May, 1844, by the American Anti-Slavery Society that they rejected the entire Federal Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." They further declared that "secession from the government" was the duty of every Abolitionist. Two weeks later the Society issued an address to the country with the formal summons: "Up with the banner of revolution!" More than sixty thousand voters abandoned the Whig party to render support to this disunion banner; and this defection caused the defeat of the Whig, Henry Clay, by Polk, the Democratic candidate for the presidency.

In the year 1845, in protest against denunciations of slavery by Northern pulpits, the Southern Baptists withdrew themselves into a separate organization. The year 1846 saw the formation of the Southern Methodist Church upon the same basis, and the new Constitution of Kentucky, in 1849, was more rigid than the old in maintaining the relation of master and servant. But these protests only served to redouble the vigor of the Abolitionists. Against slavery in the territories secured from Mexico they now concentrated their assaults. In the Congressional struggle of 1850 over the organization

of these lands, Webster united with Clay and Calhoun in condemning the aggressions of abolitionism. In February, Clay said: "Upon this subject I do think that we have just and serious cause of complaint against the free States." In May he further declared: "The body politic cannot be preserved unless this agitation, this distraction, this exasperation, which is going on between the two sections of the country, shall cease." March 4 found Calhoun in the Senate, pale from the weakness of approaching death, while Mason read his last appeal for the cessation of Abolitionist attacks upon the old Federal Constitution. Calhoun declared that the existing relation between master and servant "cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness."

Concerning the Abolition movement, Webster declared, March 7: "The South, in my judgment, is right, and the North is wrong." Again, in July, 1850, Webster asserted that Northern prejudice against the Southern labor system "all originates in misinformation, false representation, and misapprehensions arising from the laborious efforts that have been made for the last twenty years to pervert the public judgment and irritate the public feeling."

But other voices were heard in this senatorial battle. W. H. Seward, of New York, disciple of the school of John Quincy Adams, made announcement of a "higher law" above the Constitution, and, for himself, foreshadowed a readiness for the program of immediate emancipation by violence, if necessary. Chase, of Ohio, made zealous proclamation of the same creed. The "higher law" thus brought forward was merely the conscience of the Abolitionists. Side by side with Seward's announcement must we place the matured judgment of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, sustained by the entire people of the Southern States, that the conscience of the Abolitionists was wrong—that the higher law was without foundation.

The fugitive slave enactment of 1850 was the issue made prominent now by the antislavery revolutionists, and this issue gave them great advantage before the new generation of immigrants and citizens in the North. The law itself was a strategical mistake on the part of the Southern people; they had sought to emphasize a constitutional right for the sake of the few servants who were persuaded to flee across the border. The crusade against slavery rapidly gained strength. The Free Soil Convention of 1852 openly denied the "binding force" of the fugitive slave law, and Sumner, in the Senate, declared it a "dead letter" in the public conscience of the free States. The legislatures of some of these States passed "personal liberty" laws practically nullifying the Congressional statute. Into a whirlwind of passion against slavery did the erroneous portraiture in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" begin to sweep the people of the North. The incidents of this story were altogether exceptional and libelous, but the dearth of accurate information in the North gave this volume wide acceptance as a realistic sketch of the alleged barbaric civilization of the South! The antislavery war increased in fierceness, although the supposed basis for such hostility was scarcely greater in 1854 than it had been in 1850, when Webster expressed himself as follows:

"No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has ever been made in Maine, . . . New Hampshire, . . . Vermont. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has been made in Rhode Island within the last thirty years. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave is known to have been made in Connecticut except one about twenty-five years ago; and in that case the negro was

immediately discharged for want of proof of identity. Some instances of the seizure of alleged fugitive slaves are known to have occurred, in this generation, in Massachusetts; but except one, their number and their history are uncertain. . . . What is there to justify the passionate appeals, the vehement and empty declamations, the wild and fanatical conduct of both men and women which have so long disturbed and so much disgraced the commonwealth and the country?"

The year 1854 marked the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the formal repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820. It was asserted by Senator Douglass that the compromise of 1850 had already repealed the earlier compromise by the prohibition of slavery in California, south of 36° 30'; at the same time, Douglass further declared, the legislation of 1850 had inaugurated a new method of organizing the territories. Therefore, in 1854, the two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, lying north of 36° 30', were established without any prohibition of slavery, inviting immigration upon the pledge that the people of the territories themselves were left "perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, affirmed that the Southern people gave their support to this measure, not for the purpose of forcing slavery upon the territories, "but to let free emigrants to our vast public domain, in every part and parcel of it, settle this question for themselves, with all the experience, intelligence, virtue, and patriotism they may carry with them."

A race for the possession of the soil of Kansas began at once between bands of armed men from the North and from the South. Fierce and open warfare ere long was raging upon those Western plains over the question of recognizing or prohibiting slavery in the new State Constitution.

The Democratic platform of 1856 indorsed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and reaffirmed the "compact" theory of the Constitution as "laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions," and further declared that the agitations of the slavery questions by the Abolitionists "endanger the stability and permanency of the Union."

June 17, 1856, marked the consolidation of the clans opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill into a new party. These opponents of slavery hitherto classed under various names as Abolitionists, Free Soilers, and Whigs, came together, and, in convention assembled, rebaptized themselves as the Republican Party. Representatives were present from all the Northern States, and from Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky. No voice from the other States was heard in this Philadelphia council, which closed its third resolution with the claim that "it is both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery."

Before the close of the month of June, ex-President Fillmore, at Albany, denounced the new party as distinctly sectional, organized for the avowed purpose of electing its candidates "by suffrages of the one part of the Union only, to rule over the whole United States. Can they have the madness or folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a Chief Magistrate?" Rufus Choate described it as "the new geographical party, calling itself Republican, . . . which knows one-half of America only to hate and dread it." He added further:

"The triumph of such a party puts the Union in danger. . . . If the Republican Party accomplishes its objects and gives the government to the North, I turn my eyes from the

consequence. To the fifteen new States of the South that government will appear an alien government. It will appear a hostile government. It will represent to their eye a vast region of States, organized upon antislavery."

In this presidential campaign of 1856, the warning note emphasized in the Democratic canvass in the Southern States was the necessity of secession from the Federal Union, if the Republican Party should carry the election. The border States and the cotton States alike were already to withdraw themselves in a body for the organization of a Southern Confederacy in the event of Fremont's accession to the presidency. But in the political battle the victory was adjudged to Buchanan. The Democratic platform, interpreting the Constitution to be a "compact" between the sovereign States, received overwhelming popular sanction at the polls.

For this reason alone the Southern States remained as yet within the Federal League. But the critical four-year period now opening did not seem luminous with approaching peace in view of the following deliverance on the part of the Disunion Convention at Worcester, Mass., January 15, 1857: "*Resolved*, That the sooner the separation takes place, the more peaceful it will be; but that peace or war is a secondary consideration in view of our present perils. Slavery must be conquered, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

Two days after Buchanan's inauguration, the Dred Scott decision was handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States. This decision affirmed that the mere fact of Dred Scott's temporary residence in a territory organized from the Louisiana purchase north of 36° 30' did not bring freedom to an African slave. First of all did the Court declare that a slave was not a citizen under the Constitution; in assigning the reason for this interpretation, the Court affirmed that the Louisiana domain "was acquired by the general government as the representative and trustee of the people of the United States, and it must, therefore, be held in that character for their common and equal benefit." Beyond this the Court advanced to say that Congress, the trustee acting for the States, had no authority to pass the Missouri Compromise in 1820, invalidating the rights established by the Constitution. Thus was the Constitution by the highest legal tribunal interpreted as sanctioning the full claims of the Southern people concerning slavery. Justice Curtis's dissenting opinion was merely the repudiation of the theory of the original consolidation of the thirteen States.

The case was now made up on both sides, and the lines of battle were clearly drawn. The people of the South were of one mind still in denying the alleged barbarity of their labor system. Moreover, they began to draw attention to the tribe of emancipated negroes in the United States as more debased than their brethren in bonds. At the same time they could point to the dismal failure of emancipation in the English West Indies.

This makes it clear that the Abolitionists were the real cause of the war, and it was ruthlessly imposed upon the Southern people.

When history shall be written aright, and the truth clearly revealed, the luster of the Confederate soldier and the cause for which he so bravely fought will shine in glory as the noon-day sun.

LOUISIANA ADMITTED TO THE UNION, 1812.—*Resolved*: That the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the Constitutional powers of the United States. It formed a new Confederacy to which the States united by the former compact are not bound to adhere. (Massachusetts Legislature).

WITH JACKSON IN THE VALLEY..

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONT GOMERY, ALA.

It was during this exciting period in the history of the two armies in Virginia that Hooker, in command of the Federal army, having discovered that Lee's army was moving, wrote to President Lincoln, on June 5, that Lee's column "will probably be headed toward the Potomac, via Gordonsville or Culpeper, while the rear will rest on Fredericksburg," and giving his opinion that it was his "duty to pitch into his rear," asking if it was within the spirit of his instructions to do so.

Replying, Lincoln suggested to him not to "take any risks of being entangled on the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

After Ewell's troops had reached the vicinity of Winchester and Martinsburg, and information had reached President Lincoln that the two garrisons had been attacked or surrounded, the latter wrote Hooker on June 15: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it is on the Plank Road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

On Saturday night, June 13, Milroy, realizing the desperate conditions by which he was surrounded, called a council of war consisting of his three brigade commanders. The council soon reached the conclusion that resistance, with their inferior numbers, was futile. In his report on this conclusion, Milroy said: "Precedents which have occurred during this rebellion and in other countries would justify a capitulation; but I thought, and my comrades in council thought, that we owed our lives to the government rather than make such a degrading concession to rebels in arms against its authority."

Actuated by this debased feeling, need we be surprised at the hatred and tyranny exercised toward Confederates and their sympathizers in the performance of his official duties? Though all the officials in the Federal army were not so vitriolic in their actions toward Confederates as Milroy uniformly displayed, there were enough of his class to make it fearfully oppressive where they ruled.

Milroy is next heard from when he wrote to Burnside, on May 2, 1864, entreating the latter to give him command of a division in his corps, "either white or colored." Briefly following this request with a sketch of his army career since the beginning of the war, he said: "It is mortifying, after being in constant active duty over two years, to be exiled from duty without cause and not permitted to take part in the closing acts of the great rebellion." On May 6, 1864, he was assigned to duty at Nashville, Tenn., with General Thomas, to receive and organize the militia regiments sent to that place, and for assignment to the command of Indiana troops when organized.

On June 8, 1864, when Stanton, Secretary of War, proposed to send Crittenden, who had resigned from the Army of the Potomac, to Sherman in Georgia, the latter replied: "I already have Schurz and Milroy on nominal duty." The next day, June 9, Sherman wrote Schofield: "I have, subject to assignment, Maj. Gens. Carl Schurz and Milroy; also Maj. Gen. Crittenden is offered to me, if I want him. You can have either or all these generals."

On May 22, 1864, Milroy was assigned to duty at Tullahoma, Tenn., an entrenched post, himself not to chase, but to direct others under his command to chase the elusive raiders, Wheeler, Forrest, and their equally adept subor-

dinates, who were continually breaking up the railroads in Sherman's rear and otherwise disturbing conditions. As late as October 20, 1864, in his report on one of Forrest's raids, after Forrest's command had come in contact with a scouting party of the 12th Indiana, a part of his command, Milroy said: "I confidently expected an attack at this place (Tullahoma) the next morning, the 30th ultimo, but to my great disappointment and disgust, they failed to come, and my preparations for meeting them were useless and my expected opportunity for wiping off the rust of fourteen months' comparative inactivity was lost." Milroy wished Forrest to attack his fortified post.

When a Confederate raider, alleged to have been named Hays, approached the railroad track near Decherd, Tenn., and disturbed the track, Milroy's dispatch to his subordinate abundantly showed that time and change of locality had failed to modify his intensely bitter hatred toward Confederate soldiers and their sympathizers. It is dated September 18, 1864, and is as follows: "Was Hays east or west when he crossed the railroad? Did any of the citizens along the route he came give you any information of his approach? If not, send over and arrest those along the route of his approach to the railroad, and burn a house or two of the most prominent secessionists along the route nearest the break in the railroad." Milroy continued in command of the fortified post at Tullahoma until July 7, 1865, possibly longer.

WIVES AND CHILDREN OF YANKEE SOLDIERS CAPTURED AT WINCHESTER.

(See VETERAN for September, p. 332, by I. G. Bradwell.)

It may be a matter of general interest to know that the number of wives and children (no sweethearts are accounted for in the record) of the Yankee garrison at Winchester, who fell into the hands of the Confederate pursuers, was forty-seven. It was soon reported, across the line, that these unfortunate noncombatants had been carried to Richmond and imprisoned in Castle Thunder. The latter part of the report was, of course, untrue.

As the Confederate army was making an important movement at the time the fortunes of war threw these unfortunate noncombatants into their hands, they could not wisely be transported through the lines to Harper's Ferry, or any other near-by point, without danger of having such movements revealed, hence they were transported to Richmond. The nearest point to a railroad was Staunton, approximately one hundred miles. This part of the trip was perhaps made in wagons or ambulances and required, no doubt, several days. After reaching Richmond, time was necessarily consumed before arrangements were completed for their transfer. All this time, necessary restraints, which were doubtless annoying, were thrown around them and caused no little inconvenience, but I am sure they were subjected to no restraints or unpleasant conditions not necessary or that ordinary prudence did not dictate. They were delivered at Fort Monroe on July 2, a little more than two weeks after the culmination of their unfortunate adventure.

REFUGEES AND REFUGEEING.

BY SUSAN VERDERY PRATHER, ATLANTA, GA.

In South Alabama, during the War between the States, we felt the pangs of war with increasing force as the years went on, and refugees of all kinds were with us who were already refugees.

In Butler County, a few miles from Greenville, the county courthouse, we had purchased a little farm on the old Fort Dale Road. We cultivated it and made it a source of income as well as a shelter. It was very different from any home we had ever had, so small and plain, but when we made our big garden and small flower garden, placed our bee hives under the mock orange trees, and planted a long line of them next to the puncheon fence, made yards for the turkeys, ducks, and chickens, the place looked like a little home.

My father and mother knew how to make a home of this little war-time refuge. The family gathered about the parent tree as first one was bereaved and another was wounded past any more active field duty. The two sisters who were teaching came, too, so as to be away from the paths of the contending armies.

Pensacola refugees were the first from the Gulf ports to reach Greenville. They came in hundreds and enjoyed the change; and we farming folk were glad to have them, for our garden and farm products pleased them, and we increased our planting. We sold them melons by the wagonload, egg-plants by the bushel, corn, cucumbers, peppers, okra, tomatoes, turkeys, chickens, rabbits, honey, and sorghum *galore*.

Our Greenville boys fell in love with Mercedes, Anita, and other pretty little Spanish señoritas, and when the war was over a number of love matches were consummated, as Pensacola and Greenville will even now testify.

But even to Butler County was surely coming. When the cannon boomed at Mobile, more refugeeing had to be, and the little home was the scene of partings that were for all time. I have never seen the dear old place since I left it in 1865.

Liz and Milly, young negroes who were with us there, sat on a bench under the widespread oak and looked at the two little girls playing in the sand when the sound of the distant cannonading attracted them. Milly said: "Did you know we're going refugeeing to-morrow? We is going to La Fayette, Marse Jack's pa's home. Our things all gotta be packed, and we starts soon to-morrow morning."

Liz asked: "Is you willin' to leave you granny, Aunt Dinah?" "O yes," replied Milly. "I come back last year and I'll come back dis year, too." Liz said, "I don't like to give up my babies" (meaning the two little girls who were now drawing pictures in the sand, with sticks for crayons—pictures of the ducks, the chickens, the turkeys, and anything that came within the range of their vision). "Somehow I feel like I'll never see them again." And she, this loving nurse-mother, never saw them anymore.

The next morning my younger sister, the two little girls, Milly, and the driver, Jim, and our baggage went ten miles above Greenville (as the raid was coming to Greenville) and took the train at Fort Deposit. We stopped in Montgomery a few hours, at the Exchange Hotel, to remove our numerous dresses and wraps and take the rolls of Confederate money from our stockings; there was about \$50,000 of it in paper. This currency was so depreciated that this was a small sum. But there were watches, jewelry, and a few of our many dear letters from the absent or the dead. I had burned nearly all of my letters in the big fireplace at home the day before. My youngest brother, then in his teens, asked my mother: "Why does she weep as she throws them into the fire?" My mother answered: "Because she has lived in them for many years."

The invaders were terrible, not only in destroying everything, but in taking jewelry, pictures, and letters.

We went on to La Fayette, Chambers County, without further adventures. The raiders reached the home on the

Fort Dale Road after we left it, taking the negroes, mules, cattle; everything they thought valuable, and destroying the provisions and crops, furniture, etc. They went to our neighbor, Mr. John Goldsmith, an old man, told him they knew he had buried money, and when he said that was a mistake, they hung him until he was nearly dead, took him down, and left. He died a few weeks afterwards from the effects of their brutality.

At some distance from this place, another party of these men hanged Mr. Moses Wheat until he was nearly dead, from which he never recovered either.

My young sister, Miss Adelaide Verdery, had the courage and the address that brought back to the farm the working force, etc. She went to Montgomery as soon as it was occupied by the regulars of the U. S. Army, and stated the case before the commandant. He ordered the negroes to return, mounting them on army horses, and sent a wagonload of provisions, and tried to set the little farm to work again.

Meantime, as the weeks passed and our armies had surrendered at Appomattox, Hillsboro, and other places, the troops were paroled and sent home. Colonel Prather, with his servant, horses, and a few men who lived near his home rode into West Point, Ga. As he had had no tidings from me, he thought I was still in Butler County. A friend in West Point, greeting him, said: "Your family are all well in La Fayette, just twelve miles away." "Why I haven't heard from them in weeks! O, good-by!" "Wait," said the friend, "they are not at the farm. They are at George Allen's in La Fayette." "O, good-by, good-by! Come to see us!" said the now jubilant homcomer, as he urged his horse and moved at a brisk trot toward our own little home town.

And in a very short time he found us with some of the dearest, noblest friends we ever had, all now passed to a better land. Peace to their souls!

A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

BY ALLEN C. REDWOOD, 55TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY,
PORT CONWAY, LA.

The season of active operations for 1863 in Virginia seemed to have reached its close. The end of November was close at hand; in the camp of the 8th Pennsylvania Infantry, a group of four men, seated on stumps and cracker boxes, divided their interest between the bubbling campkettle, in which the soup for dinner was cooking, and their share of the regimental mail, consisting of a week-old newspaper and a solitary letter. While the recipient of the former proclaimed aloud the war news—stale and, after the manner of the time, quite unreliable—Jim Carey, to whom the letter was addressed, held the envelope listlessly between his fingers, his attention being absorbed by the details of "Another Great Union Victory in the West," with its attendant "Terrific Slaughter of Rebels" and "Enormous Capture of Supplies," which the reader was announcing to his eager, if none too credulous, audience. Those concerned in the making of history are apt to make rather copious notes in the margin of the record.

But the meager bulletins were soon disposed of, and Jim returned to the interests of private life represented by his letter. For some moments he scrutinized the superscription and postmark; the character was that of a woman, and by the awkward formation of the letters and the tendency of the lines to slope at eccentric angles, of one to whose fingers the pen was not a familiar implement; evidently the letter was

not the one he had hoped for. Finally he opened it and read solidly for awhile, but, as he approached the end, a pleased exclamation escaped him.

"What is it Jim," asked one of his fellows; "your girl been writin' somethin' nice to you?"

"Taint from her; from the old lady. Listen to what she says: 'I have a fine fat turkey I am going to send you for Thanksgiving; also some butter and a crock of apple butter, and some warm woolen socks and a few more small things to fill up the box. Look out for it when it comes.'"

"Hooray! Bully for her. Three cheers for Jim's old lady!"

"That's the kind of love-letter gits me!"

"Won't we just have a spread? Well, I say!"

Such were the exclamations which greeted Jim's tidings. The table talk over their dinner was largely made up of comparisons between the prospective cheer and the limited prog of Uncle Sam's commissariat, much to the disparagement of the latter; yet the crackers were good and crisp, the pork sweet, with a due proportion of lean, and the beans cooked mealy and tender. But, somehow, the repast lacked a turkey flavor.

"Well, we're greased for one more day, anyhow," observed Dick Kieffer, as he cut some plug tobacco and filled his pipe, "but I'm gittin' kinder tired o' beans and sow belly all the time; don't see why they can't give us some fresh grub, now we're settled down for the winter, and all-rail from here to Washington too."

"Must say I never *did* care much about beans myself," commented Jake Foust. "I used to git too blame many of 'em that time I was on a job down East, just before the war. Had 'em reg'lar for breakfast every Sunday mornin' right along; you'd 'a thought they was a part of them folk's religion."

"Talkin' o' that, say: When is Thanksgiving Day, anyhow?" inquired Bob Hines. "Let's see, this is Tuesday, aint it? Why look here, it's day after to-morrow! Jim, you better put in for a pass right away. I bet that box is at the station now, and it ought to be got open just as soon as you can lay hands on it; looks like we're goin' to get a spell o' soft weather, and we don't want to take no chances on that turkey."

Jim glanced at the date of his letter.

"Guess you're about right, Bob; this letter was written the twenty-first. That was, let's see, last Saturday, wasn't it? The old man must ha' took the box to town the same day he mailed the letter. I'll go brace the Cap for a pass right now, and see the quartermaster sergeant to give us a lift with it on one of his wagons when he goes to the station. There is sure to be a lot of things in it besides what she says, and it'll be kinder heavy to carry, I'm thinkin'."

But the courier who brought these glad tidings to Mess No. 3 carried in his saddlebags other documents of more immediate public import, yet which were not without their bearing upon the fortunes of that integral part of the Army of the Potomac. Having explained his home news to his captain, Jim had no difficulty in obtaining a six-hour pass to go in quest of his goods, but when he presented this for indorsement at regimental headquarters, he was met by the unwelcome announcement: "No passes granted at present; the command is under orders to march to-morrow morning; orderly has just been sent to notify company commanders."

The camp was buzzing with the news when he got back to his mess. The prevalent theory was that nothing more serious was in the wind than possibly some movement of the enemy requiring the troops to be held in readiness; so the

amateur strategists of No. 3 Mess strove to persuade themselves in their discussion around their fire where the cook was preparing three days' rations as prescribed in the order. That feature was not reassuring, certainly; still, it would not be the first time they had cooked rations and packed for a move and then had to consume the cold provisions without having stirred from their camps. There seemed at least a fighting chance that they might yet eat their Thanksgiving dinner where they sat or thereabouts. But in any event it was most unfortunate, this rumpus coming along and that turkey and the other stuff still boxed up and lying at the station, only a mile or two away—and Thanksgiving Day close at hand!

"I tell you, boys," persisted Jim, who was of the right Mark Tapley breed, "we just can't be goin' any great ways from here now. We can't cut loose from the railroad this time o' year, can we? Just look at the road from here to the station, how it's cut up a' ready. You don't suppose old man Lee's a goin' to fall back from the line o' the Rapidan without a fight, do you? Not much! And old "Four-Eyed George" ain't such a dod-blamed lunthead as to cross over and try to drive him out from the posish he's picked out, you bet your gum blanket; it's *too late* to start a new campaign this season."

"It was later than this when we crossed at Fredericksburg last year," objected the pessimistic Foust, "and the season was a good deal further along, too. Reflect how cold it was when we was layin' there below Falmouth? We ain't had no weather to speak of yet."

"Yes, I know all that, and I take notice too we got bully well licked that time and was glad enough to get back on our side o' the river. There was a good many o' the boys didn't get the chance to come back neither. You mind them poor fellows we picked up across the railroad when we was on the buryin' detail—that got all burned when the grass got afire time the line broke? I'm tellin' you one trip like that's about as many as I care for, and I guess George G. ain't forgot it either; his division was right in the thick of the muss that day, and the Pennsylvania Reserves caught it hot. Yes, sir, there's a sight o' Pennsylvany boys planted out in that old broom grass that none of their folks won't know where to look for 'em."

"Well, I guess we've all learnt a thing or two since then," observed Kieffer, the old man and sage of the mess—he was all of thirty—"and I wouldn't wonder if a few o' them ducks in Washington hadn't found out by this time that they only made a mess o' things, tryin' to boss a campaign from their easy chairs. I guess they'll let George G. run his own machine now, and you bet he knows about what she can do and what she can't; anyhow, best thing we can do now's to get a good night's sleep—might not have another chance soon—so I'm goin' to bunk down."

The morrow brought little confirmation of the hopeful forecastings which had prevailed in their war council overnight. The gray light of a dull November morning found the regiment assembling under arms, with haversacks packed and full cartridgeboxes, and from the camp all about came the ominous roll of drums, denoting like preparation. Staff officers and orderlies were busily riding to and fro, carrying orders, and in the parks of artillery and ordnance, teams stood ready harnessed, munching their forage while awaiting the order to "hitch in." Some measure of reassurance lay in the fact that the general transportation was not embraced in the move, and that the quartermaster and commissary tents remained standing. They could not be going very far

afield and might reasonably expect to be back under their own roof tree by the time they should have "eaten up the hard-tack and dead pig," as Foust put it. It was just a demonstration to develop the enemy and find out if he was sending off any more troops to Bragg and Longstreet, or maybe to learn if the latter had come back from his Chickamauga and Knoxville trip; it was not likely that Lee had taken the initiative so late in the season and into territory so recently occupied by either army as to afford little subsistence for man or beast.

Such reflections beguiled their progress along the red clay roads, winding down among the Culpeper hills to the fords of the Rapidan. The air was pleasantly cool, the dust—often so distressing a feature of summer marching—was hardly in evidence now, and the miles were covered with but little fatigue. The rest and feeding of the preceding few weeks had been just sufficient to bring them into fine condition, and, apart from the *contretemps* in the matter of Jim's box, the outing was a pleasant relief from the monotony of camp routine. Jim's news had got abroad in the company and was the occasion of more or less good-natured chaffing by his comrades as they trudged along. Estimates were offered as to the value of the turkey, in inverse ratio as the distance from camp increased; surmises as to its "gamesness" upon their return, and ironical petitions for invitation to dine with the mess on Thanksgiving Day were much in favor, and the roster of those who claimed to have *always* been Jim's friends comprised the company's entire "effective total."

But, with the passage of the Rapidan, affairs began to take on a more serious aspect. The hostile opposition had been but feeble, which the "horse sense" of these war-wise veterans construed as an ominous indication. They rated the sagacity of the Confederate commander entirely too highly to harbor the delusion that their crossing would have been so easily effected had he seriously wished to prevent it. The little river, still fordable at numerous points, served but to indicate roughly the position of the opposing lines. The actual terrain was unfamiliar, yet not without suggestion which was far from reassuring; they were on the western edge of the "Wilderness," that intricate jungle fraught with memories of disastrous battle in the preceding spring and predestined to witness a yet more bloody grapple when its tangled thickets should again be in leaf. A dense growth of close-set pines, cedars and scrub oaks covered the region for miles, traversed by few and obscure roads throughout most of its extent. It was this friendly screen which had aided Stonewall Jackson's stealthy march across Hooker's front to his exposed right flank at Chancellorsville. Even now, all bare of foliage as they were, the sight could penetrate no more than a few yards into their somber depths, where might lurk any menace. The few clearings here were mostly small tracts, barely more than a musket shot across; the neglected fields were overgrown with gone-to-seed weeds and broomsedge, with grubs of pine, sassafras, and persimmon putting up everywhere; in such as bore traces of recent cultivation, the slim dry cornstalks sloped all ways out of the withered wire grass matted in the furrows. Over all hung the lowering November sky, deepening the desolation of the dreary landscape and presently distilling a penetrating drizzle, which fell steadily all day. With the prospect of a bivouac in wet clothes upon the sodden ground, and with no better cheer than the cold rations in their haversacks, the boys began to think regretfully of their comfortable shelter; even the despised "beans and sow belly" improved steadily in flavor as the day wore on. But toward nightfall the rain held up, the wind shifted to

the northwest, and the sky cleared; by dark it was blowing a gale.

They had got into position some time during the hours of darkness, occupying ground vacated by other troops in the formation of the lines, and had settled themselves for the night beside the fires left burning by their predecessors, with more concern for present and personal comfort than for any fortune or war the morrow might hold in store. Since the cessation of the rain, there was no need to pitch "dog tents," but with the corners of these caught under the locks of their reversed muskets with the bayonets driven into the ground, they devised a windbreak against the keen northwester which roared through the leafless boughs and sent the smoke and sparks scurrying along the ground into the black night to leeward. By morning the air was icy cold and the ground hard as iron. No reveille was needed to turn them out of their blankets; the side next the ground would get cold in spite of the generous fires by which they lay, and now they hovered about these, frowzy-haired and with eyes reddened and bleared by smoke and sleeplessness, as they boiled coffee in tin cups or toasted bits or pork on sharpened sticks. Ablutions were a luxury to be deferred until a more convenient season—when the sun should have gotten higher, perhaps. Only then did their abjectivity revive and their surrounding assume interest as to its military import.

They were upon a timbered ridge, overlooking a narrow valley of rather swampy land, through which meandered a small affluent of the Rapidan between low, sedgey banks, fringed with a tangle of small growth; "tongues" of the same projected on either side, wherever a small oozy rill came down from the higher ground. Across the opening, not half a mile away, rose another range densely wooded with small pines, and somewhat overlooking their own position. The eye could discern no sign of human presence there, but the incessant sound of ax strokes borne upon the wind left no doubt that somewhere along that crest stood in order of battle their old antagonist upon so many hardly contested fields—the Army of Northern Virginia.

"Got the posish on us this time, anyway," commented Kieffer, after a few moments survey of the opposing ridge; "fortified, too—just listen at them there axes a whackin', and they been a goin' like that all night. Bet you what you like they got a breastwork nigh six foot high and two logs thick over there right now, and the timber all slashed out a couple or three hundred yards in front. Here's where old man Lee gets back at us for Gettysburg; guess he picked out this place when he was a layin' back o' Fredericksburg last winter, thinkin' it might come in handy sometime or other!"

The voice of the orderly sergeant, calling to the company to fall in for picket duty, broke in abruptly upon his speculations. With many a longing glance at their comfortable fires, the men took their frigid rifles from the special duty they had been performing overnight, slung their blankets, and filed down the slope, keeping as far as possible in the cover of the brushy ravines already mentioned. The picket line was well out toward the base of the elevation occupied by the enemy and just in the edge of a growth of pine saplings, so dense as to render the distance and location of the hostile outposts a matter of mere conjecture.

"Humph!" grumbled Foust, when they had relieved the men who had held the line during the night and settled themselves in the shallow pits thus vacated for their eight-hour tour of duty; "lovely spot this for a picket, I must say—such a commandin' prospect, you know! Why the Johnnies could crawl right up on us and we'd not know they was in a mile

till they came a whoopin' on the charge, same as they did at Chancellorsville last spring; wouldn't wonder if we got our Thanksgivin' dinner good and hot before the day's out."

"Yes, but they ain't got Stonewall Jackson now," replied Carey, "and as for the place, why Jake, it's a bully good place, I think; you notice you don't hardly feel any wind in these pines? If we only had a fire now—it's cold comfort for Thanksgivin', any way you look at it."

"How about that turkey now, Jim?"

Somewhere in front the report of a rifle rang out sharp and clear; the men in the pits squatted and gripped their pieces peering over the little dirt piles thrown out on the side toward the enemy, and listening intently for any further hostile indication. There was dead silence for some moments; then their strained sense caught the sound of something approaching from that direction; an intermittent halting, fluttering noise; a rustling of the dry pine "tags," with now and then a querulous note as of some creature in distress. Nearer and nearer it came, with many stops, until they dimly made out the form of a large bird. One wing hung powerless, trailing the ground, and from its painful, spasmodic movement, it was evidently badly hurt otherwise—a superb wild gobbler.

"There's your turkey, Jim," said one of his comrades. Startled by the sound of a human voice, the bird's keen vision at once discovered the new peril in the line of its retreat, and it started as if to go back up the hill.

"Say, boys, I'm goin' to git him," whispered Jim. "He can't git away—look how weak he travels; he can't hardly git up the hill; see him fall over that time?"

"Look out the Johnnies don't git *you*, Jim; that shot sounded pretty close, and I can hear 'em talkin' now and then, when the wind lets up a bit. Some of 'em might take a notion to be comin' after their game, too. Better be careful."

"Shucks! there ain't no danger; and say, fellows, wouldn't it be a horse on the rest of the company if No. 3 was to git its turkey after all? Look. He's stopped now and laid down; I can just see him at the foot o' that little pine tree; but if he starts again we'd lose sight of him, and then we'd never git him."

Jim's arguments fell upon willing ears; the prize was certainly a tempting one and the risk did not seem too great to warrant the venture. The chance of war, which had despoiled them of their feast, seemed now to make amends; it would be slighting the good gift of Providence to decline the offer. The quartet clambered out of their pits and advanced cautiously upon the fallen quarry, Jim a pace or two in the lead. But when he had almost come within reach of the bird, it fluttered away with an alarmed "pt-pt!" a few yards further up the hill; again he approached, and again the game eluded his grasp, and these tactics were repeated until the ardor of pursuit had lured the hunters much further than they had even intended. They were quite out of sight of their lines now, and still the wounded turkey struggled on, keeping always just out of reach.

A little higher up the hill, a line of gaunt, shaggy-haired men, clad in brown-dyed homespun, and with tattered blankets worn shawl-fashion in default of overcoats, crouched shivering in their rifle pits and listened for any sound of approach through the close-standing pines in their front. To the keen ears of these practiced woodsmen, the passage of Jim's party in the brushy growth was not long inaudible, and an occasional incautious exclamation, given out in the heat of the chase, soon revealed its import; it was no advance

of the hostile skirmish line, but a foraging raid for the capture of the turkey—their turkey.

With rifles cocked and at the "ready," and eyes piercing sharply the obscurity in front like hunters at a runaway they awaited the coming of the drive, ever nearer and nearer, straight toward them. Presently the now sorely spent turkey fluttered into view; hard upon its feeble track—oblivious of their proximity and all intent upon the game ahead—came Jim Carey. Foot by foot, he stole upon the exhausted fowl until within arm's length—then with a quick grab, he seized it in triumph.

"Halt thar, Yank! Drop that gun and bring that bird in here!"

Jim glanced up; not twenty paces distant were the muzzles of half a dozen rifles, each with a grim face behind it loo'ing through the sights straight at him. It was a slim chance, but Jim felt that he just *couldn't* lose that turkey now; holding on to his prize, he turned and fled like a startled deer down the hillside.

There was a spiteful snarl of rifle shots; the thicket filled with pungent smoke which hung breast high for some moments, then trailed off in filmy skeins among the pines. One of the brown-clad men advanced cautiously a few yards to the front, stooped and examined something on the ground, then came back bearing the dead turkey.

"Got him," he observed sententiously, as he dropped back into his pit.

LAST DAYS OF JOHN YATES BEALL.

BY ISAAC MARKENS, NEW YORK CITY.

Shortly after the trial and execution of Beall, Daniel B. Lucas, his closest friend, wrote a full account of Beall's life, trial, and execution. Lucas was a college mate of Beall at the University of Virginia and in later years a lawyer and United States attorney from West Virginia. He gave to the world what he believed to be a proper estimate of the character, principles, and motives of Beall, and fully believed in the integrity of his motives, the incompatibility of his principles, and the injustice and illegality of his condemnation. Beall's capture was effected by ten of the local police at Suspension Bridge, New York. In company with a number of other Confederates, all in citizen dress, he took the cars at Buffalo after his famous Lake Erie affair and his subsequent scheme to capture a military train on the railroad between Dunkirk and Buffalo, for the purpose of liberating a number of Confederate officers who were being transferred to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. Beall's escape was hindered by the fact that with him when arrested was a lad of eighteen, George S. Anderson, who had been in the Confederate military service. Anderson had been committed to the care of Colonel Martin, of the 14th Kentucky Cavalry, the commander of the expedition. Overfidelity to his charge was responsible for the arrest of Beall. While waiting for a train at Suspension Bridge to cross over to Canada, Anderson was missed just as Beall was about boarding the cars. This delay enabled the New York police to effect his arrest despite an attempt to pass himself off as "W. W. Baker, an escaped Confederate officer from Point Lookout, Lake Erie." The poor, frightened youth, however, on whose account Beall sacrificed his liberty, afterwards, on the trial, purchased his own life by the betrayal of his too-faithful friend. Beall himself in the end freely forgave him.

On December 16, 1864, we find Beall a prisoner in the hands of the Federal government. Upon his capture he was taken

to the police headquarters in New York City, where he remained from December 18 until January 5, when he was removed to Fort Lafayette.

Beall kept in a little book a daily account of his imprisonment, the first entry being dated Thursday, December 29, 1864, as follows:

"First, as to my incarceration, I was arrested December 16, in the New Central Railroad station, Suspension Bridge (junction with Great Western Railroad of Canada). I was brought to this city on Sunday evening, December 18, and lodged here. I have been taken out some half dozen times to be shown to men whose houses have been attempted by fire or property otherwise attempted. The *modus operandi* is this: The prisoner, unkempt, roughly clad, dirty, and bearing marks of confinement, is placed among well dressed detectives and the recognizer is shown in. As a matter of course, he can tell who is the stranger. My home is a cell about eight feet by five, on the ground floor. The floor is stone, the walls brick, the door iron, the upper half grated, and has an iron bar. At night it is lighted by gas. The landscape view from my door through the window is that of an area of some thirty feet square. By special arrangement, I have a mattress and blanket. There is a supply of water in my room and a sink. My meals are brought three times a day, about nine, three, and seven. My library consists of two New Testaments. I am trying to get a Book of Common Prayer. The first week there were brought to this place ten persons, charged with criminal offenses, men, women, and children. At first I took an interest in their cases, but now I do not. They all have been guilty, I believe, and they all wished me a speedy riddance. Nearly every one I have met with seems to regard society as his enemy and a just prey. They look on an offense simply as a skirmish, profane, lying, and thieving. What a people! Nearly all recommend me to take the oath of allegiance and enter the army and desert, but some are opposed to betraying comrades (going back on 'em), while others, more liberal, advocate any means as legitimate to save oneself from severe punishment. The Christmas of 1864 I spent in New York and proclaimed myself a citizen of Virginia. Had I, four years ago, stood in New York and proclaimed myself a citizen of Virginia, I would have been welcomed. Now I am immured because I am a Virginian. . . *Tempora mutantur, et cum illis mutamus*. As long as I am a citizen of Virginia, I shall cling to her destiny and maintain her laws as expressed by a majority of her citizens speaking through their authorized channel, if her voice be for war or peace. I shall go as she says. But I would not go for a minority carrying on war in opposition to the majority, as the innocent will suffer and not the guilty, but I do not justify oppression in the majority. What misery I have seen during these four years—murder, lust, hate, rapine, devastation, war! What hardships suffered, what privations endured! May God grant that I may not see the like again. Nay, that my country may not! O, far rather would I welcome death, come as he might. Far rather would I meet him than go through four more such years. I can now understand why David would trust to his God rather than to man.

"Since I have been placed in this cell I have read the Scripture, and have found such relief in its blessed words, especially where it speaks of God's love for man; how he loved him, an enemy, a sinner, and sent his Son into the world to save his enemy; how he compels the wretched from the hedges and highways to come into the feast; how any may come, and how he bids them, entreats them. Though it may be unmanly to accept offers in our adversity which we

neglected in our prosperity, yet it is even so that, with his assistance, I will go up and beg forgiveness and put my trust in the saving blood of him who died for me. Aye, I pray him to grant his grace to my mother and sisters and my loved one. If he is with them, who can be against?

"What pleasure I take in the hymns I learned in boyhood! They come back to me now in my manhood and in my sorrow, and, with God's blessing, have whiled away and comforted many a weary and lagging hour.

"December 30.—Last evening the doorman brought me a 'Book of Common Prayer' for \$1, and it was and will be a source of great comfort to me. I read over the familiar service and oft-heard hymns and committed two, 'Rock of Ages' and 'Sinner, Turn, Why Will Ye Die,' to memory. There were four accused in three cells last night. As yet I have heard but one give good advice to another. They all, with one accord, exhort one another to be good soldiers in warfare, against society, not to give up stolen property, and, above all, not to trust to the detectives, who are their natural and mortal enemies. Such is life!

"December 31.—The year is gone. Begun for me in —, it sees me, as it dies, a prisoner in New York. To-day I completed my twenty-ninth year. What have I done to make this world any wiser or better? May God bless me in the future, be it in time or eternity. May I be enabled to meet my trials with resignation, patience, fortitude, as one who serves his country and home and people. The year went out in rain, drizzling rain. Will I see the year 1865 go out? Or, will I pass away from this world of sin, shame, and suffering?

"January 1, 1865.—Sunday, first day of the week, and first day of the new year. To-day I enter my thirtieth year of pilgrimage. According to the calculation of my father's family, I am more than half-way down life's stream, even if spared by war and sudden death. But, in prying into the future, I can see nothing to induce me to think that my days will be lengthened to that age of fatality, fifty-six. Has my life been so crowded with pleasure or good deeds that I need desire to prolong it? Alas! no. Though well reared and surrounded with very many advantages, I have not done anything to give me particular pleasure; nor, on the other hand, have I been remarkable for the opposite. I am truly thankful that I always stayed with mother and the girls and tried to do my duty by them. That is one consolation, at least; and also that I never voluntarily left them. They know not where I am to-day, and every one of them is this day thinking of me. Little do they know where I am. Indeed, I doubt if they have heard anything definite from me for many a weary month. O, this war!

"Thus far on life's way I have lived an honest life, defrauded no man. These blows I have struck have been against the society of a hostile nation; not against the society of which I am a member by right, or against mankind generally. To-day the thought has obtruded itself again and again to become an 'Ishmael.' Your country is ruined, your hopes dashed, make the best bargain for yourself. 'Remember the history of the civil wars of France, of England, the examples of Talleyrand, Josephine, etc.; of Shaftesbury, Caermarthen, Marlborough, etc.' To-day my hands have no blood on them (unless of man in open battle); may I say so when I die. I saw grandfather and father die. They both took great comfort from the thought that no one could say that they had of malice aforethought injured them. Better the sudden death, . . . with honor and pure conscience, than a long life with all material comforts and canker worms of infelt and constant dwelling dishonor; aye, a thousand times. O God, our

Creator, Preserver and Saviour! I pray give me strength to resist temptation, to drive back the thick-coming fancies brooded of sin and dishonor, and to cling to the faith of Jesus, who said, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.'

"January 2.—Last night was called out and a search made of my room and person. The captures consisted of two knives. Poor Grimes! your gift and keepsake was duly declared contraband and confiscated. They gave me two newspapers, which bear out the statements of Southern loss, etc. Savannah indeed is fallen, but its garrison was saved, so that Hardee and Beauregard have an army. And Butler did not take Wilmington, though the fleet did storm long and heavy. Poor Bragg has some laurels at last. O, that General Lee had 50,000 good, fresh veteran reinforcements! But what are these things to me here? I do most earnestly wish that I was in Richmond. O, for the wings to fly to the uttermost part of the earth. What would I do without the Bible and the prayerbook, and the faith taught in them, best boon of God and the fount of every blessing. That faith nothing can take away, but God."

This closes Beall's record in the book which he began four days before. Three days after the last entry, he was removed from the police headquarters in New York to Fort Lafayette, a military prison about eight miles below the city, in the New York Harbor. The cause for his removal was an attempt on his part to bribe the turnkey of the police prison with an offer of \$1,000 to let him escape, the sum offered being, as stated by Lucas, part of a mortgage for double that sum due him in Canada. In Fort Lafayette he was confined with some four or five other Confederate prisoners, including Brigadier Generals Page and Roger A. Pryor, who were captured near Petersburg. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, and among Beall's dying requests he desired a memento to be presented to Pryor. While there he occupied himself in preparing his defense, which has since disappeared.

He was first arraigned for trial on January 20, before a military commission sitting at the fort, consisting of six United States officers appointed by Maj. Gen. John A. Dix. He protested against being tried by any military commission. When asked whether he was ready to proceed to trial he arose and said: "I am a stranger in a strange land, alone, and among my enemies; no counsel has been assigned me, nor has any opportunity been allowed me either to obtain counsel or procure evidence necessary for my defense. I request that such counsel as I may select in the South be assigned me and that permission be granted him to appear and bring forward the documentary evidence necessary for my defense."

His application was refused, but further time was granted for the preparation asked for. Beall, two days later, addressed letters to Lucas, then a practicing lawyer in Richmond:

"FORT LAFAYETTE, January 22, 1865.

"Dear Dan: I have taken up board and lodging at this famous establishment. I was captured in December last, and spent Christmas in the Metropolitan headquarters police station. I am now being tried for irregular warfare by a military commission, a species of court. The acts are said to have been committed on Lake Erie and the Canada frontier. You know I am not a 'guerilla' or spy. I desire you to get the necessary evidence that I am in the Confederate service regularly, and forward it to me at once. I shall write to Colonels Boteler and Holloway in regard to this matter. I must have this evidence. As the commission so far have acted fairly, I am confident of an acquittal. Has Will been

exchanged? I saw that Steadman had been killed in Kentucky. Alas! how they fall. Please let my family know, if possible, of my whereabouts. Where is my Georgia friend? Have you heard anything of her since I left? May God bless her! I should like so much to hear from her, from home, Will, and yourself. Be so kind, therefore, as to attend at once to this business for me. Remember me to any and all of my friends that you may see. Send me some postage stamps for my correspondence."

Lucas, in Toronto at the time, there learned of Beall's plight and addressed a letter to General Dix requesting permission, under such restrictions as he considered necessary, to come to New York to serve Beall, his long-time bosom friend. Of this letter Dix took no notice. Lucas asserts that Dix did not desire a fair trial accorded his prisoner. Therefore, James J. Brady, a leading lawyer of New York, took up the defense. At the trial Beall acted as his own cross examiner. Brady contended in his closing argument that Beall was no spy or guerrilla.

On February 1 Beall's trial by the commission opened. On the eighth they found Beall guilty of violation of the laws of war and acting as a spy and sentenced him to be hanged. General Dix indorsed the findings and ordered his execution on Governor's Island on February 18. This sentence was suspended, owing to a technical error in the wording of the findings, until February 24. On the day first named for his execution, Beall wrote to his brother in Virginia from Fort Lafayette:

"Dear Will: Ere this reaches you you will have most probably heard of my death through the newspapers, that I was tried by a military commission and hung by the enemy; and hung, I assert, unjustly. It is both useless and wrong to repine over the past. Hanging, it was asserted, was ignominious, but crime only can make dishonor. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay,' therefore, do not show unkindness to the prisoners; they are helpless. Remember me kindly to my friends. Say to them I am not aware of committing any crime against society. I die for my country. No thirst for blood or lucre animated me in my course, for I had refused, when solicited, to engage in enterprises which I deemed not only destructive, but illegitimate. And but a few months ago I had but to have spoken and I would have been red with the blood and rich with the plunder of the foe. But my hands are clear of blood, unless it be spilt in conflict, and not a cent enriches my pocket. Should you be spared through the strife, stay with mother and be a comfort to her old age. In my trunk you can get plenty of old clothes. Give my love to mother and the girls, too. May God bless you all now and evermore is my prayer and wish for you."

Ninety members of Congress signed a petition to President Lincoln, asking for clemency. Lincoln, finding Dix inexorable, closed the doors of the White House against all suppliants, male or female, and his ears against all appeals. Lincoln said: "Dix may dispose of the case as he pleases." Dix replied: "All now rests with the President."

Beall sent his Bible to his betrothed through a Baltimore friend who was allowed to visit him in Fort Columbus before his execution. To this friend, Albert Ritchie, Beall said, as he threw his left foot over the right knee, and tapping it with his finger: "In my left shoe here, I have had, all the time, a little steel saw with which I could have opened a vein at any moment. How I wished to do so." The saw, made of a steel watch spring, and which was found on experiment to go through iron with rapidity and ease, was cut from between the double upper leathers of Beall's shoe after his death; in

fact, two of them were so found, one of which was sent to his mother.

Lucas said: "If this man were wrong, he perished at least on the side of defense and in obedience to the voice of his State, whose fathers had taught him it was religion to obey. But if this man were right and his executioners wrong. . . . O! If he were right! Woe to his executioners! Woe! Woe! to those who rendered these things possible! They are now but sowing to the wind; the whirlwind sleeps in the caves of the deep and in the hollows of the mountains. The children of Anarchy are never let loose alone. Upon Beall's tomb in the Shenandoah will be written: 'Died in the Service and Defense of his Country.'"

(Mr. Isaac Markens, who contributed this article, is doubtless better informed on John Yates Beall, his life, and tragic death, than any person now living, having made a close study of every phase of the subject, and possessing much original data in the form of letters, diary, etc.—Ed.)

FROM GETTYSBURG TO THE POTOMAC.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

It was afternoon when we reached the field hospital, where we found our surgeons and their helpers amputating limbs and dressing wounds. The sight of piles of arms and legs in fence corners and the scent of fresh blood were enough to disgust every soul with war and cause one to forget the splendid sight of our beautiful lines advancing and driving victoriously the enemy from the field and the thunder of our guns. Scorched with a burning fever, I spread my blanket on the ground with no protection from the July sun shining from a clear sky, and begged my comrade to get me a drink of water to quench my thirst. This he refused to do, saying he could not find any. He sat down by my side, and I continued to beg him for water. Finally he snatched up a canteen and went away grumbling and apparently in a very bad humor. After quite a while, he returned with some hot, muddy water he had found somewhere that was hardly fit for a horse to drink, and gave it to me. He had had great difficulty in finding this poor stuff in a pool in the dry bed of what had been a stream of water.

And then, while lying there in this condition, pandemonium suddenly broke loose along the front lines. The whole earth seemed to quake under the unbroke roar of artillery and exploding shells. At first the enemy replied vigorously to the Confederates, but the deadly accuracy of the latter soon knocked them out and silenced their guns. When the Confederates ceased firing, piles of the enemy's dead men and horses were lying around their batteries, and the ground was literally covered with fragments of shells. General Lee lacked but one thing to complete the utter destruction of every living creature on the summit of that ridge, and that was an adequate supply of artillery ammunition to last another hour or two. A few were still alive and able to meet the advance of our infantry against an impregnable position, where one man on their side was equal to ten on ours.

One proof of this assertion is the number of the enemy's dead and wounded found lying on the ground after this short artillery engagement, as seen by our men who were captured in the assault. Federal prisoners taken after this, when questioned as to the reason General Meade did not follow the Confederates more vigorously to the Potomac, replied that he could not do it; that his horses were all killed and his army too badly cut up to assume the offensive.

In the first day's engagement the enemy is supposed to have lost ten thousand men. Take this number from the total loss, and you see Meade's loss in this short period of fighting was thirteen thousand, only a few of whom were killed by our infantry after the first day's fighting. From this it will be seen that a few more hours of such artillery fire would have scraped the crest of every living defender, so that when the Confederates advanced they would have found the ground held only by the dead and wounded.

The Federals fought no better at Gettysburg than they did anywhere else, but their splendid position won for them a victory where valor did not count. Where they fought in the open country the first day, it was like First and Second Manassas, the Wilderness, and wherever they met us in the open field. Their Dutch and other foreign soldiers were driven from every position they tried to hold against the irresistible advance of our Southern Anglo-Saxons. No troops of any nationality can resist, in an open field, well disciplined Anglo-Saxons, and especially those from the Southern States of the American Union. Their steady courage, animated and enthused by their defiant yell, and the deadly accuracy of their fire will always break any line not well protected by earthworks or other obstacles too formidable to overcome; and even such positions as these they sometimes swept over and captured, though held by a superior force, as at Gaines's Mill, in the hard-fought battle of Cold Harbor, Va., on June 27, 1862.

Our failure to win this (Gettysburg) great battle may be attributed to three chief causes: First, neglecting to take possession of the heights overlooking the town in the evening of the first day, when the enemy was utterly defeated. Second, the lack of a sufficient supply of artillery ammunition to complete the destruction of Meade's army. Third, widely separated attacks at different times and places on the well fortified crest, where the enemy could reinforce from an inner line and retake any position captured by our men. To the left of Gordon's Georgia Brigade, Hake's North Carolina and Hays's Louisiana Brigades, of Early's Division, captured the heights, but were not supported and were finally driven back. Again, Johnson's Virginia Division captured a most important point and was forced to retire. From either of these our artillery could have swept the enemy's line from the rear and destroyed their army while our other forces were engaging them in front; so that Meade gained a victory by a succession of blunders on the part of the Confederates and the insurmountable position the enemy held.

Orders came to the field hospital for all the sick and wounded who could travel to follow the ambulance and wagon trains, and we set out for the Potomac River. These trains were forty miles in length and were accompanied by a multitude of stock collected in Pennsylvania for the use of the army. The enemy made a few weak efforts to capture this rich plunder, but were easily driven off, and all arrived safe at the forks of the Potomac, which we found too full to be forded for some days. This vast aggregation went into camp to await the time when it could cross over into Virginia, while General Lee, with the army, far to our rear, was coming on slowly in the same direction without any hindrance by the enemy.

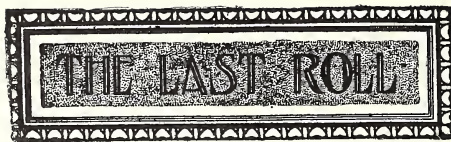
And now I must describe a little incident in which I saw more blood spilt than in any other engagement in the whole war; when my comrade and I reached the bank of the river, he had recovered from the fever, but I was still quite sick. He stretched a little dog tent and spread a blanket in it on the ground for me to lie on. Pretty soon an order came for

every convalescent and teamster to go to the ordnance wagon and get a gun and ammunition to defend the camp. Looking toward the north, I could see in the distance small white knots of smoke in the blue sky, made by exploding shells, and hear the boom of cannon. A division of Yankee cavalry had some how ridden around Lee's army and were coming in haste to capture our entire train of army impedimenta. Every man obeyed the order, and the quartermasters deployed their men in the woods around the camp just as the enemy arrived and began to make dispositions for the attack. A few shots were exchanged, when the sudden arrival of one of General Stuart's Confederate brigades, who were riding hard in their rear all day, hove in sight and opened with artillery on some of them huddled up in close formation on their horses in a lane flanked on each side by a high, close plank fence. The few shots fired were so accurate that the road was blocked with dead men and horses. Not knowing what force was in the woods in front of them and with a vigorous force in rear of them firing into their backs, they decided it was about time to abandon the idea of capturing the rich plunder General Lee had collected in Pennsylvania; so every man of them struck out to save himself, if possible, and the fight was over. My comrade came back to me with gun in hand, laughing, and said: "Those Yankees would have gotten us if Stuart's men hadn't arrived just in time to help us." We had some curiosity to see what caused their sudden stampede, and walked out a few hundred yards up the road, and there found the men and their horses lying in pools of blood. It was a shocking sight.

In the meantime a pontoon bridge was constructed over the raging stream and an ample supply of ammunition was brought over to the army which had now arrived and taken position at Falling Waters, some miles back from the river. General Lee had "faced about" and was awaiting the arrival of Meade, who had followed him timidly at a great distance. When his advance came in sight of our army, they deployed their lines and threw up formidable earthworks and showed no sign of hostile intention. The river subsided slowly and the army was withdrawn to the south side of the stream, some crossing on the pontoons, but our (Gordon's) brigade, the last to cross except that under the noble Pettigrew, waded the stream up to their armpits. I should not have been able to make the crossing in my feeble condition, against the strong current, but our surgeon, Dr. Judson Butts, took me up behind him on his horse and landed me safe on the other shore. All the brigade got safely over in spite of the deep water, while a lively little battle was in progress below us between General Pettigrew's men and the enemy for the possession of the bridge. In this engagement a small squad of Yankees rode up to where General Pettigrew was standing by the roadside and fired a volley at him and his attendants, mortally wounding the general, one of the most accomplished officers in the whole army. The whole South mourned the loss of this splendid soldier.

The entire army and the vast accumulation of baggage and army supplies had now crossed over the river safely with little or no loss, and General Lee was once more on the soil of Virginia and near the source of his supply of ammunition. The enemy made no effort to follow us, and we marched away peacefully, while a Confederate battery on an elevation on the south side of the river shelled the woods on the other side. After marching south a few days, we crossed the Blue Ridge and finally took up a position on the south side of the Rapidan, where we had a long period of perfect rest and peace, for

(Continued on page 437.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"He is not dead,
Although he lies so white and cold and still,
And does not hear us as we vainly weep,
We seem to know that angel hands have drawn
The curtain close, and he is just asleep."

JAMES MONROE SIMS.

At the meeting of Mecklenburg Camp, No. 382 U. C. V., of Charlotte, N. C., on August 12, a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions on the death of James Monroe Sims, late treasurer of the Camp, and from those resolutions the following is taken:

James Monroe Sims was born November 6, 1840, in Cabarrus County, N. C., and in early manhood located at Charlotte. At the first call for volunteers to repel an invading foe, he joined the Charlotte Grays. This command was soon at the front, and he took part in the first battle of the war, Big Bethel, and was near where the lamented Henry Wyatt fell, the first soldier martyr to Southern independence. In the battle of Gettysburg he was wounded in the right hand, and a gunshot passed through his hat. He was afterwards made quartermaster sergeant and was in charge of the regimental wagon train until he and his train were captured near Petersburg. He was confined in the Hart's Island prison, where his qualifications gained him a clerkship in the office of the prison commandant to the end of the war.

In 1869 Comrade Sims was wedded to Miss Fannie Moody, and to them were born four daughters and a son, the latter dying in youth. His life companion also was taken by death, and he lived in bereavement for the last ten years. He conducted a successful grocery business until the weight of years bore too heavily, and he retired.

Our comrade took a commendable pride in Confederate memories, and served for many years as treasurer of Mecklenburg Camp No. 382, U. C. V., holding that office at his death on July 15, 1922. He was quiet and unassuming, but was keenly interested in matters pertaining to civic, political, and religious affairs. He was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church for more than an average lifetime.

In the death of Comrade Sims we have lost a faithful treasurer and a gallant representative of the cause so dear to us, and for which he fought; and the community has lost an exemplary citizen and a sturdy advocate.

(J. D. Barrier, Chairman; H. A. Duckworth, J. J. Gormley, Committee.)

MORTIMER W. NEFF.

Mortimer W. Neff died near Moorefield, W. Va., on March 24, 1922, at the age of eighty-three years. He served in Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, and made a fine record both as a soldier and as a citizen.

CAPT. GEORGE F. MILLER.

Capt. George Franklin Miller, who died at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on May 9, 1922, at the age of seventy-nine years, was born in Barboursville, Va. (now West Virginia), in 1843. At the age of fourteen he was appointed page in the United States Senate, where he served two years. When the War between the States came on he enlisted for the Confederacy, serving first under General Loring. He was later in the command of Gen. John F. Williams, and was then transferred to Morgan's Cavalry, serving in the 4th Kentucky Regiment. He was wounded in the battle at Mt. Sterling, Ky., but went on with his command. He was commissioned as captain, and after the fighting at Cynthiana, Ky., he and several companions were making their way South when they were captured at Mossy Creek, Tenn. He was then held as prisoner in Camp Douglas for nine months, being released on exchange at the special request of General Morgan. Following the surrender at Appomattox, Captain Miller volunteered with a command which left to join Johnston's army, with which he surrendered in North Carolina. In his service as a soldier he participated in the retreat from Kenawha Valley, the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., and the battle of Blue Springs.

After the war Captain Miller resided in Indianapolis, where he was one of the successful business men of the city, and also held a number of appointive public offices, being in the office of the State auditor, and also for twenty years in the office of the county treasurer. He married Miss Catherine Davidson, a granddaughter of Governor Noble, and is survived by one daughter. Two sisters and a brother, J. W. Miller, of Barboursville, are left of his family.

Captain Miller was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and richly merited it. He was a patriotic citizen, a good neighbor, and a steadfast friend. He always stood for what he believed to be right and was ready to make sacrifices in its behalf. He was kindly, courteous, and cordial in manner, which won him many friends.

JOHN H. PARKER.

Suddenly, at sunset, on September 15, 1922, the gentle soul of John H. Parker winged its flight into the silent land. At an age too young for service in the War between the States, he ran away from home in Johnson County, N. C., to follow his idolized brother, James Henry Parker (Past Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York), to the war, and became bugler in his regiment. He was one of the most prominent and beloved residents of Selma, N. C., where he died, and so large was the circle of friends and relatives who gathered to pay the last respects, that the house could not contain them.

A character strong, gentle, and beloved has been taken away and will be missed in the places that know him now no more, but "to live in the hearts of those we love is not to die."

(Mrs. James H. Parker, New York City.)

JAMES A. ZELL.

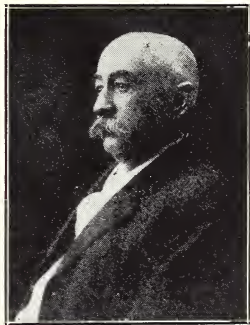
James A. Zell, a native of Baltimore, Md., entered into rest after much suffering at Burlington, W. Va., on March 31, 1922, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He served the Confederacy as a faithful soldier in Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade; was captured in battle, and spent eighteen months in prison, principally at Elmira, N. Y. He was also a good soldier of Christ, and an officer in the Church at Burlington.

He married Miss Mary Van Meter, of Hardy County, W. Va., who survives him with their children and grandchildren.

DR. WILLIAM GEORGE ALLEN.

Dr. William George Allen was born in Shreveport, La., April 12, 1846, and died at his home on Lake Washington, Miss., January 12, 1922.

Enlisting as a boy in the War between the States, young Allen was first with Capt. R. N. Hall's ninety-day troops during May, June, and July, 1863, this troop being made up in Hinds County, Miss., and he was at the battle of Raymond and through the campaign to August 1, 1863. He was afterwards in R. H. Baker's company of scouts, in W. H. Jackson's Division of Cavalry, Army of Tennessee and served in the Georgia and Tennessee campaign.



DR. W. G. ALLEN.

Dr. Allen was an honored and beloved citizen of the Lake Washington community of Washington County, Miss., for half a century, and his life had been spent in doing good. For fifty years he had been a member of the Presbyterian Church, and in his Church relations, as in his devotion to his country, his family, and his friends, he was noted for strict fidelity. In all the relations of life—as husband and father, as a citizen, a neighbor, and friend—he measured up to the highest. He was a man of the highest personal honor, a gentleman of the old school, a physician of distinction, and a friend as true as steel.

Through life he clung steadfastly to his patriotic ideals, and his loyalty to the Confederate cause was marked by the unswerving interest he took in all its organizations, attending and taking part in nearly every Confederate reunion. At the time of his death he was Surgeon General of the Mississippi Division U. C. V.

Clothed in his Confederate uniform, he was laid to rest in Greenfield Cemetery, there to await the resurrection morn.

W. W. BULLARD.

W. W. Bullard, who died recently in Boone County, Mo., was a member of Company A, Col. Ben Elliott's Regiment, Missouri State Guards, and served six months in that company. Later he enlisted in the regular Confederate service as a member of Company I, under Capt. James Simpson, of Col. David Shank's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade. He was in the cavalry and served in Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, taking part in all the battles of his brigade. He was in the battle of Lexington, in September, 1861.

(Rev. Thomas M. Cobb.)

WILLIAM CONSTABLE.

William Constable, Confederate veteran, aged eighty-two years, died at the home of his brother, Thomas Constable, in Hardy County, W. Va., after a long illness. He served throughout the War between the States in the 33rd Virginia Regiment, with a fine record. After the war he became totally deaf and feeble in health, but his kindly, gentle nature and courageous spirit were equal to his trials.

SERG. G. W. D. PORTER.

On June 4, 1922, while on a visit to his sons in Huntsville, Ala., G. W. D. Porter quietly and peacefully passed over the river to join his comrades on the other shore. His wife survives him, their life together having extended over fifty-two years.

Comrade Porter served as sergeant of Company B, 44th Tennessee Regiment, which was enlisted in the fall of 1861 as State troops, and at the expiration of the twelve months' enlistment, the command was enrolled as Confederate troops for the war. He participated in all the battles of his regiment, besides many skirmishes, receiving but one wound, and that a slight wound in the arm. He was one of sixteen of his company that captured Wilcox's Brigade in front of Petersburg, Va., on June 16, 1864, and was himself captured the next morning, and taken to Point Lookout, Md., where he was held three months, then taken to Elmira, N. Y., where he endured all the horrors of that prison. In March, 1865, he was paroled and sent to Richmond for exchange, but, on account of not being exchanged, he could not take part in the last battle before the surrender; and because he would not take the oath of allegiance, the Federals would not give him transportation, so he walked over nine hundred miles to his home in Middle Tennessee, where he quietly resumed his farm life.

COMRADES OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

Capt. P. P. Pullen, Adjutant Fitzgerald Kendall Camp U. C. V., reports the following deaths, the first two being members of the Camp, the other a beloved cousin of Kentucky, his companion and messmate during the war, and true and devoted as a brother throughout the years since:

Robert P. Hancock, a member of Company F, 5th Tennessee Infantry, Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, was a splendid soldier. His wife died some time before, and he is survived by several children, all standing high in the community. The funeral was held at the Poplar Grove Methodist Church, of which he had been a member for many years.

Samuel A. Miller, member of Company F, 5th Tennessee Infantry, Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, died at the age of seventy-seven years, survived by four daughters and two sons. A number of his old comrades assembled at the home to pay a last tribute to his memory.

B. N. Pullen, of Company B, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, died at his home in Farmington, Ky., Grave County, at the age of seventy-nine years. Out of ten of us boys who went into the war together, only I am left. Cousin Ben leaves a wife and four sons and four daughters. It was a lovely family, but all broken up now.

MEMBERS OF N. B. FORREST CAMP.

Six members of the N. B. Forrest Camp U. C. V., at Chattanooga, Tenn., have died during the past year, and a memorial service was held in their honor on Sunday, October 15, at the First Presbyterian Church. Those who have answered the Last Roll call since the memorial service in 1921 are:

J. H. Williams, E. R. Betterton, S. J. A. Frazier, C. W. Marsh, John C. Devoti, William Hill.

The program of the memorial service was as follows:

Hymn, choir.

Reading of Scripture and Prayer, Chaplain J. W. Bachman.

Roll call, Adjutant L. T. Dickinson.

Biography of deceased comrades, Historian H. A. Chambers.

Address, Dr. W. S. Neighbors.

Sweet Bye and Bye, Camp. Benediction.

JOHN D. MITCHELL.

The end of a useful and beautiful life came with the passing of John D. Mitchell on August 1, 1922, at Cleburne, Tex. The ranks of Confederate veterans lose another true and loyal member.

John D. Mitchell was born in Abingdon, Va., July 29, 1843, and was seventy-nine years of age three days before his death. He was the son of John D. and Eliza F. Mitchell. When the war broke out between the States he cast his lot with the South, and served four years in the Confederate army. He enlisted and was sworn into the service on April 25, 1861, and his company was sent to Richmond and was known as Company H, 37th Virginia Infantry. In October, 1861, his regiment was sent to Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, in the Valley of Virginia, and remained with Jackson until his death in May, 1863. Gen. Richard Ewell was then put in command of Jackson's Corps, and was commander until the end. Mr. Mitchell was in most of the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. At Bloody Angle he was captured with the remainder of Jackson's old Division, was taken to Fort Delaware, and held as prisoner of war until after all the armies of the Confederacy had laid down their arms, being released some time in June, 1865. He returned to his home in Virginia, later going to Texas, where he spent the remainder of his life. He joined the Masons in 1866, and was one of the early members of the Cleburne Lodge.

On March 19, 1879, he was married to Mrs. Eugenia Bertt Surratt, of Marshall, Tex., who proved an ideal wife and helpmeet. She and their four children survive him—three daughters and one son. The most beautiful side of his nature was shown in his home, in relation to his mother as long as she lived, to his wife, and to his children. His life was a benediction to the world, and will remain an inspiration to those who knew him well. He had been a faithful member of the Methodist Church for many years, and discharged with fidelity his duties as a Christian. He was universally loved and respected by his friends, and they are all saddened by his going.

A true and tried soldier and patriot has passed to his reward. His bronze badge of honor as a Confederate soldier rests upon his bosom as he sleeps in the Cleburne Cemetery awaiting the last bugle call.

JOHN WHITE SHIPMAN.

John White Shipman, who served with Company F, 6th Alabama Cavalry, passed into the great beyond on September, 13, 1922. He was a man of God from his youth, and had been an elder in the Pea River and Clio (Ala.) Presbyterian Churches since 1888—a pious, just, temperate, and sincere gentleman. He was laid to rest in the Pea River Cemetery near the church he had served so faithfully.

Comrade Shipman was born November 6, 1844, and married Mrs. Jennie Wallace Newberry, and of this union three children were born. In his home he was a devoted husband and father, and in his community an honored citizen.

BEN T. EMBREE, CAMP NO. 977 U. C. V.

At the annual reunion of Ben T. Embree Camp, No. 977 U. C. V., of Gravel Hill, Ark., held in August, 1922, the following members were reported as having died since the last annual meeting:

T. M. Neal, James Hedspeth, G. A. Morris, W. J. Adams, Jesse Tockett, H. C. Vick, W. J. Sorbee, F. M. Proctor, D. B. Richardson, J. R. Rankin, J. B. Curtis, J. F. Ledford. (F. M. Taylor, Commander, Dover, Ark.)

CHARLES C. TURNER.

Charles Carven Turner, son of Thomas and Maria Turner, was born at Browns Station, Mo., December 10, 1842, and died in May, 1922.

Mr. Turner received the Cross of Honor from the John S. Marmaduke Chapter at Columbia, Mo., on July 6, 1921. He fought under Price in several battles in Missouri, among which were the battles of Carthage, Springfield, and Lexington. At Carthage, Sigel's army withdrew during the night and retreated to Springfield. Price followed and was soon after surprised by the combined armies of Sigel and Lyons. It was in this battle that Lyons was killed. The death of their brave leader, combined with the skillful maneuvering of Price, soon turned the surprise into a Confederate victory.

Mr. Turner was a member of the guard that escorted the body of Lyons to the home of Colonel Phelps, a Northern leader, four miles Southeast of Springfield. Mrs. Phelps refused to let the Confederates bury the body of General Lyons, but gave them a good supper. The Confederates kept the mane and tail of General Lyon's dapple gray horse and distributed the hair among themselves as souvenirs.

The escort got back to Springfield in time to join the main army in chasing Sigel out of the country. Price then decided to take in Mulligan, who passed at Lexington. There were several small skirmishes with Kansas troops on the way, but none of importance. In the maneuvers that followed, Price captured Mulligan's entire army.

(Columbia Chapter U. D. C.)

WILLIAM HENRY WILSON.

William H. Wilson died on August 21, 1922, at his home in Opelousas, La., after an illness of several months. He was born in New Orleans, March 19, 1846. His parents removed to Mississippi when the New Orleans and Jackson Great Northern Railroad was being built, and his father built the first store in Summit, Miss. Just after the War between the States they went to St. Landry Parish, La.

Comrade Wilson joined the Confederate army as a young boy, becoming a member of Company I, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, then in Wirt Adams's Brigade, afterwards Mabry's, then Stark's Brigade, Chalmers's Division, Forrest's Cavalry; and he was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 15, 1865. He participated in the battles of Johnsonville, Tenn., Brice's Crossroads, Batesville, Tupelo, Harrisonburg, Miss., and others. "Uncle Billie," as he was called, led a consistent Christian life, a member of the Presbyterian Church, loved and respected by all who knew him. He was the last of my old comrades living in this section; we lived near each other in Mississippi. A good man has gone to rest under the shade of the trees, and we miss him from our midst.

(Isaiah H. Cain.)

D. D. McDONALD.

After a lingering illness, D. D. McDonald died at his home near Clio, Ala., in his seventy-eighth year, and was laid to rest in the Pea River Cemetery, near the church he loved so well. He was born September 1, 1844, and joined the Confederate army at the age of eighteen years. After serving three years in Company G, 29th Alabama Regiment, he was wounded at Peachtree Creek, and was on a furlough home when the war ended.

Comrade McDonald was a stanch Presbyterian, an elder in his Church, and of Scotch descent. He married Miss Lucy M. Shipman in 1879, and a son and two daughters were born to them. He was loved and honored by all who knew him. Truly a good man has been lost to his community.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
530 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga., *First Vice President General*
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn., *Second Vice President General*
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark., *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C., *Recording Secretary General*
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala., *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla., *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C., *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa., *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala., *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: This will be my last message to you before we meet for our annual convention in Birmingham, which is to be held from the fourteenth to the eighteenth of November. Let me draw your attention to the error appearing in the Recording Secretary's announcement in the September issue of the VETERAN, which stated that the convention would be held from the twenty-first to the twenty-fifth. The hotels have courteously changed all reservations to the week in advance, and I trust that this mistake will not prevent any member from attending, for I hope to greet all the Daughters who can come, whether they are delegates or not, for all are welcome, and an exchange of thoughts and ideas will give us an inspiration for the tasks that lie before us. It is at the convention that we render an account of our stewardship, and let us in these last few days complete the unfinished work, so that we may be able to report a year full of accomplishments and enjoy the consciousness of work well done as "good and faithful servants."

Confederate Relief Fund.—As the appeals come asking that we add to our list of pensioners, it is with deep gratitude that so far none have been denied. May I beg that all Chapters that have not fulfilled their pledges to this fund, do so at once? This is our sacred duty and opportunity to express our appreciation of the heroic self-sacrifices of the men and women of the "sixties."

Summary of Our Work.—The obligations that we have assumed are as follows:

Our Book, "The Women of the South in War Times." ten thousand copies to be disposed of.

The Monument to Jefferson Davis, at his birthplace, Fairview, Ky.: Fifty thousand dollars.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument at Richmond, Va., Five thousand dollars.

The Cunningham Memorial Scholarship at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.: Three thousand dollars.

The Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va.

The Memorial Elevator in the American Hospital, at Neuilly, France: Two thousand dollars.

The Tablet to General Lee at St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

The Jefferson Davis Highway Fund.

These are great undertakings; their importance cannot be measured, and should serve as an inspiration to their immediate completion. With the recollection of our past achievements, nothing is too large to be expected of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Faithfully yours, LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

DIVISION NOTES.

Maryland.—The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Frederick, which was organized about twenty-five years ago, has a large membership and points with pride to excellent work accomplished and much more to be done in the future "Reminiscences of My Virginia Home on the Rappahannock," by Mrs. Frances Fenwick Smith, was a paper particularly enjoyed at one of their meetings. The special work for this year is keeping in order the last resting places of three hundred and three Confederates. As many of the stones needed renovating, a large card party was given for that benefit, at which a fund of one hundred and fifty dollars was secured, and several gifts of money augmented this fund considerably.

This Chapter also maintains a scholarship and is ever ready to help when called upon.

South Carolina.—Miss Layton, of the N. B. Forrest Chapter C. of C., Marion, has won the South Carolina Division medal, given by the Division to the member of the C. of C. writing the best essay on "South Carolina's Part in Forming the Confederacy." A second prize, won by Miss Steinmayer, of Beaufort, is given this year by the State Director, C. of C., Mrs. R. R. Legare. It is a small gold Maltese cross, engraved "C. of C., 1922."

The White prize, offered to C. of C. by Mrs. James H. White, of Johnston, in memory of her aunt, Mrs. Harriet C. Cates Kenney, has been won by Anne Gaillard Stacker, of the Amarantha Snowden Chapter C. of C., Eutawville. The prize is a piece of silver of the value of five dollars, and will be presented at the Greenwood Convention, U. D. C.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

General Lee, President of Washington College at Lexington. The supreme nobility of his character revealed in his rejection of other offers and his determination to abide with his own people and share their misfortunes.

The passing of this great soul into the peace eternal.
Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1922.

Have each member tell a Confederate joke. Read "Christmas Night of 1862," by W. Gordon McCabe.
Vote on which hero you like best.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SIMS.

Star of the North, thou ever-constant star,
 Where'er I wander o'er the land or sea;
 Beacon of Hope, still shining from afar,
 Unto the haven of rest thou guidest me.
 All else is changing in the realm of space,
 Suns, planets, systems, countless in array,
 March ever on by thy abiding place;
 God holds thee in his hand to show the way.
 Upon the void where Chaos reigned with Night
 His spirit moved, and lo! Creation's morn.
 "Let there be light," he said, and there was light,
 For thou, the first of all the stars, wast born.
 First to be kindled with celestial fire,
 Ere the blue dome with angel voices rang,
 Thou wast the leader of the heavenly choir
 When first the morning stars together sang.

—John Allan Wyeth.

* A copy of this beautiful tribute to his wife was sent by Dr. Wyeth to W. B. Leedy, of Birmingham, Ala., in response to his letter of condolence on the death of Mrs. Wyeth in 1915. Referring to the death of Dr. Wyeth last June—the great physician, surgeon, soldier, historian, poet, and Christian gentleman—Mr. Leedy says:

"At a meeting of the United Confederate Veterans in Chattanooga, May, 1913, I read in the local papers that 'Dr. John A. Wyeth extends an invitation to all members of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, Forrest's command, to dine with him at a certain social club and talk over old times.' About twenty of us responded, and it was a most delightful occasion, the Doctor being at his best.

"He was President of the Southern Society of New York City as long as he would consent to serve. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Marion Sims, of South Carolina, a surgeon of note."

CAPTURED AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY J. F. SMITH, COMO, TEXAS.

I am one of a very few left of Company F, 58th Alabama Infantry, which regiment was organized at Mobile in 1862, S. D. McClellan, captain, Bush Jones, colonel, and J. W. Inzer, now living at Ashville, Ala., lieutenant colonel. In the fall of 1862 we were transferred to the Tennessee Army and were engaged in the battle of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, many of this regiment being captured at the last-named battle. We were held over at the car sheds in Chattanooga one night, and the next night we spent just north of the Tennessee River after crossing on a pontoon bridge. We then marched to Bridgeport and were loaded into some box cars like a lot of cattle, our destination being Rock Island prison. We stopped off one night in Nashville, and were confined in what was then known as the old "Zollicoffer House."

And here I have to record one of the most unprovoked acts of brutality I have ever witnessed. While William McCellan, third sergeant of our company, was leaning out of a window in the second or third story, some one from the street, without provocation, shot him through the head and killed him instantly. He was carried down the stairs by myself and others and placed on some lumber in an outhouse, and we never learned who shot him, or what excuse was made for shooting him, or where he was buried.

We reached Rock Island about December 1, 1863, and there

many of us remained for sixteen or eighteen months, where every disease known to the army was prevalent, causing the death of about 2,000 of the boys. I left Rock Island on March 20, 1865, with a squad of about five hundred, and reached Richmond just as the place was being evacuated. I was paroled there, and got home to Jacksonville, Ala., about the time of Lee's surrender.

I have been in Texas since 1866, and know of only three others besides myself of our old company now living. These are my two brothers, E. M. Smith, of Alba, Tex., N. E. Smith, of Lockney, Tex., and Ben Gwinn, of Gadsden, Ala. There may be others living, but these are all I know of. E. M. Smith is now eighty-five years old, I will be eighty next January, and N. E. Smith was seventy-seven last May.

I will be glad to hear from any of the old company or regiment that may be living. My object mainly in writing this was to record the cowardly murder of Sergeant McCellan, who was one of the best soldiers it was my pleasure to know. The three Smiths mentioned were reared near Jacksonville, Ala.

VIRGINIA'S HISTORICAL LIGHT.

(Dedicated to William and Mary College, the *Alma Mater* of my father, James Boisseau (1822-72), Dinwiddie County, Va.)

The Historical Light of Virginia so bright
 No bushel to hide it is able,
 Then let us unite to cherish this Light
 And set it aright on the table;
 Her past living fire the future inspire
 By the Light set aright on the table.

Virginia, her fame makes magic the name
 From Jamestown along through the ages,
 Her sons of renown with vision profound
 Illumine her history's pages;
 Then let us unite in love for this Light
 And place it aright on the pages.

From mountains to sea her Hall of Fame be,
 Achievements her busts in the niches;
 More lasting than stone to be overthrown,
 Posterity is heir to her riches;
 Then let us unite in the glow of this Light
 And keep it aglow in the niches.

—Sterling Boisseau.

JAMESTOWN.—First permanent settlement in America. English landed May 13, 1607. First elective legislative body in America met July 30, 1619. First capital of Virginia.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.—Founded in 1693. First law school in America. Second oldest college in America. Located in Williamsburg the second capital of Virginia.

DINWIDDIE COUNTY.—Taken from Prince George in 1752. Prince George taken from Charles City in 1703. Charles City one of the original shires (county) of Virginia.

FIVE BROTHERS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.—Mrs. Ella D. Whitten, of Pilot Point, Tex., writes that she had five brothers in the Confederate army, all of whom have now passed into the great beyond. The family was of Fayetteville, Tenn., and the brothers were James Bright Drake, Col. Edwin L. Drake, Douglas M. Drake, John P. Drake, Charles N. Drake.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

| | |
|--|--|
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PLANS FOR ASSOCIATION WORK.

My Dear Coworkers: That I am again able to send you a word of greeting and a message regarding the work which we hold so dear is an unspeakable joy to me, since my protracted illness has for a long time rendered all active service impossible. Grateful to you for your patience and the many kindly expressions of sympathy, and, above all, to a kind Providence that has made it possible for me to again assume my responsibilities, though in a limited way at present, I am asking that each association send me any little news items that may be of interest, that, by comparison of work and plans, we may each gain inspiration from the other. "In a multitude of council there is much wisdom."

Hold Meetings.—Let me urge that each Memorial Association hold regular meetings, either monthly, or, if the membership be too small, quarterly meetings; and you will find that by coming together oftener there will be increased interest in your work. And, above all, seek to have some item of historical interest which you may now be able to gather from Confederate mothers still with you. Each year the memorial hour brings a larger list of those who have "passed on," and the priceless opportunity will soon pass forever. So make this a sacred obligation, and send to Miss Mildred Rutherford, our Historian General, at Athens, Ga., all such data. If you have not a historian in your Association, will you not elect one and have her begin her work of collecting historical data at once? The President General offers a prize of \$10 in gold for the best historical matter sent in before the New Orleans convention.

Work in searching out the mothers of Confederate soldiers is lagging, and I plead with you most earnestly that each Association appoint a chairman to search out these dear mothers, who were none the less heroes in their way than were their brave sons.

Southern Books Wanted.—Mrs. Oswell Eve, of Augusta, Ga., Chairman of the Allen Segar Memorial Library, at Paris, France, desires more volumes of Southern literature to add to the already good collection which she has sent to Paris, and any books dealing with the South—historical, fiction, poetry, etc.—will be valuable in giving our American friends resident in Paris a true conception of the South and her people.

Memorial Day.—For our Memorial Day, begin now to make your plans. Engage the best speaker to be had. Appoint your committees to look after the head stones at the graves of our veterans, and others to plant flowers and beautify the grounds, and still others to visit and keep the grounds in

order, to clear the walks, lay off flower beds, and do the things needed.

Our Next Convention.—And now a word as to our convention in New Orleans next April. As we are to be the guests of the home city of our dear past President General, would it not be fitting that we should plan to make a substantial contribution to the Kate Behan Memorial Fund for the Confederate Museum Endowment Fund? I am happy to announce that a check for \$178 has recently been sent to Mrs. J. Fenton, Treasurer, and we hope to materially increase that amount. So please bring this before your Association in time to know what you can give.

And now, dear friends, let us stand by our work united in purpose, striving only to pay just tribute to the knightliest heroes of the ages, to stand for the beautiful charm, for the dignity and culture of the old South, with its deep reverence for the inspired word, for the ideal home life, and the saintly grace of motherhood. My heart's loving message to each Memorial woman, and my prayer that through all the vicissitudes of life our motto may ever be our watchword: "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget."

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON (MRS. A. McD. WILSON).

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The Winnie Davis Memorial Association C. S. M. A. of Chickasha, Okla., met August 23, and elected and installed the following officers: Mrs. L. A. Sanders, President; Mrs. M. E. May, Vice President; Mrs. W. H. Nesmith, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. F. M. Luginbuhl, Treasurer; Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Historian. The interesting report of the convention held at Richmond, Va., has aroused much enthusiasm in the Association, and many are planning to attend the reunion in New Orleans in April. A committee was appointed at this meeting to ship twelve books of Southern literature donated to the American library at Paris, France.

The Gibson Memorial Association of Lexington, Ky., was organized on August 17, at a meeting held at the home of Mrs. Christopher D. Chenault. Mrs. Chenault, who was the daughter of Mrs. Sarah Gibson Humphreys, was appointed chairman by Miss Jeanne Blackburn, State President of Kentucky, and Mrs. Harrison Gardner Foster, daughter of Col. Hart Harrison, was temporary chairman. In the election of officers, Mrs. Wickliffe Preston was made First Vice President; Mrs. William Rodes, Second Vice President;

Mrs. Louisiana B. H. Gibson von Engelken, Secretary, and Miss Josephine Simpson, Treasurer.

The organization has been formed for the purpose of preserving accurate Confederate history, letters, and data of that time, and the list of officers memorialized in this unit are six sons of Tobias and Louisiana Breckenridge Hart Gibson, men who gave valiant service to the cause and were distinguished for their bravery and courage in action in the Confederate army and have added to the glorious pages of Southern history. They were men who attained the heights in political, professional, and other fields into which they were called, and this memorial is a fitting tribute to their memory. They are: Gen. Randall Lee Gibson, Col. Hart Gibson, Capt. William Preston Gibson, surgeon; Capt. Claude Gibson, field artillery; Capt. Tobias Gibson, and Capt. John McKinney Gibson.

The members of the Association are: Mesdames C. D. Chenault, Wickliffe Preston, William Rodes, F. H. von Engelken, Miss Josephine Simpson, Mrs. Minor Simpson, Miss Lucretia Hart Clay; Mesdames Harrison Gardener Foster, William Wood Wood, of Charlotte, N. C.; Richardson Gibson, George R. Mastin, M. W. Anderson, Wirt Russell Robinson, of Canajoharie, N. Y.; Mrs. Bartlett Arkell, of New York; Sallie Higgins McElroy, of Kansas City; G. Davis Buckner, Lewis Johnstone, Susanne P. Shelby Grigsby, Charlton Morgan, Edward L. Rogers, Walter Matthews, Horace Wilson, John Andrew Steel, Samuel E. Cochran, of Dallas, Tex.; Wallace Kelley, Springfield, N. J.; and Miss Dunster Duncan.

A MONUMENT TO CAPT. SALLY THOMPkins.

During the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Richmond in June, 1922, a committee was appointed by Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief, to begin the collection of a fund to erect a monument to Capt. Sally Thompkins, who had charge of a hospital in Richmond during the war. The chairman of that committee is Walter Greene, of Greensboro, N. C. (Box 3), who has sent out the following:

"WHY A MONUMENT SHOULD BE ERECTED TO CAPT. SALLY THOMPkins."

"In July, 1861, immediately after the first battle of Manassas, Miss Sally Thompkins opened a hospital in the house at Third and Main Streets, Richmond, Va., which was called the Robertson Hospital, in honor of Judge Robertson, who gave his house for the purpose. All the running expenses, except food and medicine, were borne out of her own private means. At the beginning of the war many private hospitals were opened. The Confederate government, realizing that they should be systematically conducted, so as to avoid expense as well as other troubles due to lack of proper supervision, decided to have all private hospitals closed. The record of the Robertson Hospital was such a remarkable one, showing the efficiency of Miss Thompkins and her assistants that, when it was found there was danger of its being closed, a strong appeal was made to the government to save it. Upon investigation it was found that the mortality rate was lower than in any other hospital, government or private, and that men were steadily returned to service when able to go. President Davis ordered the hospital to be under the control and direction of a government official, and that officer was to be Miss Thompkins. Accordingly she was commissioned captain in the Confederate States

army on September 9, 1861. She accepted the office, but stipulated that she should not draw the pay. She conducted the hospital until June, 1865, and cared for over 1,300 soldiers. She ended her days in the Home for Needy Confederate Women, at Richmond, and now lies in an unmarked grave in a country churchyard in Mathews County, near the place of her birth. As the women have delighted to honor the veterans, now it is hoped that the veterans may honor the one woman who bore a Confederate commission. Let not the grave go unmarked another year."

Another member of this committee is Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., who is Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V. Any others willing to help on this good work will please write to Mr. Greene at once, and all contributions should be sent to him. There are doubtless still some survivors of those who came under Captain Sally's ministrations, and they will want to have a part in paying this tribute to one of the good angels of the Confederacy.

SOLDIERS OF BARBOURSVILLE, VA.

BY MISS VALETTE MILLER, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The article by Dr. Charles A. Lattin, of Hastings, Fla., in the *VETERAN* for September interested me very much, but if he means that the men he names are all who enlisted from Barbourville, Va. (now West Virginia), at the beginning of the War between the States, I should like to say that his memory is at fault. My father, George Franklin Miller, a boy of sixteen at that time, was one of the first to enlist from Barbourville, and was also one of the Border Rangers. The list of names here given was furnished by my uncle, J. W. Miller, of Barbourville, and he mentions that all are dead except the last four.

Alec Samuels (killed at Jonesville, Va.), Lafayette Samuels, Maj. George McKendree, B. J. McComas, James Shelton, John Shelton, W. B. Moore, John Payne (killed at Hurricane), John Thornburg, Mark Smith, Will Hensley, John Williams, Ed Vertigans, Thomas Merritt, William Sweetland, George F. Miller, John Thornburg,—Baungardner, George Vertigans, Jack Moore, Fred Baumgardner, Charles Lattin.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

At his once cherished home, 'mid the scenes of his childhood,

Where sweet flowers bloom and the soft shadows wave,
The statesman lies buried in peaceful seclusion,

While the living from far come to honor his grave.

Great parties may struggle, proud senates assemble,

He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain,

He has made his last speech, he has won his last triumph,

No morn shall awake him to suffer again.

O name most illustrious, in vain were the essay

To add to thy glory by story or song;

The tale has been told to earth's farthest circles

Of thy help for the right in thy fight 'gainst the wrong.

But spirit immortal, the grave doth not hold thee,

Nor bind thy great powers to the sensuous clod,

For bright in the realms of ethereal splendor,

Thou restest for aye in the presence of God.

(Lines written by C. L. Veazey, a lifelong friend and admirer of Alexander Stephens.)

FROM GETTYSBURG TO THE POTOMAC.

[Continued from page 429.]

General Meade, for some reason, did not care to renew hostilities. This condition continued until late in the fall, when General Lee assumed the offensive and drove Meade back to the defenses at Washington. If Meade had remained in command of the United States army, the war would have continued the balance of his life with no results of importance; but Lincoln saw fit to put Grant in supreme command, whose policy was for a long drawn out contest to wear out the Confederates, already exhausted by years of war, in which they had lost the flower of their military force and the resources of the country had been reduced to the lowest point. If he had been a Robert E. Lee, a Stonewall Jackson, or a John B. Gordon, with the men and means at his command, he would have surrounded and captured our little army in less than a month. Either doubting the capacity of his officers and the valor of his men, or fearing the efficiency and resourcefulness of his adversary, he preferred not to risk anything, but to make front attacks in mass formation to wear out his enemy by a slow process, in which he finally accomplished his object by losing as many men as his opponent had.

In one respect, Grant was superior to any of his predecessors who had commanded the army before him, since he was never dismayed by the appalling loss inflicted on him by the Confederates, but always brought up reserves to fill his depleted ranks and renewed the fighting without showing the least sign of discouragement. In another respect he was more resourceful; if one plan failed, he was ready to try another and was never disheartened by any failure. He had counted beforehand the cost of winning the war, and stuck to his program until he made it a success.

INDORSEMENT OF COMMITTEE.

BY REV. GILES B. COOKE, MATHEWS, VA.

In the name of the Confederate soldiers who followed General Lee in the War between the States and *knew* that they were right in fighting for their rights under the Constitution of the United States, let me thank you for your just and noble defense of the *main object* of the Committee's report at Richmond Reunion: to open the eyes of all men regarding the open and secret endeavors of Northern fanatics to instill in the minds of our children, by textbooks and teachers, the false and pernicious doctrine that their fathers and kinsmen who followed Lee were traitors. As to the part of the report stigmatizing Lincoln as being "personally responsible for forcing the war upon the South," there is room for difference of opinion. I agree with you that "to put the blame on Lincoln *alone* for having conceived and inaugurated the War between the States, will need strong proof to sustain." With you, I would respectfully ask, why the protest of Generals Carr and Howry against that part of the report which reiterated in the public press was not made in the meeting that adopted the report. Had I been present at the meeting, I would have sustained the purpose of the report, and have thanked the Committee for their labor of love in exposing the efforts of those people in the North to teach our children that our sacred cause was the cause of traitors; but would have suggested a change in the phraseology of a part of the report, something like this: That the War between the States was indorsed and commended by Mr. Lincoln because he made no effort to *prevent* it when the opportunity was offered him by the Peace Conference; and that he

was responsible for the secession of Virginia by calling out 75,000 armed men to coerce the Southern States. More than that, he had it in his power at the Hampton Roads Conference in February, 1865, to end the cruel war, and thus prevent further suffering to our soldiers in the field, in the prisons, and to their loved ones at home. The handing to Mr. Stephens a blank sheet of paper by Mr. Lincoln and saying to him, "Mr. Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that sheet, and you may write anything you please under it," is sheer fiction, widely disseminated by the late Henry Watterson. On its face it is absurd to suppose that Mr. Lincoln would have committed himself to the retention in the Southern States of slavery, which he professed to abominate. Mr. Stephens says (on page 550-9, Vol. I, "Confederate Military History") that the President's first and only proposition was "unconditional surrender of the States and their people." And he adds: "The conference reached the line where it seems the Southern Commissioners would have taken a step committing their government to dissolution without another battle, provided only they had been fully and frankly assured by authority to be trusted that the Union, *even without* slavery, would be at once reestablished, the States with all their rightful relations restored, the people of the South protected, the Constitution respected, and sectionalism ended forever." Had these concessions of the Committee been accepted by Mr. Lincoln, ratified by President Jefferson Davis and the Confederate Congress, the awful and unequal conflict, with its terrible suffering of all concerned—North as well as South—would have been brought to an end; the horrors of the never-to-be-forgotten period of reconstruction would never have disgraced the Republican Party nor have humiliated the people of the South; and the glorious Union, founded by our Fathers "for, with, and by the consent of the people," would have been cemented by the cords of perpetual love. Then, we could, with commendable pride, have taught our children to revere the name of Abraham Lincoln and acclaim him "a great and good man." But no; judging him by his actions—advising the Republicans in Congress to vote against the Crittenden resolutions, the part he played at the Peace Conference, approving Seward's deception in conferring with the committee from the Virginia convention, driving Virginia out of the Union by his proclamation for 75,000 men to coerce the Southern States, and not accepting the concessions made by the Committee at the Hampton Roads Conference—are we to be considered uncharitable in thinking that Mr. Lincoln had but one idea from the beginning to the end of the unhappy struggle, and that idea was the *subjugation* of the Southern people? And are Confederate veterans to be censured for resenting the false charge of being traitors, because we fought—under the leadership of our great and good President Jefferson Davis and the peerless Robert E. Lee—to defend our homes, and our Constitutional rights?

WAS LINCOLN A CHRISTIAN?—This was asked by W. F. Fulton, of Goodwater, Ala., who writes: "One of our preachers held him up as a model to a Sunday school a few Sundays ago, saying that Lincoln always entered upon every difficult job on his knees in prayer for divine guidance. That was news to me. Although I was in the war against him for four years, and heard him discussed from every angle during that time, I never heard of his being the least tainted with Christianity. Seems strange that now after a half century he should turn up to be a godly man and a model for Sunday school folks."

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY MONUMENT.

An interesting ceremony was carried out at the laying of the corner stone of the Matthew Fontaine Maury monument on June 22, 1922, during the reunion in Richmond, Va., the exercises being held under the joint auspices of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the first-named association being hostess to the second. The Maury Association is an independent organization formed to honor the great "Pathfinder of the Seas" in his own country, and in which the citizenship of our country is invited to participate. The monument will stand at Monument and Belmont Avenues.

The following was the order of exercises:

Masonic Rites by Meridian Lodge, No. 284, A. F. and A. M. Addresses by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Gov. E. Lee Trinkle.

Speakers introduced by Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Chairman of the Maury Monument Committee, representing the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Address by Prof. A. B. Chandler, President of the State Normal School of Fredericksburg, introduced by Mrs. E. E. Moffett, President of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association.

Prayer, by Rev. W. Russell Bowie.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

T. G. Smart writes from Muskogee, Okla.: "While attending the reunion in Chattanooga my thoughts reverted to boyhood days, so I decided to once more visit 'Orchard Knob.' On reaching the top I found a good old Union soldier in charge of that picturesque hill, now covered with Federal monuments by States." The old Yank was seated in an easy chair, and when I saluted him and said, "Good morning, sir," he gazed at me for awhile as if surprised, then he said: 'Good morning, Johnny Reb. That surprised me, and when I asked why he designated me thus, he simply responded: 'You are younger than I, so come and shake hands, and let's talk some.' This I did, and during our talk he told me that during the war whenever he got sight of a Reb he at once began to fight like—everything, or else ran as fast as he could. 'But,' he added, 'now it's all settled and you and I are forever friends.' I thanked him for his Christian spirit, but again asked, 'What made you insist that I was a Johnny Reb?' 'O, I saw that Confederate flag on your coat lapel.' But the flag was so small that I wanted to know how he could see it, and at last he said, as his face turned red: 'I can see a Confederate flag, however small, farther away than anything in this world.' We both laughed heartily, and I bade him good by."

A MOTHER'S GIFT.—Mrs. M. W. Wilson, of Philippi, W. Va., has sent to the VETERAN office an old songbook picked up in an abandoned camp, somewhere in the Valley of Virginia, by her father, Samuel Wood, when a Confederate soldier. It was his desire to return this to the rightful owner if he could be found, and in that endeavor this notice is made. On the fly leaf of the book is the name of "Edward Waterman, Macon, Ga.," and the date of "January 17, 1860," also this note from his mother: "Dear Eddie: I send your books at last. Father is busy, and I got Good to do them up for me. We are all well. I hope you are too. Write as often as you can. I will write you soon myself. Good-by, my dear child. May God bless and take care of you and send you safe home to me."

A LOYAL SON.—Rev. R. W. Grizzard, Spring Garden, Va., renews subscription to the VETERAN as "a constant visitor to my reading room for the last fifteen years." He also says:

"I very highly value the VETERAN, and, as a son of a Confederate soldier who has joined the Long Roll years ago, urge the sons and daughters of our noble war sires to subscribe to and read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. There is in all the realm of journalism no publication of like order and merit as the VETERAN.

"The decimated and ever-thinning and vanishing ranks of the soldiers in gray no longer constitute a host sufficient to support alone your splendid publication. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the present and future generations who can claim proud lineage in the Southern Confederacy to rally loyally around your banners and keep alive the sacred truths and traditions of the Confederacy."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN."—As a private in the Army of Tennessee on advanced picket duty, I was waked one night out of a refreshing nap, not to take my turn on post, but with the whispered words: "Give me your canteen! Give me your canteen!" Next morning half the camp was intoxicated—must I acknowledge it? Even the sergeant of the guard was not as straight and dignified as he might have been. Solution: A mountain moonshiner, with the assistance of a mule, was trying to smuggle a barrel of his peculiar industry through the lines, and, not knowing the position of the picket, had been halted. Just how much of the moonshine reached market this deponent sayeth not. No report—no charges!—L. A. Wailers, New Orleans, La.

A CORRECTION.—In the interest of true history, I wish to correct a little oversight of mine in the article for September VETERAN, page 330, on the capture of Winchester, Va., in June, 1863. This article should read: After Jackson left the Valley in June, 1862, only a small cavalry force remained there, and the Federal General Milroy made Winchester his headquarters and held it with a force of six thousand five hundred infantry and cavalry, except during September, October, and a part of November, while General Lee was conducting his Maryland campaign.—I. G. Bradley, Brantley, Ala.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.—Yesterday afternoon a man with a banjo and a woman with a violin stood on Main Street playing snatches of old-time songs for the pleasure of passers-by. An elderly woman stopped, dropped a nickel in the collection cup, and asked: "Can you play the national anthem?" The musicians immediately struck up "Dixie," and the woman, together with other auditors, applauded.—Los Angeles Times, October 2, 1922.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

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LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE.

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author at above address.

R. D. Steuart, of Baltimore, Md. (1103 Edmondson Avenue), is in the market for all kinds of Confederate relics for his collection. He wants guns, swords, pistols, bayonets, hats, caps, belts and buckles, original photos, etc. Is particularly anxious for a regulation Confederate officer's cap, also Confederate naval officer's belt and buckle. Will pay good prices.

W. W. Erwin, of Nashville, Okla., who served in Company I, 12th Alabama Regiment, was wounded at the Turnpike battle and was kept a prisoner at Camp Morton, Ind., till the close of the war. He wishes to locate some of his comrades who can testify to his service, as he needs a pension.

The Cossitt Library, of Memphis, Tenn., lacks the January, February, April, May, and June numbers of 1893, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and would like to secure them. Anyone having these numbers for sale should write the Library, stating condition and price wanted.

Miss Kate A. Blacklock, Fort Worth, Tex. (507 West Third Street), wants to get the first volume of President Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and hopes that some reader of the VETERAN can supply it.

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

September days have, subtly fair,
A tangy, spicy, vibrant air;
The leaves are wearing faded dyes;
They fan the golden butterflies
That blossom round us everywhere.
The vineyards purple in the flare
Of tangled sunbeams, which ensnare
And glorify the amber skies—
September days.

The ripening fruitage, peach and pear,
And plum and apple, all declare
Fulfilled the pledge of rich supplies:
The promise lives, though summer dies,
That love and beauty all may share
September days!

—Emma Playter Seabury.

Anyone who remembers the service of Dr. O. R. Broyles, who first served as a private in the Confederate army and was then transferred to the Medical Corps, will confer a favor by writing to his daughter, Mrs. William R. Pouder Johnson City, Tenn. It seems that Dr. Broyles left the University of the State of New York some weeks before graduating, and served under Longstreet throughout his campaign in the valleys of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee; was in the battles around Chattanooga, and thought to have been under a Colonel Bratton. His full name was Oze Robert Broyles.

William S. McEwing, of Peoria, Ill. (515 Laura Avenue), wishes to secure the war record of William McEwing, at one time a resident of Charleston, S. C., who served in Confederate cavalry, under General Beauregard; was wounded, captured, and sixteen months in a Northern prison. He had four brothers in the war, one of whom was killed on the Merrimac. The date and place of enlistment, also engagements in which he took part, where wounded and imprisoned, and when discharged, is the information wanted.

Mrs. H. L. Sears, of Floyd, Tex. (Route 1), would like to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband, B. M. Sears, who can give some information of his service. He was a Mississippian and enlisted from that State, but she does not know with what company and regiment.

Alf: "Ard working woman, your wife, Bill." Bill: "She is that; wish I 'ad a couple more like her."

Deafness

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Mistress (to butler): "Why is it, John, every time I come home I find you sleeping?" Butler: "Well, ma'am, it's this way. I don't like to be doing nothing."

Don't Wear a Truss

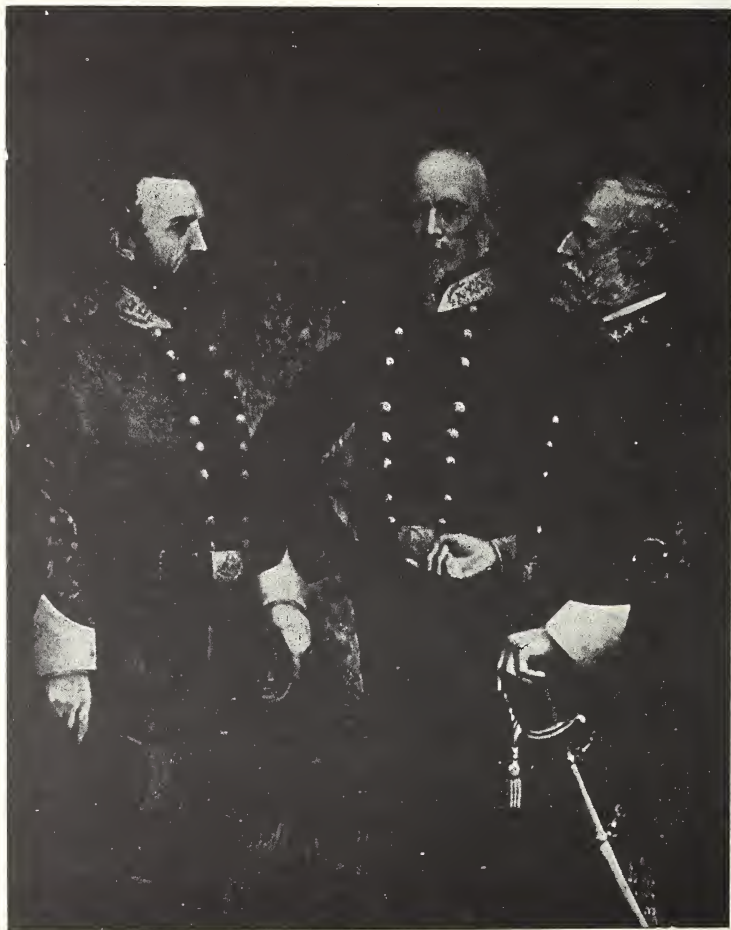
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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXX.

DECEMBER, 1922

NO. 12



MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER
President General United Daughters of the Confederacy
Presiding Officer Birmingham Convention, November, 1922

AN OFFERING OF OLD BOOKS.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long..... | \$5 00 |
| Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson..... | 5 00 |
| Life and Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson. By Dr. R. L. Dabney..... | 4 00 |
| Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke..... | 6 00 |
| Life of Stonewall Jackson. By John Esten Cooke..... | 5 00 |
| Short History of the Confederate States. By Jefferson Davis..... | 5 00 |
| Four Years in Rebel Capitals. By T. C. DeLeon..... | 4 00 |
| Autobiography and Narrative of the War. By Gen. J. A. Early..... | 4 00 |
| Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston..... | 4 00 |
| Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General. By Dr. W. M. Polk..... | 4 00 |
| Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes..... | 6 00 |
| Scharf's History of the Confederate Navy..... | 4 00 |
| Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieutenant Sinclair..... | 4 50 |
| The War between the States. By Alexander Stephens..... | 8 00 |
| Life of Forrest. By Dr. John A. Wyeth..... | 4 00 |
| With Saber and Scalpel. By Dr. John A. Wyeth..... | 3 00 |
| Tennessee in the War. By Gen. M. J. Wright..... | 2 00 |
| Personal Record of the 13th Tennessee Regiment. By its old commander, A. J. Vaughan, with complete roster..... | 2 00 |
| Southern Historical Society Papers. Vols. I-VI, in five volumes..... | 10 00 |
| Life of Jefferson Davis, with Secret History of the Southern Confederacy. By E. A. Pollard..... | 3 50 |
| A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie. By J. B. Polley, of Hood's Texas Brigade..... | 3 00 |
| The Great Parliamentary Battles and Farewell Addresses of the Southern Senators on the Eve of the War. By T. R. Martin..... | 4 00 |
| Military Annals of Tennessee. By J. B. Lindsley..... | 5 00 |

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Phillips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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John V. Browning, of Rockdale, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to get in communication with any old comrades who can testify to his service. He was wounded at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn.; served in Bragg's army. He also asks for information of Thomas V. Browning or any of his heirs.

Mrs. Nellie Fleming Garner, of Taintor, Ia., is trying to secure the war record of her father, Harrison Fulton Fleming, a volunteer from Virginia; says he was in the battle of Cedar Creek, under General Gordon. Any information as to his company and regiment will be appreciated.

C. OF C. PRIZES.

Awards in Children of Confederacy Contest made at Birmingham convention, as reported by Mrs. W. E. Massey, Little Rock, Ark.:

Ricks Banner to Chapter of Children of Confederacy sending best report: Julia Jackson Chapter, Charlotte, N. C.

Bettie Marriot Whitehead Prize to the Director registering most Children during the year: Mrs. C. H. Wallace, Morehead, N. C., registered 726 names.

Florence Goadler Faris Medal for best essay on "The Orphan Brigade of Kentucky": Agnes Morgan Rice, Union, S. C.

Eliza Jane Guinn Medal for best essay on "Boyhood of Lee": Gabriel McColl, Bennettsville, S. C.

Special mention for second best essay on same subject: Gatewood Jones, Denton, Tex.

Arkansas Division Medal for best questions and answers on "The Origin and Reasons for the C. of C.": Mrs. R. Philips Holt, Rocky Mount, N. C.

Report of the U. D. C. Convention in Birmingham will be made by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Waco, Tex., for the January VETERAN.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK.

Order a copy of "Lee, An Epic," the beautiful long poem on General Lee by Flora Ellice Stevens, for your Christmas gift to some loved one. Price \$1, postpaid. Address the author at 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Dr. N. H. Reeve, of Bristol, Tenn., wants to know if Capt. W. H. Burrows, of Burrows's Battery, is still living, and where. He served in that battery.

B. H. Mills, of Enloe, Tex. (Box 14), asks for information on the service of one James Jackson, who enlisted in Missouri. His widow is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. Elizabeth McGuire Crittenden, Union Springs, Ala., Box 83, wishes to secure the record of her grandfather, John G. McGuire, who was born at Norfolk, Va., in 1818, and died in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1863, either of wounds or disease contracted in the Confederate service. It is her information that he served under Col. David M. Cummings of the 19th Tennessee Regiment. Her father was also a Confederate soldier.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXX. NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1922.

No. 12.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE SENTINEL.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Green the hill, and all the meadow,
Where the silver brooklet runs;
Just you oak, in hoary grandeur,
Marks the havoc of the guns.

Blue the sky, and warm the sunshine,
Daisy spangled, spreads the sward;
Gone the thunder of the battle—
Just the lone oak stands on guard.

EIGHTY-SIX AND STILL YOUNG.

November 7, 1922, was a day to celebrate in the opinion of the people of Fort Worth, Tex., because it marked the eighty-sixth milestone in the life journey of Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, beloved citizen of that community and former Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. So on the evening of that day, in the banquet room of the First Christian Church, with which he had been associated for fifty-six years, a host of friends gathered to do him honor. The hall could not contain all who wished to share in this, but some six hundred of his fellow members of the Church and other friends were there and made the occasion a tribute to a life that has been a benediction to his Church and to his city. A handsome silver pitcher was presented by the Church, and in his response of appreciation General Van Zandt declared that faith in God and love for his fellow man had governed his life.

It was in 1853 that the young boy, Khleber Miller Van Zandt, made his confession of faith and was baptized the same night; and the only other person baptized at the time was a negro slave. General Van Zandt became connected with this Church at Fort Worth in 1866, and he is one of the two survivors of the original membership of that year. He has seen the Church grow from a small congregation of twenty-five or thirty to a membership of over two thousand. And all through these years he had been a faithful and zealous member and elder of the congregation.

General Van Zandt says he was born "by design" in Tennessee, as his mother went from the Mississippi home to the

old home in Tennessee to give him to the world, and the place of his birth was Franklin County. Two years later his parents removed to Texas, and their home was at Marshall, which had just been laid out in the woods. In 1847 his mother was left a widow with five small children. She sent young Khleber back to Tennessee to finish his education at the old Franklin College, near Nashville, and there he graduated in 1854, when less than eighteen. He was one of the honor men of the year, and delivered the salutatory in Latin, on which he was highly complimented. He returned to Marshall, studied law, and was practicing his profession when the war came on. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army as a second lieutenant and came out as major. A part of his service was under the lamented Albert Sidney Johnston. He was among those captured at Fort Donelson and spent eleven months in prison at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island, after which he reentered the army and gave gallant and faithful service to the end. He was paroled in May, 1865, and went to Fort Worth in August of that year, and in that city in 1866 he began his commercial life on borrowed capital. In 1874 he was one of four to organize a private bank, which was reorganized ten years later as the Fort Worth National Bank, of which he was made President, and the bank has never known any other president.

General Van Zandt has been an active member of the U. C. V. since its organization. For ten years he was Commander of the Texas State Division, then was made Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. In 1918 he was chosen as Commander in Chief of the organization, and served until the reunion in Chattanooga, 1921.

Not the least successful part of his life has been in the home, where he is the ideal husband and father. Fourteen sons and daughters have been reared in that home, and his children's children rise up to call him blessed. His mother lived into her ninety-fourth year, more than sixty years after the death of her husband. Her five children were with her to the last, and all still live in Fort Worth.

In spirit and activity, General Van Zandt is among the youngest of Confederate veterans, and life will ever have its interests. May there be for him many more anniversaries to celebrate, and may each one add to his sum of happiness!

THE SOUTH'S ADVANCE.

In his speech before the Daughters of the Confederacy on opening night of the convention at Birmingham, John Tilley, of Montgomery, referred to the harsh criticisms on the "backward South," and then took up "The Advancing South," showing that slowly but surely the South is coming into her own again, breaking the shackles which have bound her all these years since the war in the sixties. The following is taken from his speech:

"It has long been assumed by outsiders that prior to 1860 the South was populated principally by people of scant vision, initiative, or enterprise. This leaves an interesting circumstance to be explained.

"In 1860 the Federal government was a going concern, with the accumulated development of three-quarters of a century behind it. The South, with no army, no navy, no munition plants, no financial system, no governmental machinery, was compelled to begin at the beginning, to build literally from the ground up.

"Every conceivable advantage favored the North. Its army showed odds of more than four to one against the Confederates, yet only after four years of desperate fighting was the North able to defeat the Southern forces. Under such conditions, it is assuredly not complimentary to the Union army to suggest that their adversaries were lacking in initiative or resourcefulness.

"The critics have found much satisfaction in comparing the present-day wealth of the East with that of the South. They prefer to overlook the fact that in 1860 the per capita wealth of the South was greater than that of the New England and Middle States. A child knows that it is not fair, in the face of conditions between 1860 and 1880, to compare the present-day showing of the South with that of the rest of the country.

"There is only one fair comparison. Take the year 1880, the date which may be said to mark the beginning of the South's material renaissance, then ascertain the percentage of increase since shown by the South as compared with the corresponding increase credited to the country at large.

"The figures tell the following story: On the basis of increase between 1880 and 1920, the South has made, in many fields, a far better showing than the rest of the country. To mention a few details: In expenditures for public schools, the South increased 1,600 per cent, as against 1,100 per cent for the United States as a whole; in the cotton mill industry, 2,100 per cent, as against 220 per cent; in production of lumber, 433 per cent, as against 83 per cent; in the value of mineral production, 12,500 per cent, as against 1,700 per cent; in coal production, 2,300 per cent, as against 800 per cent; in the value of farm crops, 700 per cent, as against 600 per cent; in railroad mileage, 270 per cent, as against 170 per cent; in national bank deposits, 3,500 per cent, as against 1,400 per cent.

"This record should send a thrill throughout the South and should supply food for thought on the part of those who have revelled in telling the world that a section which was ruined and bankrupted fifty years ago does not yet march abreast a section which came through the sixties unscathed.

"The critic never tires of dealing with the question of illiteracy. There is no blinking the fact that the South's showing in this field has been far from satisfactory. Here again it is submitted that it is unfair to compare illiteracy without probing deeply into the matter.

"It will be well to take some years after the devastated and starved section was beginning to get on its feet, then to

ascertain the relative improvement since shown by the respective sections.

"From the census figures, it appears that in 1920 the percentage of illiteracy of native born whites for New England was 0.6, while that of the East South Central States (including Alabama) was 6.4. The contrast is depressing, particularly when the figures are being dealt with by hostile hands.

"But with close scrutiny of the census figures since 1900, a radically different contrast looms up. It appears that the New England States reduced their illiteracy from 0.9 in 1900 to 0.7 in 1910 to 0.6 in 1920. The East South Central States reduced their illiteracy from 13.6 in 1900 to 9.6 in 1920 to 6.4 in 1920. In 1900, they were 15 times as illiterate as New England; in 1920, only 10 times as illiterate. A story is thus told which is not nearly so well adapted to the purposes of the critics of the South.

"With an incomparably heavier load to carry, it would seem that the people of the East South Central States have, during the period indicated, traveled considerably farther than have their neighbors of New England. The record of a crippled horse carrying a load of three hundred pounds is hardly to be compared with that of a horse carrying ninety pounds. The figures indicate that little progress has been made in New England during the last ten years."

Mr. Tilley touched on death rates. "The death rate statistics of the United States census are nothing short of sensational," he said. "Take the six New England States and place alongside them six Southern States—Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The average death rate of the two groups is as follows. Southern States, white, 11; black, 17; New England States, white, 14; black, 18.

"If there is in these 'pest-ridden' Southern States an eleven per cent white death rate, as compared with fourteen per cent for New England; if the negro death rate for the Southern States is seventeen per cent, as compared with New England's eighteen per cent, it would seem that it is high time that there should be an end of propaganda as to the relative unhealthfulness of the South.

"The South has come a long distance since 1880. There is a long way to go before it can be hoped to regain the lost prestige of the antebellum period. Everything considered, remarkable progress has been made under adverse conditions. Slowly but unquestionably it is emerging from the shadow.

"The South is possessed of marvelous agricultural possibilities. Its manufacturing projects are showing a steady growth. It is challenging the cotton mill supremacy of New England. Immense deposits of iron, granite, and marble are found within its borders. It has a coal area twice as large as that of Europe. Three-fourths of the country's coking coal area is here. It has a monopoly of cotton and turpentine production. It is rich in timber. It produces more sulphur, aluminum, fertilizer, graphite, petroleum, mica, and phosphate rock than all the rest of the country combined. The exports from five leading Southern ports in 1921 were five times the value of exports from all Pacific coast ports. Its water power resources are practically unlimited. Giant power plants are under construction. Its educational facilities are being revolutionized. Recent developments in Alabama have attracted the attention of the nation. Its illiteracy is fast decreasing. Its people are inspired by the light of a new hope.

"The South is marching forward, confident of its ability to do greater things than it has ever done, hopeful of the near approach of a better day than it has ever known."

REUNITED AT GETTYSBURG.

After fifty years, during which time only a few of them had met at rare intervals, eight Confederate cavalymen of Frederick County, Md., who had been closely associated during the War between the States, and who had acted as couriers during the battle of Gettysburg, were reunited during the great meeting on that historic field in July, 1913. An account of this meeting was sent to the *VETERAN* by Edwin Selvage, of New York City, one of them. The others were: Hiram S. Weaver, Seattle, Wash.; Carlton B. Kelton, Nordan, Ariz.; Charles Thomas Myers, Jeannette, Pa.; William G. Deloshmutter, Martinsville, Ill.; Adolphus Fearhake, of Frederick, Md.; John L. Obenderfer, Confederate Home, of Pikesville, Md.; and Edward Jones, Philadelphia, Pa. All of these were members of Company D, 1st Maryland Cavalry, with the exception of Carlton B. Kelton, who was a member of the 2nd Maryland Cavalry. The commanding officer of the 1st Maryland Regiment was Ridgely Brown, whose monument stands at Rockville, Md., and the captain of Company D was Warner D. Welsh, of Frederick. The first lieutenant was W. H. B. Dorsey. Company D was organized in Frederick in 1862 by Captain Warner D. Welsh.

An incident which was recalled vividly was the important mission that this squad, under command of Corporal Edwin Selvage, executed just before the battle of Gettysburg.

Late on the afternoon of July 1, Corporal Selvage, of Company D, with the eight men, was ordered by their commanding officer to report to General Ewell, who directed Selvage to take the road to Cashtown, Pa., and from there the most direct road to Carlisle, Pa., and take a dispatch to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

Upon asking where Stuart could be found, Selvage was told



MRS. BUENA WILSON MIMMS, of WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Matron of Honor for the South, Confederate Reunion, Richmond, Va., June, 1922.

that it was thought he was somewhere near Carlisle, and he was directed to find him, and lose no time in doing so. History shows that Stuart, who was left in the rear of Lee's army to harass the enemy, could never be located or communicated with during the first part of the battle of Gettysburg. These men were given the work to find the General and deliver the dispatch, which later brought Stuart and his command to the scene of action.

Corporal Selvage gave the following account of their experience in finding General Stuart:

"When we left headquarters, we inquired the shortest way to Carlisle, but, being in hostile territory, we could get little or no information that would be of service to us, and we were left to our own resources in finding the road.

"We continued, however, until about 11 o'clock at night, when we were challenged and found ourselves directly in front of the Union pickets. How to get past without being recognized was the puzzling question. It lay with 'Buddy' Obenderfer, the 'kid' of the squad, as he then was called, to get us through the lines. Obenderfer said: 'Corporal, I'll bluff them, and you rush past.' Obenderfer rode up to the picket, without heeding the challenge to dismount, and engaged the sentinel in conversation. The rest of the squad, taking advantage of the distraction, dashed through the line, Obenderfer following in the rear. We were pursued for about five miles, but by cutting across fields we outwitted the Yanks.

"We continued on and, when a short distance out of Carlisle, we came upon the outpost of the cavalry, and, upon inquiry, found the pickets to be of Stuart's command. The rest was easy, and about 1 A.M. we found Stuart's adjutant, and to him we delivered the dispatch.

"We were directed by the adjutant to stay there and rest. Some hour and a half later, Stuart himself rode up and inquired who was in command of the squad which had delivered the dispatch. I reported, and Stuart asked if I could lead his command to the place of the engagement. I replied that I could, and, toward daybreak, at the head of Stuart's column, I reported to Ewell, and was warmly commended for the service rendered the cause."

This tells the story of how Stuart found General Lee when he came on the battle field of Gettysburg. This is only one of many courageous and daring deeds of the members of Company D.

All of these men became actively engaged in the business affairs of the United States. Selvage was a member of the New York Produce Exchange; Fearhake, chief deputy clerk and ex-clerk of the Circuit Court of Frederick County; Deloshmutter, a member of the Legislature of Illinois; Kelton, a member of the Legislature of Arizona; Myers, a business man and farmer of Jeannette, Pa.; Weaver, in business in Seattle, Wash.; Jones was a retired business man, of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Obenderfer, by reason of incapacitating wounds, was an inmate of the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md.

The meeting of Adolphus Fearhake and Carlton B. Kelton was particularly interesting because neither had seen the other since Kelton escaped from Point Lookout, Southern Maryland, in 1864. Fearhake was captured near Monterey Springs defending a wagon train from the attack of General Custer, whose troops made a saber charge on the wagon train, not a pistol shot being fired. Kelton was captured in the streets of Hagerstown, where he was knocked from his horse, although not injured. Fearhake and Kelton were comrades in prison, and, in fact, had always been the closest friends. Kelton made a house of cracker boxes in which the two men bunked.

Mr. Fearhake gave this account of the escape of his com-

rade: "Rather than endure the hardships and privations of prison life, Kelton sought an opportunity to escape, and one day he said: 'Fearhake, I'm going to leave you, for I can make my escape from this place.' He had become acquainted with some men on a coal barge, upon which there was a man who had smallpox. He secreted himself in this boat, and was carried out of the harbor and landed in Philadelphia. He afterwards wrote to me and told how the Union soldiers had refrained from searching the boat because of the smallpox."

Later Fearhake was released from prison and rejoined his old command, which was a part of the Confederate force that broke through the Union lines on the eve of Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

GEN. ADAM R. JOHNSON.

After a fruitful life of nearly eighty-nine years, Gen. Adam R. Johnson died at his home in Burnet, Tex., on September 20, 1922, and Texas paid tribute to him as one of her great men by having his body lie in state in the senate room of the Capitol at Austin; and in that city were gathered people from far and near, from stations high and low, to pay their last respects to comrade, friend, and fellow citizen. Every honor was conferred upon him in those last hours, and he was laid to rest most fittingly.

As a soldier of the Confederacy, General Johnson's career was unusual; as a citizen, his life was replete with endeavor despite the physical handicap of blindness. What he accomplished, both as soldier and citizen, carries us into the realms of romance in fact. In the *VETERAN* has been given accounts of some of his exploits as a soldier, and these experiences he embodied in a book under the title of "The Partisan Rangers." His life after the war is told by his daughter in the article following, "The Blind Man's Town." To the last he was actively interested in things about him, and full of plans for promoting the progress of his county and State.

Adam R. Johnson was born in Henderson, Ky., February 8, 1834, and at the age of eighteen went to Burnet County, Tex., where he became a driver for the Overland Mail. He also had experience in fighting Indians on the frontier, and in his encounters with the wily Comanches he received lessons in skill, patience, endurance, and strategy which afterwards helped him to be first a daring scout for Forrest, then a colonel in the Confederate army, and at last a brilliantly successful brigadier general. His brigade was with Morgan when the latter made his famous raid through Ohio, and he was the only one of the general officers who escaped across the Ohio River with any part of his command intact.

But the most brilliant work of General Johnson was within the borders of "Johnson's Confederacy," Southwestern Kentucky, and along the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers, where, cut off from all hope of assistance from the Confederate government, left to his own resourceful energies to supply himself with men, arms, and munitions of war, he reigned supreme. By his wonderful will power and personal magnetism he held his men in perfect discipline, and not only defied the Federal government to drive him out, but, with his twelve or fifteen hundred men, routed every force that was sent against him. It was in the very moment of victory in one of these engagements that a ball from a volley fired by his own men entered his right eye and came out his left temple, cutting out both eyes. He was captured and sent, a blind prisoner, to Fort Warren. After a time he was exchanged, and on reaching Richmond was called on by President Davis and members of his cabinet, who urged him to accept papers honorably discharging him, which he politely

declined, and, to their profound astonishment, asked for orders to again take command of his old department, with transportation for himself and men. These were given him, and he was on his way to Kentucky with many of his old men and officers he had picked up at Macon, Miss., when news of General Lee's surrender reached him, soon followed by that of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Bidding farewell to his men, he made his way to Texas.

Blind, bereft of his property, his cause defeated, the country overrun with the carpetbagger of those infamous reconstruction days, yet the magnificent courage, the indomitable will, the tireless energy of the man were unshaken; on the contrary, these qualities never shone so brightly as after the war. No man has done more, few have done as much, toward advancing the material interests of his State and in building up the waste places, especially in Burnet County; and it is gratifying to know that this blind hero of the Confederacy reaped a substantial reward for his life of effort. In Burnet County he had early recognized the great water power lying dormant in the Colorado River. He dreamed of that development and the utilization of the great granite and limestone outcroppings for building purposes. He selected the site of Marble Falls as that of a great city, his interests started the town in its growth, and thus it became known as "the blind man's town," the story of which is so interesting told by his daughter.

General Johnson reared a family of six children, two sons and four daughters, all of whom bear the imprint of his wonderful training and his strong personality.

THE BLIND MAN'S TOWN.

BY MARY JOHNSON POSEY.

In a sun-kissed valley sixty miles southwest of Austin, Tex., lies Marble Falls, "the blind man's town," one of the most picturesque little cities in the State. This thriving business center is like no other town in the world, for it has the distinction of having been builded by a man totally blind.

Sixty-two years ago the "Young Colonel" of the Overland Mail, Adam R. Johnson, stopped his horse upon the banks of the Colorado River in Backbone Valley. While the animal slaked his thirst in the cooling waters, the man feasted his eyes upon the scene about him and speculated upon the business opportunities offered by the wonderful advantages the enormous horse power of the river at this place afforded. Rugged bluffs bounded the stream, topped by the purple mystery of mountain cedar. A natural dam of marble spanned it just below him and formed a beautiful lake above. As the waters roared over this dam in a churning mass of foam, he knew what a great and profitable resource nature had builded here, and which daily went to waste for the lack of some one to harness the river's power and turn it toward the upbuilding of Texas's manufacturing concerns.

And then he visualized a modern city upon the river's bank in that sun-kissed valley, encircled by towering, violet-crowned hills, which lay like a rare jewel in its artistic setting. With the water power harnessed to run factory and mill, business houses erected from the magnificent red granite to be had from the granite mountain north of the proposed town site, and dwellings of the white stone to be had for the quarrying from the hills at hand, the streets graded and gravelled with the granite gravel, there could be no spot on earth more pleasing to the eye. This was his "dream city," a dream in which he always indulged when he crossed the Colorado at this point; a dream which he hoped and prayed

to some day make a reality. As he sat his horse that December day in the year 186-, a splendid figure of virile manhood, fine face turned toward the object of his intense desire, gray eyes alight with the aggressive spirit of soldier forebears, he was the complete embodiment of the Texan of the early days, those strong, brave men who carved this present great State from a raw, forbidding wilderness. But as he dreamed his dream and built his castles fair, could he have lifted the veil enshrouding his future, his courageous heart would have failed him, and hope would have died forever in his breast. He had no means of knowing that the building of this town would be a story full of pathos and tragedy, of heartbreak and sorrow, through which only his indomitable will of "do or die" would carry him to its realization.

The last gun of the War between the States had been fired, the old guns stacked row on row, and the shining swords returned forever to their scabbards. The crimson battle flag had been reverently furled, and allegiance sworn to the Stars and Stripes by that "thin gray line" that is still sung of in song and story. In the midst of his men stood a tall, slender officer, with the gold stars of a general on his collar, a bandage covering his eyes. The bandage told its own sad story, but the face was calm, the lips even smiling, the broad shoulders squared in readiness to meet life's vicissitudes.

His men crowded about him to say a last good-by. With faces wet with tears and voices choked with emotion, they pleaded with him to stay in Kentucky and accept the blue grass plantation they wished to give him as well as to furnish funds for his maintenance as long as he lived.

"It's all right, boys," he said over and over again. "I dedicated my life to the South the day I donned the gray. I have laid my eyes on the altar of my country, but I shall not be the less a man because of that fact. Mentally I shall see as well as you do. I am going back to Texas and build a town upon the Colorado River. Some day you will hear of 'the blind man's town.'"

And did they hear of this town which their beloved general declared so confidently that he would build? They most certainly did, and some of them live in it.

Every paper in the South had published the obituary of Adam R. Johnson, brigadier general of the 10th Kentucky Partisan Rangers, and his young bride for months had mourned him as dead while he languished in a Northern prison. Imagine her joyful surprise when a closed carriage drew up at the door of Wheatland, a Virginia plantation where she had been a guest during the war, and old Uncle Ben, the negro butler, shouted with joy as he rushed out the door: "It's Marse General, Littl' Missie! It's Marse General! 'Praise God, he ain't dead! Uncle Ben shore is proud he ain't dead."

You can picture that reunion. The young bride, just eighteen, who had followed the meteoric career of her hero husband with fear and pride; the long days of waiting without news; the longer nights of anguish when she lay sleepless upon her bed and listened to the boom, boom of the big guns across the river; and then the day when the paper bore in glaring headlines: "Gen. Adam R. Johnson is killed while leading a charge at Grubb's Crossroads, Ky."

Months pass. Then suddenly Uncle Ben announces: "Marse General ain't dead, Littl' Missie!"

Then picture the General as once more he holds his bride in his arms, she who had scarce been a wife until the call to arms took her lover husband from her side. Now, as he felt her soft lips on his and could not look upon the face most dear to him, for the first time he realized what blindness meant.

The rest of his life in the dark! Should little children come to bless their union he would be denied seeing their cunning smiles and dimpled cheeks. He drank the bitter cup to the last drops.

The long, hazardous trip to Texas was made by General Johnson and his wife overland. Often their way led through Indian-infested districts, and they escaped only by a miracle. It seemed as if Providence protected them from the bloody scalp knife, and they reached their destination at last safely.

Immediately after getting located, the General went about his plans for making his dream city a reality. Broken in health and fortune, the process was necessarily slow. He purchased himself a tract of land in Llano County, and, hiring cowboy assistants, erected a house and bought a few cattle and horses with money he had saved while driving the Overland Mail prior to the war. He raised stock and horses, but Indians stole them as fast as they were ready for the market. The cowboys were set to farming, and the rich river flats became fields of corn and cotton and cane. When the harvest season came, the General had the grain loaded upon wagons, and with his old gun across his knees rode with the men to Fort Worth to sell it. Many times they had close shaves with the Comanches, but always they managed to escape annihilation.

And so the years pass. A nation is born from the wreck and ruin of war. The devastated Southland blooms once more. Old enmities are forgotten. Old foes meet as friends beneath a common flag. The gray and blue uniforms have long since been laid away in moth-proof bags as relics for a future generation.

Down in Backbone Valley a town is in course of construction. On every side the great hills rear their rugged outlines, fringed with mountain cedar. The silvery Colorado follows graceful meanderings past huge bluffs of white limestone, fern-bordered grottos, and large pecan groves, sweeping into the wider body of the lake where weeping willows bend above its glimmering mirror in endless rows of tender green. The sky above is of clearest azure, and wild plum blossoms spend their fragrance upon every passing breeze.

Yet the founder of "the blind man's town" cannot see the beauty of the scene about him nor smell the perfume of the countless flowers spread in a carpet about his feet. The long, sinewy hands, however, feel the stones as they are laid, and with super-sensitive touch is almost given vision, for in his mind's eye every detail is distinct, as stone by stone the cotton mill takes shape until it stands a finished product. Then the shoe factory, the power plant, and the school building follow, each in turn.

When these are complete a railroad becomes a necessity. The blind empire builder makes the long journey to Austin horseback, and, through influential friends, sets the railroad ball rolling. Just at this time, fortunately for General Johnson, the old Capitol was burned and the Legislature decided upon a state house to be built only of Texas stone. Above Marble Falls, "the blind man's town," covering some hundred acres of ground, is a huge granite mountain of exquisitely colored stone. Nothing could be more fitting for the Texas State Capitol. The owners offered the stone as a gift if transportation could be secured. General Johnson was once more equal to the emergency. He gave the railroad seven miles of right of way through his land as an inducement to begin laying the rails at once. Months later a narrow gauge train made its way through the hills of Burnet County, carrying granite for the State Capitol and, later, for the jetties at Galveston.

Fourteen kinds of marble abound at Marble Falls, hence

its name. Upon its bustling streets, almost any time of day, one could see the "Blind Man" walking about, feeling his way with a cane, the slender suppleness of his youth weighted down with his eighty-eight years of service. But he was the gamest "blind" man one could chance to meet. The hard knocks in the battle of life never soured him. He enjoyed life, was cheerful and optimistic always, and was at any time ready to help the other fellow.

So, the General, though blind, "made good." The "blind man's town" is a lasting monument to his efforts. He played the game, and always played to *win*.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN AT FRANKLIN.

[Fifty-eight years have passed since the battle of Franklin, Tenn., but the memory of it dieth not with those who took part in that bloody sacrifice, nor passes the memory of the kind ministrations rendered by the people of that unfortunate little town. Among the list stands out the name of Mrs. John McGavock, as the "Good Samaritan" of that battle, loved and revered for her devoted and unselfish service to the sick and wounded. The following article, by Dr. N. E. Morris, of Franklin, will be appreciated, especially by those who received the ministrations of this good woman.]

Those who have visited the battle field of Franklin recall the beautiful old Southern mansion that stands upon that historic ground. It was at the time of the battle the home of Col. John McGavock and his wife, Caroline Elizabeth Winder McGavock. They were both true types of the old-time Southerners, warm in heart, genial in manner, refined in sentiment, abundant in kindness.

The position of "Carustor," so called for the old McGavock home in Ireland, would have caused the names of its occupants to be linked with that battle even had not their acts of mercy and loving service indissolubly associated them with the Confederacy. But no list of heroines of the war would the veterans in that engagement recognize as complete without the name of Mrs. McGavock. The home was filled with the wounded, and on the morning after the battle five Confederate generals lay dead on the wide gallery about the house.

The service Mrs. McGavock rendered to the sick and dying is best given in an extract from a letter of Col. W. D. Gale, written to his wife, daughter of Gen. Leonidas Polk:

"I have now one more scene to paint, one more story to tell you, and I am done. I wish I had a pen to do justice to the subject, for in all the annals of war, filled as it is with the great and noble deeds of great and noble women, none exceed and few equal in true merit the noble sympathy of Mrs. John McGavock.

"When day dawned we found ourselves near her house—on her lawn—which was in the rear of our line. The house is one of the large old-fashioned houses of the better class in Tennessee, two stories high, with many rooms, and every arrangement for comfort. This was taken as a hospital, and the wounded, in hundreds, were brought to it during the battle, and all the night after. Every room was filled, every bed had two poor, bleeding fellows, every spare space, niche, and corner under the stairs, in the hall, everywhere—but one room for her own family. And when the noble old house could hold no more, the yard was appropriated until the wounded and the dead filled that, and all were not yet provided for. Our doctors were deficient in bandages, and she began by giving her old linen, then her towels and napkins, then her sheets and tablecloths, then her husband's shirts and her own undergarments.

"During all this time the surgeons plied their dreadful work amid the sighs and moans and death rattle. Yet, amid it all, this noble woman, the very impersonation of divine sympathy and tender pity, was active and constantly at work. During all the night neither she nor any of the household slept, but dispensed tea and coffee and such stimulants as she had, and that, too, with her own hands. Unafrighted by the sight of blood, unawed by horrid wounds, unblanched by ghastly death, she walked from room to room, from man to man, her very skirts stained in blood, the incarnation of pity and mercy. Is it strange that all who were there praise her and call her blessed?"

When the war was over, Colonel McGavock gave the ground for the cemetery, in which are gathered the bodies of the heroic soldiers who fell on that fatal field. On that spot nearly two thousand Confederate soldiers lie buried. The cemetery was called for the beloved husband, and the care of it was one of Mrs. McGavock's greatest delights.

It was to her thoughtfulness and oversight that a full list of the dead that rests there was made. She had a true record, and always kept it in her own possession.

Until the close of her life no sign of neglect showed in any part of the cemetery, it being her chief pleasure to see that no stray weeds crept upon the hallowed ground, and that the grass and inclosures showed in their careful keeping the love she bestowed upon that spot.

She died at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. George L. Cowan, which stands on part of the original farm. The prayer offered by Rev. John W. Hanner on the occasion of her funeral so beautifully embodies the spirit that actuated her life that a part of it is quoted:

"We thank thee for the pilgrimage of thy handmaiden through this world, a pilgrimage guided by God, inspired by his spirit, and blessed by his Son, a pilgrimage which perfected the pilgrim and blessed her fellows on the right hand and on the left. We thank thee that she was a stranger to all that was unchildlike toward God and to all that was unsisterly toward mankind, a stranger to unloveliness and unkindness; but we thank thee that she was not a stranger to faith and hope and love, not a stranger to friendship, benevolence, and charity. We bless thee that through thy Spirit her heart was full of compassion, her hand ever open to the needy, and her feet ever ready to run errands of love and mercy. We thank thee for the hands which hung down and the feeble knees that she lifted up, for the many hearts she comforted, the needy ones she supplied, the sick she ministered unto, and the boys she found in abject want and mothered and reared into worthy manhood. In the last day they will rise up and 'call her blessed.' To-day she is not, because thou hast taken her; and we are left to sorrow for the 'Good Samaritan of Williamson County,' a name richly merited by her."

"The common things of life are all so dear;
The walking in the warm half glooms
To find again the old familiar rooms,
The scent, the sounds, that never tire,
The homely work, the plans,
The lilt of baby laugh,
The crackle of the open fire,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near,
The opening door, the handclasp and the kiss.
Is heaven not after all the now and here?
The common things of life are all so dear."

SHALL WE STAND FOR TRUTH IN HISTORY?

BY DR. E. P. LACEY, BESSEMER, ALA.

I have read with a great deal of interest the discussions precipitated by the report of the Rutherford Historical Committee at the Richmond reunion, and don't understand why historical questions cannot be discussed dispassionately and settled within the domain of reason and truth. Abuse and recrimination settle nothing.

Cicero says that "the first law of history is that it should neither care to say anything that is false nor fear to say anything that is true, for the establishment of truth is never wrong." If Mr. Lincoln's place in history is so insecure that his admirers and friends are afraid to have his record scrutinized, that is the strongest evidence in the world that his fame rests on a false foundation instead of the granite rock of truth. Every time anything is published in defense of the South which involves a criticism of Mr. Lincoln, some weak-kneed Southerner assumes a supplicating attitude and offers an apology.

As Mr. Simonds says: "Is it not time for history to be impartial? Is it necessary to patriotism that history should be distorted and the spirit of truth disregarded? Justice will not permit this, as will be demonstrated by the annalist of the future."

What will the world think of a people who are so indifferent or craven as to fear to speak in their own defense when assailed? The South has long enough borne the odium of having been the aggressor in the War between the States, and if there is evidence to refute this accusation, it is our duty to produce it. Some one was responsible for the war, for it did not automatically start itself. A more unfounded charge was never preferred than that the Southern people desired war. Doubtless all those who opposed the South in the sixties believed this to be true, and I suppose some of them are of the same opinion still. I am confident it is this false impression that the Rutherford Committee desired to correct without giving offense to Mr. Lincoln's admirers and at the same time not revive any of the bitterness engendered by the war.

Last spring the battle of Gettysburg was fought over again in mimic warfare by the United States army, with the President an interested spectator. The Confederate forces were repulsed and large numbers were killed. I have never seen one word of criticism in regard to this mimic battle, nor any fear expressed that it might disturb the harmonious relations between the North and the South. If anything can be gained from this great battle that will be of any service to the army in the future, let's have it. If anything can be gained from the acts of those in authority in civil life that will save us from mistakes in the future, let's have it.

About one hundred and forty years ago Cornwallis surrendered his army at Yorktown to the American forces. This was a great blow to English pride and valor, and yet the relations between the two countries are of the most cordial nature. During the World War the American and English soldiers fought side by side against a common enemy. Every patriotic American hopes nothing will ever occur to disturb the pleasant relations which exist between the two countries. And yet, at this late day, our President went to Yorktown and made an address on this historic field that had been so disastrous to English pride and hope. English conservatism and common sense took no offense at this, for they knew none was intended.

When the War between the States is mentioned, some ultra-

loyal person reminds us the "war is over," and it is not only bad form, but not good policy to discuss it.

If South Carolina had the right to secede in 1860, Mr. Lincoln had no more authority or jurisdiction over Fort Sumter than he had over Gibraltar, for it was an foreign soil. When his government equipped a hostile expedition of eleven ships, carrying two hundred and eighty-five guns and two thousand and four hundred men, with orders from the authorities at Washington to reinforce Fort Sumter, "peaceably, if permitted, but forcibly if they must," it was an act of war. It was not only an act of war, but of bad faith, for the authorities at Washington had assured peace commissioners from the Confederate government that Fort Sumter would be evacuated. This assurance had been given by Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, and it is not reasonable to presume that Mr. Lincoln was ignorant of this promise. Mr. Stephens says: "The aggressor in a conflict is not the one who strikes the first blow, but the one who renders the first blow necessary."

It is a fundamental principle of law that no one has the right to prevent what another has the right to do. Mr. Lincoln's defense rests upon the assertion that secession was illegal, and that he had the authority to coerce a State. If Mr. Lincoln is a credible witness, it can be proven by evidence he left on file in the *Congressional Record* that a State has the right to secede. On January 12, 1848, he made a speech in the House of Representatives in which he said: "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a sacred right, a right which we hope and believe will eventually liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to the whole people of a territory, but a majority of such people may rise up and put down a minority intermingled among them who may oppose them, and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit."

This is what the seceding States desired and endeavored to do—"to make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabited," without interfering in the remotest degree with those that remained in the Union. All they asked was to be let alone.

The position of the Confederate government was clearly and concisely stated by Mr. Davis in his first inaugural address when he said: "Through many years of controversy with our late associates—the Northern States—we have vainly endeavored to secure tranquility and to obtain respect for the rights to which we are entitled. As a necessity, and not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation, and if a just perception of mutual interest will permit us to peaceably pursue our separate political career, my most ardent desire shall have been fulfilled."

When Mr. Davis was a cadet at West Point, a textbook on American constitutional law was used which taught that secession was right. On page 289 is the following: "If a faction should attempt to subvert the government of a State for the purpose of destroying its republican form, the paternal power of the Union could thus be called forth to subdue it. Yet it is not to be understood that its interposition would be justifiable if the people of a State should determine to retire from the Union, whether they adopted another or retained the same form of government. The States, then, may wholly withdraw from the Union, but while they continue they must retain the character of representative republics." (Page 290).

President McKinley made a speech before the Union League Club in San Francisco, May 29, 1901, in which he said: "We

are no longer a Confederacy of States where one or more can go out of the Union at will. We are one indissoluble Union, made so in the clash of war when Abraham Lincoln led us." Evidently he thought secession was right prior to the termination of the war in 1865.

Mr. Lincoln's advocates will claim that public opinion had changed in regard to secession and Mr. Lincoln had changed his opinion also. Public opinion is not law and is binding on no one until crystallized into law, and if secession was right in 1848, it was right in 1861. Mr. Lincoln must have known that a resolution was introduced in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States to coerce a State, but it did not even receive a second.

Mr. Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, tells an interesting story bearing on the question of who began the war. In 1864, when a call for extra troops was made, a mass meeting was held in Chicago and a committee was appointed to go to Washington and ask the Secretary of War to give Cook County a new enrollment, as she had already furnished 22,000 soldiers for the war. Mr. Medill was one of the committee-men, and they went to see Secretary Stanton, but he refused their request. They then called on the President, and he refused to interfere, but agreed to go with them to see Mr. Stanton and hear both sides of the argument. He says: "The argument went on for some time, and was finally referred to Mr. Lincoln, who had been silently listening. When appealed to, Lincoln turned to us with a black and frowning face. 'Gentlemen,' he said, with a voice full of bitterness, 'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing the war on the country. The Northwest opposed the South as New England opposed the South. It is you, Medill, who is largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until you had it. I have given it to you. What you asked for you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for more men, which I have made to carry on the war you demanded.'"

I can think of no motive Mr. Medill could have had for misrepresenting what occurred at the meeting in Washington with Mr. Stanton and Mr. Lincoln, and it certainly exonerates the South from the charge of having begun the war.

Mr. Lincoln had no authority to declare war, as this power had not been given to the President, but to Congress. In July, 1861, a "joint resolution was offered in the Senate to legalize the extraordinary acts of Mr. Lincoln."

In 1862 Benjamin R. Curtis, of the Supreme Court, wrote a little book showing Mr. Lincoln's usurpations, entitled, "Executive Power." "The President," said Judge Curtis, "has made himself a legislator. He has enacted penal laws governing citizens of the United States. He has superadded to his rights as commander the power of a usurper. He has established a military despotism. He can now use the authority he has assumed to make himself master of our lives, our liberties, our properties, with power to delegate his mastership to such satraps as he may select."

"The contest," said Daniel Webster, "for ages has been to rescue liberty from executive power. On the long list of the champions of human freedom, there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority. Through the histories of the contests for liberty, executive power has been regarded as the lion that must be caged; it has always been dreaded as the great object of danger. Our security lies in our watchfulness of executive power. I will not trust executive power to keep the vigils of liberty. Encroachments must be resisted at every step. We are not to wait till great mischief comes, till the government is over-

thrown or liberty put in extreme jeopardy. We would be unworthy sons of our fathers were we to so regard questions affecting freedom."

The Southern States did not secede because Mr. Lincoln was elected President, but because of the principles he represented. He was the representative of the only sectional party ever organized in the United States, and a party, one of its leaders declared, formed for the express purpose of opposing the South. Wendell Phillips said: "The Republican party is in no sense a national party. It is a party of the North, organized against the South."

The South had no confidence in a party whose Secretary of State had declared there was "a higher law than the Constitution," and was afraid to trust them, and subsequent events proved their fears were well founded. To organize one section against another in enmity and hate was virtually a dissolution of the Union.

President Johnson, in his veto of the Reconstruction Act, passed by Congress in 1867, said: "Those who advocated the right of secession alleged in their own justification that we (the Republican party) had no regard for law, and their rights of property, life, and liberty would not be safe under the Constitution as administered by us. If we now verify their assertion, we prove that they were in fact fighting for their liberty, and instead of branding their leaders with the dishonoring name of traitors against a righteous government, we elevate them in history to the rank of self-sacrificing patriots, consecrate them to the admiration of the world, and place them beside Washington, Hampden, and Sidney."

It is a part of our public history which can never be forgotten that both houses of Congress, in July, 1861, declared in the form of solemn resolution that the war was and should be carried on for no purpose of subjugation, but solely to enforce the Constitution and laws, and when this was yielded by the parties in rebellion, the contest should cease, with the constitutional rights of the States and of individuals unimpaired. This resolution was adopted unanimously by the Senate, and by only two dissenting votes in the House. It was accepted by the friends of the Union in the South, as well as the North, as expressing honestly and truly the object of the war.

To pronounce the supreme law-making power of an established State illegal is to say that law itself is illegal.

In spite of the "solemn resolutions of congress," after the war closed the Southern States were treated as conquered provinces, ruled over by military governors. It was frequently declared by Mr. Lincoln that a State could not secede, and that the Southern States were not out of the Union, but merely in open rebellion against the authority of the United States.

After the war closed, Congress passed reconstruction acts for the restoration of the Southern States to the Union. The two positions are irreconcilable, as it was impossible for both Congress and Mr. Lincoln to be right.

Mr. Lincoln has been proclaimed the savior of the Union. The Southern people neither attempted nor desired to destroy the Union. The secession of eleven Southern States in 1861 was no more a destruction of the Union than the secession of thirteen colonies in 1776 was a destruction or dissolution of the British Empire. "In 1776 King George fancied his empire would be ruined if the thirteen jewels from his crown were not restored. Thinkers of this sort entirely lose sight of the fact that the 'people,' the great body of the people, is the country, not the mere machinery of the government and the men who

run that machinery. The Roman Empire broke asunder, but were the people of Europe any the worse?"

"The man who fancies that the secession of New England or the secession of the Southern States from the Union would leave it in ruins is not only ignorant of the logic of history, but is a foolish believer in the divine right of governments as against the inherent rights of the people."

Some of the colonists thought they could not exist without the sheltering hand of the mother country to sustain them, and they remained loyal to the king to the end of the war. To be branded as Tories did not deter them from giving him their loyal support. The separation of the two countries stimulated a development that was beneficial to both, and there is no one at this time who believes the independence of the colonies has been detrimental to the interest of either country.

The Southern States did endeavor to establish an independent government, but they had no desire to overthrow the government of the United States. In fact, they were exceedingly anxious to remain on friendly terms with their former government, and many viewed the separation with deep regret. They adopted practically the same Constitution as that of the United States, with the exception of a few changes which they considered an improvement on that of the organic law of their former country.

When the Union was formed it had a population of 3,500,000, and contained an area of 800,000 square miles, divided into thirteen States. Subsequently, 2,185,000 square miles of territory were added to the public domain during the administration of Southern men. At the beginning of the War between the States, the population of the United States had increased to 32,000,000. After the secession of eleven Southern States, the United States were left with a population of 22,031,159 and an area of 941,149 square miles, and 1,294,949 square miles in the territories to be divided between the United States and the Confederate States. The assessed value of property in the States which remained in the Union was \$6,822,439,901. They had an organized government functioning in every department, and representatives in all foreign countries. They had an army and navy officered by graduates of West Point and Annapolis. To say that such a government could not exist without the support of the eleven Southern States that had seceded is paying the highest compliment to the Southern people that could be bestowed upon them, but a great reflection on the energy and intelligence of the Northern people.

Thomas Jefferson said there was enough territory in the United States for two or more Republics. On January 29, 1804, in a letter to Dr. Joseph Priestly, he said: "Whether we remain in one Confederacy or form into Atlantic or Mississippi Confederacies, I believe not very important to the happiness of either party. Those of the Western Confederacy will be as much our children and descendants as those of the Eastern, and I feel myself as much identified with that country in future time as with this; and did I now see a separation at some future day, yet I should feel the duty and the desire to promote the Western interest as zealously as the Eastern, doing all the good for both portions of our future family which should fall within my power."

I have never heard that Mr. Jefferson's patriotism was ever questioned, and he was considered one of the world's greatest statesmen, and if Mr. Lincoln had viewed the separation of the States as did Mr. Jefferson, it would have saved the best young manhood of our country that was slaughtered by thousands, and the numberless evils that "follow in the

wake of war." If a peaceable separation had been permitted—which many people in the North and practically all in the South desired—it would have stimulated a development, in my estimation, unsurpassed in the history of the world. Harmoniously working side by side, with a league for mutual defense and protection against foreign aggression, they would have been the "torchbearers" for civilization as are now the two former enemies, Great Britain and the United States.

We are told that if the Southern States had been permitted to secede, there would have been a gradual secession of States until the republic or union would have been destroyed. A government which has no stronger hold upon the affections and patriotism of the people than to voluntarily destroy itself because there is no restraining power is unworthy of existence and does not deserve to live. Will our boasted patriotism and loyalty to the flag—the emblem of liberty and justice—permit such conclusions? Such patriotism is but "the empty pageant of a dream" that deserves the scorn and contempt of all true men.

On one occasion a distinguished Englishman said: "Men do not war against their benefactors, they are not mad enough to repel the interest of self-preservation. I pronounce that no intelligent people ever rose, or will rise, against a sincere, rational, benevolent authority. No people were ever born blind. Infatuation is not a law of human nature. When there is a revolt by a free people, with the common consent of all classes of society, there must be a criminal against whom that revolt is aimed."

THE FIGHTING AT BRANDY STATION.

BY J. E. COPELAND, M.D., ROUND HILL, VA.

In the book entitled "Cease Firing," Miss Mary Johnston, the celebrated Virginia novelist, gives a partial account of the great cavalry battle at Brandy Station, Va., on June 9, 1863. Her descriptive powers are remarkable, and it seems almost an inspiration that one born years after the War between the States, and who never witnessed an encounter on the battle field, could give such a graphic description of that portion of the battle which she portrays. But she passed over altogether the active and decisive part taken by the 35th (White's) Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, in this hotly contested battle, though she gives a fairly correct account of the part taken by other regiments of Ashby's (Laurel) Brigade, commanded by that stern, old warrior, Gen. William E. Jones, and of which the 35th Battalion formed a part. It was known as "The Comanches," a cognomen bestowed on it by Gen. Thomas L. Rosser after the cavalry fight at Parker's Store, by which they were ever after designated and which they continued to merit, and of which engagement Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, in his report, says: "I have never seen dead bodies more thickly strewn than they were in the small thicket in front of White's men."

In regard to the cavalry battle at Brandy Station, I will quote from "The Comanches, History of the 35th (White's) Battalion Virginia Cavalry, Laurel Brigade, Hampton's Division, A. N. V., C. S. A.," written by F. M. Myers, late captain Company A, 35th Virginia Cavalry. Approved by all the officers of the Battalion. Baltimore. Kelly, Piet, & Co., Publishers, 1871. This history is now out of print and available only to those who secured a copy of the edition.

In his preface, Major Myers modestly asserts that able hands should have written the history, but that "such as it is, I submit to your approval or not, as you may decide; but among its faults I claim that violation of the 'historian's

religion"—truth—will not be laid to its charge," and no one who knew the modest, gallant, and genial Major Myers will ever question what he has written. He says:

"The morning of June 9 (1863), while the men, worried out by the military foppery and display (which was Stuart's greatest weakness) of the previous day's review, were yet under their blankets, the enemy soured the reveille from the smoking muzzles of carbines and revolvers as they drove the 6th Regiment videttes from their position on the river, and it was soon discovered that a heavy force had crossed at Kelly's and Beverly's Fords for the purpose of continuing the review, but in a different style; and but for the prompt action of General Jones, they would have captured all of Stuart's artillery almost before that officer awoke. The regiments moved rapidly to the front as soon as the men could obey the boot and saddle bugle call, and with the first that came, which were the 6th and 7th Regiments, General Jones met and checked the enemy, and arrangements for the battle, which was now inevitable, were made as quickly as possible. Colonel White was ordered with his battalion to support the 12th Regiment, which was ordered forward to make a charge, and he at once began to form his men in line of battle. But before it was completed, General Jones called to him to charge, which he immediately did, riding at a gallop toward the point where the firing showed that the 12th was heavily engaged; but after going about two hundred yards, he was met by that regiment in full retreat, and whose disordered ranks threw the right wing of the battalion in confusion and checked, for a time, the advance of the Comanches. Order was quickly restored and, again dashing forward, they threw themselves on the enemy, whose column, flushed by their successful charge on the 12th, was rapidly advancing, but, after a short fight of a few minutes, were compelled to retire before the irresistible onset of White's men.

"Colonel White says in his official report that not a man faltered, but, with yells that a Comanche might envy, they pressed forward, every man striving to gain the foremost rank and ride with his commander. The Yankees were driven over the field and about a hundred yards into the woods, where they met fresh troops coming up, and White's men were, in turn, compelled to retire. However, rallying at the edge of the woods, they again charged upon the overwhelming forces of the enemy and not only checked their advance, which was all the Colonel hoped to do, but completely routed them and drove their demoralized line for half a mile through the pines. In this charge they captured about forty prisoners and killed General Davis, who was vainly endeavoring to rally his flying troopers. About this time General Jones became aware that a strong party of the enemy had succeeded in flanking Stuart's position and were approaching from the direction of Culpepper Court house, and he at once sent the information to General Stuart, who said to the courier: 'Tell General Jones to attend to the Yankees in his front and I'll watch the flanks.'

"When this reply was communicated to Jones, he remarked: 'So he thinks they are not coming, does he? Well, let him alone; he'll soon see for himself.' And he did see, for about one o'clock the flanking force appeared exactly in rear of and very near Stuart's headquarters and again Colonel White was ordered to follow and support the 12th Regiment in case of need; but on arriving near the house, General Stuart ordered White to form his battalion on the right of the road leading to the Courthouse and charge the squadrons of the enemy on the high ground around the General's headquarters; and here again, just as Colonel White began to move, a squadron of the

12th, which had met the enemy and been defeated, broke the line of the battalion, badly deranging the right wing and causing the loss of valuable time. But the Colonel ordered Major Forneyhough to charge with the first squadron (Companies A and D), which had not been broken, upon those squadrons of the enemy in front of the house, while with two squadrons (B, C, E, and F) he charged a regiment in rear and to the left of the building. Both charges were successful, the enemy being driven down the road toward the railroad, but while the Colonel and his party were pressing them, a regiment passed between him and the hill, cutting off the first squadron, and again occupied the ground from which they had just been driven. As soon as the Colonel discovered this, he withdrew all but twenty men from the pursuit and renewed the contest for the possession of the hill, which, after a spirited fight, he succeeded in gaining, driving off the regiment and killing its colonel.

"The battalion was now reinforced by a company of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, and ordered by General Stuart to charge a battery which had been playing on White's men during all the fighting on the hill. Without a moment's hesitation, the charge was made, and the wreath of glory which White's battalion had been weaving and twining around its name during all that long summer day was completed.

"The gallant fellows at the battery hurled a perfect storm of grape upon the Comanches, while from the supporting cavalry a rain of bullets fell in their ranks, but with never a halt nor a falter they dashed on, scattering the supports and capturing the battery after a desperate fight, in which the artillerymen fought like heroes with small arms long after the guns were silenced. There was no demand for a surrender, nor did anyone offer to do so until nearly all of the men at the battery, with many of their horses, were killed and wounded.

"While most of the men pursued the flying cavalry that had supported the battery, Colonel White, with a few others, attempted to turn the guns and work them on the Yankees, who were rapidly closing in upon him in heavy force both on the right and left, not doubting that General Stuart would support him; but nothing seemed further from the General's intention, and, feeling that he was being wantonly sacrificed, Colonel White rallied his men and charged with desperation upon the enveloping ranks of the foe and cut through to safety again; but the deliverance cost half of the battalion.

"In the battle of Brandy Station, the battalion had captured and brought out two regimental standards (besides two others taken but lost in the escape from the battery) and upward of one hundred prisoners, with a great quantity of arms and equipments and many horses. The whole loss was ninety men killed, wounded, and missing; of the latter, some died in hospitals and some in homes of citizens in the neighborhood."

(To abridge this article, I have deleted portions of Major Myers's account of the battle of Brandy Station which are interesting to myself and other members of the command, and have retained only such portions of it as will give a correct idea of the progress of the battle and the part played by the 35th (White's) battalion Virginia Cavalry.

The "Comanches" were thus dubbed by General Rosser because of the manner in which they gave the rebel yell. These men compared favorably in morals, education, and refinement with any regiment in the brigade and were superior in those respects to the majority of regiments, and I cannot conceive why Miss Johnston ignored their part in this battle.

DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

BY WALTER CHANDLER, S. C. V., MEMPHIS, TENN.

Generally speaking, the War between the States is to the student of our country's history primarily the inevitable culmination of a great political movement, a turning point in the development of our form of government; or it is the subject of an important chapter in the science of warfare, and treats of the great tactical problems involved in that memorable conflict. This review omits both these lines of study almost entirely and is confined to a brief résumé of the affairs of diplomacy of the Southern Confederacy.

The paramount object of the diplomacy of the Confederacy was to secure recognition of the independence of the Confederate States of America; and the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States ordained that "immediate steps should be taken for the settlement of all matters between the States forming the government and their late confederates of the United States." In obedience to this requirement, President Jefferson Davis, on February 25, 1861, appointed Messrs. Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia, John Forsyth, of Alabama, and A. B. Roman, of Louisiana, to proceed at once to Washington and make known their mission.

On March 5, the day after Abraham Lincoln's inauguration, the Confederate Commissioners reached Washington, and, desiring to allow the President abundant opportunity for the discharge of the urgent official duties necessarily crowding upon him at such a season, they did not press their mission immediately. At first giving merely an informal announcement of their arrival, they waited until March 12 before making an official presentation of their purposes. Then they addressed Mr. William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, informing him of the object of their visit and stating, in the language of their instructions, their wish to "make to the government of the United States overtures for the opening of negotiations, assuring the government of the United States that the President, Congress, and people of the Confederate States earnestly desired a peaceful solution of all pending questions"; that it was neither their interest nor their wish to make any demand that was not founded on strictest justice nor do any act to injure their late confederates.

To this no formal reply was made until April 8. Mr. Seward declined to receive the Commissioners in any official capacity or to see them personally, but through Judge John A. Campbell, of Alabama, a member of the United States Supreme Court, he held semi-official intercourse. The Confederate Commissioners, conformably to the spirit of their government to avoid, if possible, collision with the United States, made an important concession in these interviews in consenting to waive questions of form. While the negotiations were pending, and in the midst of constant assurances from the government of the United States of its peaceful intentions, the Lincoln administration was secretly preparing for hostilities, and, during the first week of April, transports and vessels of war with troops and military supplies sailed from Northern ports bound for Fort Sumter. This unfriendly attitude clearly demonstrated that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward had never entertained seriously any of the propositions submitted by the Confederate Commissioners, and the Southerners returned home much embarrassed and offended by this discourtesy. President Davis said concerning the incident: "The crooked paths of diplomacy can furnish no example so wanting in courtesy, in candor, and in directness

as was the course of the United States government toward our Commissioners in Washington."

Meanwhile, on March 16, 1861, Mr. Davis, with the advice and consent of the Confederate Congress, appointed William L. Yancey, Pierre A. Rost, and A. Dudley Mann special commissioners of the Confederacy to Europe; presenting them commissions to Great Britain, France, Russia, and Belgium and ordering them to proceed at once to London and obtain an audience with Queen Victoria's Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell. These gentlemen were instructed to lay before Lord Russell the reasons which, after long, patient, and mature deliberations, impelled the people of the Confederate States to dissolve their union with the United States; to impress upon his lordship the fact of the existence of a well-organized government of the Confederate States instituted by the free will of their citizens in the active exercise of all the functions of sovereignty; to show him that, in every contingency, the Confederate States, being confident that they had the moral and physical strength to hold and cause their position to be respected, were resolute in their purpose to preserve and perpetuate their national independence, assuming the position in the firm conviction that thus alone could they secure their future happiness and tranquility; and, therefore, present to Great Britain the Confederate States of America for admission into the family of independent nations, and to ask for that "acknowledgment and friendly recognition due to every people capable of self-government and possessed of the power to maintain their independence."

In the event of a recognition of independence by Great Britain, the commissioners were empowered to negotiate treaties of friendship, commerce, and navigation, and to assure all that the principal aim of the Confederate States in their policy with foreign governments was peace and commerce. After the accomplishment of their mission in London, the commissioners were instructed to proceed to Paris, Brussels, St. Petersburg, and such other places as President Davis thereafter should direct, using the same arguments employed with Great Britain at all places to which they were accredited.

Accordingly, on receipt of letters of credence to the various courts to which they were commissioned, Messrs. Yancey, Rost, and Mann departed on their journey and reached London in the middle of April. Upon their arrival, they obtained an informal interview with Lord Russell and made known to him their purpose and desire. Lord Russell manifested much interest in the entire subject and told the commissioners that the whole matter would be made the subject of cabinet consultation, refusing, himself, to express any opinion on the question.

Mr. Rost then, by agreement with the other commissioners, visited Paris and obtained an unofficial interview with a few members of the French cabinet, but without notable results.

In the meantime, early in May, Queen Victoria issued a proclamation of neutrality, forbidding British subjects to give aid to the combatants of either side and recognizing the Confederate States as a belligerent power. This accorded to the South the same belligerent rights, the same war privileges that international law accorded to a sovereign power. Its armies were lawful belligerents, not banditti; its ships of war were lawful cruisers, not pirates; the supplies it took from invaded territory were requisitions, not robbery; and at sea its captures made in accordance with maritime law were good prizes. On the other hand, the government could not negotiate treaties, and the diplomatic intercourse carried on with other powers was held to be necessarily informal and

unofficial. It had no rights, no immunities, no claims, beyond those immediately connected with the war. This action on the part of Great Britain was soon followed by France and the other nations; but the thing most desired by the Confederate States—the recognition of their independence did not seem to be forthcoming. A motion placed before the House of Commons that the independence of the Confederacy should be recognized was, after much debate, withdrawn in May, on the ground that the time for definite action had not yet arrived, it being deemed advisable to await the exhibition of sufficient consistency in the internal affairs of the Confederate States and strength to maintain their position.

On July 19, 1861, President Lincoln proclaimed a blockade of Southern ports, and vigorous efforts were begun at once to stop ingress and egress to and from the Confederacy by neutral vessels and thereby weaken the resources of the South by cutting off its external trade. An effective blockade, it was readily observed, would contribute more than any other single cause to the triumph of Union arms. While the South had a vast seaboard and numerous ports, its territory touched but one neutral State, and that was poor and undeveloped. Little trade could come across the Mexican border, and if the fleets of the North could maintain an efficient blockade of the entire coast of the Confederacy, few supplies from abroad could enter the country, and few domestic products could go out to be exchanged for munitions of war.

After the blockade had been declared, President Davis resolved, at the request of Congress, to disunite the commission of the Confederate States in Europe and to send separate envoys to the principal governments on that continent. Thereupon Mr. Mann was delegated to represent the Confederacy in Belgium, Mr. Rost was sent to the court of Spain, Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar to Russia, and Mr. Yancey, on account of his ill-health, was allowed to resign, but he consented to remain at his post in England until the arrival of a new commissioner.

To the courts of Great Britain and France the South now sent two of her ablest statesmen, Senator James M. Mason, of Virginia, to England, and Senator John Slidell, of Louisiana, to France. These men were compelled, by chartering a vessel for \$10,000, to run the blockade from Charleston, S. C., to Havana, Cuba, where they embarked, on November 7, on the British Royal Mail Steamer Trent for Liverpool. On the morning of the next day, off the Bahama Islands, the Trent was hailed by the United States man of war San Jacinto, Capt. Charles Wilkes commanding. A lieutenant and an armed boat's crew of the San Jacinto boarded the Trent and demanded a list of passengers, which was refused. The lieutenant said that the captain of the San Jacinto was informed that James M. Mason, John Slidell, and their secretaries, were on board, and he was instructed to seize them. These gentlemen at once avowed their presence, but claimed the protection of the British flag. Regardless of this, and of the protestations of Captain Williams of the Trent, Messrs. Mason and Slidell were taken at the point of bayonets and carried to the San Jacinto as prisoners, and the Trent then proceeded on her voyage.

The news of this capture produced the first hearty rejoicing of the war throughout the North. Captain Wilkes became the popular hero of the day, and Congress tendered him a vote of thanks; but there was one man, the wisest and farthest sighted of them all, who did not join in the general joy. This was President Lincoln. He said that he feared that the captives would prove to be "white elephants" and declared that "we fought England for insisting by theory

and practice on the right to do precisely what Captain Wilkes has done." Just as Mr. Lincoln had predicted, when the news of the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell reached England, an outburst of anger overspread the kingdom. The war spirit rose to fever heat, and the government began making preparations to fight. Large quantities of cannon, muskets, and ammunition were loaded on shipboard for Canada, and 8,000 troops were sent to Halifax in the belief, however, that they were going direct to Charleston to join the Confederate army. With great promptness, the British ministry framed a formal demand upon the United States for reparation. The Federal government astonished the whole world and surely averted a foreign war by yielding the point, releasing the prisoners, and disavowing the act of Wilkes. This decision probably saved the life of the nation, and the nineteenth century affords few greater strokes of statesmanship.

After their release from Fort Warren at Boston about January 1, 1862, Mr. Mason, Mr. Slidell, and their secretaries proceeded to Europe and gave themselves zealously to the chief object of their mission, which was the obtaining of recognition for their country. But Mr. Mason received no great public welcome in London. The anger of the British had subsided, and the Trent affair was so well managed, at the sacrifice of much national pride and self-glorification by the United States government, that it prevented any special advantage to the Confederacy as had been expected from the illegal seizure. Mr. Mason announced his presence as a special commissioner of the Confederate States in letters to Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, and asked for interviews with them, but these gentlemen refused to receive the Southerner officially, although they gave due attention to all letters addressed to them from time to time.

In France, the situation was different. Mr. Slidell was received very courteously by M. Thouvenel, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and an interview was arranged with his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III. The Emperor seemed very much interested in Mr. Slidell's argument for recognition, but inclined to follow the English position of neutrality. He was not anxious to incur the enmity of the United States, but expressed himself as being willing to cooperate with Great Britain in proclaiming the independence of the Confederate States.

About this time a more permanent Confederate government had been born in that defeats had resulted in sterner stubbornness. The various States in the South had resolved, on March 5, 1862, never to affiliate with the Northern invaders; Count Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, had gone to Richmond on a mysterious errand; Southern missionaries with money had been sent abroad to aid and direct public opinion; Mr. Slidell had been instructed to offer Napoleon \$7,000,000 in cotton to indemnify him for the expense of a fleet to relieve the Confederacy and establish communication with Europe; but the United States' occupation of the Confederate ports and the vigorous blockade gave no great hope for any interference.

Mr. Rost, the commissioner appointed to represent the Confederacy at the court of Spain, proceeded with convenient speed to the seat of the government of Queen Isabella II and there obtained, unofficially, an audience with Calderon Collantes, Spanish Secretary of Foreign Affairs, whose reception was kind and friendly. Mr. Rost set before the Spanish official the great commercial advantages to be derived by Spain in being the first to recognize the independence of the Confederate States; and he also showed that the threat

of Mr. Seward that a recognition of the Confederacy by a foreign power would be considered a *casus belli* had been annulled by a subsequent declaration of Mr. Lincoln, who said that the United States could not carry on two wars at the same time, thus intending to quiet any fears to which Spain might be susceptible in taking the initiative in acknowledging the independence of the Confederate States. Mr. Collantes would make no positive answer. He simply said that Spain was very slow, perhaps slower than any other nation, in coming to a decision in a matter of such great importance, and, at that time, the Spanish government had not deemed it feasible to take any steps whatever in the matter. Spain held practically this position throughout the conflict, but Mr. Rost remained at Madrid and afterwards obtained the statement that, in the event that England and France recognized the independence of the Confederacy, Spain would follow their actions immediately.

The Confederate commissioner to Belgium, Mr. Mann, through Mr. Rogier, Secretary of Foreign Affairs for King Leopold, wrote a letter setting forth his mission and requesting King Leopold to take steps toward acknowledging the independence of the Confederate States. This letter engaged the deliberations of the Belgian cabinet for more than a month; finally it was decided that Belgium, in view of the obligations imposed upon her by her very existence, could not take so grave a step as to recognize the Confederacy before the great Western powers had performed such an undertaking. King Leopold, however, assured the Confederate commissioner of his intention to use his influence with his niece, Queen Victoria, and his friend, Louis Napoleon, in behalf of the South. His intentions were appreciated, but his influence was of no real benefit to the Confederacy.

The success of the object of the missions of all the commissioners seemed to hinge on the movements of Great Britain. Mr. Mason addressed rather lengthy communications to Earl Russell, in which he urged that England give close consideration to the claims of the Confederate States. He sent his lordship numerous papers and documents giving numbers of ships having arrived at and departed from Southern ports and the amount of exports from the South, endeavoring to show the ineffectiveness of the blockade which Mr. Lincoln had declared. But Lord Russell only answered that "in order to be entitled to a place among the independent nations of the earth, a State ought to have not only strength and resources for a time, but afford promise of stability and permanence. Should the Confederate States of America win that place among nations, other nations might justly acknowledge an independence achieved by victory and maintained by a successful resistance to all attempts to overthrow it. That time, however, has not, in the judgment of Her Majesty's government, yet arrived. Her Majesty's government, therefore, is determined to maintain the position of strict neutrality which she has in all sincerity established and can only hope that a peaceful termination of the present bloody and destructive contest may not be far distant." Mr. Mason was vexed by these statements, and he had hopes of a new British ministry, but his friends in Parliament were of the opinion that there were political reasons for not ousting Lord Palmerston while the Queen was in mourning and while there were fears that she might lose her mind from her extreme grief over the death of the Prince Consort.

And in regard to the blockade. The principle established by the Convention of Paris in 1856, and accepted by the Confederate States at the informal request of Great Britain and France, stated that a "blockade, in order to be binding,

must be effective; that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient to prevent access to the coast of the enemy." Lord Russell wrote in a letter to Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador to the United States, thus: "Her Majesty's government, however, is of the opinion that, assuming that the blockade was duly notified, and also that a number of ships are stationed and remain at the entrance of a port, sufficient really to prevent access or to create an evident danger of entering it or leaving it, and that these ships do not voluntarily permit ingress or egress, the fact that various ships may have successfully escaped through it will not, of itself, prevent the blockade from being an effectual one by international law." These decisions were undoubtedly of no encouragement to the Confederate commissioners, but there was not a sign of relaxation of their labors, and, on the other hand, renewed efforts were noticeable.

There being a great number of Southern sympathizers in England, many rumors were prevalent that Lord Russell was in league with Mr. Seward, and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs was accused of disregarding Great Britain's neutrality policy and favoring the United States. Among the members of the British Parliament who were favorably disposed toward the interests of the South, Mr. Gregory and Mr. Lindsay, of Liverpool, were the most prominent. These men were ardent advocates of Southern independence, and Mr. Lindsay arranged to go to France and obtain an audience with the French Emperor for the purpose of inducing him to propose a plan of cooperation with England and Russia in acknowledging the independence of the Confederate States. The Emperor received Mr. Lindsay very cordially and seemed very much pleased with the new plan for recognition. He expressed himself as being very much in favor of the scheme and hoped for its success. The Emperor said that he believed the blockade to be inefficient, and would have taken the necessary steps to put an end to it, but could not obtain the concurrence of the British ministry, and he was unwilling to act without it. He said that he was willing to cooperate with England in immediate action toward recognizing the independence of the Confederacy, and that he would, in the event of England's cooperation, at once dispatch a formidable fleet to the Southern coast. Napoleon III requested Mr. Lindsay to see Lords Russell and Palmerston and communicate to them everything that had passed in the interview, adding that he did not desire to be embarrassed by the forms and delays of diplomacy, as he felt the necessity for immediate action.

The golden opportunity for the Southern Confederacy seemed to be at hand. Mr. Lindsay returned to London and addressed letters to the British ministry stating that he had been charged with an important message from the Emperor of the French. Lord Russell replied that he could receive no communication from a foreign power except through the regular diplomatic channels, Lord Palmerston did not reply to his note, and Lord Derby was too ill to be seen. Mr. Lindsay thereupon reported to Napoleon III the result of his efforts, and the Emperor was very much perturbed at the manner in which his agent had been repulsed, and so expressed himself freely, saying, in part, that he would not desire again to communicate with the British government unless previously advised that his proposition would be favorably received. Thus probably the most plausible plan of all in behalf of the recognition of the Confederate States of America failed.

In America the war dragged on, and as time passed the blockade became more and more effectual, Confederate commerce decreased more rapidly every day, and evidence of the final triumph of the North was presented. By the

middle of 1863, Vicksburg had been captured, Port Hudson had fallen into Federal hands, the Mississippi River had been opened to United States gunboats, and the Confederacy cut in two. Lee's second invasion of the North was ended by the Confederate loss of the battle of Gettysburg, the turning point of the war, and the South was ever after on the defensive.

In July, 1863, Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States, was sent by President Davis to the Federal authorities for the purpose of arranging all disputes between the belligerents respecting the cartel of exchange, upon a permanent and humane basis, by which the soldiers of the two armies could be sent to their homes instead of being confined in military prisons. It was specifically stipulated that the mission was one of humanity and had no political aspect. The expedition failed from the refusal of the United States Secretary of War to entertain Mr. Stephens's offers, holding the proposition for such a conference inadmissible. Certainly this conduct of the Federal government in declining to aid in the abatement of the war's horrors by abruptly closing the door against all attempts at negotiation placed the blame for the sufferings of a protracted war upon the United States.

Abroad, the Confederate commissioners to foreign courts did not despair. In England, various Southern clubs were organized in the larger cities for the purpose of creating a spirit of inquiry amongst the people at large and to diffuse information on the Southern side of the American question. But to Mr. Mason's continued entreaties for recognition the cabinet of Queen Victoria turned a deaf ear, and it soon became visible to President Davis that Great Britain was determined "to decline all overtures made by Mr. Mason for establishing by treaty friendly relations between the two governments and entertained no intention of receiving him as the accredited minister of the Confederate government;" and, under the circumstances, Mr. Mason's continued residence in London was neither conducive to the interests nor consistent with the dignity of the Confederate government, and he therefore requested the Confederate commissioner to consider his mission in England at an end and to withdraw from the country. Mr. Davis's other reasons were best expressed in his own words in his message to the fourth session of the Confederate Congress: "Great Britain has accordingly entertained with the Federal government the closest and most intimate relations by refusing, on its demands, ordinary amicable intercourse with us, and has, under arrangements made with the other nations of Europe, not only denied our just claim of admission into the family of nations, but interposed a passive, though effective, bar to the knowledge of our rights by other powers. So soon as it became apparent by the declarations of the British ministers in the debates in the English Parliament in July that Her Majesty's government was determined to persist indefinitely in the course which, under professions of neutrality, had become subservient to the designs of our enemy, I felt it my duty to recall the commissioner accredited to the country."

It is needless to say that the recall of Mr. Mason from the court of St. James had a decidedly discouraging effect on the already poor chances of the Southern Confederacy for recognition in other countries, but, under the circumstances, Mr. Davis was justified in his actions. Mr. Mason, after closing up all matters of importance in England, embarked for Paris to join Mr. Slidell and be ready to serve as special commissioner to any country designated by the Confederate cabinet.

In France, Mr. Slidell continued to use untiring efforts to

influence the Emperor, with whom he had many interviews, but instead of gaining ground, he seemed to lose his hold on the French government. France adopted the plan of England in allowing no more Confederate vessels to be built and fitted out in French waters and prohibiting the bringing of prizes captured by the Confederate privateers to French ports, thus injuring the work of the Confederate navy, which had done great damage to the Federal commerce on the high seas. The French authorities in Mexico seized a ship load of arms which were being passed through the neutral port of Matamoros into the Confederacy for the use of Confederate troops, in spite of the most conclusive evidence that they were not for the use of the Mexicans. This caused the fall of a number of Confederate strongholds in Texas from a lack of arms. All of these acts were considered as unfriendly toward the Confederate States, and the government of France was notified of them, but no satisfaction was obtained by Messrs. Slidell and Mason.

Mr. Mann, who had been accredited to the court of Belgium, was now sent to Rome to deliver to Pope Pius IX a letter of thanks from President Davis for the kindness of the Pope in writing letters to the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in New York and New Orleans requesting those ministers to use their greatest efforts "to exhort the people and the rulers to the exercise of mutual charity and love of peace." Mr. Mann also was instructed by his government to present to Pope Pius the condition of the Confederacy and to request the pontiff to use his power to bring about a culmination of the dreadful slaughter which had lasted for three years, and to urge upon him the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States.

The audience with Pope Pius was arranged by Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State, who expressed himself as being very friendly to the cause of the South. The letter from Mr. Davis was read to the Pope by one of his secretaries, the pontiff himself not being able to understand the English language. His Holiness was visibly impressed by the description of the events of the war and listened attentively to the request of Mr. Mann for the intervention of the Roman Catholic Church to bring about a cessation of hostilities and a recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. Pope Pius requested Mr. Mann to return in a few days and to convey to President Davis a letter which he would write to him and to the people of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Mann returned as requested, and the Pope presented him with a letter to the citizens of the Confederate States and to the public for its perusal. In this letter the Pope stated that it was a source of great grief to him that the dreadful carnage should continue, and that it was his one profound wish and prayer that the bloodshed, devastation, and ruin should cease at once. He also stated that it would be the duty of all Roman Catholic priests in America to use their earnest efforts toward the securing of an immediate peace that would be lasting and suitable.

The spring of 1864 was deemed by President Davis a favorable conjuncture for the employment of the resources of diplomacy in approaching the Federal government on the subject of peace, and a commission of three, composed of Messrs. Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, James P. Holcombe, of Virginia, and Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, accordingly was appointed for the purpose of bringing about an end to the war upon a satisfactory basis. To approach the Federal government directly would be in vain, as repeated efforts had already demonstrated its inflexible purpose not to negotiate with the Confederate authorities. Political developments at the North through the peace party, however, favored

the adoption of some action that might influence popular sentiment in the hostile section. The commissioners, therefore, sailed from Wilmington, N. C., at the inception of the campaign on the Rapidan, to Canada with a view to negotiate with such persons in the North as might be relied upon to facilitate the attainment of peace. Within a few weeks the commissioners were upon the Canadian frontier, and a correspondence with Horace Greeley was opened to the end that the commissioners might secure safe conduct to the Federal capital. For a few days Mr. Lincoln appeared to favor an interview with the commissioners, but finally rejected their application upon the ground that they were not authorized to treat for peace. In his final communication addressed, "To whom it may concern," Mr. Lincoln offered safe conduct to any person or persons having authority to control the armies then at war with the United States and authorized to treat upon the following basis of negotiation: "The restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery." Upon this basis, negotiation was, of course, precluded and peace impossible.

In the latter part of 1864, Lord Russell wrote a letter to Messrs. Mason and Slidell at Paris in which he strongly accused the Confederate government of not respecting England's neutrality policy, in that agents of the government in insurrection persisted in building, arming, and fitting out warships in British waters, thus endeavoring to drag England into the American conflict, a war in which Queen Victoria's government had determined to take no part. He requested the Confederate Commissioners to take immediate action toward prohibiting the further practice of these breaches of international law and reassured them of the intention of Great Britain to adhere to her course in remaining neutral in the deplorable contest being waged in North America.

At the end of 1864 the days of the Southern Confederacy were numbered. Grant and the Army of the Potomac were at the height of their famous "hammering campaign" against Richmond and the Confederate army of Northern Virginia; Sherman was carrying on his raid through Georgia and South Carolina, his destroying the country for miles around as his army proceeded; the Federal sea forces hemmed in the South and cut off all help from abroad; and, as a whole, the Confederacy was on the verge of starvation and destruction.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell determined to make one more effort to obtain recognition for their government at the hands of the respective countries in Europe, and they proceeded to do so, armed with copies of a manifesto issued by the Confederate Congress. Mr. Mason reentered England and obtained an interview with Lord Palmerston, who was on the eve of his departure from the British cabinet, and stated that the authorities of the Confederate government at Richmond were of the opinion that some hidden cause had prevented Her Majesty's recognition of the South. Mr. Mason stated that the action of Great Britain in not declaring the blockade null and void at a time when it was so, and the seizure of Confederate ships while the markets of England were professedly open to both belligerents for the purchase of material for the war, gave the Confederates reasons to believe as they did. Lord Palmerston replied with an assurance that he knew of no concealed reason for Great Britain's not recognizing the Confederate States. He said that England was firm in her intention to remain neutral in the American civil war, and, furthermore, that, at the time, recognition would be useless without intervention, and Great Britain was determined not to be drawn into a war in which she had for so long a time not participated. He also stated that France was free to do as she pleased in any matter

whatever, but England would not entertain any propositions of combined recognition from France or any other nation. This was final, and Mr. Mason returned to Paris.

In France, Mr. Slidell's efforts with Emperor Napoleon were equally unsuccessful. France was determined not to recede from her position of being willing and anxious to act with England, but not without her.

At home another effort at peace was arranged through the unofficial visit of Francis P. Blair, a representative of President Lincoln, to Richmond. President Davis again expressed his desire for peace upon any terms consistent with the honor of his country, and that he would not present difficulties as to forms in the attainment of that object, and a peace conference was arranged on board a steamer off Hampton Roads between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, commissioners for the United States, and Vice President Stephens, Judge Campbell, and Senator R. M. T. Hunter, for the Confederate States. The Southern commissioners went to the conference for the purpose of securing peace for the two countries, and Mr. Lincoln went with the intention of securing peace to the people of one country. The Northern commissioners remained firm in their statements that they knew of but one way of stopping the war, and that was for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance. Mr. Lincoln said that restoration would only take place by the Confederates disbanding their armies and the national authorities resuming their functions. The Confederates would not accept these conditions, and no agreement was reached, the conference adjourning with nothing accomplished.

As a last move toward foreign recognition, President Davis, during the rapidly failing and despairing fortunes of the Confederacy, appointed Mr. Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana, Special Commissioner to Europe, but mainly to Great Britain. Mr. Kenner, with letters of credit, and with full power to make treaties, to bind the Confederacy to a policy of emancipation, and to sell all the cotton, rode horseback through Maryland to New York and reached London after long delays and annoying detentions. He held a conference with Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and had an interview with the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who promised to reply in two weeks, but he did not obtain a hearing from Lord Palmerston. Mr. Kenner negotiated with London capitalists and before he heard of the evacuation of Richmond had arranged with a syndicate to take \$15,000,000 worth of cotton.

All hope of recognition by England was gone, but rumors of French alliance or assistance floated in Richmond until the last. On April 1, a report was circulated that a treaty had been signed with Maximilian. The next day the Union army broke through the lines, and eight trains started south with the archives and executive baggage of an ill-fated Confederacy which for four years had done everything in its power to secure recognition as a nation.

The diplomatic history of the Southern Confederacy is most interesting to one who appreciates the unceasing efforts and unyielding energies of those who labored for a cause they thought was right. The Confederacy failed in diplomacy as it did in warfare, but the result cannot be attributed to any fault or negligence on the part of the men who worked for its success. All the Southern commissioners evinced diplomatic skill, but they failed and they failed utterly, partly because of the skill and conduct of their opponents, and partly from the course of events beyond their control.

The South had no foreign relations with any nation and could not enjoy the advantage of this great adjunct to the

Northern side. Then, also, the Federal administration was not idle. Its diplomats, particularly Charles Francis Adams and Mr. Seward, showed great ability. They took advantage of every opportunity. They knew that it was vitally important that the United States maintain cordial relations with other powers, and that it was absolutely essential to prevent the recognition by foreign countries of the independence of the Confederacy. Had any of the great European powers recognized the South, the blockade could have been broken in an hour, and the South could have sold her cotton, while food, clothing, and munitions of war would have poured into her ports in endless quantities.

Therefore, a deadly weapon of the North was the blockade, a weapon which, on account of the South's having no foreign relations, foreign powers placed in the grasp of her adversaries. The blockade ruined Confederate finances, and, by preventing the importation of military material, weakened the Confederate armies to the extent of thousands of men who had to be detailed for manufacturing and other purposes. It was the blockade which caused the disarrangement of the internal economy of the South, creating the painful contrast in the effects of the war upon the two sections. The economic condition of the South during the war might have been compared to that of a man with a full purse, but lost in a desert. The North, with its ports open, the abundant gold of California, and petroleum stimulating speculation, found in the war a mine of wealth. Patriotism and profit went hand in hand. The vast expenditures of government created a lucrative market; the enormous transportation made railroads prosperous beyond parallel; and the sources of popular prosperity and exhilaration were inexhaustible. The condition of the South was the exact reverse. With its commerce almost totally suspended, whole States, one after another, occupied or devastated by the enemy, so that when the Confederate armies expelled the enemy they could not maintain themselves and were compelled to retreat, and, with every one deprived of the comforts and nearly all of the necessities of life, the history of the war in the South is a record of universal and unrelieved suffering.

But to put aside all results, and to disregard all advantages and disadvantages, the diplomacy exercised by the Confederacy was remarkable and reflects great credit upon those who took part in it, and should be cherished by every Southerner who is unwilling to remain ignorant of the history of the South and the ability of the Confederate statesmen.

NEVER FIRED A GUN.

BY JOHN C. SEAMAN, BATON ROUGE, LA.

My record as a Confederate soldier is unique, in that I belonged to a company of cavalry without a regiment; was seventeen months consecutively in active service; participated in all the battles of the Tennessee campaign under Generals Bragg, Joe Johnston, and Hood, with the battle of Missionary Ridge as my initiatory engagement; had a horse killed under me in a desperate charge on the right of Atlanta, narrowly escaping capture; was the sole subject as a target on one occasion for the bullets of the Yankee sharpshooters, who were plainly visible in the tree tops when I was reconnoitering alone on the crest of a hill unshielded from their view and who fired several shots at me before I could get under cover; was never wounded and, marvelous and incredible as it may seem, "never fired a gun." This statement may appear astounding and unworthy of belief; never-

theless, it is literally true in every sense of the word, as the subsequent statements will verify.

In 1861, a company of cavalry was organized in the city of Natchez, Miss., under the command of Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, who was succeeded by Lieut. Henry L. Foules, and he by Lieut. James H. Buck, who retained command until the close of the war. This company was mustered into the service as the Breckinridge Guards, otherwise a company of couriers, and served as a bodyguard to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The Confederate war records, now a part of the archives of the War Department in Washington, D. C., show that I enlisted in Capt. James H. Buck's company of Mississippi cavalry on November 16, 1863, and was honorably paroled in the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

It was not within our province to take an active part in any conflict, being armed with sidearms only, consisting of pistol and saber for our protection in emergencies, either individually or collectively. Our lives, however, were always in immediate danger during the progress of battle, since we were in the midst of the fray at its most violent and intensive stages. To thus sit in the saddle in close proximity to the line of battle, listening to the whir of the Minie ball, cannon, the bursting of the shell, with the shrieking and agonizing cry of the death-dealing shrapnel, as it reverberated through space above the din of battle, commingled with the piteous and heartrending cries of the wounded and dying, was the most trying ordeal of one's existence.

Mention of the battle of Missionary Ridge as my initiatory engagement reminds me of the sad experience of being under fire for the first time, when the affair culminated in our ignominious defeat and retirement to Dalton, Ga., where we went into winter quarters. Here General Bragg was succeeded by General Joseph E. Johnston, and General Breckinridge by General William B. Bate, of Tennessee. These changes, however, did not affect the rank of the division nor that of our company, each retaining its title until the close of the war. It was here that I became desperately ill of typhoid fever and was placed under the hospitable roof of a Mrs. Hill, in the outskirts of town, until I recovered.

Would that I could draw you a pen picture of the marvelous panoramic view that was presented to my vision while on the summit of Missionary Ridge, when the two armies were drawn up in line of battle preparatory to the engagement, but my powers of description are ill prepared to meet the issue. Suffice it to say, however, from our thinly scattered line on the crest of the ridge we could see Lookout Mountain looming in the grim distance, while the Tennessee River and the city of Chattanooga, with the azure-tinted horizon as the background, were plainly visible at the farthest most extremity of the valley, where, at our feet as it were, three distinct lines of bluecoats were in battle array ready for the conflict, thus presenting the most marvelous scene in its picturesqueness, yet the most awe-inspiring spectacle in its seriousness, that it was ever my good fortune to behold.

While this incident presented a most spectacular feature in my career, let me relate another that was in striking dissimilitude to this and which presented the most appalling and horrifying spectacle that it was my misfortune to witness. The battle of Franklin, Tenn., was the scene of a most bloody conflict, where charge after charge was made to dislodge the enemy from his breastworks in the outskirts of the town. Here the much-lamented Cleburne was killed on the top of these works, while the open ground intervening to the wooded area near by was strewn with the countless dead and wounded of both belligerents. The battle was fought

late in the afternoon and at night, and the next morning, just as the sun's rays were glistening above the tree tops, I ventured on a stroll over this bloody field, and such an appalling and ghastly sight as I there witnessed is indescribable. The ground was so thickly strewn with hundreds of slaughtered Yankees and Confederates, some in the last agonies of death, that I became awe-stricken and horrified at the hellishness of war. The dead were lying so close together that I verily believe I could have walked on dead bodies over a vast expanse without touching foot to mother earth.

Now, come go with me back to that feature when my horse was killed under me on the right of Atlanta, and I will relate this circumstance somewhat in detail, both as to its ludicrous as well as its perilous features at its happening. In making this charge through a wooded area, interspersed with some undergrowth, Breckinridge's Division faltered and fell back in the face of a most galling fire of the enemy. Amidst this terrific fusillade of shot and shell, our Captain Buck, in stentorian tones, gave the command to our company: "Deploy and rally the division." Remembering that it was our great chieftain, Robert E. Lee, who said "the first duty of a soldier is to obey orders," we quickly complied, and, with drawn sabers flashing over our heads, we soon rallied our retreating forces, which, as of one accord, peeled forth the great rebel yell and renewed the charge, with our company leading through the shower of missiles as our steeds rapidly led the way. Thus we were in a most perilous position when a fortuitous circumstance intervened that saved my life. While my horse was thus speeding toward the enemy, with our division rushing madly at our heels, he reared upon his hind legs to clear a large fallen tree, and while in this position a deadly missile pierced his breast, felling him instantly to the ground. Had it not been for his forced attitude at this critical and opportune moment, the missile would have passed over his head and lodged in my body, which would have rendered me *hors de combat* for further service. Captain Buck, who was in close proximity and witnessed the incident, gave the peremptory command, "Seaman, go to the rear," and I am now free to admit that no further command was necessary. I obeyed orders quickly, and, with the speed of the startled lion in his lair, I sought a place of safety as rapidly as my legs could carry me, and would have gained speedier flight had I possessed the anterior limbs of the fleeting eagle when dashing through mid-air in quest of its prey. I have never been accused of being in a "hurry," but this was the exceptional occasion which served as the impetus to a greater acceleration of my movements than any other event of my earthly career.

Now, a slight diversion in order that I may clearly define my seemingly tardy entrance into the service. In 1861 I was a beneficiary cadet at the Louisiana State Seminary and Military Academy, near Alexandria, and I remained there until the institution closed in the summer of 1863. I then went to my home in Concordia Parish, opposite the city of Natchez, Miss., and was there confronted with the appalling fact that the city was occupied and under the control of the despicable Federal soldiers.

The realization of these conditions intensified the spirit of resentment and patriotic sentiment that had long lurked in my bosom, and I at once appealed to my good old mother to provide clothing that I might go forth in defense of my beloved country. While she was thus engaged and not desiring to venture alone even on such a patriotic mission, I betook myself to Natchez and related my plans to two of my boyhood friends, Joseph N. Carpenter and Nolan Stone, each of whom became enthusiastic in their desires to accompa-

ny me, but were hindered on account of parental opposition. Nothing daunted, however, they planned a runaway from home in order to enlist with me in the Confederate service.

Accordingly my sister, Miss Sarah J. Seaman, just two years my senior, and Miss Irene Pickens, an intimate friend of the family, volunteered to smuggle our wearing apparel out of the enemy lines to the little town of Washington, just six miles east of Natchez. In order to accomplish this feat without detection, they planned to string our apparel and blankets on strong cords tied around the waist under the dress, thus concealing them from outward view. Passports were readily obtained, and these two brave and patriotic girls soon had these wares safely stored at the home of old man Nick Whitehurst, an old friend of my father.

This much accomplished, my two friends and I arranged to obtain passports, with the view of passing through the enemy lines at daybreak the following morning, November 14, 1863. The place of meeting was agreed upon, and at 4 A.M. that morning young Carpenter and young Stone each stealthily sprang from the windows of their respective homes and soon joined me at the appointed place of meeting. Each had provided himself with horse, saddle, and bridle and was thus fully equipped for the long journey. If my memory now is not at fault, I believe my two boyhood friends were mounted on steeds that were purloined from their parents' homes. Be this as it may, we had secured passports in advance, and at the first dawn of day on November 14, 1863, we were halted at the picket line on the outskirts of Natchez, where a demand was made for our passports. These were readily produced, and, after some cursory interrogatories on the part of the guards, we were allowed to proceed without further molestation.

We arrived in Washington and breakfasted with the Whitehurst family, after which we rode rapidly from there to Brandon, Miss., then occupied by Confederate troops, reaching that point at sunset the same day. We stabled our horses and then began a tour of the town before securing quarters for the night, having no presentiment that quarters other than those of a hotel were in store for the three boys who were seeking enlistment in a patriotic cause that was so dear to their hearts. We had proceeded but a short distance, however, when we were arrested by the town constable as suspicious characters or probable spies. On our way to jail, the constable must have realized that our story of attempted enlistment in the Confederate service was a very plausible one and that our personal appearance indicated that we were above suspicion as spies; so he escorted us to an unlocked room over the jail, requesting and accepting our pledge that we would not decamp during the night.

The following morning he escorted us down stairs to the courthouse and ushered us into the Confederate provost marshal's office, and there before a comfortable fire was seated, all alone, an old man by the name of Yates, absorbed in reading and apparently oblivious to his surroundings, but who proved the hero at a most critical moment, when the liberty and lives perhaps of these three young boys hung in the balance. His attention being attracted to us, he began a series of interrogatories, directing them first to young Carpenter, then to Stone, and finally to me. When each had given his place of abode and the name of his father, he promptly replied that he was well acquainted with them and assured us that we would experience no trouble, as he would intercede with the provost marshal in our behalf. He did so upon the arrival of this official, who promptly issued the required passes, and we at once resumed our journey without further molestation.

We disposed of our horses at Brandon and took the train for Mobile, and thence to Atlanta, Ga., where young Stone separated from us to proceed to Virginia, while Carpenter and I proceeded to Missionary Ridge, opposite to the city of Chattanooga, to join the army of Tennessee, then under the command of Gen. Braxton Bragg, where we both enlisted on November 16, 1863, in the Breckinridge Guards, and then served side by side until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

And then, with hearts bleeding to the core, we sadly and sorrowfully began the return to our homes to witness the appalling and nauseating spectacle of a desolated country that had been impoverished and ravaged by the vandal's torch, and the further heartrending spectacle of the defiant negro and the insolent carpetbagger and scalawag sitting in the high places, offering insult and acts of humiliation to the proud spirit of a vanquished but unconquered foe. These conditions seemed intolerable, but the Southern soldier was then powerless to avert them and could offer no resentment without imperiling his personal safety and that of his family.

Then began the war of reconstruction, coupled with the seemingly hopeless effort to rehabilitate our impoverished country, and, to the Confederate soldier, the task seemed utterly impossible of accomplishment, but his brave heart and chivalrous spirit met the issue, and, with unfaltering courage, sustained and intensified by his indomitable will, to achieve the restoration of our once beautiful Southland seemed an assured fact. Ten long and weary years were encompassed in the arduous and hazardous task of ridding the country of the insolent and domineering scalawag and the carpetbagger, and the subjugation of the defiant negro, but the task was finally accomplished, and to-day the Confederate soldier who survives that perilous ordeal stands alone as the hero of two wars, meriting the honor of having made it possible that a white man's government should never perish in our Southland, but should prevail with us to all eternity. Due to his masterful energy and perpetual vigilance then, these conditions were permanently achieved and will thus be handed down as a heritage to our posterity.

And now, those who may be obsessed by a superabundance of incredulity as to the truth of my statements herein, let me ask of them to write to Mr. Joseph N. Carpenter, at Natchez, Miss., who will willingly and cheerfully substantiate every statement that I have made. In addition, the report of the War Department at Washington, D. C., which is attached to my application for pension, on file in the office of the State board of pensions in our city, will further substantiate my career as a soldier in that bloody war of 1861-65.

For several years past Mr. Carpenter has interested himself in the effort to ascertain the number of survivors of our old company, and I now have his letter of June 7, 1921, in which he says: "It appears that of all the men who belonged to the Breckinridge Guards when we surrendered you and I alone are left." Coincident with this fact, I will add that he and I are also the sole survivors of the quintet of actors and actresses who were the heroes and heroines in the spectacular and perilous war drama when we ran the gauntlet of the enemy lines at Natchez, Miss., on that eventful morning of November 14, 1863.

My profound respect is given to the Daughters of the Confederacy for their untiring efforts in the mission of love to perpetuate the deeds of valor and heroism of the Confederate soldier during that eventful and bloody period in the history of our beloved Southland.

WADE HAMPTON.

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIAS LAKELET, CAL.

This article has reference to the Wade Hampton who, in 1861, organized and, as its colonel, commanded the Hampton Legion in the War between the States from May, 1861, to June, 1862. The Hampton Legion was an independent military command made up of all arms of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. I served in this Legion in company F of the infantry from May, 1861, to September, 1862, and my purpose here is to put down some of my recollections of Hampton during the time he commanded the Legion. All know that this Wade Hampton was one of a distinguished South Carolina family.

I was living in Greenville, S. C., when, in the last part of April, 1861, Hampton went there to inspect three companies, two of infantry and one of cavalry, with a view to accepting them as a part of his Legion, then in course of organization at Columbia, the State capital. The final result was that in a few days he accepted all three companies, and during May and early June the Legion was fully organized at Camp Hampton, near Columbia. My company, F, was one of the two Greenville infantry companies, commanded by Captain Austin. The Legion camped and drilled at Camp Hampton a little over three weeks, during which time Hampton frequently appeared at dress parade. At that time he seemed to me a young man—fully grown up, to be sure, but still young. His bearing was distinctly military, but without pomposity or egotism. His hair and beard were dark, and so were his eyes, which had a peculiar natural snappy motion that attracted attention. He wore mustaches and side, or "mutton chop," whiskers. This style of beard was afterwards known as "Burnside" whiskers. He was rather tall and otherwise well proportioned. His voice was tenor and ringing. At that time Hampton was a very wealthy man, and it was said that he paid from his private purse the entire expenses of this our first camp.

During our camp at Richmond, from the latter part of June to July 19, 1861, Hampton was conspicuous for his diligence and care for the comfort of his men, as well as courageously quelling an incipient mutiny in the artillery company. On the train from Richmond to First Manassas he looked after our interests as if we had been his own children. He tried his best to buy us a meal at Gordonsville, but could not, because the little town did not have sufficient supplies to feed six hundred hungry men. On getting off the train before daylight at Manassas Junction on that memorable July 21, 1861, he saw to it that we had a plentiful hot breakfast before he led us out to the battle field at the Robinson house and Warrenton Turnpike, where he so gallantly commanded us in the thickest of the fight till he was severely wounded and taken from the field. After the battle and great victory, although still suffering from the wound in his temple, he remained with us in camp at and near the Junction till his wound healed, all the time attending to his official duties and caring for the welfare of his men.

Early in August an amusing incident occurred while in camp a little east of the Junction. The section, being in one of the oldest parts of Virginia, was thickly settled, mostly by small farmers, but here and there were to be seen a few of the grand old homes of colonial times. Now, while we had a great plenty of the regulation rations, still some mouths watered for more tasty things. Consequently, some of the nearby citizens suffered the loss of some of their poultry by soldier depredation, and some of these made complaint direct to Hampton. So one afternoon, after battalion drill and

before dismissing the men, Hampton called "Attention!" and made us a little speech, in substance about as follows: "Men of the Legion, certain citizens of the neighborhood have called my attention to their frequent loss of poultry, and the evidence of feathers and offal in and about the camp leaves no doubt in their minds that some of my men are to blame, and I have little doubt of it myself. You must know that such misconduct on your part grieves my heart beyond measure. And I do hope that I have heard my last complaint on such an unsavory subject. If any of you men are so delicate as to be unable to eat the camp fare, come to me and I will, if necessary, divide the last dollar I have with you to enable you to purchase finer food." After this we heard no more such complaints. Later in August many of us fell sick of bowel trouble and typhoid fever, and many died. We changed camps frequently and had good drinking water, but the sickness continued till cooler weather. Hampton himself was stricken and, under the advice and care of our surgeons, Darby and Taylor, went to a near farm house, where he was confined about two weeks. While convalescing he rode to camp nearly every day to see how we were getting along. During August and September many of our sick were cared for in the Episcopal Church of old Brentsville, near the Junction. Some time in September the Legion marched down and camped near Freestone Point on the Potomac, and here Hampton built a redoubt on the Point overlooking the river, in which he placed three rifle cannon, one of them being the famous "Long Tom," 32-pounder, captured at First Manassas. Under Captain S. D. Lee, of our artillery, these guns attacked and drove out of range several Federal war vessels in the river, one being crippled. I recollect that Hampton procured one of the large shells fired at our battery that did not explode and, after having the charge extracted, put it on exhibition at his quarters. At that early time in the war it was indeed an interesting show on account of its large proportions.

Early in October, we moved back a little and camped at Maple Valley and Bacon's Race Church. This was a cross-road where, before the war, there had been a post office and store. While at this camp, Hampton received from London two beautiful, up-to-date rifled field guns and a whole lot of fixed ammunition for them. It was said that Hampton bought and imported these guns with his own money. The next day, after putting up a board target about half a mile distant, Hampton had both guns brought into a field and swung into battery to be tested. One gun was loaded and fired at the target, but the shell went over the target and then on into the woods. Then the artillery men prepared to load the other gun, but, on examination, it was found that a block of wood, about the size of one of the conical shells, was wedged tight down the bore to the bottom of that other gun. This circumstance created some surprise, and the further testing was adjourned indefinitely. The disabled gun was taken to the artillery smithy, where, after much effort, the strange piece of wood was extracted. The weather becoming pretty cold about the middle of November, 1861, the Legion broke camp at Maple Valley and moved down to a finely wooded country near the Junction of the Potomac and Occoquan Rivers and went into winter quarters. The villages of Occoquan, at the head of navigation of the Occoquan, and Colchester were on the opposite side of and a little lower down on that river near by. We remained in those snug winter quarters until March 8, 1862. The winter was rather severe and our duties somewhat exacting. Our business was to guard that country and build redoubts and breastworks along the Occoquan. But we had a good time.

Captain Beggs, our commissary, kept us plentifully supplied with rations, and the country round about was well stocked with poultry, butter, and such good things.

During this long winter Hampton frequently entertained his officers with good dinners at his quarters. He rode along the lines often and sometimes rowed a boat up and down the Occoquan. Our camp was on what was known as the old Telegraph Road between Alexandria and Fredericksburg. On a hill on this road, a little south of our camp, there was an old and rather large dwelling house, then not occupied, and some of the older citizens told us that there was a tradition in the neighborhood that George Washington and his bride were entertained one night in this house, soon after the marriage while on their way from the low country to Mount Vernon. Across the Potomac opposite our camp in Maryland was a Federal camp, and when weather conditions were favorable we could hear their drums, bugles, and brass bands. One day during a snow storm Hampton called for a detail of twenty men from the different companies to go on a scout beyond the Occoquan in the direction of Pohick Church, where the advance lines of the Federals were established, and I happened to be on this detail. At headquarters we found Hampton, Capt. S. D. Lee, and Major Conner, all accoutered and armed as we of the detail were, and all started out afoot. We crossed the Occoquan to old Colchester on a hill opposite in the large rowboat used as a ferry. At Colchester five or six Texas scouts had permanent quarters, and Hampton took two of them along with us. We marched along the old Telegraph Road in the thick falling snow till we reached the summit of a sort of ridge. Here the Texans advised that our rifles be loaded and capped ready for any emergency that might happen at any moment. The snow, driven in our faces by an east wind, rather blinded us so that we couldn't see very far ahead. Going down the opposite side of the ridge, we came to a small stream crossing the road at the bottom. On the other side of the stream the land sloped up and back showing as far as we could see cleared fields, except on the right of the road, where there were some woods. We halted at the stream, and our officers and the scouts went a little aside and consulted. We noticed the scouts point out what we privates supposed were several places in the field and woods before us. Then the Texans, who knew well that country, led us through the woods up stream to a more convenient crossing, about two hundred yards above the road. Getting over the stream, we took position on high ground in a bunch of small timber. The Texans then went forward alone about three hundred yards. They returned in about twenty minutes and reported to our officers that they got in sight of a lone horseman, apparently a mounted picket, on the old road about half a mile ahead of us. They also imparted the information that the Pohick Church building, where the Washington family used to attend services, stood only about a mile from our position.

During another consultation between officers and Texans which, from what we privates could overhear, looked like the formation of a plan to surround and capture the lone horseman, a furious cannonade of heavy guns, apparently between us and our camp, broke loose and immediately attracted everybody's earnest attention. It was plain that our officers were thinking deliberately. Captain Lee, who knew all about artillery, listened very attentively and after a little while said that he thought it likely that the enemy had rushed up to the Junction of the Potomac and Occoquan a squadron of gunboats, which were shelling our camp. Then Hampton very quickly ordered a retreat, and we started back in quick time. But the cannonade stopped long before

we got back to old Colchester, where we learned that the cannonade which had so alarmed us took place down at Freestone Point on the Potomac, where some Federal boats tried to run by our batteries. And so we returned to camp late in the afternoon, tired and hungry. After this several other exciting episodes took place while we remained at this camp. But on March 8, 1862, we broke camp and started on the retrograde movement that ended at Yorktown, and ultimately brought us to the battles of West Point and Seven Pines, and also to the end of Hampton's command of the Hampton Legion.

During all this time Hampton was always the same. Ever cheerful and solicitous for the comfort of his men, he endeared himself to us so cleverly that I am persuaded none of the Legion ever failed to recall him as an able commander and worth-while friend. After the war I had some correspondence with him, and in 1893 I met him again in California. On this last occasion, Hampton told me several interesting things, among them that lately surgeons had discovered that he still carried in his flesh the rifle ball which penetrated one of his temples at First Manassas. At the time and all along it had been supposed, and so treated, as simply a deep flesh wound, from which the ball had passed out and away. He added that the surgeons who made the discovery suggested an incision and removal of the ball. "But," said the General, "I told them that as I had carried that ball since July 21, 1861, with very little inconvenience, I would continue to carry it to the end." On being asked about the dear old first flag of the Legion, presented to us at Richmond early in July, 1861, by the hands of President Davis, he said that some time after the war there was a reunion of many survivors of the Legion at Columbia, during which a resolution was passed placing the old flag in his own possession for safe keeping. Soon after this it was nicely incased and deposited in his home near Columbia. "But," added he, "not long afterwards my home burned and with it, alas, the dear old flag."

The latter part of Hampton's life was passed in South Carolina and distinguished, as is well known, by his leadership of the movement that rid the State of carpetbag, negro, and scalawag rule, his services as Governor, United States Senator, and U. S. Railway Commissioner following in their order. His memory is honored by a fine equestrian statue standing on Capitol Square, the gift of the people of his native State. One of the English rifled cannon mentioned survived the war and now stands in front of the South Carolina Confederate Home at Columbia.

IN AN OLD STREET.

The twilight gathers here like brooding thought,
Haunting each shadowed dooryard and its door
With gone, forgotten beauty that was wrought
Of hands and hearts that came this way no more.
Here an intenser quiet stills the air
With old remembering of what is not:
Of silver slippers gone from every stair
And silver laughter long and long forgot.

Deeper and deeper where this dusk is drifted,
Gathers a sense of waiting through the night,
About old doors whose latch is never lifted.
And dusty windows vacant of a light . . .
Deeper and deeper, till the gray turns blue,
And one by one the patient stars peer through.

—David Morton, in *the Bookman*.

WITH EWELL AND RODES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

After spending three days in the vicinity of Williamsport, Rodes's Division moved toward Hagerstown, and thence toward Boonsboro, as if to threaten Harper's Ferry. At the latter place there was a garrison of 10,000 or 12,000 Federal troops. Stopping within two miles of Boonsboro, the division remained for two days. This delay of five days gave opportunity for the other two divisions, Early's and Johnson's, of Ewell's Corps, to move up from Winchester, at which place they had been delayed, looking after the preservation of the captured property and prisoners of war. The corps of Longstreet and Hill, both of which had been delayed to guard the line of movement from incursions by the enemy, also closed up to within supporting distance.

Johnson's and Early's divisions crossed the Potomac at Boteler's Ford, near Shepherdstown, the first on June 18, and the second on the 22nd. At Winchester, Early detached two regiments as a guard to escort the prisoners to Staunton, and left a third regiment in charge of the captured property. After crossing at Shepherdstown, the two divisions moved by Sharpsburg as a show to threatening Harper's Ferry.

After a conference with his division commanders by Ewell, Rodes moved in the lead toward Chambersburg, Pa., on June 22, followed by Johnson, and Early moved along a parallel road near the base of South Mountains. The latter is the name by which the continuation of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia are designated north of the Potomac River. Iverson's brigade of infantry, followed immediately by Reese's Battery, were the first Confederate troops, after Jenkins's Cavalry Brigade, to cross the line into Pennsylvania. After slowly marching thirteen miles, the division reached Greencastle.

Soon after crossing Mason and Dixon's Line, as the troops were marching in column along the pike, they passed a comely young woman, maiden, I presume, standing by the roadside near a country residence some seventy-five yards to our right, with two wooden buckets on the ground by her side, one filled with delicious buttermilk and the other with sparkling clear water. To each man as he passed she tendered a dipper of each fluid. This scribe drank and enjoyed a dipperful of the buttermilk. This striking incident was beyond the highest expectations of the men, hence its impressiveness. I did not enter into a parley with the fair distributor to learn the reason for it, as the column was moving forward and my place was with my battery. We subsequently met many people who seemed delighted to declare themselves to be "Copperheads," the name by which those who opposed the war as then waged were designated. This fair maiden perhaps belonged to this class of citizens.

The division reached Greencastle early in the afternoon, and A, J, and W, three men of Reese's Battery noted for their extraordinary foraging qualifications, had ample time to investigate and learn of conditions in the vicinity. They located an adequate supply of "John Barleycorn." After the publishing of "Marse Robert's" order, which reached us here, "regulating the conduct of the troops and officers in all departments while in the enemy's country," it became easy for the foragers to devise a plan to get possession of a supply.

During the previous winter J, one of their number, had "swiped" Dr. R's fine fancy trimmed gray uniform suit. As only an officer was authorized, under the aforesaid order, to impress supplies, one of the trio donned the Doctor's fancy dress suit after night, and they proceeded in an "orderly

manner" to procure a supply of the "O Be Joyful." No trouble whatever was experienced. He played the officer in fine style. His orders were given with as much dignity as if he were Lieutenant General Ewell himself. They were moderate in their demands, as each was satisfied with his canteen filled.

Next morning, while leisurely preparing and awaiting breakfast, a canteen was passed around among the "faithful" only, and each took a "nip." It was not long after the "nip" was imbibed when some of the "faithful" began to feel and act "phoney," and even slightly boisterous. Interested parties who retained their equanimity began to fear a divulgence of the feat, and became active in their efforts to keep the noisy ones quiet. Soon after breakfast the column began to move, and, as the "nip" was not repeated, the "phoney feeling" soon wore off, greatly to the relief of all concerned.

When the column moved on the morning of June 23, Lieutenant General Ewell had joined General Rodes, and rode with him at the head of the column. On June 24 the division reached and passed through Chambersburg. It so occurred that the part of the column in which Reese's battery was marching halted in the town. The halt was longer than such halts ordinarily were, and the men had an opportunity of seeing and talking with the inhabitants. At first but few persons, other than Confederate soldiers were to be seen.

The residents appeared shy and for awhile kept hidden in their houses. As time passed more boldness was shown, and men, women, and children approached their front doors and porches. The longer our stay extended, the bolder the inhabitants became. The bold spirit was more marked in the women than in the men. The latter were very cautious. Many of the women boldly displayed U. S. flags, and though the latter frequently taunted the Southerners almost to the extent of insulting rudeness, the Confederates did not permit themselves to make return in kind. Frequently bright passages of wit enlivened the conversation, but the latter was wisely held within conservative bounds.

The orderly conduct of the Confederate soldiers rather astonished the people along the line of march, as they had expected to be murdered and to have their houses burned. The slow movement of Rodes's Division had permitted Johnson's Division to overtake it at Chambersburg. Here, too, Jenkins's Cavalry Brigade, which had preceded the infantry and artillery, had reoccupied the town from which it had been forced to retreat prior to the arrival of the artillery and infantry. Rodes's and Johnson's divisions and Jenkin's Brigade of Cavalry moved along leisurely without noteworthy incident, and reached Carlisle on June 27.

As I was near the head of the column during the march, I witnessed many of the novel and, to the Confederates, unusual occurrences. Passing a residence near the roadside, the owner, presumably, had taken his position near the fence inclosing the house, had a Bible in his hand, and was talking loudly in a language we did not understand, but in a pleading manner, which left the impression that he was endeavoring to tell us he belonged to a sect which did not believe in war, and their rights should be respected. Generals Ewell and Rodes, though they cast glances at the talker as they passed, made no halt or reply.

A horseman, whom I took to be a member of the staff of one of the generals, reined in his horse toward the pleading stranger and told him, in plain English, that his person and belongings would not be disturbed. I have always seriously doubted if the pleader understood a word of the staff officer. Some of the men had the bad taste to ridicule the harangue

before I passed out of hearing. As the speaker probably did not understand their language, perhaps he failed to feel the sting of the taunts that were thrown at him. We met quite a number of persons during that campaign whose language we did not understand, and who did not understand us.

There was a striking contrast between conditions prevailing in Virginia, whence we had just emerged, and those which met our view north of the Potomac River. For two years both Federal and Confederate armies had been marching through Virginia and leaving their destructive tracks wherever they went. The impressing agents had extended their operations over all other available territory, and the material possessions of the people of that grand old commonwealth had been consumed or destroyed.

During the last previous year of their service the Confederate soldiers had been, from necessity, placed on diminished rations, which were hardly sufficient to sustain life, and did not satisfy the ravenous hunger of the men engaged in an active life in the open air. A hungry man is without a restraining conscience. The Confederate soldier was restricted to a narrow limit in the discharge of his duties. He was without the privilege to provide for his own necessities and demands, hence, he not infrequently depredated on his own friends. It is remarkable, under such conditions, with what patience and loyalty the good people of that noble old State submitted.

Though our antagonists were not forced to such straits to supply their soldiers, they never hesitated to lay the heavy hand of oppression upon the inhabitants of Confederate territory occupied by them and deprive them of their substance. They took everything that came in sight to prevent it from falling into the hands of Confederate soldiers. The pigeons, henroosts, corncribs, meat houses, and dairies of the inhabitants of the "Old Dominion" were robbed of their contents. Their horses and cattle were forcibly taken from their barns and meadows. Their wood fences were consumed for fire wood. Often their houses did not escape destruction. Desolation was spread everywhere.

Here the withering touch of ruinous war had never been experienced by its inhabitants. Their palatial barns were loaded with toothsome provender; though the greater part of their herds had been run off and concealed, the evidence of well-grazed cattle, horses, and other stock was shown in the magnificent grass in their meadows; their dairies contained generous supplies or rich milk, butter, and cheese; their larders were overflowing with ample supplies of splendid animal products; no hungry depredator had ever disturbed the repose of their fat hens; their lazy, well-fed pigs grunted their composed satisfaction at the approach of their owners with additional food and drink; their wood fences had never felt the torch of the freezing sentinel. Peace and plenty had marked the past.

The well-tilled and fertile land on either side of the turnpike contained the promise of plenteous crops of grain and vegetables. The almost unbroken lines of great cherry trees, growing along both sides the road, were loaded with cherries, many of which were deliciously ripe. The marching Confederate soldiers did not await orders from their officials to gather these nice ripe cherries. Numerous nimble climbers scaled the trees containing the ripe fruit, broke off well-loaded limbs, and dropped them to their eager and expectant comrades, who moved on with the limbs and ate cherries as they marched. When the supply in hand was not sufficient to satisfy, a new supply was taken on in place of the exhausted limbs. The officers were no less eager to partake of the delicious fruit

than the private soldiers. As Rodes's Division was leading the column, his men and officers enjoyed the pick of the fruit.

When the division reached Carlisle, three brigades of the infantry of Rodes's Division and Carter's Battalion of Artillery occupied the commodious United States barracks found there, the artillery horses being stabled in the barrack stables and fed on grain and hay found stored in the barns of the barracks. The troops had been on the march, or expecting to move at any time, since June 4, more than three weeks, and no opportunity had been afforded them for a bath, except the slight washing their lower limbs received as they waded the Shenandoah and Potomac Rivers. A beautiful clear stream of water flowed near the barracks, and in a short time that stream was full of bathing Confederate soldiers, and their actions showed that they enjoyed the bath immensely.

The next day, June 28, was Sunday, and the men were assembled and listened to an excellent sermon and participated in the attendant religious services. Such of the inhabitants of that city as we came in contact with appeared gloomy and dejected, and showed no disposition to converse with us. This condition, however, did not disturb or distress the Confederate soldiers, as we were not paying the city a social visit.

The other two brigades of Rodes's Division were so located as to aid in guarding against a surprise. Johnson's Division had halted some two or three miles back. Steuart's Brigade, of Johnson's Division, had made a detour toward McConnellsville and gathered considerable herds of cattle and other supplies. Early's Division had crossed the South Mountains and was making a detour toward Gettysburg, York, and Wrightsville. The movement of the main column was made leisurely in order to allow these detached troops to keep step, as it were. The corps of Longstreet and Hill had approached the vicinity of Chambersburg and stopped during June 27, 28.

When Ewell left the vicinity of Williamsport, he carried orders from General Lee to capture Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, if it came in his way. Hence, when he reached Carlisle, he sent forward Capt. H. B. Richardson, his engineer, and Jenkins's Cavalry, to reconnoiter the defenses of that city, which was not more than a day's march forward. Under these instructions, he was starting forward for Harrisburg on the 29th when orders from General Lee reached him to join the main body of the army at Cashtown, near Gettysburg. Johnson's Division was immediately started back toward Chambersburg as a guard to the corps train.

Some writers on the Pennsylvania campaign erroneously credit Ewell with burning Carlisle barracks. In his official report on this point, General Ewell said: "Agreeable to the views of the general commanding, I did not burn Carlisle barracks." Ewell, accompanying Rodes's Division, left Carlisle on the morning of June 30. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart arrived at Carlisle in the afternoon of July 1, perhaps thirty-six hours after Ewell's departure. Finding the place occupied by United States militia, and the houses occupied with sharpshooters and firing on his men, he said in his official report: "Not a building was fired excepting the United States cavalry barracks, which were burned by my order, the place having resisted my advance instead of peaceable surrender, as in the case of General Ewell."

Rodes's Division did not leave Carlisle until the morning of June 30, doubtless delayed to call in Jenkins's Cavalry, which had been sent to reconnoiter the defenses on the Susquehanna opposite Harrisburg, and also to recall Early, who had reached Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna. Accom-

panied by Ewell, Rodes, with his division, set out to join the main army, moving by the way of Petersburg and Heidlersburg. Early was also moving in the same direction, and, after a march of twenty-two miles, Rodes's Division bivouacked in the vicinity of Heidlersburg, and Early's Division bivouacked on a parallel road about three miles east of Heidlersburg.

When the division moved from Carlisle, Reese's was the rear battery in the column. Its position was just in front of the short train of ambulances and wagons, which was followed by Ramseur's Brigade as a guard. As the column passed through the gap in the South Mountains, it was fired into, just in front of Reese's Battery, from an overhanging bluff covered by scrub undergrowth, forming a dense thicket. A volley of perhaps a dozen shots was fired. A brief halt was made and an investigation of the thicket failed to reveal the aggressors. Two or three soldiers were wounded, and these were picked up by an ambulance as it passed.

On July 1 the division resumed its march in the direction of Cashtown, but when it reached Middletown, General Ewell received information from General Hill that his troops were moving upon Gettysburg, when Ewell directed Rodes to turn the head of his column toward that town. When within four miles of Gettysburg, a sharp cannonade announced the progress of a battle and the presence of the enemy. Though the weather was exceedingly hot, the pace of the troops was increased to almost double-quick time.

The column approached Gettysburg along the Carlisle road, which entered the town from the north. As we neared the firing, we could detect that the contest was in progress west of the town. Rodes guided the head of his column in the direction of the firing, which caused it to move along a wooded ridge, which afterward proved to be what is designated as Oak Hill, about a mile and a quarter northwest of Gettysburg. From this ridge the contesting lines could be readily seen. The troops proved to be the First Federal Corps confronting two divisions of Hill's Corps, the opposing lines extending north and south. Rodes's advanced brigades and the advanced batteries of Carter's Battalion accompanying them were soon hotly engaged, having assailed the right and rear of the Federal line which was contesting with Hill's troops.

Reese's Battery, being near the rear of the column, was the last battery to reach the vicinity of the fighting. From its position, the town of Gettysburg could be seen and long lines of fresh Federal troops were being deployed and advancing across the open plain north of the town. Rodes extended his line eastward to meet this new force. It proved to be two divisions of the Federal Eleventh Corps, our old antagonist of Chancellorsville. As the line was being extended to meet the new conditions, Reese's Battery was ordered to move to the support of Doles's Brigade, then the extreme left Confederate troops, to aid in defending the Confederate left flank.

To the private soldier who did not know that there were other Confederate troops approaching to the relief of what seemed a dangerous condition, the conditions looked alarming. It appeared that that flank would soon be completely overlapped and involved. To add to the ugly complication, a long train of covered wagons appeared in sight beyond the Confederate left, and the private soldier could not determine whether the train was led by friend or foe. This, however, did not cause him to fail to promptly discharge his assigned duty of preparing and sending forward the designated ammunition, which was being rapidly fired at that long line threatening his destruction. The din of battle had now become deafening. It was about 3 P.M.

"NANCY HARTS" OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(The following is taken from a paper prepared by Mrs. Forrest T. Morgan, of Austin, Tex., some years ago and read before a State meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.)

When the first gun of Fort Sumter was fired on that never-to-be-forgotten day in April, 1861, not only did the blood of man true and brave tingle with excitement and with an extravagant hope, confident that the South would be victorious in the end, but the women came forward with tears in their eyes, their very souls longing and aching to rush to the front, equal to all emergencies. They did not seem to lose heart, but, on the contrary, looked to the future for a glorious triumph, never losing patience, expecting a happy termination to their many trials and deprivations and that victory of arms would in the end prevail.

The titanic struggle was on. All of our Southern homes suffered from the war; ruin and destruction everywhere, homes, plantations, and towns were demolished, women and children were left alone to face the terrible dangers, endure pain and sickness of the loss of some dear friend or relative; sorrow did not subdue or dishearten them; scarcely a family escaped.

La Grange, a little town in Georgia, like most Southern towns, had sent all her men to the front, only women, children, and negroes remaining. Mrs. Brown Morgan, living in La Grange at this time, was a bride of a short while, happy and contented in the shelter and comfort of her husband's love; but her supreme happiness and indulgence in life's sweet dreams were of short duration. The bitter truth was now a stern reality, her joys changing into sorrow. The dreadful call to arms was issued to confront the advancing army. Her husband left her to join the gallant Gordon, hurrying fast to the field after a hasty farewell and the hope that he would soon return. The young wife, with the bloom of youth unfolding into womanhood, was left, little dreaming that the privilege of his return was not soon to be granted.

"Somebody wept when he marched away

Looking so handsome, brave, and grand,

Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,

Somebody clung to his parting hand."

Time passed; the roar of battle shook the house to its foundation—a house built of rough rock, such as was used for many Southern homes in those days of the bold and fearless cavalier—a stately home with broad galleries, generous entrance, massive white columns of fluted stone, quaint dormer windows, spacious green lawns set among wooded hills. The young matron was forced to give up this home of her tender years to the sick and dying, stricken down with bayonets, saber, shot, and shell, which were brought thereto for medical treatment. Haunted with scenes of carnage and the scourge of death, with faith in and love for the South, there burst forth in this young woman the spirit, the passion, the fire, and ardor of the heroine, such as accounts it a boon to lay down her life for her people and her country. She realized the defenseless condition of the homes, and as she lay on her bed one stormy night, with the old "black mammy"—dear old faithful Hannah, grown old in the service of the family—on a pallet near her, the idea came to her to form a military company.

This was summer; the storm, though severe, was of short duration. The violence of the wind, the vivid flash of lightning, the crash of thunder were not to be compared with

terror wrought by sudden roar of belching cannons and screaming shells, the roll of drums and shrieking fifes, the clanking sabers and rumbling wheels, the steady, tramp, tramp, tramp of the passing army, all struck terror to the affrighted soul and brought a vivid realization that something must be done to protect the women, the children, and the homes, which were absolutely at the mercy of the enemy, the stragglers, escaped prisoners, or red-handed mercenaries, who, vulturelike, follow in the wake of the slayer to prey upon the stricken, the weak, and defenseless. The next morning dawned clear and beautiful; the balmy Southern winds wafted the perfume of the summer harvest broadcast over the land. Mrs. Morgan, walking out after breakfast, met Mrs. Peter Heard, a young matron like herself, to whom she said: "Do you realize how defenseless we are? Not a woman in town can shoot. It's a dreadful state of affairs." "What can we do?" came the reply. Mrs. Morgan answered: "We might organize a military company." "A military company! How absurd. We are all afraid of guns, and I am sure I would run if I should see a man with one, much less forming a military company." Mrs. Morgan only grew more serious. "Why, yes," she answered, "why not? I have kept an old rifle of my grandfather's, a relic that I have kept for years for no other reason save that of sentiment. I shall issue a call immediately and we shall organize a company. We can at least do our best to defend our homes; and if they want us at the front, well, we'll be ready." The call was issued and promptly responded to; the preliminary meeting was held in the old red front schoolhouse in Ben Hill's grove. Mrs. Morgan was elected captain; Mrs. Heard, first lieutenant; Miss Adelia Bull, second lieutenant; Mrs. Hill, first sergeant; Mrs. Morris, first corporal; Miss Sallie Bull, second corporal. The company was named for Georgia's great revolutionary heroine, Nancy Hart, to whom history has credited many acts of bravery and fortitude in the cause of America's liberty.

I am sure this company presented a curious, odd, and singular spectacle as it met in Harris Grove, a beautiful and picturesque spot, with its magnificent trees to shelter them from the glare of light or sultry heat of the midsummer days, where they went often for target practice or drill. They had gathered all of the old guns and pistols which had been discarded years before, and learned to load and shoot them singly or in volley. They were unfamiliar with firearms and military tactics, but fortunately for them, there was one man in town, a physician, who was physically unfit for field duty, and he became their instructor. They met twice a week at the grove in the day, and at night on the courthouse square, with the moon and stars looking down with their majestic and glorious illumination to light the earth with their radiance; while the captain could be heard in clear voice giving commands: "Shoulder arms, right face, forward, march!" The echo thrilled the hearers in the stillness of the night with sad memories of passing conditions of greatness that would never come again.

Some of the Nancy Harts were romantic young girls with sweethearts at the front, and they were fired with sympathetic zeal for the "boys who wore the gray;" they delighted in military hardships and learned to shoot as well as their married comrades of the company. To stimulate steady nerves and develop accurate shooting, prizes were offered—and these prizes were won. The Nancy Harts, though brave and fearless, were, I dare say, at first, like other women, finding it impossible to keep eyes open and be composed when shooting was found necessary; their guns, too, were old and rusty, and it was a guess or a speculation which was the more dangerous,

the muzzle or the breech. But, after many obstacles to overcome, they became splendid markswomen, indifferent to the snap of a cap or the flash of powder; nor did the kick of a gun stir them with fright; they were indeed true heroines of the day and wore their laurels with dignity, but with a keen sense of their bravery. After drill or practice they made it a rule to parade the streets to inspire their friends and to strike terror to the hearts of evil doers, who were plentiful, and no doubt put themselves in evidence at all opportunities during those days of intense excitement. The Nancy Harts did not have uniforms, as all the gray cloth and brass buttons available were bestowed upon their fathers and brothers; but in feminine dress of ruffled skirts and flowered or feathered hats, their hearts beat in unison to the captain's command as they boldly marched, "Hep, hep, hep," to the time of the battered drum, guns on their shoulders, banners flying, ready and anxious for combat or to be called to field duty. In a modest way they made many conquests, for they were watched with the adoring eyes of women and children, and black as well as white were proudly envious of the military genius they displayed and the achievement they wrought. They patrolled the town for four long years, their reputation as expert markswomen becoming widespread, and to-day they are on record as one of the State militia in Georgia of that stormy period.

When not engaged in active military duty, they ministered to the sick, wounded, distressed, or dying in a huge hospital fitted up for Confederate soldiers, and many a helpless Federal was nursed back to health therein. These women of the Confederacy each had one or more sick soldiers under her care; she prepared him nutritious food, properly clothed him, cleansed and dressed his wounds, read to him, consoled him in his lonely hours, soothed his aching brow, wiped away the tears of pain and sorrow, and brightened his moments of desolation. The Nancy Harts had their hands full.

The seat of war came nearer and nearer, for Sherman was on his famous "march to the sea." One day the startling news came that Fort Tyler had been taken, General Tyler had been killed, and many of their relatives and dear friends had been slain or captured. With sad and heavy hearts, no future to inspire them, no guiding star to lead them on, no bright light in life's horizon to illuminate the paths of peace and prosperity, no hope of union with father and brother, the Nancy Harts marched through town as usual. Seeing a small body of Confederates, they halted with military salute. Entering into a friendly chat, they discovered that the soldiers were escapees from Sherman's clutches. Soon another body of gray coats appeared. "Where are the Yankees?" the girls cried. "There are no Yankees in fifteen miles of here," replied the soldiers. The answer was untrue, for the men were Federal spies in Confederate uniforms. Soon again a portion of the Federal army was sighted taking Confederate captives to prison at Mason. Lieutenant Perkins, in the distance, seeing the Nancy Harts and realizing their danger, put spurs to his horse with other guards and rushed to the assistance of the girls: "Young ladies," he said, "go into your homes and bar your doors; the Federals are upon us"; but the Nancy Harts did not stir, their minds had been made up to do or die; every one stood in line, their guns on their shoulders in true military fashion; the Federals advanced with their prisoners; steadily, steadily they came, halting in front of the Nancy Harts. At the head of the regiment rode Colonel La Grange, by his side, a prisoner, was Major Parkham, the late General Tyler's adjutant. One of the Nancy Harts standing near Major Parkham said: "Major, I am sorry to see you in this plight." Colonel La Grange heard her words. "Is this your

sweetheart?" he kindly asked. Confusedly, "What must I answer?" surged through her brain. Looking the Colonel boldly in the eye, she quickly answered, "Yes," believing in the diplomacy of the answer. "I knew he was your sweetheart or you would not have been so embarrassed," replied the Colonel, with a kindly twinkle in his eye. "I shall put him on parole, and thus permit him to spend the evening with you."

Scarcely a soul in La Grange slept that night of its occupancy by the Federals, for on the morrow all Confederate captives would be imprisoned. Grandmothers, mothers, and daughters were busy all night cooking food for them to carry on their weary march to prison. All through the tormenting and soul-racking hours of the night the heavens were reddened with forked and hissing tongues of the fire demon licking up the business buildings, with their stores of merchandise; all night long came the roar of flames, the crash of falling walls and burning timbers—ruin, desolation, and despair stalked abroad to terrify and agonize the inhabitants of fair La Grange. Morning dawned upon the charred and ruined little city; amid aching hearts, throbbing brains, falling tears, and silent prayers, farewells were spoken, the regiment fell in line, the command given, "March," and the steady tramp, tramp, tramp began. Mothers and daughters, and children, and prattling babes watched the procession as they filed away over the crest of the hills. The Nancy Harts too watched and watched and watched, until only a speck of the moving column was visible—for once they were powerless.

'Twas a sad day for La Grange. Fathers and sons were borne away to what appeared imprisonment until the fortunes of war effected their release or should swing the "gates ajar" for entrance to their heavenly home. But destiny held in store a glad to-morrow, for upon their arrival at Mason they heard the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. With sorrowing hearts for the fate of the cause they had so heroically upheld, mingled with emotions of love for their dear ones, they were discharged and returned to their gaunt homes. Straggling in from near and far, every soldier brought with him a sad and thrilling story to relate. Some came back to find that death had robbed them of loved ones; many who left sweethearts behind with cherished hopes of reunion after the war came back to deadened hopes and broken spirits—only a picture upon the mantel garnished with a faded flower and a withered leaf, knotted with raven or golden tress; some never returned—"not accounted for." Mayhap on some battle field they bravely fell supporting the stars and bars and gallant comrades turned the sod and laid their forms to rest 'neath the grass and the dew; mayhap life ebbed from scorching fever and racking pain in lonely wood or on desolate plain, or 'neath the fording stream they sank unseen, while somebody at home was watching and waiting for them. No matter; where'er they be, they are not alone; God finds his children where'er they fall.

The unusual sight of girl soldiers with splendid composure under most trying circumstances, and the odd coincidence of the name of the town La Grange being the same as that of the Federal officer may have prompted his clemency; however, he placed guards around many of the homes of La Grange and prevented molestation and destruction.

Thus it was that the girl soldiers rendered the Southern cause valuable service. They were never called to field duty, it is true, but they stood ever in readiness and rendered a service equally effective as guards over the defenseless and their homes.

MANEY'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

BY JUDGE L. B. McFARLAND, MEMPHIS, TENN.

In the *Veteran* for September, 1921, appeared a beautiful tribute to Col. Hume R. Feild, 1st Tennessee Regiment, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, by Dr. Charles W. Miles, Union City, Tenn. In giving account of Colonel Feild and his regiment in the battle of Perryville, Ky., the following passage appears:

"Maney's entire brigade had attempted to storm a battery in their immediate front. The assault was unsuccessful; whereupon General Maney ordered Colonel Feild to repeat the effort with his regiment. . . . The battery was carried with hardly a man left to tell the tale."

I was then the sergeant major of the 9th Tennessee Regiment, Maney's Brigade, and was with my regiment in the whole of this engagement. Upon reading this article I wrote to Dr. Miles, asking if Colonel Feild had left any diary or account of this battle, and, if so, to please send me a copy. After several months I received a copy of the colonel's "desultory notes" (so called) by Dr. Miles, which his daughter had, in which the following appeared:

"After Maney's Brigade was repulsed from the hill, General Maney ordered me to take my regiment, the 1st Tennessee, and storm the hill, which the gallant 1st did, and never halted until it was among the battery that crowned the hill. Seeing it was to simply sacrifice the whole command, I withdrew the regiment after great slaughter."

Neither of these accounts of this battle conformed to my remembrance (especially as to my regiment), engraved as the incidents were of gallant charges, the hiss of Minie balls, the roar of cannon, and the bloody falling of brave comrades—"circumstance of most glorious war."

For my own satisfaction, I referred to and reread all the authors available on this subject, the regimental histories of the four Tennessee regiments, 1st, 6th, 9th, and 27th Tennessee's Maney's Brigade, found in "Lindsley's Military Annals," each written by prominent officers of these regiments. I also wrote to Washington, but received nothing from there except Federal reports, and to the State Library at Nashville, hoping to get General Maney's official report of Perryville, but was unable to get any account by division or brigade officers, who were advised of the conduct of each and all the forces under their command. Fortunately, I thought of Capt. Thomas H. Malone, who was adjutant general on General Maney's staff at Perryville, and for years Chancellor at Nashville, Tenn., so I wrote to his son, of the same name, to know if his father had left any diary or memoirs, giving an account of Perryville; if he did, to please send me a copy. He kindly sent me a manuscript copy of his father's memoirs of some two hundred pages (written for his family), which gave detailed account of the many battles he was engaged in and "dangers he had passed," and giving the part each regiment of Maney's Brigade took at Perryville. This memoir was just as my memory gave as to the part taken by the 6th and 9th Regiments, and I was greatly pleased to find that it made clear what Colonel Feild meant in his brief notes, quoted above; and, further, that it adds heretofore unspoken honor to each and all of the regiments of Maney's Brigade, and demonstrated that the tribute to Colonel Feild by Dr. Miles was none too high. And I must add that this memoir of Judge Malone is one of the most interesting, enjoyable, and valuable contributions to Tennessee Confederate history. Upon reading it, I felt it my duty to the whole brigade, dead and alive,

to give it publicity, and, of course, through the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* as the best depository for perpetuation.

I wish to add further that I was a witness of Captain Malone's services as a soldier for many months while he was with Maney's Brigade, and take pleasure in paying highest tribute to him. There was not a braver, more daring and gallant officer in the Southern army, Chivalrous as Murat, one who would lead a forlorn hope or gallop up to the mouth of grape-charged cannon as gayly as he would walk to a banquet or lead a fair lady to the ballroom.

It gives me pleasure also to say here, with emphasis, that this article is not intended to even intimate that either Col. Feild or his faithful friend and physician, Dr. Miles, did or would intentionally misrepresent in any way, nor to minimize praise given his splendid regiment.

For four years—from Shiloh to the last battle—these four Tennessee regiments of Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, were comrades in arms, each assured of the support of the other in critical emergencies.

Captain Malone's account of the Perryville battle is as follows:

"On October 8 the great battle of Perryville was fought—in proportion to the numbers engaged, one of the very bloodiest of the war. Of course, I do not propose to give any regular description of the battle. I propose to give only what I myself saw, so far as I remember. . . .

"Toward ten o'clock, as I now remember, perhaps a little later, we were ordered to move rapidly by the right flank and take position upon the extreme right of our army. In our new position we were subjected to some shelling, not severe, as I remember. Indeed, I cannot recall that there were any casualties in our brigade. Somewhat later in the day, perhaps about twelve o'clock, we were ordered to advance. I never did have any correct memory with regard to the hours of October 8, 1862. When I think of that day it occurs to me as a unit, from the time I awoke until about sundown.

"Anyhow, we advanced across an open field, under a rather sharp fire of the enemy's skirmishers, to the foot of a wooded hill, where it became evident that the enemy's lines still flanked ours, and we must march by the right flank, taking ground to the right. I remember that General Maney, thinking that in marching my column over rough ground it would be difficult to keep the column closed up, sent me back to see that this was done. While I was thus engaged, I heard a severe fire toward the head of the column. I rode rapidly toward the firing, and it was very pleasant to me to see the kind feeling the brigade had for me, expressed in continuous cheers and friendly geying. Our whole line was then under fire, and I was riding between the men and the enemy.

"When I reached the head of the column, I was directed to place the 1st and 27th Tennessee Regiments in a certain position in the wood, while the other regiments continued their march. While I was thus placing these two regiments, I heard a heavy fire of musketry and artillery break out near the head of the column. It was my business, of course, to be near my commanding general, to bear his orders, if there should be any, and I immediately sought him. I found him standing under a great white oak tree at the edge of the field, and in the field I saw the 41st Georgia and the 6th and 9th Tennessee Regiments lying on the ground, engaged in a bitter fight with the line of the enemy on the edge of the hill in their front, which line was supported by Parsons' Battery of eight 12-pound Napoleon guns. It seemed to me that our men could not have maintained our position at all but for the fact that old Turner—the best artilleryman, but the poorest

drilled man in the army—was imperatively demanding the attention of Parsons's guns. He thundered with his little 6-pound howitzers right over the heads of our men, and with graps was making it very hot for Parsons and his infantry supports.

"After looking at the battle for a few minutes, General Maney asked me what I thought of it. I told him I didn't think our position could be maintained; that there were seven or eight guns of the enemy against Turner's four, and that the enemy's line of infantry was longer and stronger than ours. He asked what I thought should be done, and I told him I believed our only chance was to take those guns. He asked if I thought it was possible for our men to do it. I said, 'I think so.' He then said, 'Go, direct the men to go forward, if possible.' I rode out into the field, in the rear of the line, and, passing the whole length of our line of battle, told the field officers of each regiment what was expected. I was repeatedly assured by officers and privates as I rode along that if it were possible to make a simultaneous movement, they believed they could take the guns, but in the great uproar of bursting shells and crashing of incessant musketry a man could hardly be heard even speaking his loudest. I was discussing this with Captain Harrison, of the 9th Tennessee, when a private of the 9th looked up and called out to me: 'Captain, the 9th will follow you anywhere.' Thereupon, I rode up and down the line again, telling the men to look to the center of the line, and when I rode out and raised my hat that should be the signal for a simultaneous charge. I went back to the 9th, rode out about three horse lengths in front, laughingly charging the fellows not to shoot me in the back, raised my hat, and gave a yell. Every man was instantly on his feet, and I don't suppose that twelve hundred men ever gave such a yell before. With bayonets at charge, they ran as fast as they could run right through the guns and over the enemy's line. We did not fire a shot from the time the charge began until the enemy's whole line of battle was in flight, and then, shooting deliberately, the butchery was something awful. I remember stating at the time that I could walk upon dead bodies from where the enemy's line was established until it reached the woods, some three hundred yards away. . . .

"Several of the enemy's guns were loaded and fired while we were making the charge, and it seems to me that the one pointed at the 41st Georgia was fired after old George and I passed the battery. Old George wasn't afraid of anything on the earth, or under it, so far as I know, except a wagon. He had been injured, when a colt, by a runaway wagon, and George knew of his own knowledge that a loaded wagon was a half devil. Just as the 9th and I were passing through the guns, George spied a caisson, and, suddenly wheeling and rearing, nearly unseated me. Several of the 9th rushed out of line, calling out: 'The Captain's killed,' and seized old George. I remember that I said: 'Boys, don't be such fools. George is not afraid of anything but a wagon, and he took this caisson for a wagon.' Neither George nor I received a scratch. . . .

"Of course, as I have stated above, we suffered terribly while we were charging, but the enemy still more after they had begun to run. But what struck me at the time, and strikes me now, is the fatal accuracy of the fire of the 41st, 6th, and 9th while the enemy were lying down. It seemed to me that one-third of them were lying dead on the line which they had been holding so gallantly.

"The enemy did not attempt to make any further stand in our front. We pursued them through a thin wood and a

cornfield grown up with high weeds for some distance, perhaps a mile, until—by command of General Cheatham, I believe—we were halted. It had become evident that while we had defeated the enemy in our front, there was a considerable body of troops on our right that threatened to flank us and, as we were on the extreme right of our army, thus to get the flank of the entire army. I suggested to Colonel Feild, who was near me, this fact, and asked if he didn't think it was best for me to gallop to the rear, find General Maney, and ask him to bring up behind our right the 1st and 27th Tennessee. He assented, and as I was thus proceeding, I saw the 1st and, as I supposed, the 27th, rapidly moving obliquely forward and to the right, into the position we desired them to take. I saw General Cheatham, who told me that he had himself seen the necessity for the movement and had given the order. I then returned to the main line, and soon heard an exceedingly heavy fire upon our right, waged, as I then thought, by the 1st and 27th Tennessee, but it was, in fact, the 1st Tennessee alone. When we made the charge the 27th lost its grip, couldn't stand still, and, despite orders, went with us to a man. The little regiment had been nearly wiped out at Shiloh, but the men that remained were still as game as bulldogs.

"In the wood and the cornfield where we halted I could see very little indeed. The firing upon our right ceased, and, in great excitement, I galloped toward the point where it had been heard, and found the 1st Tennessee quietly marching to the rear. The first man I met was Bill Kelley, of Company A. He told me they had had a most severe fight, had lost nearly half the men, and had retreated, under orders of Lieutenant Colonel Patterson, as he understood, when just on the point of carrying all before them. Upon inquiry I found that Lieutenant Colonel Patterson was dead. While urging on his men he was fatally shot, and as his horse turned, going back to the rear, it was supposed that the retreat had been ordered by him. Colonel Feild, the colonel of the regiment, who had been ordered with the 9th, 6th, and 27th Tennessee and the 41st Georgia, took charge of the 1st and carried it back, regained the position from which they had retreated, silenced the battery on their front, joined to the other regiments of the brigade, and so formed a continuous line, which was held by us until night. . . .

"A drummer boy of the 9th Tennessee quite distinguished himself. He went forward when his regiment made the charge. His drum was shattered by a fragment of shell, and he threw it away, seized a gun that had fallen from the hands of a wounded comrade, and gallantly pressed forward with the foremost; and it was said—I do not know how truly—that with the butt of his rifle he crushed the skull of an artilleryman who was in the act of firing his gun. The incident was related to General Maney and his staff. A day or two afterwards, as General Maney and I were passing along the 9th, I pointed out the youngster—he was about sixteen years old—and the following conversation took place between them: The general said: 'My little man, were you in the battle?' 'O, yes, sir, I was there.' 'What did you do?' 'Why, I beat the drum, of course.' 'Well, when the men started to charge, what did you do?' 'I beat the drum.' 'But at the last, in the desperate fight, what did you do?' 'O' said the little man with a grin, 'when they fout, I fit.' . . .

"When the four regiments were sent forward to take the guns, General Maney remained behind with the 1st and the 27th Tennessee; at least, I went forward with the four regiments and did not see him until much later in the day. When afterwards the 1st went into action, it was, as I understood,

led first by Lieutenant Colonel Patterson and afterwards by Colonel Feild. . . .

"General Manney was of opinion, when he saw the three strong lines of the enemy in front of our single line, that we should certainly be beaten back. As we were on the extreme right of the army, he thought the result would be that the right wing of Bragg's army would be turned by the enemy. He, therefore, had retained the 1st and 27th Tennessee Regiments as a reserve, behind which the rest of the command, if defeated, might rally. In the meantime, General Cheatham had come up in person and directed the 1st and 27th Tennessee to come to our support." . . .

I will add that, as stated by Captain Malone, the 6th and 9th went directly through Parsons's Battery, and one of the officers of my company, A, picked up a gauntlet glove of General Jackson, whose body lay among the guns. We routed the infantry that was supporting the battery and pursued them from the field, then through a woods, and then a cornfield, to a ravine at the foot of another steep hill, occupied by the enemy, and were halted there behind a rail fence, where we remained for some time, until nearly night, when we were ordered to retire.

I remember quite vividly that the desultory firing from the hill, which splintered the rails, caused us to change positions and play the part of many squirrels we had shot from the limbs.

As a further account of Captain Malone's leading the assault upon and capture of Parsons's Battery, I close this article with a paragraph from an address delivered at Brownsville, Tenn., on July 28, 1921, some two months before the appearance of Dr. Miles's tribute in the *VETERAN* under the following circumstances: Memphis had some three hundred citizens, natives of Haywood County, who had formed an Association, of which I was a member. Haywood County invited this association to a Home-Coming and Welcome to Brownsville, and I was appointed by our association to deliver an address to our hosts. Knowing that Haywood had given several companies to the 6th and 9th Tennessee Regiments, who had participated in the Perryville fight, in that address I gave the following incident, in connection with my claim of having been raised as a farmer in Haywood:

"One of the horses I raised in Haywood, I took with me to the army and sold him to Capt. Thomas Malone, adjutant general of our Brigade, in after years Chancellor at Nashville. This horse, George, a handsome gray, and Captain Malone figured in one of the most stirring and gallant events witnessed by me in four years of 'bloody war.'

"In the battle of Perryville, our regiment, the 9th Tennessee Infantry, and the other regiments of the brigade, were confronting, in close proximity, Jackson's eight-piece brass battery. Suddenly Captain Malone, mounted on George, dashed out to our front, and with drawn sword, ordered: 'Up and charge that battery.' We sprang to the attack, he leading, and we charged and took the whole battery, killing General Jackson and routing the infantry supporting the battery. Neither Captain Malone nor George was wounded, but George was afterwards killed in battle."

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS," SERIES III, VOLUME II, 1863-64.

Bragg.—On September 26, General Longstreet wrote the Secretary of War: "On the 20th, after a very severe battle, we gained a complete and glorious victory, the most complete of

the war, except, perhaps, the first Manassas. On the 21st, General Bragg asked my opinion as to our best course. I suggested at once to strike at Burnside, and, if he made his escape, to march upon Rosecrans's communications in the rear of Nashville. He seemed to adopt the suggestion and gave orders to march at four in the afternoon. The right wing of the army marched some eight or ten miles, my command following at daylight the next morning. I was halted and, on the night of the 23rd, the army was ordered to march for Chattanooga, thus giving the enemy two days and a half to strengthen the fortifications already prepared by ourselves. Here we remain under instructions that the enemy shall not be assaulted. To express my convictions in a few words, our chief has done but one thing that he ought to have done since I joined this army. That was to order the attack on the 20th; all other things he has done he ought not to have done (and there is no health in him). I am convinced that nothing but the hand of God can save or help us as long as we have our present commander. Now, to our wants. Can't you send us General Lee? The army in Virginia can operate defensively, while our operations here should be offensive until we have recovered Tennessee, at all events. We need some such great mind as General Lee's (nothing else) to accomplish this."

General (Bishop) Polk wrote Lee on the 27th: "We have gained a signal victory under God's blessing over our enemy, but I greatly fear we are about to lose the fruits of it for want of the necessary capacity to reap them." And yet, shortly after, Bragg was taken to Richmond and made military adviser to the President.

Elite Battalion.—On August 23, General Joseph Wheeler ordered: "Major William E. Hill, commanding the Elite Battalion, will proceed to Center, Ala., with his command." And on September 29: "The organization known as the Elite Corps is for the present disbanded." Can any survivor of Wheeler's command tell us why "Elite"?

What a Lieutenant Told.—On October 2, Col. D. McCook, U. S. Army, said: "A lieutenant of the 1st Tennessee came across the river this evening, and I gathered the following facts (?) from his conversation with our pickets. He says that a division of Tennessee or Georgia troops began quarrelling with one of Longstreet's divisions. The officers got into the fight and a battle ensued with a loss of 800 killed and wounded on both sides. I am going to get him across again, and if cigars and whisky have any virtue, I will pump him dry."

There were quite a few rumors about this time as to our people fighting among themselves, but nothing on record to prove it, and if any survivor of this army can tell us anything about it, let's hear from him.

Deserter's Information.—Private J. S. Sanders, Company E, 3rd Arkansas, on October 16, deserted to the Yankees, and told them that "General Anderson's Division, of Ewell's Corps, arrived from Virginia Saturday night, and they were looking for another one last night. Davis and General Lee reviewed the troops where Sanders was stationed Sunday. Sanders had often seen Lee in Virginia, and saw him here."

Our loquacious Sanders evidently deserted for a purpose.

Trying the Impossible.—General Hurlbut, U. S. Army, said on October 4: "It is impossible to send the negroes North. They must be employed and fed where they are. Industry must be enforced for a time upon this people until it becomes a habit." Haven't got the habit yet.

Moccasins in Lieu of Shoes.—A deserter told the Yankees: "Our men flock to the cattle pens to get moccasins of the hides whenever the butchers kill, and the skins are not allowed to get cold." "Necessity is the mother of invention."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Peace to the ashes of our noble dead!

Far distant ages shall behold each name
Brightening like morning when the night is fled,
And ever broadening on the disk of fame."

GEN. LUKE E. WRIGHT.

Tennessee lost a distinguished son in the death of Gen. Luke E. Wright, Secretary of War under President Roosevelt and ex-Governor General of the Philippines, which occurred at his home in Memphis, Tenn., on November 17, after an illness of several months. He had been prominent in the professional and business life of Memphis for over a half century. His wife was a daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, and she survives him with a son and two daughters.

General Wright was the son of Judge Archibald Wright, for many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and was born in this State in 1846. He graduated in law at the University of Mississippi, and had served as attorney general of Tennessee. During the War between the States he served with distinction as a Confederate soldier, first with the 54th Tennessee Infantry, then with an artillery unit known as Wright's Battery.

Although a Democrat in politics, General Wright's ability was recognized by two Republican Presidents, both McKinley and Roosevelt having appointed him to Federal offices. The former named him as a member of the Philippine Commission, and he later served as Vice Governor and as Governor General of the islands; he resigned this in 1906 to accept an appointment from President Roosevelt as ambassador to Japan, and later returned to the United States to accept the appointment as Secretary of War. Resigning from this office in 1909, he returned to Memphis and resumed his law practice.

During the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis in 1878, General Wright remained in the city to direct relief work.

JAMES A. ZELL.

At Burlington, W. Va., James A. Zell died on March 31, 1922, in his seventy-ninth year, after years of suffering.

Comrade Zell enlisted as a Confederate soldier in March, 1862, joining Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry; was captured in September, 1863, and sent to Elmira, N. Y., where he remained until a month before the surrender. He was never wounded during his service, but had two horses killed under him; was never home on furlough during the war.

After the war Comrade Zell settled down on a farm, and in 1868 he was married to Miss May VanMeter, of the Old Fields, and they made their home on Patterson's Creek and there lived for fifty-five years. He was an earnest man in all he undertook, faithful to his Church, the Southern Presbyterian, which he served as elder, deacon, and treasurer. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. One son died in 1909.

CAPT. N. A. SMITH.

Capt. N. A. Smith, born in Pickens County, Ala., May 16, 1842, died at Marks, Miss., on November 2, 1922.

His parents removed to Harrison County, Tex., in 1849, and in that State he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy, serving first as a private in Capt. Sam J. Richardson's company, from April, 1861, for one year; he reenlisted at San Antonio, on April 19, 1862, for the duration of the war; was elected second lieutenant, and was in command of the company as first lieutenant when it was disbanded by Colonel Parson, May 20, 1865. He was in the retreat to Chattanooga and into Georgia, in the affair at McLemore's Cove, and the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold, and intermediate skirmishes. In December, 1866, he served as captain of a police company formed for the protection of citizens and property, with authority to act for the United States government.

For many years Captain Smith was an honored and respected citizen of Quitman County, Miss. He had held several offices of trust in the county, and was county treasurer at the time of his death. He was laid to rest among his friends in the City Cemetery at Marks, widely mourned.

CAPT. JOHN N. BALLARD.

After several weeks of illness, Capt. John N. Ballard, one of the oldest and most beloved citizens of Fairfax County, Va., died at his home near Legato on October 13, 1922. Comrades of Marr Camp of Confederate Veterans, of which Captain Ballard was an active member and officer, attended his funeral, and sons of Confederate veterans were the pallbearers. He was laid to rest in the Fairfax Cemetery.

Captain Ballard went from Albemarle County to Fairfax County some forty-five years ago, and for over thirty-two years he was commissioner of the revenue.

When war came on in 1861, and before Virginia had seceded, he went South and enlisted in a South Carolina regiment. Later he was elected lieutenant in a Virginia command, and on the organization of Mosby's command, became one of its members. He lost a leg while serving under Mosby, but refused to retire, and remained with his company throughout the war. He was a gallant soldier, and his comrades in war say of him that he knew not fear.

Captain Ballard and Miss Lillie Thrift were married in Fairfax County in September, 1874. Her father was the late Maj. James Thrift, of the 8th Virginia Infantry, who was killed in the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, May 21, 1862. She survives him with one son and three daughters.

JOHN W. RISER.

Another of the comrades in gray answered the last roll call when John W. Riser died on September 10, 1922, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James McD. McFadden, at Manning, S. C. He was born October 16, 1838, in Newberry County, S. C. He married Miss Laura N. Metts, who preceded him to the grave; and he is survived by six children.

Mr. Riser was a soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting with Gregg's 1st S. C. Regiment in January, 1861, serving for six months. He then enlisted in Kershaw's 2d South Carolina Regiment, in which he served until the end of the war. He was in some of the hardest-fought battles of the war, among them being the battles of Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Richmond, and others. Although in the thickest of these battles, he was never wounded. He was a consistent Christian, a member of the Pendleton Street Baptist Church at Greenville, S. C.

ALEXANDER W. MACKLIN.

In the death of Alexander W. Macklin, of Frankfort, Ky., on October 12, 1922, at Louisville, Ky., the Kentucky Confederate Home lost a devoted friend, its executive committee its chief officer, and the Confederates at large a loyal comrade.

He was born at Frankfort, Ky., in 1844; enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862; was a member of Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry (Breckinridge's regiment, Morgan's brigade), and served to the end of hostilities.

His services as a soldier were in line with his later life as a citizen, being at all times true to his convictions and devoted to his cause and his friends. (J. E. Abraham.)



A. W. MACKLIN.

HON. ANTOINE JEAN MURAT.

Comrade A. J. Murat, a loyal and patriotic Confederate veteran, died at his home in Apalachicola, Fla., on October 13, aged eighty-seven years. He was born at Santorin, Greece, on January 27, 1836, and emigrated to Florida in 1858, after the Crimean War. During the War between the States, he enlisted for the Southern Confederacy, serving as adjutant of Company B, Captain Abell's Florida Light Artillery, until the surrender.

Returning home, Comrade Murat engaged in the sea-food business and built up an extensive trade, shipping large quantities of salt fish and roe to different sections of the South and West. In later years he held several prominent government positions, and had served as mayor of the city of Apalachicola, and in all of his official duties he endeared himself to his community and to the public in general. He was always cheerful, bright, and courteous to his fellow men, and took life easily and lightly as a soldier and gentleman. He was a devout Catholic and one of his Church's leading members. He was Past Commander of Camp Tom Moore No. 556 U. C. V.

Surviving him are his wife, two sons, and four daughters, also five grandchildren. One daughter is a Sister of Mercy and devoted to her duties as teacher in the Convent at Pensacola. Our comrade will be sadly missed in his Camp, his home, and community.

(Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant.)

CAPT. C. G. RADER.

Capt. C. G. Rader was born in Randolph County, Va. (now West Virginia), on January 22, 1844, and while he was a small boy his parents moved to Arkansas, where, in a short while, his father died. Soon afterwards the family moved back to Randolph County, and when the war came on, young Rader, then but a boy of seventeen years, immediately enlisted as a private in the Confederate army. He was soon commissioned as captain, and this boy officer experienced some hard fighting, but went through the war without a wound; he was beloved by his men.

In November, 1870, he was married to Elizabeth Shannon, sister of three as valiant Confederate soldiers as ever should

dered guns—James, Michael, and Martin Shannon—all of whom are still living, highly respected citizens of their communities. Captain Rader and his wife were blessed with three sons and two daughters, all surviving except one son.

After two years in Texas, on the Rio Grande, with his son, Capt. Huff Rader, an officer of the United States army, Captain Rader returned to the old home county in Virginia, and there at the home of his daughter at Mill Creek, on September 7, the gallant old soldier answered to the last roll call, and was laid to rest in the Mill Creek Cemetery by the side of his beloved wife, who died some four years ago.

Captain Rader was a highly esteemed citizen of his community, and had served as justice of the peace several terms.

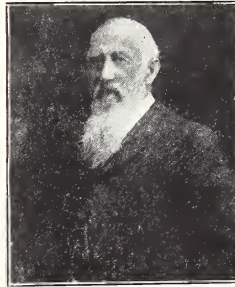
COMRADES AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The following members of Mecklenburg Camp No 382 U. C. V. have died since the annual meeting in August, 1921: W. W. Ward, aged 75; Samuel L. Hucks, 81; J. J. Spears, 96; Jim J. Brown, 80; J. L. Aycock, 77; Sam W. Crowell, 79; John Garribaldi, 90; Hugh K. Reid, 81; J. C. Kirk, 76; George W. Williamson, 80; C. B. Sikes, 81; R. N. Littlejohn, 82; J. R. Benfield, 76; J. H. Weddington, 76; W. A. Austin, 75; Jesse Owens, 83; J. F. Adams, 80; William Humphrey, 75; James Monroe Sims, 82; J. A. Hunsucker, 77; R. C. Alexander, 80; Capt. L. M. Davis, 83.

(H. D. Duckworth, Adjutant.)

CAPT. CHARLES FRANCIS JORDAN.

Capt. Charles Francis Jordan was born in Rockbridge County, Va., July 8, 1837, and died in Roanoke, Va., May 12, 1922.



CAPT. C. F. JORDAN.

When the War between the States began he was among the first to volunteer his services to his native State. He became captain of Company C, 1st Regiment, First Brigade, First Division of Virginia Cavalry, and rendered gallant service under the great Confederate generals, J. E. B. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee. His men formed General Jackson's advance guard the day he flanked General Howard at Chancellorsville. In battle engagements, or on scout duty,

his command was always alert and anxious for service.

October 9, 1864, at Tom Brook, while leading a charge against overwhelming odds, he was severely wounded. This prevented further activity in the war and disabled him for many years in his business career. His gallantry was mentioned in his superiors' reports. He was recommended for bravery and efficiency as an officer and commissioned major and lieutenant colonel before the surrender.

Captain Jordan took active part in founding the town of Buena Vista, Va., and entered into every enterprise that would improve the community. He served many years as chairman of the county board of supervisors, then two terms in the State Legislature.

He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and to this he gave unsparingly.

He is survived by his wife, four sons, two daughters, twenty-one grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

On Sunday afternoon, May 14, he was laid to rest in the historic cemetery at Lexington, Va., where the eternal hills keep silent watch over her peerless heroes.

E. D. JONES.

At a meeting of the Ned Merriwether Camp No. 241 Confederate Veterans, Hopkinsville, Ky., November 1, 1922, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions on the death of E. D. Jones, a beloved comrade and friend, and prepared the following, which was approved by the Camp:

Comrade Jones was born in Charlotte County, Va., in 1840, and died in Hopkinsville, Ky., November 1, 1922. His boyhood was spent on his father's farm in the county of his nativity, but when the tocsin of War between the States was sounded in 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate service and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox in 1865. He was an excellent soldier and did duty to the fullest.

After the war he came to Christian County, Ky., and, with his impetuous energy, went to work on a farm and had ever since been one of the leading farmers of this county. He married Miss Ella Cayce, who survives him, and has through more than a half century contributed largely to his success.

Comrade Jones was a big-hearted soul, always ready to help any worthy cause with his money and his influence. He and his wife were members of the Church of Christ, and helped largely to build up and support their neighborhood Churches, Liberty and Rich.

He is survived by two sons and five daughters, who give promise to take the places of their honored parents in the affairs of their respective communities.

His surviving comrades honor and love his memory.

(Committee: W. P. Winfree, Dr. W. E. Reynolds, J. R. Dickerson.)

JOHN H. BRANTLEY.

Again has death entered the ranks of the Confederate Association of Savannah and taken from us one of our oldest members, John H. Brantley, who died on September 26, 1922, at a local hospital. He had been in feeble health for years. Surviving him are his wife, one daughter, and two sons.

Comrade Brantley entered the service of the Confederate States by joining Company C, 5th Georgia Cavalry, Anderson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee, on March 4, 1862, was captured while on a raid in the rear of Sherman's army near Murfreesboro, Tenn., September, 1864, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he remained until paroled June 25, 1865. For thirty years he was a member of the police force of Savannah. He was a member of the Methodist Church, being affiliated with Trinity Church of Savannah.

(D. B. Morgan, Secretary.)

ORLANDO JACKSON GRAY.

Orlando Jackson Gray, better known as "Uncle Jack" Gray, and a member of Joe Shelby Camp No. 375 U. C. V., of Chickasha, Okla., died at his home there on September 20, 1922. He was born in Kentucky, August 8, 1844; enlisted for the Confederacy in April, 1862, in Coffman County, Tex., and was assigned to Company E, 20th Texas Cavalry, and served until the end, surrendering at Houston, Tex., in April, 1865.

Returning to his home after the war, he was married to Miss Adeline Cannon in December, 1870, and to them were born five sons and three daughters, six of them surviving him. "Uncle Jack" removed to Chickasha in 1894, and made that his permanent home. He was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery at Chickasha by his comrades of the Camp. (J. S. Downs, Adjutant.)

EDWARD HALL MILLER.

Edward Hall Miller was born in Wilson County, Tenn., January 25, 1842, and grew to manhood on the farm. He joined the Confederate army in Nashville, Tenn., in April, 1861, at the age of nineteen, and became a member of McCann's Company, 11th Tennessee Regiment. He was in the battles of Stones River and Chickamauga, where he was captured, being held prisoner at Rock Island for eighteen months.

After the war Comrade Miller went into business in Nashville, and in that city was married to Miss Millie Hunt in December, 1865. To them four sons and a daughter were born, two sons having died before him. The surviving children are residents of Los Angeles, Cal., where he died on September 10, 1922, after an illness of several weeks. One brother is left of his family, now living in Nashville, Tenn., at the age of eighty-eight years.

Comrade Miller took his family to California in 1887, and had since made his home in Los Angeles. He was a loyal Mason of fifty-one years; had taken all the degrees and was an officer in Lodge No. 42, of Los Angeles, for many years. He was also a devoted member of Camp No. 770, U. C. V., of Los Angeles, and faithful to the last. The funeral was conducted by G. B. Russell, Chaplain of the Pacific Coast Division, U. C. V., with the members of his Masonic Lodge.

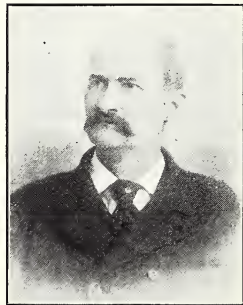
A devoted husband and father, loyal friend, and progressive citizen, Comrade Miller leaves a heritage of good deeds and an influence in his community that will not pass away.

(G. B. Russell.)

LOUIS ALEXANDER FITZPATRICK.

Brig. Gen. Louis Alexander Fitzpatrick, commanding the First Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Helena, Ark., August 7, 1922, after a long illness.

He was born in Houlika, Miss., November 23, 1847; enlisted as private in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, from the Tuscaloosa, Ala., College, in Company C, 31st Mississippi Regiment, surrendering at Greenville, S. C.



L. A. FITZPATRICK.

Comrade Fitzpatrick moved to Helena, Ark., in 1869, and was prominent in the business circles of that town, being at the head of the Fitzpatrick Drug Company; was city treasurer in 1875-78, director of the St. Francis Levee Board of 1892, and at one time one of the largest land owners in Arkansas. In all the relations of life—as husband and father, as a citizen, a neighbor, and a friend—he measured up to the highest. Through life he clung steadfastly to his patriotic ideals, and his loyalty to the Confederate cause was marked by the unswerving interest he took in all its organizations, attending and taking an active part in reunions. He married Miss Alzena Jacks in 1872, and on August 26, 1922, they would have celebrated their golden anniversary. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and three sons.

Clothed in his Confederate uniform, which he loved so well, he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Helena.

WILLIAM H. DAVIDSON.

William Henderson Davidson, a pioneer citizen of Muskogee, Okla., died in that city on October 28, 1922, at the age of seventy-six. He was born in Mercer County, Va., on December 30, 1845. He was in school when the war came on in 1861, and tried to enter the army, but was refused on account of his tender age. However, in 1862 he ran away from school to join Early's fighting men, and became a member of Troop A, 22nd Virginia Cavalry, and at the end of the war was discharged as a first lieutenant. At the time of his death he was commanding the Creek-Seminole Brigade, U. C. V., of Oklahoma.

After the war the Davidson family emigrated to Texas, and Comrade Davidson went to Muskogee in 1898 from Greenville, where he was for years actively engaged in business, and his family was prominently identified with the growth of that city. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter, all residents of Muskogee; also surviving him are four brothers and a sister, living in Oklahoma.

Among those assembled to pay the last tribute to a departed friend were veterans of the blue as well as the gray—"comrades of a noble heritage" symbolizing the brotherhood of the nation's heroes in Christ."

WILLIAM V. BURTON.

St. Louis Camp No. 731 U. C. V., in memorial resolutions on the death of William V. Burton, May 9, 1922, paid tribute to him as one of its most loyal and esteemed members, "whose courage as a soldier in the hour of battle, when, as a member of LeSueur's Battery, Parson's Brigade, Price's Division, he so heroically served his guns while death and destruction swept by, will ever be kept green in our memories. . . . Through a life of more than threescore years and ten he as nobly met the duties and obligations to his fellow men and to his God."

CONFEDERATES FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

BY CLARENCE JEFFERIES, LAREDO, TEX.

My mother's uncle, Joseph Hunter, who died some four months ago in Nueces County, Tex., was a Confederate soldier, and it was my understanding that his company was organized at Corpus Christi, Tex., and saw service on the frontier along the Rio Grande River, which divides Texas and Mexico. My uncle told me that at one time his company (commanded by a Captain Nolan, according to information given by others) was camped at the town of Zapata, which is on the Rio Grande River sixty miles below Laredo, Tex., and volunteers were called for to cross the river into Mexico to attack a camp of one Octaviano Zapata, who was leading a band of eleven men down the river on the Mexican side to Matamoros, Mex., to cross the river there to Brownsville, Tex., then occupied by the Federal forces under Col. John Haynes, who was recruiting a regiment of Mexicans, which he later took to the seat of war. The Confederate volunteers crossed the river and found Zapata's band in camp at night, and utterly wiped it out.

Wishing to get other information on this, I called on Jesus Herrera, a Texas-Mexican (an American citizen born of Mexican parents in Texas), who was a member of one of the three companies of Confederate troops stationed at Laredo, where they were recruited by Maj. Santos Benavides, and commanded by Captains Refugio Benavides, Julian Garcia, and Cristoval Benavides, all of these soldiers being Texas-

Mexicans. Mr. Herrera claims that Zapata's band was not composed of recruits, but of robbers, who depredated on both sides of the river, when pressed by the officers of the law on one side, crossing over to the other; that he was camped near the town of Guerrero, Tex., which lies opposite the town of Zapata. And near the banks of the river; that the mayor of that place asked for aid from the Confederate forces mentioned; and that the commanders of these companies asked for volunteers to cross the river and attack this band—and all the men responded.

As this is the only instance of Confederates staging a fight in Mexico, so far as I know, I thought it might be of interest to recall it.

A FAITHFUL SOLDIER.

J. E. F. Matthews, of Thomaston, Ga., writes of a comrade who has recently gone to the Confederate Home at Atlanta saying: "A. C. C. Howard, born and reared in Upson County, Ga., enlisted at Thomaston, Ga., in the 6th Georgia Regiment, for six months; in July or August, 1862, at Bunker Hill, Va., he became a member of Company D, 13th Georgia Regiment, and served to the close of the war, surrendering at Appomattox Courthouse, and reaching home May 4, 1865. He was wounded in the left leg at or near Winchester, Va., July 24, 1864. He went to Texas in 1881, but in 1895 he returned to Upson County, Ga., and had been on the pension roll since 1900. Three other members of the same company—Messrs E. B. Thompson, W. L. Gordy, and R. B. Reeves—all of Upson County, live at Thomaston. More than one hundred and seventy-five of old Company D, 13th Georgia, have gone from us

"Into that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul."

GIBSON'S BRIGADE AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.—G. T. Cullins writes from Caledonia, Ark.: "For history's sake, let's correct all mistakes and cooperate for the truth in all that's written. In the VETERAN for October, page 398, appears a short article on "Gibson's Brigade at New Hope Church," in which Mrs. Mary D. Ruiz, of Fincastle, Va., refers to Gibson's Brigade, of Walthall's Division, as taking part in that battle. I was a member of Clayton's Alabama Brigade, and side by side with Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, in Stuart's Division, and not Walthall's. Clayton's Alabama Brigade, Stovall's Georgia Brigade, and Gibson's Louisiana Brigade constituted Stuart's Division from about the Chickamauga battle to January, 1865. At New Hope Church, Gibson's Brigade was shoulder to shoulder with Clayton's Alabama Brigade, and there were no better men in the service than Gibson's boys."

In renewing his subscription, J. W. Allen, of Water Valley, Miss., wrote that he is "a lifetime subscriber," that the VETERAN is in the lead with him over all other publications. "I am now on borrowed time," he says, "nearing my eightieth year. My health is good, and I work some every day. I am glad I was a Confederate soldier, although we lost what is called a righteous cause. I served for three years, six months, and twenty days, and am yet a prisoner of war, as I never did take what the negroes called 'the damnable oath.' I was paroled when I surrendered. If any of the VETERAN's readers can furnish a copy of that old song, 'The Happy Land of Canaan,' I would like to see it in the VETERAN."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
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MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

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MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To The United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is with a deep sense of gratitude that I express to you my heartfelt thanks for the assurance of your trust and confidence in my reelection to the office of President General. I pledge to you again my loyal service and devotion, and with your support in the future as in the past, I feel assured the coming year will be full of progress and great accomplishments.

A new epoch in the history of our flag was written when your President General carried down Fifth Avenue in New York City, beside the Stars and Stripes, the flag of the Confederacy. It was a happy incident that placed the Colonial Dames of America in the front pew on the left of the church, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the front pew on the right. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, of Alabama, commanding the Second Army Area, delivered the address.

Red Cross Window.—Amidst the brilliancy of an autumn sun which brought out the glowing colors of the window, the long-hoped-for unveiling and dedication of this memorial to the women of the South took place in the American Red Cross Building in Washington, on Wednesday, November 1, the festival of All Saints. The day was chosen as the one most fitting to present our tribute of love and devotion to those noble women of the sixties, who either have joined the saints or else still remain among us to guide and direct with their wisdom and to inspire us with their example.

Following the invocation by the Bishop of Washington, Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, D.D., the National Anthem and "Dixie" were beautifully rendered by Miss Josephine Houston, one of our own Daughters.

In his address, the Hon. Claud N. Bennett told the history of these three windows, which together make up the group; the central window having been given as a combined offering by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Woman's Relief Corps of the Grand Army of the Republic, which also gave the third window. He stated that the idea of a united offering came from the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and that the central figure in the window presented by the U. D. C. was Una, the heroine of Spencer's "Faerie Queene," who became the bride of the Knight of the Red Cross, which formed the central window.

The presentation was made by your President General, and the window was accepted in the name of the nation by the chairman of the Red Cross, Judge John Barton Payne, who stated that it was a peculiar pleasure to do so, as he was himself a Southerner. The window was unveiled by one of our most distinguished Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan, who represented in her eighty-seven years all the virtues of the past and the present.

Our former chairman of the committee, Mrs. Kimbrough, received into her arms the flag which fell from this beautiful symbolic memorial; she also recited an original poem written

for the occasion. The window was dedicated by the Bishop of Washington, and Miss Houston sang, "For all the saints who from their labors rest."

In the absence of General Carr, Commander in Chief of the Veterans, General Charles B. Howry represented him and gave a greeting.

After the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. George F. Dudley, D.D., thus bringing to a close this most impressive and reverent service.

Faithfully yours,

LEONORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The report of Mrs. Frank P. Harrold, President of the Georgia Division and First Vice President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to the State Convention at Decatur, Ga., in October, shows a wonderful amount of constructive work done by that Division under her able leadership, and that she has the State work well organized and gives to it personal supervision.

Maryland.—The Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, President, was the hostess of the State convention, held October 18 at the Hotel Hamilton. Fourteen of the State officers attended.

A few members of the Baltimore Chapter accompanied the division officers, including Mrs. Joseph Walker Gott and Mrs. E. M. Westcott. The counties were well represented, also. Much business was transacted, during the morning session, most of the officers reading their yearly reports. All were excellent and showed conscientious work on the part of each individual.

A delicious luncheon was served in the main dining room of the hotel, which was prettily decorated in Confederate colors, while the President's table held two stands of Confederate and Maryland flags, the center piece being a bowl containing brilliant red roses.

Deep regret was experienced when Miss Bright, our beloved President, resigned. She has filled her difficult office admirably and has worked unflinchingly to promote the various enterprises undertaken during 1921-1922. Mrs. Ted Gettings, of Bethesda, succeeded her.

The historian, Mrs. R. Corbin Maupin, a splendid officer, and one who will be greatly missed also, handed in her resignation, having served four consecutive years. The loss of Miss Bright and Mrs. Maupin will be greatly felt in the Division, where they have very many friends.

West Virginia.—The twenty-eighth annual convention convened in Fairmont, September 27-28, and proved from many standpoints one of the most delightful and successful conventions ever held in this Division. On Tuesday evening, the guests were entertained with a most delightful reception

given at the Fairmont Country Club. The introductions were made by Mrs. Russell, and the receiving line, headed by Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, retiring Division President, was made up of past Presidents and Division officers. An orchestra rendered Southern melodies throughout the evening. In the dining room the decorations were in red and white, this color scheme being carried out from the table to the ices, cakes, and candies. The business sessions were opened Wednesday morning in Billingsley Memorial Church, addresses of welcome being made by the mayor of Fairmont, by Judge Hamon for the Confederate veterans, M. E. Miller of Weston, for the Sons of Veterans, and by Mrs. E. Allen Russell, President Robert E. Lee Chapter, Fairmont, who presided at the opening exercises. The reply to the address of welcome was made by Mrs. Taylor O. Timberlake, of Charleston, at the conclusion of which Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, Mrs. Russell, and Mrs. Timberlake were presented with lovely corsage bouquets by Robert E. Lee Chapter of Fairmont. After the President, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, made her magnificent address, showing the wonderful work which is being done by this little Mountain State, the session was adjourned for luncheon, which was served beautifully on both days of the convention by the ladies of Billingsley Church.

Routine business occupied the afternoon, and later many dinner parties, teas, etc., were given for the various guests. Historical Evening, under the leadership of the Historian, Miss Tomlinson, of Charleston, was a most inspiring and thoroughly enjoyable two hours. On Thursday came many Chapter and committee reports, and much routine business and a great deal of new business of the utmost importance and interest was completed. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Bluefield; First Vice President, Miss Emma Alderson, Alderson; Second Vice President, Mrs. Hall, Parkersburg; Recording Secretary, Miss Bertha White, Parkersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Fairmont; Treasurer, Miss Stribling, (reflected), Shepherdstown; Historian, Miss Ora Tomlinson, (reflected), Charleston; Registrar, Mrs. Ed Wallace, Clarksburg; Director of C. of C., Mrs. Bernard Alderson, Charleston.

The convention accepted the invitation of Martinsburg to meet there next fall and voted to hold the conventions on the third Wednesday of each September in the future. After adjournment, the delegates were taken autoing by their hosts and hostesses, and again many delightful dinner parties and teas were given for them. During the convention Mrs. Byrne, who has been Division President for the past five years, which is the limit of office according to the Constitution of West Virginia Division, and who is dearly beloved by all members of the organization, was the recipient of many loving telegrams and messages and of many beautiful baskets of flowers.

New York.—The seventh annual convention of the New York Division was held on October 12 at Hotel Astor, New York City.

We were doubly honored on this occasion by having with us the Rt. Rev. Herbert Shipman, Suffragan Bishop of New York, who delivered the invocation, and our own President General, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, who, in her graceful and charming manner, gave us a word of greeting. She was presented with a large bunch of red and white roses by Miss Lucy Buck.

Mrs. George E. Draper, who succeeded to the presidency of the Division when the President, Mrs. Schuyler, resigned on being elected President General, was elected President.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler and Mrs. Eugene Frayer were elected Honorary Presidents.

Mrs. Pleasant J. Gantt read a beautiful and touching memorial tribute to our beloved Honorary President, Mrs. Simon Baruch, who entered into the life eternal on Thanksgiving Day, 1921.

Mrs. Draper presented to the Division a large portrait of our revered hero, Robert E. Lee, which was unveiled by Miss Eleanor Draper.

The reports of officers and chairmen showed a marked increase in the work of the Division, in fact, it was found all but impossible to crowd the immense volume of business into the usual afternoon session, and, on motion, it was decided to give a whole day to our annual meetings.

The convention adjourned to meet on the second Thursday in October, 1923.

REPORT ON "THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The competition for the U. D. C. year, 1921-22, among the Divisions in regard to "The Women of the South in War Times" closed October 31, and at present writing, the Managing Editor is preparing to leave for the Birmingham convention, where, in collaboration with Mrs. R. P. Holt, a complete report will be made upon the book.

Although the Managing Editor cannot make any announcement of the prizes awarded, or to whom they have awarded, these will be given out by Mrs. Holt at the convention.

The Managing Editor would also call your attention to the following contributions to the publicity fund in the past three months: North Carolina, \$8.50; Washington, \$1.

(It was reported at the Convention that South Carolina got the Division prize for the largest distribution of copies of "The Women of the South in War Times;" the Chapter at Charleston, W. Va., got the Chapter prize for the greatest number of copies distributed; while the Chapter at Lake City, S. C., has the distinction of being the first Chapter to report that all its members possess their own copies.)

A TENNESSEE SUNSET.

(In the Nashville Basin.)

BY WILL CAMP CHURCH, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

The sun, a ball of crimson, rests
Upon the western blue ridge crests,
While o'er a distant valley wold
A purple cloud, with borders gold,
Is sailing in majestic flight,
Engulfed by seas of opal light.

The half moon glistens white, impearled
Above a silent, flaming world,
While, like a crystal dome of blue,
The sky reflects the sunset's hue,
And, mirrored in its limpid meres,
A brilliant evening star appears.

A twilight hush pervades the land
Beneath a faintly glowing band,
As, sadly, with abated breath,
The winds await the solar death,
And then, with sighing zephyrs, play
A doleful dirge for dying day.

("I am sixteen years old, the grandson of a Confederate veteran, and a native of Georgia," writes this young poet in sending this contribution to the VETERAN.)

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SHALL THE TRUTHS OF HISTORY BE WRITTEN?

Dear Memorial Women: Much has been and is being said regarding recent publications bearing upon the history of the South during and preceding the War between the States. For more than fifty years the South has endured in silence, in the interest of peace, and hoping for harmonious relations with our erstwhile antagonists, unfair criticisms, unjust statements, and untrue historical allusions to the heroes of the Confederacy, until our children, having been falsely taught, are growing into a generation believing that the South was wrong and our leaders, whom the civilized world acclaimed as without peers in the land, were traitors; all through histories taught and young minds molded through a Northern viewpoint. Is it not time that the truth should be written, or will the South still cringe to a section always defaming and unjust? Tabulate the many times within even the last decade when the South has been rudely awakened from her dream of peace to find heaped upon her yet standing in humble Christian faith that peace would ere long reign over our country.

An example of recent date is in the building of the beautiful amphitheater at Arlington, the old home of our immortal Robert E. Lee. Though the money was gathered from the South as well as from the North with which to build so beautiful and enduring a memorial, not a name of a single Southern hero was allowed a place among those honored by the nation. Yet in the face of such injustice must the South keep silent! The recent vituperations heaped upon our own Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, for her address and later publications sustaining the South in the part she took in the War between the States, in giving *proven* facts, has raised a hue and cry, even among some of our own people. Verily we should hang over our heads in shame. Did we not support Miss Rutherford in righting the wrongs of history for which she has so valiantly given her very life, and for which she has proof which cannot be doubted, for every statement she makes?

Stand for the truths of history, women of the South!

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,

Historian General, C. S. M. A.

When falls the cause of Right,
The poet grasps his pen,
And in gleaming letters of living light
Transmits the truth to men.

—Father Ryan.

LOYALTY TO THE SOUTH AND ITS IDEALS.

BY MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, HISTORIAN GENERAL,
C. S. M. A.

If we are of the South, we should be true to the South. It is distressing to find many Southern people accepting as truths absolute falsehoods about the South. Parents of Southern heritage are allowing their children to grow up in absolute ignorance of the South's history. I am more and more convinced that this comes from ignorance on their part, rather than indifference. It is so hard to get anyone to study about the things of vital interest to the South.

This is a day of organization, and the question to every woman is "what organization needs me most?" Of course, duty to the Church and religious activities should have the first place in every right-thinking woman's heart; then patriotic organizations should take the place over social work of a selfish kind.

We are needing workers and givers in our Confederate memorial associations and Daughters of the Confederacy and Children of the Confederacy to-day. These organizations are live issues and need Southern women first. Membership in one should mean membership in all. While our veterans live, we must comfort them, extol their heroism, cheer them; and when they die we must lovingly bury them. While their grandchildren need scholarships, we must liberally give them; while Confederate monuments are still unfinished (President Davis's and Maury's especially), we must give aid. Stone Mountain must be carved, for that more than written history will vindicate the South, and we must work earnestly to finish it. Manassas Park Battle Field must be taken care of; our Confederate Museum must be endowed; we must help build a chapel for Lee's boys at Lexington. We certainly must see that history is written and taught more.

I hear some say: "Let history alone; it is too late to change it; we will never get these falsehoods righted."

Best, you say, to let these "heroes in gray" go to their graves feeling that the cause for which they fought was not worth defending? I do not think so, and I am not going to do it. Best, you say, to keep silent, while descendants of veterans are teaching textbooks which say, "The cause for which the Confederate soldier fought was an unworthy one and should have been defeated," or "The War between the States was a selfish war and was fought to hold the slaves," or "The South brought on the war by firing the first gun, or that "Abraham Lincoln was the godliest man since Jesus Christ." I am not willing to keep silent, and as long as I live, I shall try to proclaim the truth. How much will Southern people help to do it?

MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

BY MARGARET PRICE STILLMAN.

Fair women pass in memory's review;

One holds first place with undisputed claim;

So worthy is she, strong and tried and true,

We proudly glory in her well-earned fame.

Beneath her calm and earnest face there lies

A spirit endowed with vision deep and clear;

Majestic courage, faith that never dies,

That stands steadfast and never yields to fear.

This ideal woman of our loved Southland

The lofty truths of history has revealed;

Illumined things we did not understand

That in the ponderous pages lay concealed.

Her words of wisdom, deep and true and tender,

Given to young girls to keep through all the years,

Bloom forth in aftertime in golden splendor,

Cherished with happy smiles or wistful tears.

We bring to her our fondest love and praise,

Who shaped our lives and made them strong and good;

For others she has labored all her days,

Forming a holy bond of sisterhood.

Our love for her is not a fading flower,

But ever fresh and tender, ever green;

Through day and night, through sun and storm and shower,

Its living beauty keeps our lives serene.

DAVID OWEN DODD.

(Paper prepared and read before the Memorial Chapter U. D. C., of Little Rock, by Mrs. T. J. Gray, Corresponding Secretary.)

David Owen Dodd was born in Lavaca County, Tex. on November 10, 1846, the family removing to Benton, Ark., while he was yet a lad of tender years. Arkansans are proud to have reared him, this brave young hero of the Southern cause, having spent the greater part of his noble life with them.

Early in 1864 the Federal troops occupied the city of Little Rock, being encamped at St. John's College, and it was here the faithful hero was executed as a spy.

During the first of the war David left St. John's College, where he was studying, and worked in a telegraph office, but when the Southern army was driven South, many loyal families, among them that of David Dodd, went also. When they had reached Camden, his father found it necessary to send him back to attend to some family affairs, thinking it safe, as he was under the age for military service.

He spent a few days in Benton, then came to Little Rock, having received a pass through the Confederate lines from General Fagan, a personal friend of the Dodd family. He asked David to bring back such information as he could gain regarding the strength of the Federals. Some think General Fagan merely asked the boy to bring a report of what had already been prepared for him by his agents in Little Rock, while others believe the information was obtained by the effort of David himself. The mystery has never been solved satisfactorily and probably never will be.

Shortly after leaving Little Rock, there was a terrible storm and in attempting to reach the Camden road, David

lost his way and wandered back to the picket line. Having given up his passport, the guards refused to accept his explanation, and he was escorted back to town. On his way it is said he endeavored to destroy the paper, but was detected and the document seized. The paper contained information concerning every detail of General Steele's army, the number of soldiers, ordnance, etc., for the Confederates.

David was hurried to prison the next day, tried, and condemned to be hanged as a spy on the following day.

Death had no terrors for the stern soul of David Dodd, whose honor and love of country was at stake, for his friends (or foes) he repeatedly refused to betray.

Hundreds of men and women thronged headquarters and waited in the intense cold for hours to see General Steele and implore him to pardon the youth, but he refused to admit them, and the only pardon he promised was at the price of naming his accomplices.

The hour for the execution came; poor David was placed on a wagon and driven in front of St. John's College, where a rude gallows had been erected. Again General Steele approached David and begged him to divulge the name of his informant, and assured him he did not wish to hang him, but the steadfast young martyr again refused to speak. The fatal signal was given and the wagon driven from under him, but the fall failing to break his neck, two Federal soldiers were ordered to jerk the rope until it was accomplished.

Years have passed and his lonely grave in Mount Holly is marked only by a simple slab of white marble, the offering of Southern women given at the time of their sorest need; just a plain shaft scarce the height of the hero, with only two dates and the name, nothing more: "Born November 10, 1846. Died January 8, 1864."

This is all that remains of the boy and his story; all that remains to tell his brave deed; and all that now lives that loometh his glory is enshrined in the hearts that e'en silently bleed.

So, out 'neath the trees of the still silent city, that city of tombs and oft-broken sod, lie the mangled remains—O, the shame, O, the pity—of the patriot, brave David Owen Dodd.

BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

My article describing the battle of New Hope Church has attracted more attention than was anticipated. I mention Granbury's Brigade of Texas soldiers and another brigade which I did not know as being the two brigades which were engaged in this battle. Shortly after the VETERAN for September was out, I received a letter from Comrade J. E. Spurlin, of Samson, Ala., stating that it was Lowrey's Brigade on the right of Granbury, Lowrey's Brigade having been formed and then moved to the right, giving their first place on the line to Granbury. A letter also came from Mrs. Mary D. Ruiz, of Fincastle, Va., stating that it was Gibson's Brigade, of Walthall's Division, her information having been gotten from a letter from her husband, who was a member of Gibson's Brigade, and who was in the engagement; he was a lieutenant in the 30th Louisiana Regiment. And a letter from Comrade H. J. Lea, of Winnsboro, La., states that he was a member of the 4th Louisiana Battalion, Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, and that it was engaged in the battle of New Hope Church.

Now, I will quote from the author of "Wheeler's Campaigns," who says that Govan's and Granbury's Brigades of infantry were sent to Wheeler's support, and with both infantry and

cavalry nearly destroyed the division of Gen. T. J. Wood, and dispersed the Federal brigade under General Hazen. Lowrey's and Quarles's Brigades were also sent to the support of Wheeler, but not until the victory was nearly complete. The loss of the enemy was estimated as between four and five thousand in killed, wounded, and captured, and over one thousand stands of arms. Six hundred of the enemy were buried by our troops. Our loss was scarcely one-tenth of that of the Federals. The entire force of Wheeler did not exceed six thousand men, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery. We were fighting twenty thousand, and it was a complete victory for the Confederates.

Now, there were five brigades of infantry said to have been there, and to be fair to all, I will not attempt to say which was lined up next to Granbury. In my article in the September VETERAN I stated that the enemy came up very steep hills, through very thick woods, and when our picket line fell back, we crossed over Granbury's soldiers. They said to us, "Are they coming, boys?" I replied that they were coming and would be there in a few minutes, to which they responded: "Let them come; we are here, and here to stay." They told me what command was theirs, and I could not forget it. The thick timbered land was directly in their front, and extended for about two hundred and fifty yards down, and parallel to their line to an open field. Through this timber the enemy came, and when they got in sight they were right in front of Granbury's soldiers—and you know the rest. Some of the men from our company went back after the fight, and they said one could step from one dead Yankee to another in ten to fifteen feet in front of our breastworks. This I did not see, but cannot doubt its being true.

This battle was fought on May 27, 1864, when all nature was full of life and every leaf full grown, which accounts partly for the very dense undergrowth. Our cavalry moved away and passed the church just before day on the 28th, when it was so dark we could hardly see the building; and this was the only time I ever saw the historic New Hope Church. Our infantry still held their trenches when we left. What I saw on that battle field was indelibly fixed in my mind, and if the same landmarks remain, I could point out the different grounds and objects on that memorable field of carnage.

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

Special attention is called to the advertisement of the "Library of Southern Literature" appearing on the back page of this number. This work cannot be too highly commended; it deserves a place in every home of the country, and especially is it the duty of every Southerner to become acquainted with the productions of our Southern writers, and this work is a complete library on the subject. With the sketch of each author is given some poems or extracts from prose compositions, and handsome illustrations add to the attraction of each volume. The work is a revelation of what the South has furnished to the literature of the country. This is the first time it has been offered direct, and patrons of the VETERAN are urged to communicate with the publishers for the terms by which it can be added to their home libraries. Daughters of the Confederacy will find this Library most helpful in their Chapter programs, etc., and most convenient for reference; and young people will revel in the information so interestingly set forth.

MRS. WILLIAMS A TRUE CONFEDERATE.

In justice to the memory of his grandmother, William D. Williams, Jr., of Greeneville, Tenn., calls attention to the error made by Comrade John Cox in his article in the September VETERAN (page 343) in saying that Mrs. Catherine Douglass Williams, of Greeneville, was a Union sympathizer, and of her he writes:

"My grandmother Williams died in 1870, when I was eight years of age. My recollections of her are more vivid to me than of other relations and friends who lived long afterwards. She was about the tenderest hearted and most lovable human being that I ever knew, and was so considered by all who knew her then or remember her yet. She was never known to turn her back on poverty or distress, and many a time would she buy from the poor, at the back door, fruits and produce that she positively knew were stolen from her own possessions. And when reminded of this, she would only say: 'Well, God has been good to me.'"

"She had vast estates and from eighty to ninety slaves. Her possessions then would have to-day been valued at millions of dollars. Her tenderness of heart could not be exceeded. A dog fight in the yard distressed her, and when she observed from her chair on the porch a servant going to the woodyard with a chicken to kill for the table, she would instantly disappear into the house.

"Every person now living who knew my grandmother will testify that she was a Confederate, as would those who are dead and gone. Her two sons were in the Confederate army, and she was the greater part of her time alone at home with servants, but often with guests, many of whom came and remained voluntarily, it made no difference to her. Her home was the headquarters of almost every army that stopped at Greeneville, whether Confederate or Federal, and the presence of the high officials in her house was sure protection against rough soldiers of either side. She was friendly and hospitable to General Longstreet and to General Gillam, and in many instances the officers of either side had been old friends for many years before the war, and had been her guests.


"Everything said or written at this late day by the few Confederate veterans that are living is recorded in the younger mind as history, and should be only facts.

"Mr. Cox also says that 'two of her daughters were also present and treated us nicely,' but my grandmother had only one daughter who grew to maturity, and at the time mentioned she was the wife of Col. William H. Sneed, and living in Knoxville with a large family. Colonel Sneed was a widower with one daughter, who became the wife of Judge John D. Brien, of Nashville.

"It has been known to all people here, of all beliefs, that grandmother never slighted strangers who behaved themselves. Often at midnight, hearing tramping on the porches, she would go down with a servant and serve food to the hungry Confederates or Federals.

"My father and his brother, Capt. Thomas L. Williams, were in the Confederate army, and my mother, who was a Miss Broyles, of Anderson, S. C., had six brothers on the same side; and I have no doubt that these brothers saw as much hard service, and endured as much suffering, as any other man or men in the Confederate army. The six uncles were named Broyles, and I would be glad to reply to the inquiries of any of their old comrades. They were in the battle range as far west as the Mississippi River, and as far north as Pennsylvania."

—PETTIBONE—



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PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

C. C. Gillette, of Monroe, La., would be pleased to correspond with any member of the 50th Tennessee Infantry, especially of Company G. Address him "R. A. Sth, Box 23C," Monroe, La.

Any surviving comrades of J. J. Miner, who enlisted in the 25th Alabama Regiment in the spring of 1861, and served under Capt. Wiley Pope, of Columbiana, Ala., will confer a favor by communicating with him at Leeds, Ala., P. O. Box 153. He was captured at Atlanta and sent North to prison. He was in the service some three years.

Capt. F. A. Gullede, of Verbena, Ala., is still searching for his handsome walking cane taken from the train while he was returning from the reunion in Richmond, a notice of which was given in the *VETERAN* for August. The man who took it from the rack said he lived in St Augustine, Fla. Anyone who can give any information of it will kindly write to him at once.

If any surviving member of Company F, 6th Louisiana Regiment, or any other Confederate veteran, has any recollection of one Robert Cahill, of that company, who was reported killed at Lee's Heights, May 4, 1863, will communicate with Bat P. Sullivan, Past Commander of the Louisiana Division S. C. V., at 1735 First Street, New Orleans, La., it will be appreciated.

The cotton crop of the United States is forecasted at 10,135,000 bales, against the ginnings for 1921 of 7,954,000 bales. The production two years ago was 13,439,693 bales; three years ago, 11,420,763; four years ago, 12,040,532; and five years ago 11,302,375. —*Ocala (Fla.) Banner.*

THE SOUTH'S RECUPERATION.

A Georgian writes as follows to the *Columbus (Ga.) Index*:

"Just stop and think what the South has been through the past sixty years: Utter destruction from the war, the trying days of reconstruction, panics. Doesn't it always come back, and refuses to stay down? Look what it is to-day.

"The spirit of the South is in the fiber of the people who have lived through these things, and who realize it is the land of opportunity.

When a territory that is rich within itself, in soil, in minerals, in banks, with the indomitable spirit of its people behind it, begins to move, all obstacles will crumble, and the road will be clear to prosperity.

And all along the way the ever-increasing cry: 'It's great to be a Southerner, and it's great to be a Georgian.'"

THE DAILY THOUGHT.

Never to tire, never to grow old; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always like God; to love always—this is duty.—*Ariel.*

Prisoner: "There is but one thing that has been puzzling me ever since I came here." Warden: "And that?" Prisoner: "Is this suit which I am wearing white with black stripes or black with white stripes?"

The Swiss people constitute that curious anomaly, a nation without a language, and in this they are alone among all the peoples of the world. This is all the more remarkable when their intense patriotism is considered and their really wonderful love of country. The official languages are German, French, and Italian, these three being the recognized "mother tongue" of the majority of the inhabitants.—*Ocala (Fla.) Banner.*

New Zealand levies a tax of 25 cents an acre on all fruit orchards. The tax is collected by the government, and handed over, less a small commission, to the New Zealand Fruit Growers' Federation, by which it is expended in promoting the export trade, advertising, with a view to stimulating the local consumption of fruit, etc. The Federation also buys supplies for its members at wholesale prices.—*Ocala (Fla.) Banner.*

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Bridget, did you wash the fish before you cooked it?" "No, Ma'am; what's the use of washing fish when they've been in water all their lives?"

FATHER WAS RIGHT.—The oldest son was home on his first vacation since he had attained the dignity of class president. He and his father were discussing the affairs of the day. Finally the boy remarked: "Say, dad, I hope when I am as old as you are that I'll know lots more than you do." "Yes," answered the father, "I only hope that when you are that old you will know as much as you think you do now."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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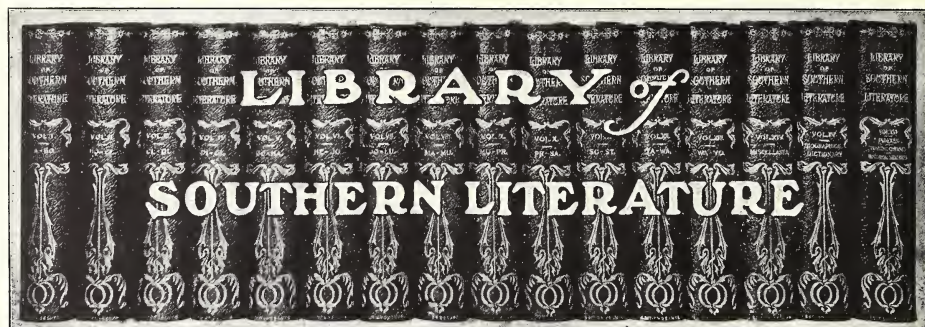
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